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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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RAILROAD SLEEPING

By Howard Cook

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Harper's *Magazine*

REBELLION IN THE CORNBELT

AMERICAN FARMERS BEAT THEIR PLOWSHARES INTO SWORDS

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

IF YOU will look at a map of the United States you will see, lying side by side, the States of Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri, the two Dakotas, Nebraska, and Kansas. This vast prairie, watered by two great rivers, richly endowed with natural wealth, possessed of almost inexhaustible fertility, is the agricultural stronghold of the nation. Labor, privation, and endless determination transformed this country from a wilderness hunting ground of the savages into the garden of the world in less than a hundred years. First the overland trails, the stockade at Fort Dearborn, then came the tide of emigration from the East. The adventurers and the dissatisfied slowly pushed down the Ohio, across the Mississippi. One by one, the river towns sprang up, St. Louis expanded as a fur market; lumbering began in Wisconsin and Minnesota. The revo-

lution of 1848 brought a flood of Germans, after them the Scandinavians, the Bohemians, and the Poles. It was essentially a land of pioneers, of free people, passionate supporters of the Union upon the outbreak of the Civil War. Then came the railway boom and Omaha, seething with excitement, became a metropolis. Farther and farther west General Dodge drove the Union Pacific. The first fortunes of the pioneers were founded. Neither flood nor blizzard nor drought nor pestilence could stay these people. Little by little, acre by acre, the land bloomed. The towns waxed in prosperity; there was more leisure; the State universities flourished. When the railroads, owned chiefly in the East, commenced their practice of strangulation, the people turned to legislation. The Granger Movement and the Farmers' Alliance culminated in the

Populist Party which, in 1892, polled over a million votes. In 1896 came Bryan, crying for silver and agricultural emancipation. Despite every obstacle placed in the way of these people, their determination could not be stayed, and the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha in 1898 presented to the world an agricultural people conscious of their wealth and their importance. Wheat, corn, cattle, and hogs were the source of this wealth; the homes, the gardens, the barns, and the towns were the evidences of it. The great State capitol of Nebraska, recently completed and one of the most beautiful public buildings in America, is in a way the monument to a farmer's pride and achievement.

Up to the War this rise in wealth, despite occasional setbacks, was constant. In 1918 land sold for two hundred dollars an acre; a succession of bumper crops could not satisfy the markets of the world. Then gradually the recession began. First land dropped in value. Then prices for wheat and corn began to sag. It was difficult to believe that the great days were over. Year after year, farm prices dropped lower. The farmers began to find it necessary to mortgage a portion of their land in order to meet expenses. The recession continued. Fewer cars were bought; children failed to return to the university. Uneasy, the farmers began to see the foreclosure of their neighbors' mortgages. The cry for help was raised, the phrase "farm relief" came into existence, the farm bloc in Congress was formed. But Congress was not interested. The country was launched upon its great boom; there were fortunes for the asking in the stock market; there seemed no reason to be concerned for the people who supplied their food. And all the while, as bigger and bigger mergers were taking place, as the shouting around the exchanges was growing

louder and louder, the Middle West was drifting faster and faster to its destruction. Each year there was less and less money, farm prices sank to sixty per cent of prewar level, and even though Montgomery Ward reached 439%, fewer and fewer farmers were buying from their catalogues. Then came the crash. It took time for it to reach the farms, but it came at last. The banks crumbled, first one by one, then by dozens and scores. The effect on mortgages was merciless. Forced sales and voluntary bankruptcies have involved twenty-four per cent of the farms of Iowa, the richest farm land in America. In Nebraska and South Dakota the percentage has been even higher and, high as they are, they are as nothing compared with the numbers of farms which will soon go under the hammer for the non-payment of taxes and to satisfy the land-bank mortgage claims. With ever-increasing speed, the farmer saw himself being dispossessed and replaced by farm renters, share croppers, and laborers. Fifty-four per cent of the farms in Iowa are now operated by tenants, and in the western half of the State, the richest half, the figure rises to sixty. The richer the farm the higher percentage of mortgage, and the greater the number of tenant farmers.

In desperation the farmers banded themselves into unions; the cry for help grew more intense. The Farm Board came into being, spent its money, and departed. The Federal and Joint Stock Land Banks, which for years had actually been speculating in the farmer's misery and profiting by it, began wholesale foreclosures. In 1931 they foreclosed 16,601 farms. The Federal Seed and Feed Loans brought destruction in their wake; for the farmer who had such a loan was not allowed to sell part of his crop or cattle to get cash for current expenses. All must be sold at once to satisfy the government claim.

Meantime taxes had reached a figure representing 266 per cent of pre-war rates. The farmers were now close to their last stand. They were witnessing the work of generations swept away before their eyes, while their government talked platitudes. They had put their faith in government, and government had failed. Then, last August, they reached a point where they could stand the strain no longer and moved toward open rebellion.

II

Suddenly the papers were filled with accounts of highway picketing by farmers around Sioux City. A Farmers' Holiday Association had been organized by one Milo Reno, and the farmers were to refuse to bring food to market for thirty days or "until the cost of production had been obtained."

"We have issued an ultimatum to the other groups of society," they proclaimed. "If you continue to confiscate our property and demand that we feed your stomachs and clothe your bodies we will refuse to function. We don't ask people to make implements, cloth, or houses at the price of degradation, bankruptcy, dissolution, and despair."

Reno, their first leader, was crying to them, "Agriculture as we know it has come to the parting of the ways. We will soon have no individually owned and operated farms. We have come to the place where you must practice what every other group does—strike! Or else you are not going to possess your homes."

This is literally true. In no group of farmers can you find anyone who is secure, and this is what has brought the farmers out to the roads and into action. They are not interested in a back-to-the-land movement. What they are interested in is a keep-on-the-

land movement. They discovered at once that this had brought them more notice from press and legislature than all their desperate years of peaceful organization.

The strike around Sioux City soon ceased to be a local matter. It jumped the Missouri River and crossed the Big Sioux. Roads were picketed in South Dakota and Nebraska as well as in Iowa. Soon Minnesota followed suit, and her farmers picketed her roads. North Dakota organized. Down in Georgia farmers dumped milk on the highway. For a few days the milk supply of New York City was menaced. Farmers in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, organized, and potato farmers in Long Island raised the price of potatoes by a "holiday." This banding together of farmers for mutual protection is going on everywhere, but the center of this disturbance is still Iowa and the neighboring States.

The Milk Producers' Association joined forces with the Farmers' Holiday. All the roads leading to Sioux City were picketed. Trucks by hundreds were turned back. Farmers by hundreds lined the roads. They blockaded the roads with spiked telegraph poles and logs. They took away a sheriff's badge and his gun and threw them in a cornfield. Gallons of milk ran down roadway ditches. Gallons of confiscated milk were distributed free on the streets of Sioux City.

Omaha, Council Bluffs, and Des Moines were blockaded as well as Sioux City. In all these cities numerous deputies were sworn in to help the respective sheriffs. The Governor of Iowa ordered the roads cleared. Trucks attempted to rush through the lines of picketing farmers. A few trucks were escorted through the farmers' lines by armed deputies.

The armed deputies at James, ten miles out of Sioux City, started to

convoy a fleet of thirty trucks through the lines. Guns were pointed. The farmers stood fast. Before an audience of bystanders the trucks were turned back. No shots were fired.

On another highway, farmers bared their breasts, daring the armed deputies to shoot. The deputies did not take the dare.

At Council Bluffs there were sixty arrests. A thousand farmers marched on the jail. The prisoners were hastily released on nominal bail.

In the East there were rumors that the pickets were not bona fide farmers, but a disorderly element from the cities and groups of unemployed or "reds." One of the local papers took a canvass of the men in the Woodbury county jail in Sioux City, where ninety pickets were confined, with this result: five were farm owners; twenty had owned farms and were now renters; twenty-five had always been renters; fifteen were farm boys, living with their parents; seventeen were farm laborers long living in the community, and there were eight packing house employees and workers in other industries living in Sioux City.

Yet in spite of this inquiry, city officials in Sioux City and prominent business men gave interviews to the effect that the picketers were paid by the Democratic party or "instigated by Milo Reno." Naturally this blockading the roads was unpopular with the business men. High city officials went to the Governor to ask for State troops. Sheriff Davenport of Sioux City made a similar request of the Governor. But Governor Dan Turner had brought the troops out during the so-called "cow-serum war" last year with disastrous political effects.

Leaders of the movement ran round to the picket lines and begged the farmers to stop picketing. There was an organization meeting of the executive committees of the Farmers' Holiday

Association of ten States. What threat of troops, or jailings, or arrests could not do, the Executive Committee did. By the twenty-first of September the roads around Sioux City were cleared for the first time in six weeks. But the farmers had learned the lesson that direct action pays.

III

The picketing had not been stopped when we arrived in Sioux City. We had been driving through rich farmlands for two days. We had come through Indiana and Illinois into Iowa. In two days we had not passed through wild land or woods, as we must have done in New England, Pennsylvania, or New York. The East is now much wilder than the Middle West. There is now no uncultivated land in these States. The countryside is spread out like a beautiful and tended park. This is the heart of America. It is more American to-day than is New England.

The farmhouses are ample, well set back from the road, as often as not on a little eminence. Shade trees surround them. There are nearly always shrubs and flowers. The great red barns and outhouses are flanked by brick silos. Fine cattle graze in the fields. There are droves of fat hogs; for Iowa makes its living from hogs and corn and dairy produce. The fine barns and the houses need paint. This is the first stage of decay and dilapidation. It is four years since the farmers have made costs of production.

It seems incredible that failure and bankruptcy should hang over these opulent farms. Never was there such rich, abundant country. The soil is so black it is purple. Here and there are fields which have had their fall plowing. Beside them are vivid green fields of alfalfa. The grain is in. Great stacks of straw stand behind

fat red barns. There are flocks of chickens, ducks, turkeys. There are young peach and apple orchards. The corn stands uncut, waiting for frost.

Beautiful elms meet over the wide streets of towns. Pleasant homes sit far back among ample lawns and flower gardens. Everywhere are new schoolhouses. These towns are old towns, proud of themselves. Sioux City is the only sprawling, down-at-the-heels place we have seen. It is a strange thing to realize that the owners of these peaceful farms have been out picketing the highways and illegally obstructing them.

In ordinary strikes there is a concrete organization to combat. The worker is fighting the owners of a certain mine or mill. The picketing farmers have no such definite enemy. It is almost as if they were picketing the depression itself. They are organizing against ruinous prices, with foreclosure and bankruptcy as their enemies.

Highway No. 20, leading to Sioux City, has been the scene of some of the sharpest clashes between deputies and farmers. It has won itself the proud name of "Bunker Hill 20." On the night we visited No. 20 a score of men were sitting round a campfire. A boy was sprawled out on an automobile cushion asleep. Everyone was in overalls. Their sunburned faces shone red in the firelight.

A lamp in a smaller tent glowed in the darkness. A trestle table stood near at hand. The Ladies' Aid bring substantial meals to the picketers. The irregular circle round the fire, the high moonlit poplar trees, the lighted tent were like a stage set for a play. There was an air of immense earnestness about the farmers. They had been swung completely out of their usual orbit, but they are absolutely sure of the righteousness of their cause. An old man with white mustache said:

"They say blockading the highway's illegal. I says, 'Seems to me there was a Tea-party in Boston that was illegal too. What about destroying property in Boston Harbor when our country was started?'" He sets the note of the evening.

"If we farmers go down bankrupt," says one of the younger men, "everything in this country goes down. If we get enough to live on, everybody's going to go to work again."

"When we can't buy," says another, "there can't be any prosperity. We ain't been buying nothing, not for four years."

"My binder's fallen apart so, don't know how I'm going to get through this year." The conversation moves slowly from one man to another with quiet deliberation. There is a cry:

"Truck!"

They hurry out in the roadway. All of them carry heavy stakes, some made from axe handles. None of them is armed, though a young fellow pointed to a little mound of quarter bricks.

"Plenty of Irish confetti," he said cheerily. Beside the road, handy to use, are heavy spiked logs and planks bristling with spikes to throw in front of trucks. This truck is empty. There is a short conference. The truck passes on its way.

"Good-night, boys," calls the driver. "Good luck!" He is one of them, part of the movement that is just beginning to realize its power. We go back to the fire.

"There are not so many picketers on the roads as there were," we suggest.

"There don't need to be," says the man next to me. He is an older man with heavy grooves in his face. His big hands rest on his club. Next him sits Davidson, a "committee man." He is a young giant towering over the others. He wears a clean shirt with

a knitted sweater over it, and he has had a fresh haircut. Davidson takes up the tale.

"We've got so organized," he says quietly, "the farmers ain't coming over No. 20 any more. The Holiday Association bought some time on the radio—KSCJ—and we radioed the farmers to stay home, and they're doing it."

"We don't need but a few fellows now," said Ben Grey, another committee man. He is a young fellow with a felt hat on the back of his head, a little shorter than Davidson, in blue shirt and overalls and high boots.

"We know an hour before a truck is on the road," explained the old farmer. "One of our folks will see it way off and telephone down to us. The telephone operators are all with us. We can get a hundred farmers here in a few minutes if we need 'em. So we don't need to have so many picketers on the roads now we're organized."

"I heard about how there was a fellow bootlegging milk through here. Heard about how he was laughing at us on No. 20. Said we was a lot of scabs, didn't know what we was doing."

"Say, if he comes through, we ought to learn him something." This from the older farmer with the white mustache. "We certainly should turn him back on a dirt road and learn him a lesson."

Again there is a cry of, "Truck!"

The farmers run forward, the sleeping boy awakes. This time it is the bootlegging milk truck. A long intricate dialogue follows. Everyone takes his turn. The milk bootlegger is a plausible fellow with a high whining voice.

"Now, friends," he entreats, "you wouldn't want to put me out of business, would you, like them big fellows would like to put out of business all of us little fellows?"

"We wouldn't want no hardship visited on him that we wouldn't want visited on ourselves," says one.

They put it to the vote. The specious bootlegger has won them over, to the disgust of the committee men.

IV

The next evening the farmers had a meeting at the Golden Slipper dance hall on Highway 141 to vote whether road picketing should continue. Long before the time for the meeting, farmers' cars choked the roadways. There are a thousand people in the hall—double that outside. Newcomers could only wriggle eelwise through the crowds. Farmers in store clothes, farmers in overalls, farmers in old hats and caps, dirt farmers of Iowa coming to vote about picketing. They have come from South Dakota and Nebraska as well as from miles back in Iowa. They have come from Cherokee, and there are pickets from Council Bluffs and Clinton.

The dance hall has pseudo-modernistic decorations, silver triangles against green and black. Black silhouettes decorate the hall—an odd "arty" decoration for this page of history to be played against.

There is a shout of, "Everybody outside!"

The hall is cleared, a double file of men stands at the door. Each picket passes through the gauntlet of two lines of men. He must be recognized and accredited in order to vote. Only pickets can vote.

"Anybody know this fellow? John, have you seen him?"

"He says he's been at 141."

"Yes, I know him. He's been there." The man passes through.

"Seventy-seven. Who's on 77? This fellow says he comes from 77." No one on 77 knows him. The man is turned back. The hall begins to

fill. No one is allowed to go out again for fear that he might return and vote again.

Outside, on a cattle truck, speeches are being made, one of them by a communist. Any mention of a debt moratorium is sure to be welcomed with applause. Inside the hall the ballot has been taken.

They vote two to one to close the roads.

As we went from picket line to picket line the talk harked back continually to 1776 when other farmers blockaded the highways. Up in James they had a "battle" with deputies last Wednesday. They liken it to a revolutionary battle. Over in Stevens in South Dakota, across the Missouri to Nebraska, we find similar groups of farmers who talk of "revolution." These farmers feel that they have a historic mission. The word "revolution" occurs often among them, but what they mean is a farmers' revolt. They do not understand revolution in the communist sense. They think of themselves as fighting the banking interests of the East or the "international bankers" about whom they are perpetually talking.

They have sat still for years and seen prices of food and animals which they raised slide down the hill to ruin. The bread lines in the cities grew, and the number of unemployed swelled to millions while their fruit rotted on the ground because there was no market for it. Now they are out to do something about it.

To them the solution of this evil situation seems simplicity and sense itself. In the slow shift of their talk there are no threats, there is no braggadocio.

These farmers who sat around campfires picketing highways, who came miles to meetings, have the serenity of faith. They feel the certainty and power of a young, vital movement, American and militant.

V

In the town of Fremont, Nebraska, we saw the Holiday Association in the making. The town swarmed with farmers in blue overalls. There are clots of blue coming down the street, an informal procession of farmers making for the public square, which is in the center of the town, shaded by elms like a New England common. It is hard to find parking space. The Farmers' Holiday Association is organizing the State of Nebraska.

A cattle truck has drawn up alongside the curb near the City Hall. It is decorated with homemade slogans in large black letters.

"Be Pickets Or Peasants" it advises.

"On With The Strike" it exhorts.

"By Moratorium We Mean Debt Holiday."

"No Salaries For Farm Leaders."

"No Eviction For Any Farmer."

"By Cost Of Production We Mean A Decent Living For Farmers."

"We've Got Our Back To The Wall. On With The Strike."

The slogans on this eloquent cattle truck summarize briefly what the farmers' strike is about. The National Organization of the Farmers' Holiday Association started a "farmers' holiday" to obtain cost of production on farm produce and stock by the use of the embargo—farmers pledging themselves not to take their produce to market for a period of thirty days. The rank and file of farmers who have made history by picketing the roadways of four States have enlarged on the leaders' platform. They want a program with teeth in it. The leaders want something milder. All the morning long delegates from fifty-odd counties have been chopping out the resolutions in the City Hall. Now there is a recess and everyone is streaming through the streets to the square where Milo Reno, leader of the Farmers'

Holiday Association, is going to speak. At least two thousand people have gathered to hear him.

Milo Reno is sixty-seven. He wears his curly hair, which is thick and grizzled, in a plume. He is a politician of the Bryan era. For years he has been active in the farmers' movement. He has been bitterly attacked. He has been accused of having a huge income from various sources. He admits to an average income of eight thousand dollars a year for the past twelve years. He has been accused of everything, from being in the pay of the Soviet Government to that of the Democratic National Committee. Nothing has been too fantastic of which to accuse him. No praise has been too extravagant. He has been hailed as the farmers' savior. Perhaps the truth lies somewhere nearer to the judgment of the old Nebraska farmers who say laconically:

"Milo Reno has bit off more'n he can chew with this movement."

Certainly the Farmers' Holiday has got away from Milo Reno and its other leaders who had planned a farmers' holiday and not a farmers' militant strike. Barricaded highways, milk in the gutter, marches on jails, fighting evictions were not in the original program. Milo Reno and the other officers of the Farmers' Holiday Association were in the position of barnyard fowls who have hatched out a nest of dragons' eggs.

Milo Reno's phrases come easily like words which have been used over and over again, but he knows his farmer audience.

"In the eighteen months after deflation," he says, "thirteen billion dollars' worth of farm values have gone, and nothing has been done to correct the situation. People say that the farmers have been on a financial spree and must get back to normalcy. Yet to get back to normalcy, the thirteen

billion of farm values would have to be reestablished.

"It is the last stand. You will win the battle or you will put on the wooden shoe. We're going to correct this thing or we're going to have revolution, and revolution is the quickest way of overthrowing the Christian church. . . .

"People say the picketers are disregarding property rights, disregarding law, disregarding constituted authority. This was what was done at a certain Boston Tea-party. . . .

"We have appealed to society for twelve long years. 'Let's come to the conference table and decide what is fair for the different groups of society.' It did no good. What do you think we got? Got a pat on the back—'Good boys, go home and feed the hogs!'" Milo Reno mops his brow and sits down amidst the applause of the farmers.

The Governor who had been unable to accept the invitation to the meeting, had sent Mr. J. S. Allen, a little, nattily-dressed up-state politician, to represent him. He brought the Governor's greetings and explained what the Governors' Conference might mean to the farmers. Mr. Allen said that the Governor had power to help the farmers. Under certain circumstances he could, for instance, declare a moratorium on farm debts.

As he closed, an old man got to his feet. He stood in front of the bandstand where the speakers were.

"I want to ask a question," he quavered. He turned his face up toward the Governor's representative and raised an eloquent work-gnarled hand.

"How soon," he cried, "can the Governor declare a moratorium? That is what I want to know! Can he do it right off?" He stood there, his anxious blue eyes staring at Mr. Allen, his eloquent hand lifted. You could have heard a pin drop while

Mr. Allen shuffled through an apologetic answer.

Not right off, such things took time.

"You can't say *when*, you can't say *how soon*?" the old man insisted with terrifying urgency.

It was as though this old farmer represented all the hard-pressed farmers of the country, all the old people who in a short time, in a few weeks, will be driven off their farms, sold out after a lifetime of fruitful work. How soon could a governor declare a moratorium? Not in time to prevent this catastrophe? He stood there, old and frail and anxious, his arresting hand still raised. A murmur went through the crowd. They had sensed the tragedy behind the old farmer's question. All of them have felt the approach of bankruptcy and eviction. No one here but understands.

VI

The mass meeting adjourned. The meeting of the delegates reconvened in the City Hall. There was a struggle going on between the politicians and the rank and file farmers, who have been fighting for their own program, framed by the farmers of Madison County. The Madison County program sounds as though written by farmers who had got mad. Its numerous "whereases" sound like angry bees buzzing.

WHEREAS the recent interstate conference of governors held in Sioux City FAILED to take any positive and immediate action to solve the farmers' emergency

AND WHEREAS the governors merely dug up the time-worn issue of "tariff," dusted it off and foisted it upon us as emergency relief,

AND WHEREAS we know that destroying food while millions hunger is wrong,

AND WHEREAS the governors walked around the spontaneous and universal demand of the farmers for a *complete debt holiday* by applying the phrase moratorium

only to the 25 per cent of government real estate mortgages and that only until Congress convenes in December and whereas and whereas

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that we consider the Governors' Conference a *dismal failure*.

The rank and file program demanded cost of production plus an amount which would insure a decent standard of living; the moratorium on farm debts and interest; cancellation of feed and seed loans by the government; tax exemption for poor farmers; moratorium of rents until prices have made payment possible; that the higher prices on farm produce should come from the middleman and not from city consumers. Especially there are to be no evictions.

WE DEMAND THAT there be no evictions. WE DEMAND that the governor, sheriffs and law enforcement officers publicly pledge themselves at once against evictions. If our lawfully elected representatives fail in this, *we pledge ourselves ready to save our brother farmers from eviction by united action*.

The rank and file resolutions end with a call

For a National Emergency Farm Relief Conference for Action, to be held in Washington, D. C., when Congress convenes on December 1st, 1932. Issued at Sioux City, September 9, by rank and file farmers.

It is this fighting talk which has stuck in the leaders' crops. But the leaders of the Farmers' Holiday will soft-pedal in vain. Such fighting talk is going on everywhere among the farmers. Over in Iowa, miles from Monroe County, Nebraska, the farmers have signed the eight-point pledge promising mutual aid. They are to "prevent farm landlords from dispossessing tenants of their chattels, to prevent farm landlords from collecting rent greater in value than a fair share of the products of the farm, to prevent foreclosures, to prevent dispossessing

farm owners, etc." This document ends, "We agree to hold ourselves in readiness, *to answer any reasonable call when any one of our members becomes in need of assistance.*"

In an entirely different county in Iowa a new organization called the United Farmers was recently formed, the principle object of which is to prevent eviction and foreclosure.

This is the farmers' answer to the old man. If the Governor can't help him, they will.

It is strange to think of these quiet middle-aged farmers endorsing direct action. It is almost the first step of revolution, an instinctive revolt like Shays's Rebellion. These patient people have been driven out to fight. They feel they are literally fighting for their homes.

This movement is already starting to prevent people being put off their farms because they cannot pay rent or taxes or a mortgage. A foreclosure was forcibly stopped in Woodbury County not long ago. A tenant farmer who could not pay his rent had a chattel mortgage of three hundred dollars against him. They started to sell him out. All his neighbors came to that sale. They cut the telephone wires so they could not call the sheriff, and the sale began. His stuff was bid in for \$11.75. The farmers took up

a collection for that money. They gave it to the owner together with a quitclaim and made him sign.

The Farmers' Holiday has now gone into its second stage. The spontaneous militancy of the farmers has been temporarily checked by the leaders. But organization is going on in ten States. The farmers' strike has emerged from a local matter to one which aims to involve two million people in the embargo.

In all this there can be felt the slow powerful heave and stir of a people which precedes an attempt at a social change. Yet the Farmers' Holiday Association as such may be only a bubble on the stream of the farmers' justified discontent. It may easily be diverted into political channels and swamped. But even if this happens to the F.H.A. a militant farmers' movement is inevitable. The farmers of this country are not going to be reduced to farm laborers without a struggle. They have tried direct action and have seen more attention given to their emergency than in all the years of peaceful negotiation, when the only response from government or public was, "Good boys, go home and feed the hogs."

They will not take this for an answer if they hold their conference in Washington this December.



SUGAR BE SWEET!

A STORY

BY GEORGE MILBURN

SPRING was a soft green cloud hovering over the willow tree in the corner of Whalen's front yard the day that Marion died.

Mrs. Whalen wheeled her out on the front porch in her invalid's chair after the noon meal so that she could take in the sunlight. She had been in high spirits all morning, excited about spring's coming back. She talked cheerfully and she even suggested to her mother that she might be getting up soon. She wanted to go into the woods to pick violets.

It was the first fine day of the season. And yet, beneath the warmth of the breeze, there was a reminiscent chill. Mrs. Whalen was careful to tuck the blankets snugly about her daughter. There were still to be rain and bitter days, it is true, but the motes of renaissance were in the air. All about there was a quickening stir, and it was inconsistent that a body should die at such a time. It refurbished all the platitudes about death.

Charlie Whalen was the one who heard the last words his daughter ever spoke. He reenacted the scene many times, in his own mind and for other people, with as many tears and hiccups as a sober strong man is permitted, all up until the funeral. But after the funeral he never thought of his distinction again, or if he did, he never said anything to anyone about it.

The way it was, he recollected, he had finished his noon meal, a hearty dinner, and had got up and gone out into the hall to get his hat. He was about to leave the house when he felt in his vest pocket and found that he didn't have any toothpicks. So he went back into the dining room to get a few. The ruby glass toothpick-holder stood on the sideboard empty.

Now where emptiness was there Charlie Whalen found a pinch of chaos. Later he was glad that he had not made a scene on finding the toothpicks all out that noon. He pondered his restraint vaguely as something portentous in itself. He would never have got through blaming himself, he thought, if he had raised a commotion in that last hour of his daughter's life. So he was pleased to recall that there had been more of reproach than of irritation in his voice when he spoke to his wife that noon.

"Clara," he said loudly, "what have you done with all the toothpicks?"

Mrs. Whalen was at that moment tucking the blankets about Marion against the faint chill of the April wind. She gave the covering a hurried final pat and hastened back into the house.

"Just a minute, papa, and I'll get some toothpicks for you," she said in her mild, faded voice. And she apologized as she disappeared into the kitchen, "I should have filled the glass

this morning but I didn't notice that it was getting low."

She took the box of toothpicks down from the kitchen cabinet and put a handful of them into the little ruby glass tumbler. It was a souvenir and it had "Greetings from the St. Louis World's Fair, 1904, Charles H. Whalen," etched in ornate script around the red barrel. She hurried back into the dining room and placed the refilled holder on the sideboard.

"There's the toothpicks, papa," she said, turning back to the kitchen.

Charlie Whalen came into the dining room. "Where are they at?" he said, still surly.

"Right there on the sideboard, Charlie," Mrs. Whalen said patiently.

The sight of the fresh, complete little bundle placated him. He took out a dozen, rolling the smooth white slivers between his thumb and forefinger, enjoying the feel. He put one in the corner of his mouth and stuck the others in a vest pocket.

"You want to watch that toothpick holder, Clara," he said, not unkindly, going out.

He appeared through his front door, making little chirps between his teeth while he prodded them, smoothing down his vest with one hand. He and Marion were alone there on the porch. Mrs. Whalen, chastened, stayed in the kitchen. That was how it came about that the father was the only one to hear the girl's last words.

The Buick sedan stood in the driveway, its nicked radiator throwing off little lances of sunlight.

Charlie Whalen glanced at his only child. She lay back in the wheel chair, so fair, so bloodless, and beautiful. There were shadowy blue veins in her neck and a faint lacework of them at her temples where the breeze lifted a wisp of her golden hair. Against her face's cool, transparent whiteness lay

the soft crimson braces of her lips. Her eyes were closed, as she lay there in the sunlight, and Charlie thought she was asleep.

He stood on the porch steps and tossed his frayed toothpick into the sear honeysuckle vines along the balustrade. He took out a cigar and cut the end with his small knife. A belch rose from his well-stuffed stomach and he suppressed it, causing the elk-tooth fob on his paunch to bobble. Then he lighted his cigar and started down the walk.

"Aren't you going to take the Buick, papa?" Marion called, fluttering her eyelids. She had a dainty voice.

Charlie Whalen halted and half turned. "Oh, I thought you was asleep," he said in embarrassment.

Marion said, "No, I've been awake all the time. But are you walking to town? Aren't you going to take the car?"

"No, I guess I won't take the car this afternoon," Charlie Whalen said. "I kind of thought I would walk to town this afternoon. It's too pretty a day not to walk. A day like this makes you feel like walking."

"Isn't it a perfectly gorgeous day, though, papa!" Marion said, lilting.

"Yes, it's a fine day, all right. I guess spring is here, sure enough. I mean I don't think we'll have much more winter after a day like this. It sure makes a person want to get out in the open."

"Oh, doesn't it, though," Marion said ecstatically. "It just makes one feel closer to God!"

Two hours later Charlie Whalen found significance and solace in these words, which he chose to remember as the last his daughter ever uttered. At the moment, however, he was abashed by her demonstrative sentiment. It made him feel ludicrous to hear people say things like that. He was miserable with an eagerness to get away. He

said, in brief agreement, "Yes, it's mighty fine weather to-day," and turned abruptly to go on down the walk.

Then Marion called tenderly, "Good-by, daddy!" and those were her last words. Those were really the portentous words.

"Good-by," Charlie called brightly, waving his arm.

Charlie Whalen, the hearty, the well-filled, the munificent, dealer in automobiles, a car for every pocket-book, walked to town in the sunlight. He experimented with deep breathing for a block or two, inhaling jerkily, taking an extra sniff each time to insure capacity and exhaling with a suddenness that left him slightly disconcerted. He tried to time his breathing to his footsteps, but the effort wearied him. Before he had gone far he felt that he had had enough of it for one day. He realized though that it was time he was beginning to think about getting back into condition. Every spring his thoughts turned to the danger of his growing flabby.

"No use talking," he murmured to himself. "I've got to take off some of this belly. Must begin to get out and take more exercise." But he contented himself with bringing his rubber heels sharply down on the concrete sidewalk, feeling a satisfying resilience.

He was a large man, large in body, large in spirit too, any person in town would tell you. Charlie Whalen was no man's debtor. He paid as he went and he was as substantial as he looked. Even his paunch, sweeping down from his lower ribs in a magnificent cataract of flesh, was there to buttress the breadth of his shoulders. His hair was beginning to gray, but it was the iron-filings gray of stalwart middle-age and not the yellowed gray of infirmity. Charlie was proud of it, but the prospect of baldness gave him

anxiety. He doused and massaged and trained tendrils of side hair against the shining pink encroachments of his forehead.

He was beginning to study about age more often lately. That was why the promise of spring plagued him a bit. But it reassured him just as much. He felt his inner juices expanding in the mellow warmth of the early spring sunshine and he was ebullient with a great affection for all the redundant world. The forty-eight years of his life dwindled to short yesterdays. He felt very youthful.

Two thin squirrels were racing in the Presbyterian churchyard. Charlie paused to watch them until they scrabbled up a big oak, still leafless, and disappeared down a sprawling crotch. He smiled on them benignly and winked to himself, pleased with the surge of blood that came after his fleeting meditation of lustful joys.

Charlie Whalen walked on. The fusty smell of turned earth came to him, cool as a cave, and all along his passage he called cheerful howdies to towel-turbaned housewives digging in flowerbeds, beating rugs, and sweeping off front porches. They replied to his genial bellows with smiles and pleasant comments on the weather and the new season.

He strode on toward town and an afternoon's confinement in his automobile sales and service office with every assurance that the world was a fine place to be living in. He continued to exchange brief comments on the weather with everyone he met: "Scrumptious weather we're having, eh, Ed?" for "Yes, sir-ee, Charlie, fine day." Once or twice, to be sure, there were faint disturbances in his stomach, weighted with its heavy noon meal. He drew in his chin with little jerks to suppress the gases that rose in his throat and he threw away his cigar.

When he came out on Broadway,

the main business street of the town, he stopped short in his tracks and regarded that thoroughfare with amazement.

Broadway was a fluttering mass of color. Hitched to the castiron electric-light standards, segments in the White Way, that symbol of the progressive community, were ropes stretched from side to side bearing a carnival array of colored pennants. Many store windows along the street were decorated with bright paper crescents.

The vision puzzled Charlie. Broadway, when he had left his office for dinner a short while before twelve o'clock, had been neat and drab and almost without activity of any kind. There seemed at first no logical way in which this sudden transformation could be explained. He looked at the gay pennants more closely and saw that each of them was lettered.

"Lucky Moon Auction Sales," Charlie muttered. "What in the name of goodness have the boys got up now?"

He walked on a few doors up the street to where Virgil Clay (You-furnish-the-girl-and-let-Clay-furnish-the-home) stood leaning against a doorpost in front of Clay's Furniture Store.

"What's all this, Virge?" said Charlie. "How come all the decorations?" He noticed that the furniture store windows also were plastered with the crescent posters.

Virgil Clay's smooth round face wimpled and broke. "Why, ain't you heard, Charlie?" he said. "It's a trade stimulator scheme that they've got pret' near ever' leading merchant in town signed up on. I allowed you'd be the first one to get in on it."

Charlie frowned. "Well, now that you mention it, it does seem to me like there was a man come in to my place last week talking about it. But these birds have always got something going, and I didn't pay much attention

to him. You can just figure that the main thing they're interested in is making some money out of you, instead of having any idea that would help you make money. A thing like this," Charlie gestured heavily toward the decorated street, "don't do me any good in my business."

"Whoa now, Charlie, whoa now," Virgil exclaimed. "You don't even know how this Lucky Moon proposition works. We got to have something like this to stir things up ever' once in a while. The farmers like it, and it does draw trade. That's an absolute proved fact. And this here Lucky Moon proposition is a new wrinkle that beats anything of the kind I ever heard of. Better than one of them automobile drawings anyhow." He chuckled and nudged Charlie.

"Oh, now, I don't know, Virge," Charlie Whalen said with only the flicker of a grin. "Last fall when the merchants had that big trades-day drawing and give away that Chivy touring from my place, this street was just packed solid. You know that. And I bet that's the biggest Saturday crowd this town ever did have. I let the Chamber of Commerce have that Chivy at cost. From all I ever heard that automobile drawing was satisfactory to ever'body."

"Yes, but you know how it is, Charlie. Having one big prize like that only one person can draw it. The country people all gets suspicious, and then somebody living right here in town generally always gets the prize—you know, somebody that don't need it at all—and then all the farmers claims that it's just a frame-up. You can't argue them out of it, neither. I never seen an automobile drawing like that yet that it didn't cause a lot of hard talk and ill feeling among the country people."

"So you figure that this Lucky Moon Auction Sale proposition is a better one

than a trades-day automobile drawing, do you, Virge?"

"Yes, sir, Charlie, I do. I was sold on it right off. The way it's worked out, I look to see it cause a right smart pick-up in business around here. And, Lord knows, this town certainly needs it. Just here last week a furniture drummer come in and he says to me, 'Well, how's business, Mr. Clay?' And I looks at him and says, 'Well, sir, the best I can remember, the last business I had was pretty darn' good.'" He laughed at his own witticism, his face as ruddy as a tomato.

"Yes, but tell me one thing, Virge. How does this proposition work? You speak so high of it, I might of made a mistake not to get in on it."

"You sure did make a mistake, Charlie. It's only offered to one line of business in a town, and I see they already got the Ford Garage signed up on it. We're going to have circulars out some time to-day, giving all the details, but it don't take but a minute to tell how the plan works."

"Well, let's hear then. The fellow that come in to sell me last week tried to high-pressure me, and you know that high-pressure stuff don't work on me, Virge. Not on Charlie Whalen. So I didn't pay much attention to his line. Just told him that I couldn't be interested and sent him on his way. Then the first thing I know the whole street blooms out with these colored flags. They didn't have none of them up before I went to dinner."

"No, none of them was up before noon. They put them all up during the noon hour," Virgil Clay explained. "They come in by express on the 10:45. But the way this Lucky Moon Auction Sale works: fourteen of us is signed up on it, Epstein's Clothing Store, and the O.K. Butcher Shop, and Ira Cunliff's grocery, and the Luxor Barber Shop, and, now let's see. Luxor, O.K. Butcher Shop, Epstein's.

And Milady's Style Shop-pe and the *Record-Democrat*. And my place. How many is that? Anyway, there's fourteen of us signed up on it. I can't call everyone to mind right now, but the whole list will be on these circulars we're getting out to-day.

"Now, the idea is ever' time a customer makes a cash purchase, we give him a coupon with the amount he spent on it. Coupons just issued for cash purchases, or for payment on account. Double coupons issued whenever merchant so desires. Then we have a bunch of premiums put up on display somewheres, a big variety of premiums, just like prizes. Each merchant furnishes a premium for each and every auction sale. All kinds of things from radio sets to groceries. Sensible things that people would have to spend real money for. No gimcracks.

"Now then, ever' two weeks we have an auction sale, and these coupons we put out count just like real money at these auctions. The customer, of course, is supposed to take and save up these coupons until he gets enough on hand to do some bidding. He uses his coupons to bid on any of the articles he wants that we have put up for auction, just like the coupons was cash money, see?

"So you see, ever'body has a chance at something. It works a whole lot better than a drawing, because it's all out in the open. Anybody can see that there ain't no monkey business to it. All premiums are on display ahead of time. And all that it costs the merchant is for the coupons, which we have to buy from this concern that got up the idea. And we all have to chip in with some article from our place of business worth at least five dollars in value—some little piece of merchandise that would make a good premium. In that way all premiums is purchased at wholesale, right here from home-

town merchants, keeping home money at home. And lots of times a merchant might be able to work off a slow-moving piece of goods for a premium. This company that puts out the proposition loans us all these decorations free of charge. The only cost to us is the coupons. That's the whole proposition in a nutshell."

"Oh, I see, I see!" said Charlie, looking very grave. "And of course some of these farmers around here will take to killing off their families just so they can come in and pay you cash for coffins so as to get Lucky Moon Auction Sale coupons!"

Virgil Clay, unsmiling and serious, said, "Well, Charlie, I sure hope that nothing like that don't happen. But I tell you the truth, I do believe that this is going to stir up a lot of interest after it gets good and started. And if anybody was to come in here and pay me cash for mortician's work, or a coffin, or anything, I'd issue them coupons, just like I would if they had bought a bedstead, or a rug, or a refrigerator. I sure would!"

Charlie chuckled. "That's the spirit, Virge! All I've got to say is, I hope this proposition will stimulate business as much as you seem to think it's going to."

He pulled out his watch and glanced at it. "My God!" he exclaimed, snapping the case sharply. "Here I stand gassing with you, and it's darn' near two o'clock. I'll be seeing you, Virge!"

"Sure thing, Charlie!" The furniture man turned his gaze back to the fluttering, bright-hued Lucky Moon Auction Sale pennants.

Clara Whalen finished washing and drying the dishes from the noon meal. She tidied the kitchen methodically and then she went over the parlor with the vacuum sweeper. She hurried about her household routine, a noise-

less, mousy woman who had not had an independent thought in twenty years. Her blue eyes had lost color and expression, her golden hair had turned ashen, and yearly she had grown more dun and shy. Sometimes it would occur to people to remark, as if they had suddenly made a startling discovery, "You know, anyone can tell by looking at Charlie Whalen's wife that she must have been a right pretty woman in her day."

There was a relationship between Clara Whalen and her daughter, however, that sometimes made Charlie Whalen feel as if he were an awkward stranger in his own house. He was undisputed master there, but Marion and her mother kept an understanding that transcended filial affection. They would sit for long hours in the same room, sewing perhaps, or, when the work was all done in the afternoon, gazing vacantly, silent and content to be with each other. A long period would pass without either of them speaking. Then, when one of them said something in a low, soft voice, almost cooing, neither would be surprised to find that the one who had spoken had added a word to what the other had been thinking. They seldom made any outward sign of their affection, no embraces, no tender kisses. They did not use terms of endearment: Marion was "Sister" and Clara Whalen was "Mamma." But from the time Marion was a baby until she was a young woman the bond between them was complete. And, when Marion was near death that last winter of her life, Mrs. Whalen sat by her bedside wan and immobile until one had the uncanny feeling that as Marion sank life was ebbing away from Clara Whalen too. The doctor said that the mother's constancy had probably brought Marion through the winter.

So Mrs. Whalen, too, felt a buoyancy that spring day. Not even her hus-

band's displeasure could dispel it for long. She knew that she had been at fault in letting the toothpick holder get empty, and she had gone back to the kitchen in humiliation. But by the time she had finished straightening up the sitting room she caught herself humming a happy, if tuneless, song. She left off quickly, pursing her lips with chagrin. Then she took off her kitchen apron and came out on the front porch, tucking at her hair.

She noticed that Marion's eyes were open, so she said, "Does that sunlight feel good on you, Sister?"

Marion did not answer. Then Clara Whalen went over to her, and she saw the cold glaze on Marion's beautiful eyes and she saw Marion's sweet lips parted in the gape of death.

So it was all very seemly when the neighbors came in answer to Clara Whalen's cries. The incongruousness of a girl's death on a day when all the earth was stirring with new life was not mentioned by them.

"So sweet," murmured the misty-eyed ones who refrained from sobbing loudly. "So sweet. So peaceful and all. Just like she had went to sleep. She didn't suffer at all, Mrs. Whalen, or else she wouldn't be laying back so sweet and gentle there. Such a beautiful way to die, Mrs. Whalen."

They buried Marion on a Saturday. The church was crowded. She had a fine funeral, and no one was disappointed. Charlie Whalen was never a man to stint on anything.

Two Saturdays later Charlie Whalen stood in his automobile showroom, gazing out through the plate-glass window at the preparations for the first Lucky Moon Auction Sale going on in the vacant lot opposite.

Already the farmers and their families had started gathering. They stood about, staring hungrily at the

proceedings. Many of them held wads of coupons in their hands and they would re-count their hoards from time to time, thumbing the colored paper slips and peering with covetous side glances at the savings held by their neighbors.

At 2:30 a truck drove up, hauling the premiums that had been on display for two weeks in the south show window of Epstein's Model Clothing Store. That was a large array of desirable merchandise. None of your cheap, shoddy premiums, but articles contributed by local merchants sponsoring the plan—usable, substantial articles all, things for which one ordinarily would have to pay real money. Ladies' rayon hose from Milady's Style Shoppe, a red-lacquered end table from Clay's Furniture Store, a boy's roller coaster from the Green Front Hardware Company, a set of inner tubes from the Ford Garage, a hundred-pound sack of sugar from Ira Cunliff's grocery, a cured ham from the O.K. Butcher Shop; and a dozen other items equally indispensable, including some intangible ones represented by show-cards such as five dollars' worth of printing at the *Record-Democrat's* job shop and twenty shaves at the Luxor Barber Shop.

Ready hands began unloading the premiums from the truck. It was about time. Charlie Whalen strolled across the street and joined the throng.

A loose plank platform had been erected in the center of the lot. The goods were stacked on it.

Major Cummings, the town auctioneer, had been retained for the occasion. It took the jocose major to make an auction sale a gala event. He was already warming up, prancing up and down the rickety platform, his broad black Stetson pushed back on his head, his black windsor tie flapping when a stray breeze caught it.

"Ah, yes! Ah, yes!" he bellowed as

he paced the unsteady, rattling planks. "Draw right on up close, folks. Come right on up near so as you won't miss no bargains. We're going to start this sale off with a bang pretty quick now. Don't be bashful, neighbors. They's plenty of room down in front here."

He caressed his broad belly complacently. Two hundred successful farm auctions had convinced Major Cummings that he was a master of men.

He coaxed the gaping farmers and their timid wives in a loud, generous voice, but when some of the small boys down in front got pressed against the platform and began scuffling and jostling, he put by his sugary tone to say to them in a low, mean aside, "Watch out there! Stand back away from that there sawhorse! You'll have the whole blamed works down on the ground the first thing you know."

Then, looking out over the adult throng again, he resumed his louder, wheedling, mellifluous tone. The corner lot was a squirming block of people. Farmers and their wives had come from miles around. They were still skeptical about whether the Lucky Moon coupons were worth anything, but they clutched their accumulations in fists none the less tight and looked off for some shady dealing.

Major Cummings started the auction by holding up a box of rayon hose, "Hey, look'ye, look'ye! Five pair of gen-u-wine rayon silk hose in five diff'runt shades. Now what am I bid? These here stockings will give any womern's limbs that come-hither look. Gals, when you stick your limbs into a pair of these here hose, you won't have to worry no more about how your face looks."

This risqué quip caused an outburst of raucous, embarrassed laughter, and a hundred elbows moved in nudges. The Major went on, "What do I hear for this ass-sort-ment of gen-u-wine

rayon silk hose? Five pair, five, and no two shades alike. Who'll say twenty? Twenty-twenty-twenty! And the young feller with the front teeth in his mouth over there says uh ten! I betcha he's got his eye on the gal he's going to give 'em to already."

Rowdy laughter greeted this remark, but the Major paused for serious explanation: "Remember, friends, them Lucky Moon coupons counts just like U. S. A. cash money at this sale. Only you couldn't use cash money here if you was wanting to. Everything here goes for the Lucky Moon coupons and the Lucky Moon coupons only. They come to you free; now let's let 'em go free. You didn't have to strike a lick of work to get 'em. Come to you just like they had been willed to you. So let's hear a good bid now! I'm bid ten. Let me hear uh twenty! Twenty-twenty-twenty! And uh twenty from the young lady over there with the black hat on. Who'll bid me thirty? Do I hear uh thirty?"

So the sale progressed. As soon as the rayon hose had been knocked down to a young farm hand for thirty-two-fifty, the Major, giving out exaggerated grunts, hoisted aloft a cured ham.

"Now, ladies and them that run after you, here is something that you can sure enough bid on. The ham what am! Hang it up in the old smoke house and put it by for winter. A few slabs of this would go mighty good to lay up against your ribs on a frosty mornin'. All smoked and preserved and she'll tip the beam at twenty pounds easy. So don't let me hear any of them measly little bids on this here great big fine cured ham! Let me hear uh hundurd. Uh hundurd! Am I bid uh hundurd?"

As the people grew accustomed to the large denominations of their imitation money, which had been issued generously in a hundred side-deals and

which had been carefully collected from less provident neighbors, the bidding grew high and reckless. The farm auction was always an event with its social as well as its business aspects, and the Lucky Moon Sale resembled a farm auction closely enough to be an enjoyable occasion. Farmers and townspeople alike took vast pleasure in dealing with the large, imaginary sums printed on their coupons.

That evening at the supper table Mrs. Whalen said, "Charlie, the boy from the garage brought out a hundred-pound sack of sugar on the truck a little while before you came. I'm glad you thought to get it, because we were almost out of sugar. To-morrow is Sunday, and I would have had to run over to Mrs. Fitz to borrow a cupful, or we wouldn't have had a grain of sugar in the house."

"Well, that hundurd-pound sack ought to last us a while," Charlie said, helping himself to the gravy.

"Yes, it'll soon be canning season, and it won't be a bit too much."

"I sort of figured we could use it," Charlie said.

"Did you get it at a bargain?"

"Did I get it at a bargain? I'll say I got it at a bargain," he said proudly. "And I would of got it at a whole lot better bargain if a bull-headed German farmer from out here east of town hadn't been bidding against me."

"Bidding against you?"

"Yeah; I got it at that Lucky Moon Auction Sale they're putting on."

"Oh, Mrs. Fitz was over here yesterday asking me whether I was saving those Lucky Moon coupons. But I didn't get it straight in my head how the auction part worked."

"Well, it's just like a drawing, only they issue you these coupons, and you use them to bid just like money. They're supposed to issue them, a dollar coupon for a dollar spent, but

some of the merchants in on the deal have been issuing double coupons. Before long they'll be issuing triple coupons; I wouldn't be surprised. I would of got that sack of sugar for half of what I did, because I had ever' one else bluffed right on the start. But this farmer (it was old August Schaeffer from out here east, that's who it was), he kept running the bid up on me. Somebody told me that he had bought him an incubator from the Green Front Hardware last week, and they issued him double coupons on the deal. He had a bunch of coupons there big enough to choke a yearling heifer. I had to bid eight hundred dollars, all the coupons I had, before I could get him stopped."

"Eight hundred dollars' worth? My goodness! Where did we get eight hundred dollars' worth of coupons?"

"Where do you suppose?" Charlie said, sharply, his head turned down toward his plate. He reached out for the sugar bowl to sweeten his coffee. His spoon grated against the bowl's crusted inside.

"Charlie, you don't mean from—"

He flung down his spoon and interrupted her loudly, "Clara, you've let the sugar bowl get empty again!"

She sat very still, staring at him.

He addressed her with pursed lips, in mincing, mock-politeness, "Madam, would you be so kind as to get up and fill that sugar bowl like you ought to of done before supper?"

She did not get up and she did not move.

Charlie Whalen pushed back his chair angrily. "All right!" he shouted, his face gorged with blood. "All right, then!" he shouted, making for the kitchen with the empty sugar bowl in his hand. "If you're going to be a goddamn' fool about this, I'll go fill the sugar bowl myself."

Clara Whalen sat very still, her eyes hard with loathing.



AN INVITATION TO AMERICAN HISTORIANS

BY BERNARD FAY

NOT long ago the belief was still prevalent that all men had and always had had the same kind of soul. Then someone discovered that the sandals of Alexander differed from those of Cæsar and from the boots of Napoleon. This discovery amazed him and his time. Since then, history, or what goes by that name, has never ceased to grow and to flourish.

Our forefathers thought they understood the past because they interpreted the heroes of former days by applying to them the psychology and logic of their own epochs. Our own contemporaries believe they have fathomed the past when they have succeeded in defining accurately the spiritual, intellectual, physical, and material differences which distinguished our times from those gone by.

The contrast between these two methods is a glaring one, and springs from a radical change in point of view. Up to about 1750 men regarded the human spirit as immortal and forever identical with itself; after that date they began to believe that time was the essential factor in human life and that it modified all things—even the human soul. Evolution and all our modern ideas on social progress are based on this faith in the action of time—a faith which has become so deeply rooted in us, which has so hypnotized us, that we are incapable of any escaping from the sphere of its influence.

Up to about 1750–1800, men were not particularly sensitive to the reality

of the past. They were inclined to feel that the past had been all very well in its way but was no further concern of theirs. We of to-day imagine the past completely opposed to our present ideals, but we feel an acute need to know it and to understand it. This is what is called our modern historical mind. There may be something puerile about it; it is conceivable that three hundred years hence men will find it absurd; even now we may recognize the artlessness of thus working ourselves into a fever over people and things that are dead merely because they are dead. All this may be true; yet it cannot prevent history from being one of the grand passions of modern times. Together with the cinema, with jazz, pacifism, bolshevism, and Einstein, it is one of the irresistible pleasures of to-day.

It is not, to be sure, always an intelligent pleasure, but it may become one. The difficulty is that too many people refuse to take history as a pleasure and insist on making it a kind of religion. To them it has ceased to be what it was to the Middle Ages and the Renaissance—an amusing and instructive recital of the most characteristic actions of the imperishable human spirit—and has become the scientific description of all the changes that have befallen human nature, the human body, human customs. They insist upon making a science of it. Whenever historians foregather they call their meetings scientific meetings; and

rightly so, since that helps them to succeed. Whereas Mr. Babbitt would not put himself to the inconvenience of going to listen to a lecture on "Pleasure in Ancient Greece," he will rush off to hear a bespectacled scholar read statistics on "The Price of Olives and Figs in Athens during the Fifth Century before Christ." For that is "scientific."

These scientific pretensions of history are, to be honest, deceptive. History is incapable of the accuracy of mathematics—the latter deals with clearly defined propositions, while the former is always striving to define its scope without ever succeeding. History cannot, like physics, chemistry, and medicine, verify its statements in the light of experience. No experimentation is possible in history—all laboratory work is precluded. History passes for a science because historians dream of being scholars and think they resemble entomologists, who describe with mathematical precision the bodies of dried bugs or defunct cockroaches. Historians imagine that since their field is the past and the past is a dead thing, they can treat it as a geologist treats a stone.

Unfortunately, the past is not dead. What we call the past is, in substance, merely a portion of what we call the present; there is no exact line of demarcation. "Contemporary historical events" are for us as dead and gone as "ancient historical events." From the moment of President Doumer's assassination, his death—an event of the present though it was—became as remote and mysterious to every Frenchman as the death of Cæsar. On the other hand, certain historical events are still much alive because of their results. We cannot see those events except through the consequences which separate us from them, but the latter, developing continuously, reveal the original facts in an ever-changing light.

The conquest of Gaul by the Romans is not a dead thing—it is still discussed and fought about every year in the French Parliament when they decide what place Latin is to take in the schools. The past has a curious and profound vitality; sometimes it seems to grow torpid, sometimes it revives and recovers its reality. Who ever gave a thought ten years ago to Tutank-amen and his religious reforms? People were hardly aware of his name. Thanks to the discoveries of Carnavon, he was the rage for ten years. All the women's clubs in the United States, all the learned societies of the world, were eager to make his acquaintance. But now he is disappearing from sight again. Ur is taking his place. The excavations of Mesopotamia are obliterating the discoveries of Egypt.

Despite the claims of certain historians, it is not true that new documents are added to old ones in history, as one stone is added to another to form a wall. A new document, or one newly discovered, changes the value, the sense, and the importance of old documents. Sometimes it kills them, sometimes it restores them to life; it never leaves them untouched. Hence it is impossible to believe that as long as human beings live on earth they will ever let their past be really stable and fixed. It seems impossible that there should ever be any conclusive answer to the questions of history, any solid base upon which the historian may establish a scientific certainty. True history, honest history (I am not speaking here of the history of academic textbooks) cannot be a science. It may be a game or it may be an art—the art of understanding human life. There is no true history except in so far as it is capable of attaching itself to the present. By so doing it may succeed in increasing men's knowledge of their lives, in widening their perceptions of their activity. It may render the present

more spacious and more luminous, which is the highest dignity it can attain. To attain that dignity, it must prove itself intelligent, subtle, and courageous. The good historian is anxious to understand and to *perceive* all the facts and all the characters he discusses without permitting himself to be influenced by political prejudice or the accepted commonplaces. He should write nothing under the sway of material or social preconceptions, which would lead him to a partisan attitude. Those are after all the essential disciplines of the historian. A good historian is very much like a good broker. He should be passionately interested in all that he handles, but only because he handles it and as long as he handles it. Such an attitude, in fact, is seldom found among historians; either they do not care at all for past and dead things or they have a point that they want to make. In both cases they are biased because they take the past too lightly or because they have it too much at heart. He should discuss only that which is real to him, only that which has impressed his own intelligence and his own sensibilities.

It is not an easy task. The entire world contains too few good historians.

Of all modern nations, the United States has the shortest history; to counterbalance this, that history has three great qualities:

1. It is coherent. It belongs wholly to the present. We can perceive it in its entirety.

2. It is better supplied with documents than any other history. It would seem that the American colonists, immediately upon debarkation, even before they started to preach sermons or to kill Indians or to eat wild turkeys, began writing memoirs and copying documents.

3. It has a rare symbolic value. The transformation which a country like France underwent so slowly, from the

earliest times to the twentieth century of the Christian era, in America occupied only three centuries. Compared with the history of the United States, the history of Europe seems to be a slow-motion cinema, the rhythm of whose events is but faintly discernible; while the history of America appears as a striking, brilliant epitome of the history of the world—the conquest of the earth by the white race, and the settlement of the continents by Indo-European genius.

Thus the United States offers the historian splendid material and a lucrative soil as well. Of all modern nations, America seems to have the keenest taste for history. At any rate, it is the nation which pays its historians best, as authors, publishers, and literary agents will testify.

But this is not mere caprice. America has excellent reasons for such an attitude. First of all, she has need of a history. Other countries might, if necessity compelled, make shift without one, since their national unity has other buttresses. In France, for example, the language which is spoken throughout her territory and which belongs to the country develops and protects national sentiment. In Poland the constant danger threatening her frontiers forces her citizens to make common cause, even though they hate one another. In Germany the literary and artistic traditions, so old and so brilliant, suffice to give the German people a consciousness of their unity and dignity. The American nation speaks the same language as the British Empire, which is "English." America is protected against any immediate danger. Her writers and artists, numerous and talented though they be, cannot profess to constitute a national school. Apart from material interests and social discipline, the one great force which upholds the national unity of the United States is history.

The American people feel this, and their taste for history is constantly in evidence. They love it and pursue it in all its forms. Indeed, the most arid of them, genealogy, seems to have a special attraction for them, bringing them most clearly, perhaps, the sense of their continuity and of their hard-won cohesion. There is considerable truth in the pleasantry of the Englishman who, questioned as to his impressions of America, replied, "What surprised me most of all was the number of ancestors every American owns and the care with which he preserves them." It is remarkable to note that in almost every great library in the Eastern States there is a room specially dedicated to genealogy. It is curious to find that in *The Boston Transcript* every week there is a page devoted to genealogy. *The Transcript* is a newspaper as thoughtful, as serious-minded as the *London Times* or *Le Temps* of Paris. Yet *The Times*, which now and then publishes documented correspondence on bugs, has no genealogical page. And *Le Temps*, which plumes itself on neglecting neither literature nor history nor diplomacy, seems to avoid genealogy as a thing apparently distasteful to French democracy. In France, indeed, genealogy is suspected of tending toward aristocracy, while in America it is the pedestal of democracy. Congress is proud of passing immigration laws which are based on a certain theory of national genealogy, and whose object is to preserve for the Americans of the future a plentiful stock of Anglo-Saxon ancestors.

Thanks to genealogy, therefore, history has become a part of the American administrative machine. And everyone bows respectfully before it, so dearly does America love her history.

This love of hers is not blind, however. Among the innumerable historical works with which the American market is glutted there are two varie-

ties which are particularly pleasing to the citizens of the United States. A good American likes to know everything he can about his ancestors and enjoys receiving information about the world in general, but he does not wish to be burdened with details. Not long ago a foreigner visited one of the most modern schools in New York. The star pupil was presented to him, and he was invited to question the boy—a keen, attractive youngster. On being asked what period he was studying, he replied, "The seventeenth century." The visitor then put to him a number of questions on Louis XIV, but the child answered promptly and with dignity, "I don't bother about kings." History was his field, but he would have none of its small and dusty details. The only heroes a young American knows are those of his own country and, possibly, Jesus, Buddha, and Einstein. He never wearies of hearing about them or of reading their lives. It would seem that while a Frenchman cannot live happily without reading a sentimental or licentious novel at least once a month; while an Englishman requires detective novels at frequent intervals for the preservation of his well-being, an American's health demands generous doses of biography. This vogue for biography has recently invaded Europe, but without the same spontaneity. Even the most famous biographers of the Old Continent, a Maurois, a Ludwig, have achieved a more dazzling and lucrative success in the New World than in their own countries. The United States was not their country, but it has shown itself the second fatherland of all biographers.

It is, besides, the paradise of universal histories and of great historical theories. The French people are skeptical. They distrust an author who professes to teach them too much. They are constantly on the lookout for contradictions in a serious book, and if

they find one they no longer trust the author. The American people are ready to accept any statement signed by a famous name. They are determined to admit unresistingly anything presented to them as a fact even if that fact contains contradictory elements. They are attracted by general theories which are bold and over-simplified, and they prefer above all others short histories of great periods. European criticism sees in this a proof of indolence. I do not agree. My judgment is rather that, life in the United States having been brutal but over-simplified since 1616, it is quite natural for the American reader to enjoy reading a history which is simple and stirring.

He prefers history to fiction because history is real. Between 1600 and 1932, in the course of its fierce struggle with a new continent, America learned to love realism and to distrust dreams, literature, and imagination. The superiority of non-fiction over the novel has manifested itself still more clearly since the economic depression. A man who is watching his own fortune melt away, and is in danger of losing self-confidence as well, finds it extremely soothing to read an account of the trials suffered by great men of old and by all our predecessors. A novel may afford him a moment's distraction, laughter, or a few hours of tears, but it will leave him, on the whole, indifferent enough. History is grave and weighty; it gives the reader a sense of his own importance. In a country permeated by the idea that a man can learn anything he likes provided he labors at it, it is natural that he should honor history, the great educator of statesmen and peoples, as the greatest of all teachers—a teacher of wisdom, of astuteness, of the social and moral sciences.

Post-war conditions have magnified still farther the role played by history in the United States. This was the

great period of "Americanization," the period during which the American people sought to check the rising tide of immigration and to give to every American citizen the clear consciousness of his "Americanism."

Under these conditions—with a government, a people, and a Congress as the outspoken patrons of history, making use of it and rewarding it generously—American historians have every incentive to good work. They can sell their books by thousands and mold national sentiment, which asks only to be permitted to follow their lead.

Let us see what they have done.

II

They have done their best, but it must be admitted that the task was not easy. The historian's calling is a difficult one to practice in the year 1932. Few of them are a real Hercules, but all of them sooner or later must make the decision that faced Hercules—the choice between "vice and virtue," between the esteem of his fellow-historians and popular favor. There is a great divergence between the history historians enjoy writing and the history the general public enjoys reading. The first consists of notes with practically no text, the second of text with no notes. The first would, if it could, be simply a bare document; the other aims at being an engaging narrative. America being the country of documents, of statistics, and vast archives, one may imagine the temptation besetting the serious historian. In an epoch which regards itself as scientific, which wishes to be scientific, the young historian, fresh from the university, is tempted to the prompt production of solid, massive volumes filled with fine, ponderous facts which he has drawn from documents—preferably from official documents. This is the method employed by many

honest academic spirits in their efforts to write the history of our times. Scientific history maintains that it is accurate, leaning as it does, by choice, upon written official documents; it is further prepared to maintain that these documents are too dry and tedious to have been corrupted. The existence of tedious lies is too often lost sight of. Besides, anyone who has been close to a public administration since the War knows that no official document can be accurate. Public administration in all great countries is a poetic fiction. The methods of representative government and of parliamentary control have made lying imperative in all official documents. It would be impossible to govern or to administer the country otherwise. It is true that reports and official statistics are refined lies, combining subtlety with dignity and precision. But lies they are. And is it not touching to realize that the majority of our serious historical works and our academic texts are based on these selfsame official lies of the nineteenth century, of the tenth century, and of the third millenary B. C.! The general public, without analyzing its feeling, turns from these books instinctively, respecting them, to be sure, but aware that they have no contact with life or reality. Hence, there is no need to discuss them here.

Let us, therefore, discuss living history—the kind which people read and by which they are influenced. It must be noted that America has always had an important group of distinguished historians, intent on the writing of readable books and on preserving contact with the public. Thanks to their ability, and to the astuteness of the publishers who know their public, they have succeeded in hitting upon various methods of gaining both the favor of readers and the esteem of their colleagues. Let us try to describe the three best methods.

First of all, there are the "Outlines." This is a very simple method which, however, requires two great qualities rather difficult to find in combination—a serene ignorance of historical facts and a profound aversion to ideas. We shall return to this later. Then comes the realistic history, which is more subtle because it demands imagination and a knowledge of public opinion. Finally, there is the economic interpretation of history, which involves a rather delicate procedure but produces magnificent results if one knows how to use it, since it impresses, equally and simultaneously, banker, boy scout, and university president.

The shining star in the realm of "Outlines" is Mr. H. G. Wells. His *Outline of History* is an incomparable masterpiece, being the most harmonious of them all and the most successful in exploiting the methods and technic of this art. The great danger in writing an Outline is to be familiar with a part of the ground to be covered. As there must be another part with which one is unfamiliar, there will be a painful contrast which will destroy the harmony and unity of the book and may even provoke the reader's mistrust—which would be a danger, if not for the author at least for the publisher. Mr. Wells, who has the good fortune to be equally ignorant of all the fields of prehistory, proto-history, and history, has skilfully avoided this danger. His *Outline*, moreover, in refraining from the presentation of a single new or original idea, has succeeded in providing the reader with that most charming of all pastimes—the pleasure of finding in the book an excellent mirror of his own personality, of his own ignorance, of his mental confusion, and of his vague beliefs.

The great skill of Mr. Wells and his colleagues consists in presenting as indubitable scientific facts hypotheses ordinarily regarded as hazy and ill-

founded. The public, which has already heard these things vaguely discussed, may now savor the enjoyment of believing in them while avoiding the trouble and fatigue of seeking reasons for accepting them. This the public likes.

The case of Mr. Will Durant is no less interesting. Mr. Durant at one time wrote rather glittering papers on various philosophers, of which papers, we are told, his publishers made a book called *The Story of Philosophy*. As a matter of fact, though there is spirit in these pages, there is little philosophy and no history whatever. But it is easy to read, and the reader gets plenty for his money. He makes no complaint—indeed, he often thinks himself fortunate to be able to read with so much ease so entertaining a history of philosophy.

Attempts have been made to defend Mr. Durant and the other concocters of Outlines by asserting that if their works are clearly bad, they at least have the merit and the advantage of inducing the great masses to reflect upon problems to which they would otherwise never give a thought. But no one who has ever watched a reader of these Outlines could possibly subscribe to so sanguine a view. He does not seek problems, but solutions. He has no desire whatever to train his mind to face the mystery of this immense and strange universe. On the contrary, he buys the books of Wells, Durant, Van Loon, etc., in order to rid himself forever of the problem of history. Thus he acquires, not a clearer perception of the world, but a faith. And if he is to be pleased, this faith must not upset too completely his existing ideas. The Outlines are to the modern reader what the cathedral porches were to the Christians of the thirteenth century. The faithful of that era had only to take a look at the statuary to see how God had created the world and what

the Devil looked like. In the same way an Outline acquaints a modern in ten lines with the manner in which a monkey became our ancestor. Five lines tell him why and how Alexander conquered Asia, and half a page enlightens him forever as to the way in which the Roman Empire fell. Naturally one would never agree to having his children instructed at school so superficially and speciously, but having paid a good price for the book, he respects it. In many homes the Outline has become a kind of Bible.

It must be admitted that the American is a hospitable reader. He respects the written word and reveres the printed phrase. He likes Outlines which give him an understanding of the world, but he is also in quest of books which will give him an understanding of his own country. This has been so ever since the end of the eighteenth century, when Mason Weems traveled across America, preaching on Sundays, and on weekday afternoons selling books which he seemed to have written and printed in the course of the night. Weems and his imitators created the Golden Legend of America—Washington's famous cherry tree, Franklin's kite, and Paul Revere's ride. From 1800 to 1900 they fed the American people on these charming, sentimental, moralizing anecdotes. All the national heroes had to pass through the process, and they all emerged, for the benefit of the public, as excellent folk, pious and virtuous, wise and well-bred. Let us not censure Weems and his imitators too severely; the public, which bought their works by millions over a period of a century, showed them too much honor to make it possible to deny to them a certain kind of dignity. Even great historians, minds as distinguished as Bancroft's, fell under the influence of this school and yielded occasionally to this craving for exaggerated sanctity, for sugary perfection.

A reaction was bound to set in. It came in the great "debunking" school, one of the most profitable literary enterprises of the past ten years, one of the only enterprises to withstand the economic crisis or to succeed in making money by it.

The term "debunk" is new, but the method is at least fifty years old. S. G. Fisher used it in the nineteenth century, and in the eighteenth it was employed by English historians at the expense of Washington, Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson.

In order to write a good debunking book one must first be acquainted with the frame of mind of the public—one must know, that is, what virtues and what qualities it finds most irritating at the moment. It is the old story of Aristides. When the exile of this righteous citizen was put to the vote of the Athenian people, Aristides himself went to the public square where the balloting was to take place. A rustic who did not know him asked him to help him with his ballot. Aristides took care not to refuse, but he was staggered when the good man told him he was anxious to have Aristides exiled.

"But what has he ever done to you," Aristides asked the peasant, "that you should wish to see him so cruelly dealt with?"

"Nothing," replied the other. "But all these virtues that people are forever talking about strike me as ostentation and end by annoying me."

Once the unpopular virtues are discovered, a hero must be found who was a symbol of them, of whose makeup they formed a characteristic and integral part. Finally, he must be revealed as stupid, ridiculous, infantile, and preposterous. It is a simple matter. It is never difficult to unearth from a great man's life the fact that he drank too much one evening, or that at some point in his career he was interested in a girl, or that he didn't know

enough to blow his nose, or that he was boorish to a servant who had broken a dish. A good piece of debunking is always scrupulously based on actual anecdotes. It alters details very little; it is content to alter the rhythm which gives a man's life a certain dignity or an air of grandeur. That is why the debunking system seems scientific. Like science, it is founded on facts and, like science, it refuses to take cognizance of anything which does not fall directly under its own objective scrutiny. The more highly a great man has been praised the easier it is to write a good book belittling his memory. As a matter of fact, any politician, any statesman, artist, general, or preacher can be debunked in this fashion. The only difficulty lies in getting the proportion of the mixture right. Many debunkers exaggerate. They lose sight of the fact that such a book should never contain more than a quarter of envy, a quarter of hatred, a quarter of sarcasm, and that at least a quarter of sympathy and admiration should always be used. Perpetual detraction is monotonous, dull, and does not convince the reader. That is why Mr. Woodward's *Washington* is so mediocre a history. Mr. Phillips Russell, on the other hand, has been successful in his formula. His books are brief, amusing, and gracefully friendly to the heroes whom he debunks. He bears them, on the whole, no ill will. When debunking is sour and insistent, it becomes indeed a kind of bolshevism. It criticizes not only a man but an era. It assumes a censorious attitude toward the entire past. Consequently, the American public does not much like it. But debunking mingled with gaiety they find attractive, for it seems an adroit way of being sophisticated, and sells well.

The best hunting-ground for debunkers has always been the history of New England. The Puritans thought so well of themselves, and said so in a

style so picturesque, that it is a simple matter to show the contrast between the idea they held of themselves and that which others held of them. The extremely interesting books of Mr. James Truslow Adams on the New England of the eighteenth century seem the best examples of this debunking of New England. His recent work, *The Epic of America*, proves, moreover, that his talents are better suited to debunking than to the epic. He undoubtedly began that book with excellent intentions; he even made an effort to be enthusiastic. Unfortunately the refrain which repeats itself over and over again in *The Epic of America* is one of dissatisfaction. Adams shows in this book how America failed to be what she might have been. The book, at the same time an outline and a moderate debunking piece of work, has little of interest to offer the historian, who is already thoroughly familiar with its facts. Nor can it long hold the attention of the philosopher, to whom no new ideas are suggested. Yet, because of its great success it is a curiosity. In the midst of the economic depression it has been selling in the thousands for months. Here is evidence that the American people yearn to know what they ought to think of themselves and of their political ideals. Like the child who wished to be whipped in winter because it warmed him, so does the American nation seem to enjoy being flogged in times of depression. Mr. Adams flogs his country very well. He does it with dignity and a most kindly regretfulness. The country delights in it. Mr. Adams is undoubtedly the American historian of the day, but he does not belong to the outstanding American historical school of the day.

III

Europeans complain that they are tired of hearing about American ideal-

ism. Diplomats, statesmen, and professors are forever talking of American idealism and of the great spiritual forces which have swept her along the course of her history. There is hardly a speech delivered in Europe on the United States which fails to make some mention of American idealism. Some criticize it, others extol it to the skies. The journals of the left jeer at it, the conservative sheets refer to it with bitterness; but the liberals of the Old World have lived by its precepts and traditions for over a hundred and fifty years.

To have the importance of American idealism denied, to have it denied by an American comes as a shock to many Europeans; but no one in America seems much ruffled by it. It is a theory which Professor Charles Beard has been able to uphold without injury to himself. On the contrary. His efforts to trace the United States Constitution back to an economic coalition and to show in the Constitutional Convention which drew it up a mere conflict of material interests have won approbation in America. The two volumes in which he sums up the entire evolution of the country from an economic point of view have become classics. The Puritans must be shuddering in their graves.

For the rest, his theory is highly plausible. No one can gainsay it. The Americans, compelled to struggle against nature and against the Indians, obliged to settle a new continent, could not fail to be influenced by material forces. But the point to be taken into consideration is whether their national spirit was dominated by the outside world, or whether it was able to choose the direction in which it developed. Is it logical to attribute a country's every significant act to its climate, its food, and its material necessities? Is it not more probable that America, like all the nations of the earth, was at

times forced to yield to the pressure of the outside world and at others was able to follow its intellectual and sentimental ambitions?

After all, the life of any nation appears to be a twofold effort to adapt itself to a certain physical sphere and to satisfy certain psychological tendencies. Any history which fails to take into account this twofold movement, analogous to the ebb and flow of the tides, is one-sided. The weak spot in the economic interpretation of history is that it regards the material elements as the sole essentials, and refuses to see how considerable is the place held by human psychology, by the dreams of man and his desires. It makes an interesting hypothesis, but it is an oversimplified and naïve explanation of the life of peoples. There is something barbarous about it, though it has been amply developed among certain Germanic races.

As applied to American history, it has impressiveness but it remains alien. Its rigidity and monotony are ill suited to the spontaneity and diversity characteristic of the United States, full as it is of sudden vast movements, of enthusiasms and dis gusts. It furnishes a plausible explanation of certain phenomena, but it disregards all the most interesting and human facts. It might constitute a history of things American, but it is not a history of the American people. And it fails to convince.

A theory born on American soil and suggested by the very current of American history would be likely to be more satisfying and interesting than any hypothesis born on foreign soil and originally adapted to foreign conditions. Yet almost all the theories that have been applied to American history have been formed abroad and are inflexible. For example, the most important and brilliant group of American historians to-day seems to be writing under the influence of English radical-

ism. The works of Lecky, in particular, have made a profound impression on the historians of the United States. An excellent mind, a good writer like Vernon Parrington (whom, though recently dead, I include in this group and who was, by the way, an Englishman, though he always lived in America) was incapable of thinking for himself, and lived subservient to that doctrine; as witness his three volumes on American thought, which constitute at one and the same time a vivid, brilliant survey of American thought from 1616 and a monument of British incomprehension. To him all Americans, great and small, were merely examples of English radical thought, and they illustrated all the methods employed by a young country to lift itself toward the light of democracy, toward social justice, and toward the intelligent redistribution of wealth. This simple hypothesis (not, it must be owned, a very logical one) provided him with a design, giving his books greater lucidity and perhaps greater persuasive power, but making them narrower and less intelligent. To study Franklin from that point of view might be excusable, though Franklin was first of all an ardent reformer; but to approach Buckminster, Jonathan Edwards, and the other Puritans from that angle is to act like that pedagogue in Toppfner's book who made his pupils study chemistry in the *Adventures of Telemachus*.

With all his intellectual honesty and his other qualities, Vernon Parrington suggests the schoolmaster teaching ethics to children. He was a worthy successor of Weems, though Weems was better acquainted with the national temperament and knew better how to adapt himself to it, for he had more imagination and poetry. They were both ecclesiastics—Weems belonged to the Church of England, and Parrington to the Church of English Radicalism.

The clarity and brilliance of English radical thought have fascinated a great many Americans, and few young scholars have been fortunate enough to escape its seductive power. That is why to a foreigner Frederic Jackson Turner seems to have been the great American historian of the past fifty years. A simple, modest man, born in the Middle West, with honest blue eyes which made no attempt to see very far but which saw very clearly and were never clouded by any prejudice or vague theory—such was Turner; and his great joy was to understand things at first hand and not through the accounts of others. He neither feared nor hated Europe, but he loved America. To him that love was no system but a fact, a fact so real that he drew inspiration from it first, and only later a theory which will undoubtedly remain the most original and satisfying view of American development.

Turner saw in the ever-moving frontier, which has been the goal and the boundary of all American national activity for two centuries, the most important and original factor in the life of the United States. He succeeded in proving that it was the frontier which preserved for the United States its original point of view in politics and political economy. He proved that thanks to the frontier the American nation was enabled to keep her precious contacts with primitive life and natural conditions so long as there was land to be subdued. Having finally reached the Pacific, the United States must, according to Turner, stabilize itself and undoubtedly become a conservative nation like those of Europe, with the same complicated problems. His hypothesis, which he illustrated by innumerable examples and facts, floods American history with American clarity. He borrowed no method nor principle from without. Everything came to him from America, though he

was never dominated by narrow nationalist prejudices. But America had interested him so profoundly, he had tried so hard to understand her, to perceive her, and to explain her, that in the process he reached a plane of moral nobility and intellectual clarity higher than that on which his contemporaries take their stand.

His recent death helps us to a better view of his greatness. He did, to be sure, leave a notable volume of work behind, but it is less notable than the influence he once exercised. Unfortunately he has left few disciples, and it is a great but rare pleasure for a European to read from time to time an essay or a book by Carl Becker who, of all contemporary American historians, seems by his detachment, his wisdom, and his profound understanding of his country, to be Turner's most faithful follower. Becker writes little, however, and, though he is a highly esteemed professor, he is training few disciples.

So a European wonders: America has been questioning her historians for years, and they evade her. She wants to know what she is, and they show her all the stupidities she has perpetrated; she wants her destiny explained, and they define it for her in alien terms. If American historians are not prepared to take an American point of view, who will? Seen from Europe, America is remote and unreal; the history of the United States a kind of dream. The American historians would have done their part if they could have made the reality of their people's history felt at home and abroad. The task is not an easy one; it is a work that could be accomplished if there were real understanding and artistic enthusiasm in it. Scientific faith is not enough. That leads to the belief that a strictly documentary point of view must be adopted in the service of history, while the exact opposite is true: what American his-

torians need to make their history understandable and perceivable is great psychological insight and a well-developed artistic sense.

The world is going through a historical crisis. But the peoples of Europe, with their ancient national traditions, can afford to wait thirty or forty years for new historians to arise who will give them readable histories; meantime they can always reread the histories written before 1900. America, however, prey to a tremendous economic upheaval and laboring under the shock of events which make imperative an exact sense of her mission and her national aims, needs first-rate instruction in history at once. She cannot find it. She hurls herself upon Outlines, but these are mere evening courses for the benefit of very unsophisticated sophists. She befuddles herself with debunking biographies, which bring her nothing but a great emptiness. In destroying the great men of the past she clears a space for

those of the future; but they are not yet in sight, and the debunking process seems a sad waste of time, of talent, of irony, and of true national greatness. As for those impressive and soothing theories which seek to account for the whole of American life by reference to economic factors, they are no more satisfying than the others; they please a group of professors and business men bent on erudition, but the nation will never accept them as an adequate explanation or even as a very intelligent hypothesis.

When a people is groping to find its way, when it bids defiance to servile politicians, blind economists, selfish industrialists, then the time has come when historians may play a great role. If they have clearly understood, if they can accurately define the dreams, the desires, the purposes, and the triumphs of their country they will promptly become leaders and will win followers. They will be admired. They will be read. And they will be well paid.





THE BACKBREAKER'S BRIDE

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

THE eyesses had slept and awakened over a hundred times during the night as the mail train took them eastwards towards London. Although they were starving, they would not tear the two plucked pigeons lying beside them. They had no hunger. At Paddington they were taken out of the guard's van, and many people waiting in the vast and gloomy station wondered what made the shrill chattering inside the basket. In the luggage room, where they remained for several hours, they fell asleep, to awake when the lid was lifted.

The man looking at them was a colonel of cavalry, with gray mustache and sunburnt skin. With the expert eye of an experienced falconer he examined the plumage, to see whether the eyesses, or young peregrine falcons, had been taken too early from the eyrie on Lundy. Every season from time immemorial fishermen had scaled the cliff for the peregrine's young, receiving five pounds every midsummer for a cast of three. There were two eyries on the island, and the right to take the young falcons had been leased by the owner for many years: the subject of a legal contract.

The wildness of the three young birds in the basket assured their new owner that they were fresh taken; and signing the receipt form, he carried them to a car outside and drove through London and down into Kent, and to his home at the foot of the downs overlooking the English Channel.

Up the straight wooden wall-ladder to the loft over the coachhouse he took the basket, gently turning the trembling birds out on the straw and leaving them with a bowl of water.

When the next morning came they were still crouched there. He picked them up in his thick leather gauntlets, into which they stuck their talons, not with intent to wound, but because their tautly strung nervous systems were shocked into a world without coherence or meaning.

Upon the leg of each bird he fixed two small Lahore bells and a jess, or strip of soft greased hide of the white whale, a swivel attached to it. The agony of his touch did not last long, for the falconer had brought a hack-board, whereon was placed food for them—three heaps of beef chopped up and mixed with hard-boiled eggs. He put it on the floor and left them. They did not feed. At five o'clock in the afternoon he returned and, without showing head or body, stretched up an arm, removed the hack-board, cleaned it under a tap in the stable wall, made three fresh heaps of the same food, mixed with rabbits' fur and pigeons' feathers. Quietly he placed the evening meal before them, and when he had gone they fed ravenously.

Twice a day for the next fortnight the hack-board was put over the edge of the trap-door, sometimes with strips of raw beef and dead rabbits tied to it. The eyesses became used to their food arriving, as it were, by

itself. The falconer did not show himself with the food because he did not want them to associate the ideas of food arrival with man arrival; he wanted to train them when they were older to fly at rooks and magpies, and possibly gulls, on the downs; and a hawk that would scream or cry out to him when unhooded would be useless.

It was warm sunny weather, with wild doves nesting in the larches around the house, and oak leaves green and rustling outside the open window. The eyesses taught themselves to fly from beam to beam of the loft. Nearly all the baby-fluff had gone when the largest, a female bird, called falcon, after three days of indecision on the ivy-grown sill, launched herself into the air and, flapping wildly, clung to a lichened branch. One of her brothers, a male hawk, called tiercel, followed her after half an hour of shrill chattering.

At the end of another week, nearly every branch of the tree had been perched upon. For the first two evenings they returned to roost in the loft, but when the oak tree was familiar they slept there. The hack-board was now placed outside the loft, on a strip of grass, for they would not return under a roof once they were free. As soon as they saw it they jumped upon the hack-board and tore off their breakfast. Afterwards they returned to the tree, preening flight feathers, and nibbling dry skin fragments off legs and toes.

The falcon, larger than her brothers, was the first to venture again from the oak. She flew across the rose garden of the house, over a tennis lawn, and perched on an elm that overlooked a walled-in kitchen garden. Swifts, with their black curved wings that made a sound like *fere* as they tore through the wind, screamed their puny screams as they saw her, and her full liquid-brown

eyes watched them. She rested for nearly an hour, snapping at bluebottles buzzing about her, watching the flight of birds and insects. She began to chatter as she dipped, for she was not yet confident of her wing-power.

The falconer, watching her, saw her suddenly cock her eye at the sky. He uttered an exclamation for, wheeling overhead, was a wild peregrine. Its flight was like a swift's, but its wings were broader at the elbow, from whence to the tips they narrowed to sharp points.

He watched the young falcon glide off the branch, and begin to ring above the kitchen garden with a series of sharp flaps followed by glides on level pinions. At every glide she depressed her tail and rose higher, and at the curves she gained speed again. When she had climbed five hundred feet, the stranger, who had swung round and now hung head-to-wind, closed his pinions and stooped upon her. She saw him and cried out in fear, but he swerved from the line of stoop and passed her, to turn under her and make his point above her again. His breast was a creamy white, barred with thin black lines, and two black mustachial patches on his cheeks gave him a fierce and beautiful appearance. Like the falcon, he had yellow legs; but his back was not brown, like hers, but a gray-blue.

He flew beside her, and she chattered at him, still being afraid. He was a wild tiercel, in his first mature plumage, which he wore with dashing pride. Suddenly he fell and, watching his stoop with thrilling delight, the falconer saw him miss a swift, immediately to make his point in a perfect swoop upwards and rejoin her.

Unknown to the Colonel, the wild tiercel was The Backbreaker, escaped from a mews on Salisbury Plain, where among falconers he was famed for his skill in swiftly maneuvering a

rook into position to receive the grand stoop.

The next day he joined the three eyesses in the elm. He bore a starling in his talons. He plucked, skinned, and ate it as he stood on a bough, while they watched every beak-stroke, every rip, every gulp with the most eager curiosity. Someone else was watching too, for in the falconer's mind were plans for its capture.

The previous autumn he had been in Holland, to examine the hawk traps on the great plain of Valkenswaard, where for centuries a family of Dutchmen had taken migrating, or passage, hawks. It was the Colonel's ambition to reclaim an adult wild peregrine and train it to be as good a bird as the most famous hawks of olden time. A tiercel taken mature would be more dashing than an eyess that had never killed its own prey before being "reclaimed."

The eyesses grew strong of wing, and after breakfast every morning at sunrise they set their feathers straight and cleaned their talons, and then—away into the sky! The Colonel, who was a lonely widower since his only daughter's recent marriage, had learned a little about the training of falcons during his service on Indian plains, where the larger sacer falcons were flown at kites and gamebirds by native officers.

The young peregrines enjoyed their play in the air, chasing and stooping at each other through the sunlit wind. The wild tiercel came every day, joining in their games, and playing with the falcon more than with her brothers. Often they dashed down the wind, seen as specks from below, to swing round and be thrown up by the impetus of the swerve.

The Colonel used to lie in a deck-chair in the sun and watch them through glasses until they were beyond sight, where for an hour and more they tumbled and swooped and rejoiced in

the cold untrodden ways of the lofty summer sky. Although they were beyond human sight aided by lenses and prisms, yet the movements of the man below were visible to four pairs of haughty dark eyes whenever he crossed one leg over the other or put his arms behind his white panama hat.

One day as he was lounging there, listening to the sea's continuous *ah-ah's* on the distant shore, he heard a hissing noise above, and looked up in time to see the wild tiercel stoop upon a carrion crow which had been stealing squabs or nestling pigeons from the larch wood. The carrion crow cawed harshly and fled back towards the trees; but before it could reach cover and hide in the maze of branches, the tiercel in a magnificent stoop had hit it so accurately that it was instantly killed. Its mate appeared out of the wood a few seconds later in answer to its cawing, and The Backbreaker, who had shot up to a pitch three hundred feet above the striking place, stooped upon her. She avoided his line of stoop by a violent shift, and the falconer heard the swishing as the tiercel turned on his back, making the figure 6, and ripped with his talons as he passed under her. She fell mortally wounded, her crop torn open, in the rose garden; and running to her, the Colonel killed her with the blow of a stick.

Three squabs were in the crop, and to his surprise one of them, about three days old, was alive. He carried it away and put it in a dovecot beside a tippler squab whose mother nourished it thenceforward as her own offspring. It was uninjured, having been swallowed whole by the crow. Eventually it grew to be a fine bird.

The falconer, filled with admiration for the prowess and skill of the wild tiercel, visited a cobbler in the village who trapped skylarks during the autumn migration across the downs. This man made him a bow-net after

the pattern of the Dutch nets. Together they fixed it in the paddock adjoining the stables.

II

For several days The Backbreaker had been coming morning and evening to the hack-board, and feeding with the eyesses, who never failed to return at mealtimes, crying *Way-ee, Way-ee* and shivering their wings when they saw him—a happy sign that they had not learned to kill for themselves. Although they wailed to him and showed no fear of him, they would not allow him to approach within a yard of them. He was astonished at the wild bird's tameness until he saw a bell on its leg, and then he realized that it must have escaped. He was the more determined to recapture it.

Very soon, he thought, he would have to begin to break them in. Within a week they must be caught, hooded, and each leashed to its wooden block driven into the lawn. After an hour or two of quiet perching, one would be perched on his wrist and carried about, stroked with a feather and fed through the hood. The hood would be removed inside the shuttered coach-house, by candlelight, quietly during a meal, and put on again, but before the meal's end—lest the idea of hooding and termination of a meal be associated in their minds. The next stage would be to feed them in daylight and to break them in quietly to the putting on of the hood; for when hooded they could rest and grow calm. Afterwards would begin the training proper, a very patient work, to make them return to the lure—wings of a duck tied to a pad and swung on a string for the recall.

For the haggard tiercel, however, the reclaiming would be more severe. For two days and nights, by sunlight and candlelight, it would be stroked with a

feather, handled gently, and prevented from sleeping. Then it would be starved. At the end of forty-eight hours, if all went well, its fierce and haughty spirit would be subdued, its sense of lordship over all in the open sky be dulled, its resentment of captivity gone, and it would submit to a hood patiently, and take food from its captor's hand.

The falconer bided his time. The bow-net was made, and fixed in the paddock. The squab that had escaped death in the crow's crop, and whose life was owed to The Backbreaker, was fully fledged when the day planned for the taking of the four peregrines arrived. Recently the wild tiercel had been roosting on the tower of the Norman church in the village nearby, and frequently the three slept with him. He was their protector. Once seventeen magpies had found one of the young male eyesses resting on a downland thorn, perched insecurely on a top spray in the sea breeze, and had mobbed him. They had pecked at him, knowing he was little, and tried to pull out his tail and flight feathers. The Backbreaker had seen them as he swooped in play at his favorite falcon; he had swept up with the wind two thousand feet above; he had poised for the grand stoop; he had tipped up, beating wings to increase the sheer of his dive headfirst—faster, faster, the wind screaming against his barbed strength—seventeen magpies were scattered like pieces of half-burnt paper, except one whose head spun away from its flattened body and fell seventy feet distant from the thorn bush. (Sixteen magpies fought for the body two minutes afterwards, but ants had the head, leaving horn and bone clean a day later.)

Now the falconer was waiting to take the four friends.

The net was circular, a yard across, with a pliant hazel-rod bent like a bow

and tied to half the net's circumference. To the bow-net was attached fifty yards of line. The unattached half of the net was pegged to the ground, and the loose folds tucked under the hazel bow. Beside the bow was placed the hack-board, with dead rats and rabbits tied to it. Fifty yards away the falconer squatted in the grass, the smoke of his pipe straying into the quiet evening air among the gnats which rose and fell in dance over his head.

Seven was the usual feeding time, and the stable clock had sounded the hour three minutes when a speck appeared over the downs, and grew rapidly into the barb-shape of a swooping eyess. He fell like an arrow-head to the hack-board, where he was joined by the other eyess tiercel two minutes later. The falconer waited for the falcon eyess and the wild tiercel, but when at a quarter past seven they were still absent, he jerked the line so that the bow rose over the eyesses and they were caught in the spread circle of the net. How they chattered and struggled! Gently the hand-in-gauntlet held wings against sides, they were drawn out one at a time, and rufter hoods slipped over their heads and fastened with straps round their becks. Good-by to freedom, little Lundy tiercels! The light caps of leather, which were open at the back and permitted them to feed, blindfolded them; they ceased to struggle; swivels and leashes were attached to the jesses on their legs; the leashes tied to the larchwood blocks a hundred yards away in the grass.

The other hawks did not return to the hack-board, and the falconer concluded that the wild tiercel had killed for the falcon eyess. At sunset the pair returned to the church tower, where they slept. Before dawn the next morning the falconer arose and prepared fresh food on the hack-board, which he then took to the dewy grass

of the paddock. He waited for half an hour, while the stars paled in the steely glow above him and the line of the downs grew dark as light flowed up to the zenith. Larks were already singing when a thrush flew to the elm and its bold ringing notes awoke the drowsiest birds. Swallows flew round him, and a cohort of swifts seemed to descend from the stars as though poured out of an unseen pitcher. The last star was dimmed when the eyess falcon suddenly appeared, The Backbreaker behind her, and she was about to alight upon the hack-board when the tiercel cried *chak-chek-chak!* and she swerved away, to make her point above the net and complain in a baby wail to the falconer. *Way-ee way-ee*, she wailed, but the tiercel swooped at her and drove her away. Once netted, twice shy, thought the falconer.

The cries were heard by the eyesses hooded and leashed in a disused chicken-house, and they too cried *way-ee, way-ee*. Every time the eyess swooped down to the hack-board the tiercel drove her up, and *way-ee, way-ee*, she complained to the falconer, flying round his head, her bell tinkling, and crying *way-ee, way-ee, way-ee!*

To the Colonel, a sensitive and thoughtful man, the eyess seemed like a young bride, reluctant to leave a loved home, yet eager for love and life. The Backbreaker chattered and called her, her brothers wailed to her, as she circled above the paddock and cried to the one who was regarded as parent and guardian. A feeling of sadness came over him, as he stood and watched, the cord loose in his hand, for in that moment he realized how near to men were animals and birds in their desires and aspirations. "We're all the same" he murmured to himself.

He dropped the cord. He would try no further to net them. He walked to the house, followed by the young eyess. He was moved by her cries to

him, and remembered his only daughter on her wedding eve.

"Go your ways, little falcon," he said. "That handsome fellow has first claim on you."

Then he stood still in amazement; for immediately he had spoken, the falcon dashed upwards to The Backbreaker, and together they flew up into the sky.

The eyess tiercels were trained and accounted for many thieving crows

and magpies during happy hours of wandering with him and a spaniel on the downs. Buccaneer and Belfry they were called and lived to be old birds; but they never saw The Backbreaker or his mate again.

Far away over the Devon seaboard the pair ranged, from their eyrie on Bone Ledge where The Backbreaker had been born—he the direct heir to more than a hundred thousand years of fearlessness.

COUNTRY GIRL

BY GERRO NELSON

I'VE just come in from winter cold
To go to bed, to twist and tuck
My knees all close below my breasts
Like some great comfortable duck!

And I shall eat a bun before
I go to bed, and I shall scrub.
The water will be warm and bright
Within the little wooden tub.

My lover waits below the wall.
I've been with him, and he shall wait
Until my face is at the pane,
No matter how extremely late.

And I shall comb my long black hair
And listen while my lover sings,
And think how desolate is heaven
Beside these sacred, human things!



THE OTHER SIDE OF PARADISE

AMERICANIZATION VERSUS SUGAR IN HAWAII

BY LILLIAN SYMES

WHILE in Honolulu recently, I was given—with a maximum of disgusted comment—an account of an American millionaire's visit to the Islands. His luxurious yacht, which had been heralded in the press, suddenly put in at the harbor, and lackeys were sent ashore to arrange for a replenishment of stores. But the owner and his guests made no motion toward landing. Seated at card tables on the wide, shaded decks, with the proper restoratives at their elbows, they could be seen from the shore, engaged in seemingly unending games of bridge. Not even a visit from the head of a civic organization, extending the Island's hospitality, could entice them shoreward. The next day, with tanks and galleys loaded, they proceeded homeward. They were doing the Pacific and they did not wish to be disturbed.

This event probably holds the record for casualness in the annals of American tourism, but it is not so out of tune with common practice as it may seem. There are plenty of travelers to whom Hawaii spells Waikiki, Shanghai, the Bund, Havana, the Prado, Paris, the Ritz Bar; and there are plenty more who, while palpitatingly eager to be titillated by "local color" and "native life," are altogether averse to contact with that toilsome and supremely real native life in which nine inhabitants out of ten move and have their being.

In Hawaii, however, only the most casual tourist can escape some consciousness of the overwhelmingly important role that sugar plays in the Territory. In that front-page box which mainland newspapers usually reserve for last-minute news flashes he will find in the Honolulu papers a large-type quotation of the price of raw sugar, and he will notice that this is the first news item at which the average islander directs his glance. Only when the figure quoted rises above three cents is the reader likely to register satisfaction.

No visitor with any social discernment can leave Hawaii without realizing that the plantation is the basic factor in Hawaiian life, and certainly official Hawaii does nothing to hide this workaday fact from him. He will be encouraged to take a motor trip through the plantations; he will be escorted, if he wishes, through the humid maze of a sugar mill, and he is encouraged to gasp in wonder at that amazing, almost human machine in the great pineapple cannery that actually seems to think. If he is an investigator, genuinely interested in plantation economic or social conditions, charts will be put at his disposal, records of hours, wages, costs, etc., opened for his perusal, the utmost frankness displayed in the discussion of policies—a frankness altogether unlike the defensive secrecy of main-

land business and industrial interests under similar circumstances. My curiosity as a mere visitor elicited more definite information on a Hawaiian sugar plantation than the official credentials of a Federal investigator ever enabled me to pry out of textile and coal companies on the mainland. The Hawaiian sugar industry has never been under serious fire or racked by frequent labor disturbances as have these mainland groups and, far from being on the defensive, it is proud of its standards and incredulous of any ground for criticism.

This condition of community dependence on one basic product exists, of course, wherever industrialism or agriculture is single-tracked rather than diversified. But in Hawaii the situation has social implications to be found almost nowhere else in the world—not even in Cuba, that still bigger sugar bowl, where the working populations are more or less indigenous. Hawaii's plantation system—that strange economic anomaly compounded of agricultural feudalism and advanced technology, nineteenth-century paternalism and twentieth-century scientific management—has created the Island's race problem and that unique educational-economic paradox that is doing more than the depression to worry white Hawaii to-day. It is upon the solution of this paradox that the success of the modern world's most interesting experiment in social and racial relationships depends.

It is impossible to understand the Hawaiian situation without casting an eye at the history of its major industry. Captain Cook found sugar cane growing on the Islands when he reached them in 1778. It had probably been brought there by early native migrations from the South Seas. Later, American and European settlers cultivated cane on a small scale, but it was not until the 1860's and 70's that it

became a stable industry. Hawaiian kings and leaders co-operated in its development, which was controlled largely by Americans and a few Scotch and English planters, several of the first being the sons of early missionary settlers.

As early as 1850 the need for outside labor for the plantations became obvious. The native Hawaiian was not adapted to the hard, monotonous grind of field labor. His self-preserved instinct (usually termed indolence by the white man) would no more permit him to act as coolie than his pride would permit him to act as personal servant. So long as he could hang onto a small taro patch and his fish net or spear he had no intention of breaking his back for the white man. And so 1850 saw the beginning of that policy of labor importation which has made Hawaii "the melting pot of the Pacific" and which has continued down to the year 1932. A few Chinese were the first to be brought in, but in the years that followed experiments were made with Occidental labor and with a small group of South Sea Islanders. This last was an immediate and complete failure. But from 1880 to 1902 attempts were made to colonize Norwegians, Germans, Galicians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and even a few American farmers from California. With the exception of the Portuguese from Madeira and the Azores, the Caucasians would not, or could not, adapt themselves to plantation life, even on independent contract terms. They returned home or drifted into other lines of work. A few, especially among the Norwegians, remained in the capacity of skilled mechanical workers. The Portuguese, starting as laborers, soon rose to the ranks of *lunas* (overseers), mill foremen, etc., and those who have remained on the plantations maintain that status to-day.

But the prosperity of the Hawaiian sugar industry is absolutely dependent upon a continuous supply of cheap agricultural labor—a supply with which its labor market is now saturated—and it turned for this to the Orient and the Philippines. The Chinese came in from 1850 to American Annexation—precipitated by the sugar and other business interests—in 1898. From 1885 to the Exclusion Agreement of 1907 came the great Japanese invasion, accompanied by a few thousand Koreans. Since 1907 the Philippines have been the chief source of supply, and the Filipinos are now the largest working group on the plantations. Ordinarily they are imported at the rate of 4,500 to 5,000 a year on a three-year contract basis. Many of them return home at the expiration of their contracts. Less efficient or undesirable workers (including those with a tendency to breed too rapidly) are weeded out and sent home before this when possible. During the past few years a few thousand Porto Ricans have entered, and it is to Porto Rico that the planters will probably turn for workers in the event of Philippine independence.

Long before the current depression had made it necessary to stop, temporarily at least, the continuous importation of outside labor, Hawaii was beginning to reap the social fruits of its labor policy in terms of a new Hawaiian-born, American-educated generation with no place to go and nothing to do. It was a condition which developed gradually and which might easily have been foreseen. It was more profitable to ignore it until it became an actual danger. Now everyone recognizes its existence and knows that it can no longer be disregarded—although a few optimists will contend that it is little more acute on the Islands than on the mainland, where hundreds of thousands of young

people have drifted from rural to city life during the past fifteen years. This, of course, is begging the question. Hawaii has not the mainland's industrial resources, and its labor problem is also a race problem.

If you talk to the average white Hawaiian, particularly if he is a company official or a white-collared plantation employee, he will assure you that young Hawaii's problem may be blamed altogether on American sentimentality and educational theories—on the training of the young Oriental beyond his "proper station." If he is one of the older generation of paternalistic planters he will admit his share of the responsibility for this blunder. If you talk with the average educator, social worker, educated Oriental, or those few younger whites touched with mainland liberalism, you will be assured—along with the admission that the school curriculum has had too little relationship to the actualities of an agricultural community—that the planter-factor rulers themselves, by their failure to Americanize plantation life, are largely to blame for the failure of the new Americans to return to the soil. This is a charge calculated to make the planter-factor, who considers himself the world's most enlightened employer, sputter with indignation. But whoever is to blame, Hawaii cannot eat its cake and have it too. It cannot have cheap and docile labor with coolie standards of living and at the same time develop and make room for an intelligent, loyal, American citizenry in the Islands. It would seem that it must go all the way back to agricultural feudalism, with a definite and permanent coolie caste, cut off from all the advantages of a modern American community, or it must go much farther along the road of modern methods and labor relations with the native material now at hand. The

present situation contains a fatal paradox and, while it was probably born of necessity, it is difficult to see how it can continue indefinitely.

II

Agricultural labor everywhere is hard and dirty; and in tropical and semi-tropical countries the combination of hard work, long hours, small pay, and heat is more than the white worker will endure if he can possibly help himself. It is a combination the Oriental worker is thoroughly accustomed to. In Hawaii the latter found both wages and conditions far better than he had ever known at home and he was satisfied with them—so long as he remained an Oriental in thought and habits. This has been the history of the Chinese, Japanese, and Filipino importations.

Some of the more enterprising of the foreign-born Japanese and Chinese coolies graduated from plantation to small farm and business life, becoming truck gardeners, peddlers, fishermen, storekeepers, etc. This was especially true after the War, during which the high price of sugar had meant additional bonuses to the laborer. But whether they themselves escaped the plantation or remained on it, their children never came back to it. These children were American citizens. Many of them had been cared for in the plantation day nursery and taught the elements of hygiene. They were educated in the public schools where they pledged allegiance to the American flag and talked about their Pilgrim Fathers and the bare feet at Valley Forge. Their leisure playtime was directed by plantation or public school recreational directors. They were taught by the visiting nurses about toothbrushes, baths (the Japanese did not need this instruction), vitamins, and germs. They learned about

American standards of comfort at the plantation movie house; and in school buildings and recreational halls they became accustomed to the miracle of sanitary plumbing. In short, these young Orientals and Oriental-Hawaiians were converted into modern young Occidentals and in the process they were ruined for the Islands' basic industry, an industry designed primarily for coolie labor. That basic industry kept on with its program of importing still more coolies to breed still more young American citizens, to drift from plantation to town, to swell that already growing surplus of professionals, office help, store-clerks, hotel employees, dressmakers, maids, chauffeurs, automobile mechanics, or mere pool-room loafers and street girls.

The Americanization program was abetted by the plantation parent. The Oriental is singularly ambitious for his children. He believes that his own hard lot in life is due to lack of education. He has heard the American formula that training means success and believes this. He will half-starve himself, if necessary, to send his children to high school or technical school and frequently to college. He does not want them to come back to the plantation; for he knows from observation that Americans do not perform hard and dirty labor. When the Hawaiian-born children of the first groups of imported labor were growing up, the white-collared ranks were not so overcrowded, and the ambitions of the parents were frequently realized. Young Chinese, and a little later, young Japanese achieved an influential place in the business, financial, and professional life of the towns. But in a population of less than four hundred thousand, mostly engaged in agriculture, and with a steady increase of white workers from outside, this process could not continue. To-day there is no place in the clerical, skilled, and

professional levels of Hawaiian town life for the rapidly increasing supply of young Orientals, Filipinos, Hawaiians, and part-Hawaiians who graduate from the public schools—and what is much worse, there is practically no place for them in similar levels of plantation life. This last, one is bound to feel, is a field which might easily have been kept open for them, instead of being absorbed largely by white workers from the mainland. But it is here, as I shall illustrate later, that they run up against the “race prejudice” of what is probably the most socially conservative and intellectually limited group in the world—the white lower middle class.

The basis of Hawaiian life will never be anything but agricultural. It is in agriculture, therefore, that young Hawaii must seek its salvation, and the Territory must seek a solution to its racial-economic problem. In a community which can very well serve as a guide to successful and happy race relationships the present situation carries all the elements of eventual conflict and defeat—a conflict and defeat which Hawaii, itself, should with intelligence and foresight be able to avoid. The plantation is the very nexus of this situation. What does it offer young Hawaii to-day?

The larger and more typical plantations are independent productive communities much like our single-industry small towns on the mainland, except that everyone from Chief Engineer and doctor to *luna* and cane cutter is a plantation employee. Each has its separate railway system—except in one section where the cane is transported in water flumes—its own sugar mill, machine shops, testing laboratory, and great artesian water system for irrigation. The profitable growth of sugar cane requires a high degree of care and scientific research.

For anyone who has visited or

worked in the company towns of our bituminous coal industry or our Southern textile mill villages, the Hawaiian plantation will provide an agreeable surprise. Even in that section of the settlement inhabited only by field and mill workers, he cannot help but be struck by the greater degree of comfort, cleanliness, and general attractiveness than in so many similar communities at home. These cottages built for the semi-tropics are more substantial than those of many West Virginia miners. They are equipped with electric lights and running water and surrounded with sufficient space for flower and vegetable gardens. Almost every veranda boasts an array of potted palms and ferns. The Oriental does not use his yard for a tin can depository. The houses occupied by groups of single Filipino men will be less attractive, more unkempt. But on the whole, perhaps because of tropical color and vegetation, these plantation settlements present a remarkably attractive picture to the experienced observer.

The plantation laborer pays nothing for rent, fuel, water, or medical care, and his electricity costs him only a dollar a month. At the company store he can buy basic necessities almost at cost; though for articles which are considered “luxuries” for an Oriental he pays the prevailing high price of the Islands, sometimes more. The plantation dairy provides milk at cost to his children. He is paid in cash and is not coerced into trading at the company store. For his leisure time (when he has any) gymnasiums and recreational facilities are maintained, frequently under the guidance of a recreational director. Motion picture performances are given, though usually at a fee that makes his frequent attendance impossible. The plantation public schools are as well equipped as those of most American small towns.

But it is in the matter of his health and that of his family that he reaps the most striking benefits from plantation life. All but a few small plantations have excellent hospitals with resident doctors and trained nurses, and every kind of illness or accident from beri-beri and childbirth to broken ribs and venereal infection receives treatment and hospitalization without a cent of cost to the worker. In one splendidly equipped hospital on a Maui plantation I saw in one ward six children suffering from nutritional disease—caused by the deficiencies of an Oriental diet—who had been kept there for observation and treatment for many months.

Plantation baby clinics carry on a constant preventive propaganda and visiting nurses make regular calls at each home. The Hawaiian mortality rate, cut in half since 1916, is still appallingly high. Beri-beri and other nutritional disturbances are still common to the Japanese and Filipinos, among whom families of six frequently consume from one hundred to one hundred and thirty pounds of white rice a month. In baby clinics mothers are shown how to add the necessary vitamins to their children's milk formulas, and a constant agitation is carried on for a more diversified diet, the use of brown rice, the cultivation of green vegetables.

Hawaii is one of the few spots in the world where birth control is definitely encouraged by medical men and social workers. In a community overcrowded with peoples who ordinarily breed like flies this is a necessary measure of self-preservation. Families of ten to seventeen are common on the plantation, and mothers, worn out with breeding, frequently die in their tenth or eleventh childbirth, leaving the children to the care of Island social agencies. There is also a more intelligent program of steriliza-

tion for the feeble-minded and sexually psychopathic than almost anywhere else in American territory, and in addition to this, patients at clinics may be sterilized at their own request for social or economic reasons, usually in homes where there are more than five children already. As the operation prevents breeding without interference with sexual potency, it is frequently sought after by normal but over-burdened fathers. A social-work executive was recently consulted on the subject by a young Filipino of twenty-three who was already the father of four children. His wife was again pregnant and he knew, so he told this woman, that his family was as big as he would ever be able to care for. He had heard about sterilization and wanted to know if there was some way in which it could be applied to himself.

All of these advantages, then—housing, fuel, water, recreational facilities, education, medical attention, and even contraceptive advice—the plantation worker gets free. Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, and certainly not in the practice of agriculture, is so much "done for" the worker and his family. And in addition to all of this, the sugar industry has always offered a maximum degree of employment security. Sugar is not a seasonal crop. It is being planted, cultivated, or cut continuously; and up to the past year there was a steady demand for labor. To many mainland workers to-day, especially in our "sick" industries, this situation might seem almost millennial.

Why then, with such advantages and the lack of opportunity in the world outside, is it practically impossible to get the native-born citizen back to the plantation, or even to keep many of the foreign-born there, after they have become Americanized? Does the difficulty lie altogether in that twin explanation one hears so frequently in Hawaii, namely, that the younger

generation does not like hard work and that the study of geography, Long-fellow, and long division spoils the young Oriental for rural life? I doubt it. The secret of the paradox, I am inclined to think, lies in the fact that the whole structure of plantation life was necessarily devised primarily for coolie labor—just as our cotton industry was originally devised for slave labor—and that a benevolent feudalism, no matter how enlightened in its policy and modern in its equipment, is incompatible with a modern, educated working-class. As one intelligent welfare worker in Honolulu put it to me, "It's wages and hours, not welfare, that interest American labor." Hawaii is producing American labor in spite of itself.

And what of wages and hours on the plantation? The first are small, the last, long—not in comparison with Oriental standards, nor with those of the Cuban worker with whose product the Hawaiian planter must compete—but with those of Occidental America of which Hawaii is a part. A majority of plantation laborers work on a basis of long- and short-term contracts too complicated to be explained in detail here, so that earnings are determined somewhat by the drive or ambition of the individual and his family as well as by the price of sugar in the American market. While on the best plantations, these long- and short-term contract workers have averaged at times as much as \$2.03 and \$2.55 respectively, the rate for such groups in the Islands as a whole was only \$1.65 a day. In addition to the contract workers, there are many laborers employed at the basic minimum plantation rate of \$1.00 a day with a 10 per cent bonus for a "regular turnout" of twenty-three days a month. In times such as these, irregularity of work cuts down even these small earnings. And under such conditions

and with the prevalence of large families, racial habit may not be the only factor contributing to a defective dietary. In the fields the working hours may vary somewhat, but in the sugar mill a twelve-hour day is the rule.

In the matter of living conditions the smaller and poorer plantations cannot measure up to those controlled by the great sugar planters and factors. But even here conditions on the larger plantations, excellent as they are in most respects, are by no means ideal, if considered from the Occidental point of view. For the foreign-born Japanese men and women, to whom a daily bath is a religious rite, the leaky common bath shack with its two concrete tubs and inadequate partition dividing the sexes, may seem luxurious. But to their American-born children, inoculated with theories of hygiene and Anglo-Saxon standards of privacy, they may be repulsive. These young Oriental-Americans would, I have no doubt, be willing to exchange all the free pills in the plantation dispensary for a sanitary shower on their own back porches or even in a common bath house. The plantation owner can reply quite truthfully to this that hundreds of thousands of white workers, particularly in our Southern communities, live without benefit of plumbing. It is not "poor white trash" however, but alert, intelligent, and ambitious young Oriental-Americans that Hawaii is urging back to the soil.

The history of Hawaiian sugar has not been altogether without its rumblings of discontent, even among the foreign born untainted by contact with algebra and plumbing. Ten years ago there was a fairly well-organized strike among the Japanese and in 1926 a poorly organized but violent strike among the Filipinos. In the latter the National Guard was called out, about twenty persons killed, and the

leaders imprisoned and then deported. There is no remnant of organization among the plantation workers to-day, and at this time there seems little chance of effective labor action. The plantation worker suffers from both class and racial disabilities in this matter and in any struggle with his employers must meet, not only a united front of white opposition but also the class opposition of the prosperous Oriental. The presence of nineteen thousand soldiers, sailors, and marines, in addition to Island military groups, does not improve his chances for self-help by this method.

III

Unquestionably the standardized curriculum of the American public school system in Hawaii, together with a high-pressure Americanization program, have helped to aggravate the present economic situation in the Islands. This much of the planters' complaint against the schools has justification. Teachers trained in our mainland tradition have prodded the ambitions of their pupils, assured them that material success awaited their perseverance, directed their aspirations into artificial cultural channels that were devoid both of personal meaning to them and of practical usefulness. The spectacle of a young Oriental whose English is still of the pidgin variety, and who knows little of his own racial literature and traditions, being taught to read the *Canterbury Tales* in middle-English is an excellent example of such misapplication. Boys whose only alternative to plantation life lay in the elevators and dining rooms of Honolulu hotels have been encouraged to take degrees that raised their hopes of professional life but led them nowhere. Thousands of other Oriental and Polynesian youngsters left high school able to parse a complicated

sentence, recite Mark Antony's funeral oration, and solve an algebraic equation, for a life to which none of these accomplishments had the slightest application. As a rule, the total result of this badly assimilated smattering of "culture," so unrelated to the realities of their life, was disappointment, frustration, then bitterness.

It is this situation, already recognized by the Islands' leading educators, to which the Hawaiian sugar planters will point the finger of blame when there is any discussion of their labor policy or the growth of idleness among the young Hawaiians. And for the most part, they recognize only two alternatives of action. Either the young Hawaiians must accept the plantation and plantation labor as they are, adjusting themselves to the kind of lives their fathers lived before them, or the plantations—as soon as the present depression with its surplus of labor supply lifts—must continue to import the necessary cheap labor from outside. In no other way, they believe, can Hawaiian sugar compete with that of Cuba. For a continuation of this policy, one Hawaiian business man has already pointed to the possibility of importing eleven thousand Porto Ricans. That such action would be an unmitigated misfortune to Hawaii, educators and social workers of every kind readily admit. The terrible poverty of Porto Rico, the resultant inbreeding, physical deterioration, and lack of hygienic standards make this a dangerous element to introduce in any numbers into a population situation already as complicated as that of Hawaii.

The more intelligent white leaders admit the danger of the second alternative, if it is carried on indefinitely. They themselves live in the Territory, they know its problems, they must contribute to its charities and social work, and its thousands of unadjusted

young people, who eventually must migrate, starve, or steal, are directly under their noses. And so some of these men, as well as practically all their white-collared underlings, believe that the first alternative—young Hawaii's acceptance of the plantation on its own terms—is the preferable alternative and that it is a possible one under certain conditions. These conditions mean a revolutionary change in the whole educational policy of the Islands and the establishment (though they are naturally loath to put it so baldly) of that more or less permanent coolie caste of which I have spoken. In short, they are inclined to believe that if only the children of the laboring class can be prevented from acquiring more than the simplest three R's, or at the most, from going farther than the seventh grade of elementary school, these children will cease to harbor unrealizable ambitions, will adjust themselves nicely to plantation conditions, and will be satisfied with that state in life to which it has pleased a Protestant God to call them.

This alternative puts the whole burden of change upon the public schools and social agencies. It exemplifies, of course, the typical Southern attitude toward the negro; but it somehow sounds astonishingly out of place in Hawaii where the race situation has always been handled with such comparatively good sense. At any rate, it is an assumption which, when applied to ambitious, imitative, and intelligent races, living in a white community and absorbing in the very atmosphere about them the habits and ideology of a white civilization, is too naïve to deserve very lengthy consideration. No experienced and realistic mainland employer, accustomed to the rapid changes of modern industrial life, would entertain it for a moment. Hawaii will have to reconcile itself to the fact that its children

—like the children of our mainland Italians, Greeks, Irishmen, Lithuanians, and Poles—will not stay "native" in habits and American in loyalties.

There is a third alternative, however, in the minds of the Islands' most thoughtful leaders. It is a compromise which, within the limitations of our present social order—a social order which white Hawaii is still inclined to think immortal—may help to assuage the present paradox. It involves very definite changes in plantation policy as well as in educational attitudes and curricula; and I am inclined to think that if the planters are wise they will forget about Porto Rico and will, as soon as they are able, agree to meet the schools half way in accepting it even at the price of a temporary cut in profits.

School methods must be modified (as they are already being modified) into more realistic vocational channels, without a total abandonment of the liberal arts; and the attention of young Hawaii will need to be directed away from the purely superficial cultural ambitions of the social and business climber toward rural life and rural values, toward agriculture and husbandry as both scientific and satisfying vocations. But agriculture itself must be made sufficiently attractive to draw and hold them as self-respecting young Americans and not as Oriental or Polynesian plantation "hands" registered by a number on the company's books. Somehow young Hawaii must get back to the soil; and as practically all of Hawaii's soil is owned by sugar and pineapple planters; the plantation affords its only escape from the city streets. In spite of its strictly private ownership, Hawaii might learn something from the example of Soviet Russia in making agriculture a Cause as well as a means of livelihood. This can scarcely be done on the present terms.

Nothing of the sort is likely to be

done, of course, at the current price of sugar. But even the planters, whose paternalism is so ingrained, might not find the change so unprofitable in the long run. A new generation of laborers under such conditions would lose much of the security that the present generation enjoys. But it would undoubtedly prefer to lose this security in exchange for the more dignified and seemingly freer status of the modern white wage-earner.

Whatever changes may or may not take place in the future, the better educated of the young native-born Orientals, Filipinos, and part-Hawaiians are in an unenviable position to-day; and this includes many of quite exceptionable ability as well as those upon whom the higher education should never have been imposed. A few find places and manage to distinguish themselves in some profession. But many more, once out of college where they have been treated with intelligent courtesy, friendliness, and encouragement, find no place in which to function; or if a few find it in the upper levels of plantation life, they frequently suffer the rebuffs of white colleagues who may be their intellectual inferiors, encountering for the first time in their lives the dragon of race prejudice. The story of one young Japanese chemical engineer is an illustration of what has happened too frequently to "the boy who comes back to the plantation."

This particular young Japanese, the son of a plantation laborer, was an especially brilliant student. He was encouraged by his teachers and won the attention of the plantation owner who helped send him through college. (It is not in the upper or lower reaches of Hawaiian life that one encounters "race feeling.") Graduated from college with honors, he was sent to a mainland university and won more

honors and degrees for some particularly brilliant research work. He was typical of the very best product of the Hawaiian melting pot. He considered himself in every sense an American. Returning to Hawaii, he was given responsible work in the plantation laboratory and lived in that section of the settlement occupied by the professional and office staff, mostly white. Being an excellent tennis player, he put in his application one day for membership in the plantation tennis club. The club secretary, who was probably a third-rate bookkeeper from Scotland or Alabama, returned his application with the comment: "This is a white man's club; we don't want any Japs in it."

Therein, probably, lies the secret of the plantations' failure to place more of their own native-born school graduates in their offices and laboratories and why they continue to accept such workers from the mainland and Great Britain while the home boys are left bewildered and embittered in unwilling idleness. Social as well as economic peace must be kept on the plantations, and a white file-clerk from "outside" may resent the propinquity of an Oriental, though native-American, Ph.D.

Hawaii would find it easier to solve her problems if it were not for this particular white element. With it, her economic problem takes on the complexion of a race problem containing the seeds of possible bad feeling and conflict beyond the wish-fulfillment dreams of William Randolph Hearst. It is a situation which Hawaii must settle for itself and with more wisdom than the mainland has given to its own particular difficulties. A little straight thinking among Hawaii's leaders now may save both themselves and the Territory from the deluge later on.



MAGNA

A STORY IN THREE PARTS

BY ZONA GALE

PART I

PETHNER came to the door of his shop, which was advertised to be "suburban," and looked down the street for his daughter. There she came, Magna, as trim as a willow whistle, and there came the person Bolo Marks who pursued her. Still, Pethner wondered, watching angrily, could it be called pursuit when Magna went out of her way to meet him? She, she was the pursuer. To-night they would have this out.

But Pethner then entered his shop, weighed beans and selected loaf sugar, and made change with all the urbanity of the unperturbed. He "passed the time of day," beamed about, lifted the cat from the peanuts, and gently said to all when they would listen that he never laid his troubles upon others.

"The world has those who show off their troubles and those who do not," he would say; "and there are no other kinds."

Of course to this rule one's wife would be the natural exception. Ethna, his wife, was in the back of the store sorting apples, and Pethner now rapped out at her:

"Devil take that fellow Bolo. Here he is again."

Ethna went on sorting apples. She did not lift her eyes.

"Here he is always," she assented.

"Yet you do nothing," said Pethner, spreading his hands.

"And you—what useful things you do in the matter," Ethna said.

Pethner glanced over his shoulder. No one was in the shop. Not enough persons were in the shop any of the time nowadays.

"Will you tell me," he asked with an enormous distinctness, an enormous repression, "what one is to do?"

"You tell me," said Ethna. "Just like you tell me everything else," she added.

But with that she looked at Pethner over the apples and she smiled; and her face was so round, so pink, and so shining, and her smile so good-humored, so eternal, that the ire went out of Pethner; and he made his extreme gesture of affection. He patted her arm.

"You bark so, Pethner—how you bark," she said, her little gray eyes laughing at him.

He pretended to frown horribly.

"It is not that I like you," said he, "but I am so very used to you."

"As a fact," she said, "Bolo is a good man. And if his office is not crowded, that is only because he has not yet been a doctor for two months—isn't it so?"

"He has no money," said Pethner.

"Neither had you."

"You throw that up at me!"

"You must not throw things at this Bolo Marks. If Magna loves him . . ."

Pethner stooped, looked over his shoulder for customers who were not there, and whispered:

"Yes, but have I not told you that Alec Pethner is here? So fine a young man. A Pethner from Scotland—and the Scotch Pethners are grand people and rich. There is the match for Magna."

"Pish-wish-wish!" said his wife.

"You brought her up," he cried, "and you should have given her proper ideas. This is not the old country where it is an honor for a shopkeeper's daughter to marry a profession. No. This is America. We want money. We . . ."

Someone entered and wanted macaroni. Pethner's finest domestic climaxes were too often blasted because someone would come wanting something ridiculous. The macaroni furnished, Pethner went back to the front door. He raised the awning slowly, all the time looking down the street. How slowly those two moved—loitering, looking in shop windows, and all the time laughing, laughing.

"When two laugh like that at nothing," Pethner muttered, straining at the awning, "they do not know what ails them. But I do." He wound the rope. "Maybe they do too," he said aloud.

He fixed his look on Magna, who did not yet see him, engrossed as she was in the man who walked with his head high, but his glances along his cheek perpetually caressing her there in the open street. She came on laughing, her look lifted to the brown face above her—Magna, strangely named, since she was so little. And now Magna's eyes fell on her father's face, and at once the light went out of her own. "Like a stone thrown at a bird," Pethner thought, "but it's because she is caught in a wrong-doing, that's why."

"Your work is waiting for you,"

he said curtly and without greeting.

Bolo Marks bent with a gesture of sweeping off his cap, though he wore none. Pethner now saluted stiffly, without change of expression. Something of the Old World was left in these people, though it was a generation back, even for Pethner, that the North European blood flowed in their veins—Scandinavian, Danish, Welsh, and long, long back of that, a strain of a blood from some tribe of the East. Of that Pethner talked differently at different times—now he said Cossack, now Kurd, now Spanish, from those Spaniards cast on the coast of County Galway and marking with their great sleepy eyes of darkness certain Irish of that shore. Magna had those eyes, and Ethna—but Pethner was harder to trace, fierce and soft as he was; and Bolo seemed of the gentle blood of many peoples.

Magna, with her yellow Northern hair and her County Galway eyes, and her skin of youth, was yet all of America and of to-day as she said to her father:

"Father, we are going to Farway, to the Forty-niners' fair, and back here for the pageant."

"Blazes," said Pethner, "have you forgot the family picnic?"

Magna turned to Bolo a stricken face.

"The family picnic!" she cried. "It's to-night. Oh, Bolo."

"I should think so," said Pethner.

"In that case . . ." said Bolo, who had an incomparable manner of stooping with his shoulders, standing him in good stead for words.

Now Magna cried:

"Father! Couldn't it be for the older ones? It's an awful thing to have to go to."

Pethner took on more expression, even more stature.

"Since when," he demanded, "is your family so great an awfulness?"

"Come inside," said Magna. "Bolo, come in!"

She spoke with such determination that both men followed her. She went straight to the back of the store where Ethna sat, and Pethner marched beside her. But Bolo paused, saying, "Magna, it may be . . ."

"It is not," said Magna, and Bolo laughed and followed.

Magna stood beside her mother, sorting apples.

"Mother," she said, "is it all right for me not to go to that family picnic thing to-night?"

Her mother looked at her lord.

"Don't look at him, mother," said Magna. "Look at me. It's fine for you older ones, and for the children—that picnic. But for me it's deadly. I've hated it for five years—eight years—always. And to-night I want . . ."

"To-night you want your own way, as always," Pethner injected. "Since when is a family so hard to bear?"

"Not the family, father, but their picnics. Uncle Jasper, Uncle Sven, Uncle Steven—everything they say I've heard from my birth. Aunt Faith, Auntie Marty, Great-aunt Elizabeth—I can't listen to recipes for four hours. Mother, you know it bores you."

"Wait, then," cried Pethner. "You do not know what you say. It may be that there shall be someone there whom you have not seen before."

"Who? No, that's impossible. Who?" Magna asked scornfully.

"It may be that we have a surprise for you there at this picnic to-night," said her father slyly.

"That," said Magna, "must be another relative, and preserve me from such a surprise. Mother!" she cried, "you know these picnics bore you!"

Ethna looked up, an apple in each hand.

"It does not interest me whether I am bored or not bored," she said. "I do things."

"But I . . ."

"You have not learned that yet. This picnic, it is a good place to learn such a thing maybe."

Bolo spoke, and his manner of quiet lowered the tension of the moment.

"She's right, Magna," he said. "This picnic is important." He nodded slightly toward Pethner.

But Pethner scowled. "I shall not take my daughter's behavior from your hands," he said shortly.

"Well, then, father," said Magna, "take it from your own. Invite Bolo to this picnic, and I shall go."

"Never, never such a thing," Pethner shouted. "Cyrus!" he shouted on, in the same tone. The back door had opened and the delivery boy had entered. "You forgot the lettuce for Mrs. Alling. Lettuce. She telephones three times."

The boy had impish eyebrows and a way of pretending not to understand in order, it might be, to gain a little more attention or a little respite from delivering groceries. He flashed even teeth at Magna, ducked at Bolo, with a manner of respect, and went slowly about wrapping up lettuce, and departed.

Bolo stood waiting, his manner of quiet making him seem older than his twenty-six years. There was about him this quiet and a power which would not express itself until he called upon it, and such times one would guess to be seldom. Magna had told him that she could not remember when she had first seen him. Merely, he was *there*. Nor could she remember, she had said, when she began to love him. It had all been quiet, natural, all but matter-of-course. It was as if she had always been engaged to him, she said, though their betrothal was now two months old.

On the street that day he had asked her again to let him tell her parents. And now he spoke quietly to Magna.

"Shall I—say something?" he asked.

Magna nodded. There was that in her manner and in Bolo's manner which arrested both the father and mother.

"Magna and I wish to be married," said Bolo. And this he said without shyness or hesitation, but as if he had the right.

But Magna spoke in another tone. "Tell that to everyone at the picnic, father," she said, "and we shall be there, Bolo and I."

Ethna, her lips parted, her hands filled with apples, looked from one to the other and at her lord, who now began to shout:

"Never! That is to say—never! I shall never give my . . ."

Ethna stood up, and her apples rolled to the floor. She spoke with a manner of physical breathlessness, looking about her, a little above the heads of the others.

"See here," she said, "all this can not be settled in a minute. They take time—these things. A picnic isn't much," she looked sweetly at Magna. "Say you go to that, and we talk these things over to-night."

At this Pethner began to smile a little and shrewdly.

"To-night we talk things over," he exclaimed. "Well, that is not so bad an idea. Let us do—let us do so. After the picnic, things may look different. After that surprise . . ."

"Things will not be different," Magna said shortly.

Pethner threw up his arms.

"You do not know what you do!" he shouted. "You think yourself in love with the first man who asks you to marry."

Into his wife's eyes, as they chanced to fall on the doorway, came the softness of relief.

"Andris," she said, "two customers."

As if he were unwound by machinery, Pethner fell silent, turned, and

bowed to the two women who had entered. At once he began cutting cheese, and his voice might be heard rising cheerily:

"Excellent weather—as if the summer were opening up early is it not?"

"I'd go to the picnic to-night," Ethna murmured. "If you don't, it may make it harder afterward for you both."

Magna and Bolo were picking up apples.

"Then come for me—early. I'll leave there—early. The Oak Opening, you know."

"I'll wait by the last turn," Bolo said.

As he left the store, Pethner pretended not to see him. "Very superior cheese," Pethner was saying—and smiling. "It's a pleasure to sell such cheese as this."

The Pethner picnic, in the Oak Opening, had taken place in June for eleven years. There were twenty-seven Pethners and near-Pethners, and all these—well or lame or very old—made a prodigious effort to be present. These were nearly all assembled when Ethna, Magna, and Andris Pethner arrived, and Magna heard her mother saying:

"Look at them as if you'd never seen 'em before—that's the way to get the best out of your family."

"I'd so much rather look at them as if I were never going to see them again," Magna whispered.

"Pish-wish-wish," said Ethna, without expression.

There they all were, in the sunset. Great-aunt Elizabeth, enormous, her breathing shaking her whole bulk, head, breast, abdomen rocked to the impact of the air she inhaled and exhaled. She was one of those who could see only by turning her head from side to side and staring with bright eyes, the lips parted. To her, breathing, looking,

listening were all active performances, like motion to another. When she talked she heaved up her words, and this she did now:

"Well, Magna! You can come where you enjoy yourself, I see, even if you can't come to see your old aunt."

Magna had her father's own ability to change a mood. She caught up a handful of violets blooming under an oak and ran to her great-aunt Elizabeth.

"I bring you a flower. I bring you a kiss," she said, and blew her one.

"Words jingle nice," said the Great-aunt Elizabeth, and began looking over her relatives violently, as if looking were a pursuit.

There was Aunt Marty, that one of the Pethners who had English blood and who tried to move and act like a lady of distinction. ("Feel as if you had means," she once said to Magna, "and you will act accordingly. I used to imagine myself with five thousand pounds. Now it's ten. It gives you better manners.") There was Aunt Faith, who had borne eleven children, and who looked down fiercely on all women and on all men who had not contrived at least eight. "Poor, pindling creature, with only (two or) three children to her name," she had been heard to characterize one of her neighbors. Uncle Jasper and Uncle Sven, the husbands of Marty in her black wig, and of Faith with an ear trumpet. Uncle Jasper, tall and cross, raging against the government and Uncle Sven big, well-fed, reconciled, his skin drawn taut and red and shining over his unused muscles.

Magna made the rounds, pausing at all the groups, taking their chaffing at nothing, trying to laugh with them, asking for this one and that one as if she cared. "Where's Taffy?" she asked, several times, and took her place by the chair of a tiny woman, lame, dressed in very bright colors and with her face brightly made up. Taffy

had wanted to go on the stage, and the story was that her father, long since dead, had pushed her down a stairway in a fit of religious wrath against the drama, and had himself been reconciled to the act which had lamed his daughter, since thereby he had undoubtedly saved her immortal soul. "I embrace my sin," he had said over many times before he died. "I embrace my sin and I thank God for my perdition." He was Uncle Andrew Pethner, and his family called him, aloud at least, a martyr; but Magna had said that he was an old criminal, and Taffy was the only one in the family whom she really loved.

"Aunt Taffy," she said now, "I'm engaged."

The little creature, whose shoulders seemed so high and whose hands seemed so large, murmured "Already? But I didn't know you'd met him yet."

"Who? Met Bolo! Who?"

"No, not Bolo. Alec!"

"Alec! Alec who?"

"Have I given it away? Isn't he here yet? Alec Pethner, the new cousin from Edinburgh."

"Aunt Taffy," Magna cried, "He must be the surprise!"

Magna ran to her mother, who stood four-square, her veined hands crossed on her stomach, while she superintended the unpacking of her baskets. "Did you know about this Alec one?" she demanded.

Ethna lifted her placid eyes.

"Ye'll either marry him or ye won't," she said. "What's the good getting so excited, Magna?"

Magna threw out her arms.

"I've got twenty-seven Pethners trying to live my life," she said. "I'm the only one that's not living it."

Ethna leaned and whispered to her. "Ye know well there's two of us living my life for me, Magna," she said.

Into Magna's face came a great softness and a shining.

"I'd like Bolo to live my life for me," she said.

"Pish-wish-wish," said Ethna and settled her hands on her stomach again.

Magna crossed the open space round which sat the Pethner family, in readiness to picnic. The grove was small and colored, the leaves newly opened to June, some still pink and ochre with the sap of spring. The late sun smote through the leaves, shafts of brightness on the fresh green of the short grass, on the thorn apples blossoming, and on Magna's yellow hair and on her reddish gown. She saw her father hurrying by her, his stocky figure stooped a bit, his long head outthrust in his best shopkeeper desire to please, to anticipate, to ingratiate—in a word in his best shopkeeper *savoir faire*. And on the edge of the Oak Opening Magna saw a stranger.

He was advancing leisurely, with a look of interest and yet of detachment, a considering look, as of one who remembers himself and does not rush headlong into even the slightest situation. Straight, slim, admirably dressed, he advanced among them and was met by Magna's father.

"As excited as if he were going to sell him a cabbage," Magna thought, and chided herself, and thought it again. Then it came to her that this was that stranger, that Alec of Edinburgh, of whom Aunt Taffy had spoken and of whom her mother had known and her father had so complacently hinted.

"Pleased to welcome you hospitable into our little group," she heard her father saying.

A silence had fallen on the Pethners round the Oak Opening; and there were Magna's father and the stranger before them all, as on a stage, and there was Magna, standing alone, with the sun upon her. She tried to turn aside and at once was overshadowed by Earl Pethner, a large young man, a Pethner who had always pursued her.

"There's the foreign cuss they all think you're paired off with," he whispered. "Better take me."

"Why? Can you think of one reason why I should?" Magna asked, for once grateful for Earl's presence.

"Because you and I are the most promising Pethners," said Earl. His huge face and small eyes were close to her. "I'd like to be in love with you, Magna, if you'd ever look at me."

"Please make a new joke," said Magna loftily, and turned to find her father beside her with the stranger. "Oh, father would!" she thought. "Couldn't he have the decency not to march the man straight up to me?"

She acknowledged her father's presentation and did not lift her eyes.

". . . my Magna, my best and only," her father was going on, "a Pethner, through and through—like us, no? Welcome into the family! Magna, this is Cousin Alec. Cousin Alec!" her father repeated, as if to say a name twice were somehow a double greeting, one for her, who was not even looking up at this stranger.

"How do you do," said this stranger's voice.

Magna lifted her eyes then, as if at a summons; as if at a signal, given faint and far off. She said nothing but merely looked at him as if nothing more were required.

"I have come three thousand and some miles to a picnic," he said, thoughtfully.

"To a family picnic," said Magna.

At that he smiled, with a flash of even teeth, and she herself smiled.

"A most suitable occasion," said Magna's father, expanding in complacency even as he had expanded in anger. "Come, Magna—let us introduce your cousin."

She moved beside him, heard her father's words of explanation. Nearly twenty-seven times he said, with his presentation, "Cousin Ethan Pethner's

son, who went to the Hebrides in an early day." She tried to drop out of this march, tried to linger by Aunt Taffy, by Great-aunt Elizabeth, even by Cousin Earl Pethner. But her father bore her on. "Cousin Ethan Pethner's son, who went to the Hebrides in an early day."

When it was over her father shouted "Now I'll leave you two young people to get acquainted," incredibly winked at Alec Pethner, and rushed away, shouting "Can't you fellows build a fire that'll make coals? Have I got to teach you how *every* time?"

Magna stood beside Alec Pethner and she dared not look up at him. For she was swept, as if she were in water, by a feeling strange to her, in all her twenty years. She looked down at the grass, she looked away at the branches lacing the bright west sky, she looked round on the platelike faces of all the Pethners, waiting for their food. She thought, "What on earth is this?" and was frightened. She heard Alec speaking, and it was as if his voice came from a great way off.

"So," said cousin Alec Pethner, "you do not much like family picnics."

"Do you?" said Magna, looking away.

"Why," said he, "this one I like uncommonly well. And that is no' altogether because I've come so far to attend, either."

His speech had that infinitesimal difference of the Scot—that frail burr, that elision of the final *t*. Magna listened but still she could not look at him.

"You must keep me straight on all these Pethners," he went on, "or I'll drown in them."

"I'm Magna myself," she found spirit to say.

"That is quite clear in my mind," he said gravely. "For Lord's sake," he said, "sit down with me till I get the Pethners sorted out."

At this she had the courage to look up at him. A clear-skinned young Scot, with springing brown hair and a look of health and soundness. What was making her tremble, change her breath? She tried to think of Bolo. She could think only of that which this man was saying. And he was saying nothing save of matters concerning the Pethner family.

"That must be Aunt Taffy, the disgraceful one. I always thought she sounded nice. And Great-aunt Elizabeth—what does one talk to her about? And those cousins—Earl, Hector, Conrad—does it make any real difference if I never know them from one another? How do they tell themselves from one another? You though," he suddenly centered his look on her, "I thought you were a little girl."

Furious with herself that her heart was beating so that she could barely speak, Magna said low:

"What makes you think I'm not?"

"Because," said Cousin Alec absently—and his voice had a kind of roughness that she liked, "because very little girls always like me at once. The older ones seldom like me at all." He was still absent, grave, when he added, "What a fine face that woman has."

"That's my mother," said Magna, and for Ethna, who had spent her life for her, Magna felt a new respect because this stranger praised her, in that voice.

"No wonder you're beautiful," Alec Pethner said, still grave, still absent.

At his words Magna was shaken as by a kind of cry sent out to her alone of all the world.

"What on earth is the matter with me?" she thought furiously. "When will it be time to meet Bolo?"

Now her father turned from the cairn of stones where his fire blazed and cried out that the picnic was about to begin. "A picnic is eating," he

shouted, laughing heartily. "A picnic is eating!" he repeated earnestly, hoping to make them laugh. At home he was solemn, but in company—all his life long Andris Pethner had longed to be funny, to make people laugh. He probably never had made an authentic joke in his life but he never had ceased to try.

"Wieners, hamburgers, bacon, coffee," he chanted. "Open your plates," and laughed and laughed.

The youngest Pethners served—Pinker and Polly and Rolf—breathing heavily, stumbling, dropping things—all in an agony of fear lest they should not do these tasks right, all squirming in anguish when they did them wrong. And Henry, Teeny, Bucky, Peggy, all so earnest and so bent on playing their parts. When there was a pause in the contest of voices Great-aunt Elizabeth's tones might be heard, going on with some recipe:

"And I beat it and beat it and beat it and beat it. . . ."

Once a terrible moment of silence was caused by little old Aunt Lydia Pethner, whose husband, Uncle Jute, had been dead for twenty years. Now she suddenly advanced to the circle of the firelight and announced:

"Jute's coming home to-night. He's been gone for a long time, but now he's coming home."

"He died before I was born," Magna whispered as they led Aunt Lydia away.

Alec spoke very low.

"God!" he said, "love like that . . ."

He said no more. But once more his words, his voice, shook her. Not his strength nor his gentleness, not his voice alone nor his ways—but the presence of this man of whom she had heard only with distaste until an hour ago. . . . And out there, somewhere, by the last turn, would be Bolo, waiting to take her to the Days of Forty-nine. Dear Bolo.

"Tell me about yourself," Alec was saying. "I've heard about you when you were a little girl. I mean, tell me how it is now."

"I'd like to have a glorious life," Magna burst out. She went on. She was astonished at herself. All the things that she thought about at night in her small room, when she was dreaming—things about her life and about how brilliant she would be, among brilliant people—all this she found herself telling this man Alec Pethner; and merely because he listened, so gravely, so absently, his eyes on the fire; and surging from him, and giving her an excitement such as never in her life had she felt or guessed, that incredible power.

Then suddenly it was all over and before she had told him half that she wanted to tell. The sun was down, the fire was blazing and throwing out great curtains of shadow to meet the curtains of the oaks. The circle drew closer, and now would come the great hour of Uncle Jasper and Uncle Sven and Uncle Steven, telling how they had conquered America with their bare hands. It was eight o'clock. Bolo would be waiting.

Now came to Magna that which she must do. She leaned to Alec and whispered:

"Will you do something for me?"

"Anything," his voice came out of the darkness.

"In town there's a grand celebration—Days of Forty-nine—the gold rush—the gambling—the covered wagons. You should see this . . ." she said earnestly.

"I must see this," his voice came. "Will you go with me?"

"They're going to think it's terrible—my taking you away."

"Oh, let's go!"

Abruptly she knew that she wished that she were going with him alone.

"It's this," said Magna faintly, "a

friend—it's Bolo Marks—is waiting for me down the road. If you and I leave together to go to this . . ."

"I see," he said. "I'll explain to them. I'm new—from the Hebrides—I must see this historical re-creation."

"Just so they don't all come," said Magna. "Explain to my father."

They found Andris Pethner telling the younger of the aunts how to wash the dishes. To him Alec explained that he must see this re-creation of the American scene.

"Of course," he said, "ten years in Edinburgh and two in London gave me some idea of the Scotch and English pictures of you Americans—which weren't much better than the Hebrides picture, do you see. But I feel that I really should study this historical affair."

"I'd take you myself," said Andris heartily, "only Ethna doesn't walk much."

"I'll take him, father," said Magna.

Andris looked at her and wavered between approval and his passion to make a joke. The joke-lust prevailed:

"I tried my best to trade you off for a bad quarter," he roared, and Magna and Alec slipped away.

The night was warm and sweet. They walked slowly through the wood. At first they said nothing, and Magna wondered at his silence. No doubt she could not interest him. No doubt with all his travel and his knowledge of far places he was bored by her. In the darkness she imagined his face—the clear skin, the quick smile, the intent eyes. But he was so grave, so absent. No doubt he was thinking of a girl he had left behind in Scotland. She remembered hearing—or had she heard?—that all Scotch girls were very beautiful. He was so silent, not at all like Bolo, who talked and laughed always; yet when this man spoke he was different from Bolo, different from everyone.

"Are all American girls like you?" Alec asked suddenly.

Like her! Oh, no, but they were beautiful, they were clever; she had been at college for only a year, she was nothing. When he saw the real American girls he would not think of her again.

"You are all that I'd ever ask for," Alec said.

At this she could not breathe. What was this? she repeated furiously. All the men whom one knew said things such as this, and what did they matter? But this man—but she was in love with Bolo. Dear Bolo, dear Bolo, she repeated steadily.

This man seemed to speak only when he followed his own thought. And he laid upon her a silence, so that the time seemed his and as if she were not to use it in speech when something else was happening. What was happening? She knew only that the moment was stronger and stranger than speech, that she was beset by experience, by sensations which were new to her, which attacked her with violence, but with sweetness too. She was aware of his presence, of his motion, of his breathing, as of powerful onslaughts of sound. She waited for his words.

"The Hebrides," he said, "Scotland, London, America—all the lines leading to this town and to . . ."

The tone said "and to you."

She began to struggle against this that enveloped her. Less like sinking through water than like drifting into sleep or going under an opiate. She fought it, with her mind, as she had heard of travelers fighting the stupor, the warmth, the delicious ease of deep enveloping snow. Bolo, Bolo. . . .

Alec stopped in the path. The oaks rose sturdy and tender-leaved, their leaves carrying the wood odor of wet tea roses. She saw Alec's black bulk against the farther blackness of the trees.

"You will let me see you sometimes?" he said.

"Yes."

"Often?"

"Of course—cousin."

"Well—cousin. Not that that matters. It is you that I want to see—and not a cousin."

He laughed, and she must laugh with him. What new thing had laughter become, shared like this?

"You must take pity on me—in a strange land," he said, "though pity isn't exactly what I want either."

"You must come often to the house," she said. "My father . . ."

"You," said Alec Pethner.

They were close to the turn by the Oak Opening.

"And Bolo Marks," she said. "Our—my friend. You must know him."

But to this Alec paid not the faintest attention, so that Magna felt a kind of flicker of jealousy for Bolo, as if someone must take his part.

"Bolo," she called. "Bolo."

"Right," said Bolo's voice.

He emerged, coming towards them down the dim trail. And Magna ran towards him.

"Bolo," she cried, as if in some eager defense, "this is our cousin—our cousin, Alec Pethner. From the Old Country."

Then the two men shook hands and fell into talk, question and answer, Bolo shy and merry and Alec silent and courteous; Bolo leading the way, and Magna following, and Alec's voice and his presence following her.

But all the adventure of meeting Bolo in the wood, of stealing away to meet him—this was for Magna no more; yet all the adventure of the Days of Forty-nine and its pageantry was upon her, with an excitement such as she had never known. Oh, gay and colored and bright with light the way to the town in Bolo's old car. And when they came in sight of the

tents and torches and lanterns of the Forty-niners' camp, and when they heard the music and the far clarion calls, everything that Magna had ever known of the thrill and the glow of living was gathered into that hour.

There was Bolo whom she loved and to whom she was pledged—there were sweetness and the tenderness of Bolo and her sense of refuge in him. And here was this stranger who said little, who merely waited and made her wait for she knew not what, and whose presence filled her with such a sense of life that all her former days lay dead and this night alone was alive.

The grounds of the Days of Forty-nine lay glittering and musical, in a little grove that bordered the river flowing through the suburb. This town, Farway, lay on one path of the westward migration, away from the new Western Reserve, on, beyond, where the new West had summoned. Eighty years before wagon and horse, traveling overland to California, had passed through the village, and the people had stood in their safe doorways, too lazy, too comfortable, or too timid to venture forth, and had watched that stream of traffic in the first stages of its westward journeying. This was before the rigors of the desert or of mountain roads were known to the wayfarers, or ever thirst or fear had touched them. The women were trim, in finery which they would not wear thereafter, the men were confident, the children were healthy and happy, the horses were sleek, the wagons were new. Thus Farway and the towns on the settled stages of the route westward saw the wagon-trains go in the first flush of the adventure, in all the glow of a beginning. They knew nothing of the bony beasts, the riddled canvas, the sallow men and women, the children puny or buried in the sand that marked the trail a thousand miles

to the west. The tragedy of the westward migration they could picture but dimly, as men picture war with half a world between; but the romance and the zest of the outset the Midwest knew well, and it was through this rose glass that Farway had undertaken to make pageantry of the Days of Forty-nine. The California of Forty-nine had been imagined gay as it was, careless as it was; but also safe and well-fed and content as indubitably it was not. Yet for the uses of the pageant all this played its part well. And the tourists from the near-by resort towns, already opening, were present to be amused.

As Magna and the two men drew up at the gates of the grounds the procession of the horsemen was issuing for its parade of the town. Open flannel shirts, broad hats, and even chaps somehow had been assembled, and girls and boys, and men and women rode through the streets, released from routine, playing-acting with the social sanction of Farway.

"Oh, Miss Magna!" somebody called out, "Come on. I've got a horse here for you." It was Cyrus, her father's shop boy, his bald pink face shining.

"Have you three horses?" Magna cried.

"Four," said Cyrus. "They're my father's plow horses, but they sure can travel in a parade."

These horses stood without saddles, blankets strapped about them, and Magna tossed her hat to Cyrus and mounted the nearest.

"Come on," she cried. "Bolo—show Alec what we do to amuse foreign visitors!"

Slim and straight in her reddish gown, she sat her great horse blanketed in red plaid, and challenged them with her laughter. They fell into line—Bolo sitting his mount superbly, Alec riding like a man unaccustomed but yet never tense—always he had an air of

being ready for anything; and they moved up the streets with the moving crowd.

The shops that she knew so well, the second-story windows crowded with faces that she knew, buildings, glass-fronts, striped awnings, familiar to her from daily encounters since her childhood—these she seemed never to have seen until now. A light over all, or was it a singing in her—or was it a transformation of the air—but when had she known anything to compare with this hour?

Four abreast they rode through the town, she between Alec and Bolo, with a Catholic priest for the fourth in their line, who cried out, "Sure, no padre ever did more in his day than I in mine, with this baste." The slow motion, the sound of the feet of the horses, the thud and lift of the band, the drone of the music from the grounds, the shouts of the people, the popping of pistols—these were no more than Magna had known on any holiday of life. Yet for her this night swam by in dream, in haze. She looked at Bolo, and he was like a dark young god and her heart was warm towards him, and she was tender and devoted and yearning. She looked at Alec, and he was crumpled on his horse, but he was strong and slow of glance and he kept claiming her eyes for his own. So fierce a current of life and the alive swept over Magna that it was all but pain; and she wanted nothing but to be caught in that current again and never to lose it or to have it lessen.

"I am lost," she thought, "I am a bad woman. Is this Magna—is it Magna?"—and abruptly she knew that it was Magna alive as she had never known herself to live. She thought "What will become of me?" and laughed aloud with her confidence that was like a carelessness of all that might befall.

"You laugh like a bluebird's note in

the Hebrides, in early morning," said Alec.

"Hebrides," Magna said. "I love the far sound of it. It sounds farther than it is."

"You'll love the Hebrides," said Alec absently, and that pang of pain and joy tore through her.

She looked quickly and guiltily at Bolo, who was smiling, content and serene. Her eyes filled with tears. She leaned toward him.

"Bolo—you love me?" she spoke softly, but he heard.

He smiled, gently, adorably, possessively, as a husband smiles at his wife, sure of her, serene in his love. She felt restored and comforted and quieted and—quenched. This tremendous pulse, of life as it might be, was not for her from Bolo. It was for her from Alec.

She passed her father's shop, closed and dark, and now she seemed to see it as from a distance, both in time and in space. Only that afternoon she had come to that door with Bolo, happy and venturesome with the thought of telling her news and his. Only that day! And she had had no idea then that life was like this. Life was not in the least as she had supposed.

"Look back at the torches," said Alec, and at these words, at any words of his, she trembled.

A song swept up the lines of the riders:

We'll look to the West
And we don't give a darn,
If we go by the desert
Or we go by the Horn.

She caught the air and her voice rose freshly and joyously. Bolo had no voice, but at the second repetition, Alec had fixed the words and his baritone, rich and throaty, blended with hers. She had a momentary sense of being lifted above anything that sense had ever recorded. To sing with him

was like flying with him. . . . There he sat, humped on his horse, a look of almost absurd earnestness and purpose on his face as he sang; but something in her swayed to his tones as to wind.

"I guess them fellows had a terrible time getting round the Cape of Good Horn," said a voice behind her.

She looked at Alec, and he had heard, and they changed eyes in silent merriement at this blunder.

"I read an account of one of 'em," said another voice.

"An autobiography?"

"No. Just the story of a Forty-niner's experience."

"Written by someone else?"

"No. No. He wrote it himself."

Magna and Alec rocked with laughter. Anything would do to laugh at. To laugh together—that was the thing.

"What's the joke?" Bolo asked, quite kindly.

"Everything!" cried Magna, and murmured, "Bolo—I love you more than anything in the world."

"I know that," said Bolo.

His face was almost beautiful and Alec's was plain and marred.

"It's Alec—it's Alec," she found herself saying to the discordant music.

They swept through the streets and circled back to the grounds.

"Now nothing escapes us," Alec said as they alighted. "In at every show!"

The gaming tables came first—every variety of the games of chance of those days in California and on the trail. Raw games, subtle games, games that have survived and those that have been forgotten. Piles of paper script for money—a quarter's worth made a fortune. Alec thrust the stuff into Magna's hands. She played and played and couldn't lose. Beginner's luck, luck of the ignoramus at the tables, she threw and won, and doubled and won. And Bolo watched her, amused and tender, and Alec laughed at her and teased her and watched the

other tables—but she knew where he was and she knew when he spoke.

Once she and Bolo stood alone at the table, and she looked up at him.

"I didn't know it was in people to feel like this over this stuff," she said low.

"You don't feel this," said Bolo. "You just pretend to feel it. That's your fun."

"Do I pretend to love you?"

"Do you?" he asked. How gentle and kind and tender he was.

"No!" she cried. "You're the best!"

Alec came up.

"Magna," he said, "you must let me call you Magna, Cousin. Do you want to go? It's a stuffy hole."

She wanted to stay, but she followed him.

In the grounds, among the tents and the wigwams, there coursed the people of Farway, all whom she knew best. She knew everyone. The suburb had ten thousand, and her father kept a little shop, but she had beauty and brains and she was marked among them. Yet to-night she looked at them all as if she had never seen them before: Mr. and Mrs. Temple, she short and burnt-out, listless and roving-eyed, he addressing her as if by a habit and not as performing a function. Had they been in love as she and Bolo were in love, or as she and Alec might be in love? . . . At that she stopped and turned away. Mr. and Mrs. Denison, she gaunt and startled, and he with the deep lines of his face serving as a smile—well, Bolo and she might be loving as little as those two loved and no more than that. She caught herself again. Well, then, Mr. and Mrs. Agers—and he dark and sneering and unsuccessful and she quick and dominating and pouring out her emphasis on everybody—they two must have loved tremendously, not in the least as Bolo and she were in love.

"Darling," said Bolo, "would you

have gone west with me, in Forty-nine?"

"Yes," she said—and had a picture of that trail, Bolo and she serene under the stars, taking what came, going west as a matter of course, making love when there was time. That was what she had thought love was, until to-night.

Suddenly she clung to Bolo, pressed close to him in the crowd. It was as if she were protecting him from something.

"Darling," said Bolo, and smiled at her as a man smiles across his own hearth.

They had come to a picture tent, where one sat for a photograph, and waited for its development, and might discover his head on the body of an elephant or a clown. Alec's picture showed him in the full costume of an Indian chief, fringed, feathered, beaded. The plain dark face glowered up at her from the photograph. Oh, with him there would be no taking love as a matter of course, no making love when there was time, nothing serene under the stars. With him . . .

Again that sweep and onrush of a current that claimed her, carried her, tossed her against the unseen. But he might not even love her or notice her—there was that possible girl in Scotland, very beautiful; and she herself was betrothed to Bolo.

They began meeting members of the Pethner picnic who had reached the grounds in time to participate. Andris and Ethna, laboring along together, he ordering her briskly, she doing as she pleased, slowly; Uncle Sven and Uncle Jasper, each playing the elder to the other and advising him as to his steps and his ways; Aunt Marty and some of the children, looking for Uncle Steven, whom everybody else knew to be deep in the gaming tents. Magna stared at them. All, all, she decided, had known a peaceful love, like hers and Bolo's.

This other, it could come to one but once in twenty lifetimes.

The blare of the band, the call of a trumpet, the ascent of rockets announced the hour of the pageant. They hurried towards the grandstand, Bolo watching her, helping her, telling her when to avoid wet places in the earth, murmuring to her she hardly knew what. And Alec, paying not the slightest attention to her, yet rushing her along, and he watching the crowd, intent on the newness, the difference. Once he said, "Isn't this jolly?" And again, "You're the kind that needs a man's help in this about as much as you need an umbrella." At that she looked up at him and said, "You probably like the helpless. I'm sorry to make a bad impression." But this he seemed not to hear. Now Bolo she could always depend on to hear and to answer properly—with a reassurance, a compliment. But this man stalked on and did not know that she was there, and then abruptly remembered her with such a blaze of something focussed full upon her that she could only tremble.

They sat in the grandstand, to watch the pageant. The place was crowded with the people of Farway come to see dramatized that which they all knew well—the story of their settling of the town, of the great trains of men and beasts who passed through the settlement; then the scenes (almost equally familiar through the tales of returned uncles) to which they had been en route, on trail and in camp. It was amazing, the beauty that the pageant had uncovered: the prefacing meadow with fireflies and fairies before men came. The Indians, the Jesuits, the fur traders, the settlers—and then that oncoming stream from the east, by horse, by ox-team, driving their flocks, entering on that great emigration which was to open up three-fourths of a continent and to change the destiny of the nation, of the nations. Great

stalwart sons of settler and immigrant alike, these men and women entered into their parts, lived again the lives of their forbears, buried far in the land where they had sought life and had found death, or returned in fair comfort to end their days; or silent in safe little hillside cemeteries where they had crept back home to lie down and to forget. There it all was—the story, spread before them, and Magna saw here too the eternal other story, enacted by the men and women who had taken the trail together. How they had loved, had borne everything for the sake of one another. Sometimes with a fierce and terrible love, and sometimes with a love like hers and Bolo's—tender, *tepid* . . . oh, no, no, no!

In the intermission Alec went to sit for a moment with Andris and Ethna, and someone dropped into his seat—Earl Pethner. His large white face, with its eyebrows too much arched and its loose mouth which moved about when he talked, was turned on Magna with its thin fixed smile and its tiny eyes.

"Got two to-night, I see," he began.

Magna said nothing.

"Whenever you want three," he said, "I'll trail. I'm not proud. Magna—" his voice was rasping when he dropped it, "remember what I told you awhile ago about this love business?"

"No," said Magna.

"It's the life," he told her. "When you're in love you're alive. The rest of the time you're just dumb. If you want to keep alive keep in love. I've found that out."

"Nothing that you say means a thing to me," said Magna coldly.

"Because you haven't been in love," Earl told her triumphantly. "Magna, try me. Unite the two fortunes—of course, there aren't any fortunes, but try to think of me as the one that's the one. Magna. There's a girl that I'm

terribly in love with, Helga Griffiths. She's as sweet as they make them. But I could leave her for you any minute. You're the one I want."

She tried to silence him, and he said, "It's my belief that you've never been in love . . . never been alive."

Alec came back and Earl went away, saying "Remember my dope." Magna felt ill, felt less than living. This which Earl meant, with his unsavory doings—was it possible that some people went through life and knew only that and thought that they knew love? But then those who knew the thrill and the power and the terror of love—would not these think as pityingly of the love that she and Bolo knew, thin and sweet and tepid?

How to know? If something strong and beautiful would happen, something that would test them all. Something that would tell her whom to turn to, to cling to—that would show Bolo or Alec in a flash of light, bared to the spirit, open to all that she might need to judge them by, to judge her own feeling. But nothing strong and beautiful ever did happen to test one out. You just went on and on. You had to find out without a test, without light, without anything but the Every-day. What if you judged wrong—what if you paid all your life by never having life, never having love as you might have had it? Men did that, women did that . . . why, the town was filled with those who had done that. Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Agers. Or had they done that? Had they not perhaps had their beautiful flashing love, and then had sunk into lethargy and routine like the rest? Did it all come to that anyway? Whichever way one chose—whether one found love or thought that one had found love—did it all come into the deadly, the dead, the numbed, and never stay in the terror and the glory of love at all?

The pageant was going on. Magna was watching. All were watching. And abruptly, without a moment of warning or challenge, that happened which had been prophesied for too great a crowd on the badly built structure where they sat. There was a report, a tottering of timbers and a crash of beams, and the tawdry foundation with the old planking sank suddenly into chaos on the ground.

It was not too catastrophic—merely one of the sordid accidents resulting from lack of ordinary care. No one was killed, no one was more than bruised and shaken and thunderously indignant. Of these last was Andris Pethner. One might have heard his voice to the edge of the grounds, declaiming against the authorities, the government, the lack of order and safety in the universe. He and Ethna, unhurt, clambered to the borders of the scene, and he inveighed against them all, while Ethna said, "Can you see Magna? But Andris, these people didn't build the grandstand. Don't you think we might help?" To which Andris shouted, "You keep back. Enough people are injured." "Can you see Magna?" she asked again.

Magna felt herself carried over debris and through the struggling mass. It was Bolo who held her, she knew. She had a moment of swift satisfaction that it was Bolo who had saved her. But in a moment she knew that it was Alec who laid her down, who rolled his coat and put it under her head, who made sure that she was all right, said, "Thank God," and was off again. Then Bolo kissed her and left her too. She lay at the distance to which they had taken her, felt the blackness and nausea leave her, became fretful that no one returned to her, tried out feet and legs, and finally rose and made her way towards the place of confusion. Once there she was deep in the work of rescue, and she was everywhere, taking

others to safety, finding children, bringing water.

Once Alec, carrying a child, came by her.

"Get out of here—go back where you were," he shouted.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," she called out crossly and went on binding someone's head.

Bolo was in and out of the crowd, saw her, asked, "All right?" and was gone again.

She tore up her slip into bandages and thought, "What a ridiculous accident. One or the other of them ought to have saved me. They both saved me. They're both working like Trojans. This doesn't test out anybody. It might as well not have happened."

She laughed crazily and went off to find a car for somebody, and later she realized she would not be able to recognize the person's car by any known means.

Now nearly all were out of the grandstand. Magna had seen Earl take her mother and father away—Earl was probably a much better fellow than he seemed to be. Perhaps everybody was better. Perhaps love was better. No, but of course it was the other way round and love was better, really, than anyone knew. All the pity and the terror. . . .

She saw Bolo and ran towards him, unevenly, over the uneven ground. He caught her, kissed her, caring nothing whatever for those who stood about.

"Somebody'll take you home," he said.

But she merely looked at him and asked:

"Where's Alec?"

She dragged Bolo about, looking for Alec's coat, and stood hugging it in her arms, with Bolo's arm about her. She thought:

"This is disgraceful. It's—it's bigamous," and then laughed and laughed until she cried.

At last, when only the helpers were left and there was no more danger from fire, Alec came asking for his coat and saying in a matter-of-fact way:

"Of course you're all right."

And Bolo said, "I've brought my car close by."

On which she amazed them both by crying out passionately:

"It might just as well not have happened!"

She thought crossly, "Why couldn't one of them have turned out a hero? They were both so decent."

They took her home, and found Andris and Ethna in their comfortable sitting room, having coffee.

"I saw she had two protectors," said Andris, "and if you don't all sue the city . . ."

"Andris," said Ethna, "we must ask Alec to spend the night."

"Sure," said Andris, placidly, "I've got his suitcase. I did that before the picnic. He's visiting us."

So he was to be there, in the house. Magna sat silent. Over her poured the simple ecstasy of being near, of being under the same roof with this other human being.

But now Bolo was saying good-night. She followed him into the passage and found herself weeping.

"Bolo, Bolo," she said. "I do love you. I do."

"I know it, sweetheart," said Bolo gently, and she wanted to shout, "Don't you be so sure."

She went back to the others, to Alec—sitting there in their house. She drank coffee and thought, "Is it possible to love two men at the same time? Has anyone ever felt this way before? And is it love? If what I feel for Alec is love, then what I feel for Bolo is nothing. But if what I feel for Bolo is love—then what on earth is this other?"

Alec was speaking to her. There was much that he wanted to say. If

he got a car next day would she drive with him? But the whole day?

"Surely she will—surely," her father agreed affably. "Surely she will show Cousin Alec all of America. No—Magna?"

"I will go," said Magna. She explained carefully, "Bolo is busy, of course." At this Alec looked thoughtful, but he said nothing. It was as if Bolo were nothing really to him, nor could be.

"I must tell him that I'm engaged to Bolo," she thought, and felt the most violent repugnance to the idea. "I am a wicked thing," she thought.

Alec sat down before her and looked at her and looked.

"Supposing," he said, "that you had been hurt there to-night, killed, perhaps. When I had just found you."

She met his eyes, and she felt fear, a glorious fear, at being so near to him.

"*You* weren't killed either, you know," she said.

"Well, no," he said. "We might exchange congratulations."

He leaned back and looked away. She thought:

"Idiot. Now you've let him see what it does to you to be near him—and he's withdrawn a mile. Oh, idiot."

She moved away, said good-night coolly, and went to her room. As soon as she was there she would have given all the world to be back downstairs again. The one night out of all the years when she might have sat listening to him talk. . . .

For an hour she lay listening to his talk with her parents—and she lonely, miserable, confused. And first she would put away the thought of Bolo, and then in a rush of repentance she would cling to his image and long for the next evening when she might be with him. But even with the words, repeated over and over, she would be living the day which she was to spend with Alec.

The whole day! A day of that rush and sweep of feeling which might be love, which might be something that she could never know for Bolo.

But then Alec would go away. He would go back to the Hebrides, which sounded so far. And there was certain to be a girl in Scotland, very beautiful . . . oh, but had he not said that she was sure to like the Hebrides?

"To-morrow I shall tell him that I am engaged to Bolo," she thought, and lay listening and listening to the sound of his voice.

(To be continued)



I REVISIT THE RIVIERA

BY FORD MADDOX FORD

ALL that region lies still beneath the sunlight that seems unchangeable. When there are gray days the mind does not register them. Next day you swear there has never been anything but sun.

The whole stretch of coast is fretted with white—from the gates of Toulon to Rapallo. But the whiteness is not that of surf on the incredible blue. It is caused by the white limbs of bathers, as if the sirens had never left these shores. And indeed the sirens have never left these shores.

I have had for some years the idea of revisiting all the places where I have ever stayed in a life that has been largely nomadic but during which I have perpetually revisited the same spots. I do not remember ever to have stayed put for more than eight months anywhere, but I have remained for periods of about eight months in various places between Rapallo and the borders of Kentucky—in New York, in Paris, in London, in the neighborhood of Bonn on the Rhine, at the gates of the Côte d'Azur which lies along the Mediterranean. In that way I know well a number of places in the Western Hemisphere but not a great number of places or any great stretch of the globe.

Pleasure in travel is best when one has a certain sort of erudition concerning towns visited. Any sort of erudition. You must be able to go out of a railway station and walk straight to a pleasant café, a good restaurant, the

house of a friend, an orchard where there are exquisite apples, a concert hall, a quiet hotel, the ramparts of a castle of Sigismondo Malatesta, a farm where you know the peasants well, a church where there is an adorable fresco, the harbor to which Columbus returned, the ports of the Argonauts or of Hercules. . . . Yes, the real pleasure of travel lies in returning. Memories come back to you; the hills, the cities, the town walls, the populous fountains have a patina, a softness of outline.

I have lately been revisiting the French Côte d'Azur and the Italian Riviera. When I was a boy these were rather chilly winter resorts for the very opulent. My first recollection of them is of being in the more than opulent sitting room of a more than opulent but benevolent American uncle in the most opulent of hotels on this coast. I was, I suppose, eighteen or nineteen. With every precaution taken against cold, we sat, one on each side of the table, dozing. I was dozing so that I felt only the mildest of surprise. My uncle, a staid, clean-shaven, frock-coated, lean giant, had seized the water carafe and thrown it through the window. He had recognized that fumes of carbon-monoxide were coming from the white porcelain stove. We should have been dead in a few minutes. Zola and Mme. Zola had just died in that way in Paris. We were rescued by shining but frenzied Monte Carlo *pompieri* (firemen). In their

gorgeous uniforms, strung from chest to chest with medals like the tops of meat-cans, they burst in our unlocked white-and-gold doors with axes that glittered like those of to-day's Fascisti. I hope they each got another medal. But for them I should not be writing and looking down on the Mediterranean now.

I used to be given a guinea every evening to play with at the gaming tables and was made to promise that I would not run into debt. I did not play much. The rooms were too close and smelt too much of patchouli. I used to go to bed early and read Eugène Sue to the music of the orchestra of the Café de Paris. They played over and over again in alternation "Tararaboomde-ay" and "The Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." I wonder if any one to-day knows the smell of patchouli, those tunes, or the story of the *Mystères de Paris*. . . . You see I have my eruditions.

Time and the crises of war and peace have a little de-gilded the opulence of those winter resorts. The great financial dictator, Louis Blanc, has been ejected from the Casino; the rigorous sumptuary laws and the Grand Dukes alike are very faded; the Grimaldis, if still monarchs of that pocket handkerchief of a principality, are less absolute, and they charge you six francs to feed the fish in the Oceanographic Museum and eight francs to go in.

In revenge there is a summer season—and there the poor dare plead. This is how these places have come back to me.

II

Red Cross Hospital No. II at Rouen during the winter of '16-'17 was in the old priests' seminary that the Prussians had used as a hospital in 1870. We occupied small white priests' cells, two to a cell, a camp bed in each

corner. Diagonally opposite me was a Black Watch second lieutenant—about twenty, wild-eyed, black-haired. A shell-shock case. He talked with the vainglory and madness of the Highland chieftain that he was, continuously all day. Towards ten at night he would pretend to sleep.

As soon as the last visit of the V.A.D.'s was over he would jump out of bed and rush to a wall-press with sliding doors. He took out a kilt and a single shoe. His face assumed a look of infinite cunning. He would fix his black, shining, maniacal eyes on me and, stealthily stretching out an arm, would extract from the press a *skene dhu*. A *skene dhu* is the long, double-edged dagger that Highlanders carry in their socks. From the creasing of his lips you could tell when he had put a sufficient edge on that instrument. He would be sharpening it on the sole of his single shoe. He never removed his eyes from mine. He would run his thumb along the edge of the blade and with a leering, gloating look he would whisper:

"We know who this is meant for."

I never ascertained. Delirium would then come on. I was delirious most nights.

One night he had disappeared, and the convoy whistle blew—towards four. It was always disagreeable to be awakened by the convoy whistle. It meant that the Enemy, far away in the black and frozen night, had been pushing an inch or two farther towards the Mediterranean. Wounded were coming down.

Tweedledum in a steeple-crowned hat burst in. He had two fleeces bound round his khaki stomach. He pitched his hat onto a nail in the wall and exclaimed disgustedly:

"H'our caows 'as better 'ouses in Horsetrileyer!"

That was tragedy. I said, "It is all

I REVISIT THE RIVIERA

over. They are putting Tommies in with the officers. The Germans have burst through. They will be here any day. They will be on the Mediterranean in a week."

That was not snobbishness. It was despair at the thought that there had been such slaughter. There had been no time to sort the wounded. But even in those shadows my first thought was for the inviolability of these shores where now, if the beaches are fringed with foam, the foam is made by human limbs—and the human limbs are mostly German ones. For there are easy ways of getting to the countries of the Sirens. . . .

Well, next morning, after a night of delirium, I saw across the cell a little, fat, rumped dumpling of maybe forty, leaning over the end of his pillow, looking with disgust at his breakfast. He spat out to my pet V.A.D.:

"We gets heggs from h'our 'ens in Horsetrileyer."

He was an officer all right. The line still stood. The Côte d'Azur did not need to tremble. He was a field officer who in civilian life supplied milk to a great city where they walk upside down and have retained since 1840 the purest Cockney language. In the same way in the Kentucky Highlands you still hear the most ancient versions of the Border Ballads. . . .

It was a relief to be sent down, convalescent, to the Red Cross Hospital at Mentone. There all we poor devils lived like gentlemen.

Yesterday I passed through Mentone station. It is an unadorned building in ferro-concrete. I felt incomprehensible despair—unprepared and incomprehensible. I had been reading one of Georges Simenon's detective stories and had looked up unthinkingly. . . . But on the 2d of February, 1917 I had stood on that platform. There had been an icy wind and snow falling.

I was going up into the line again. If you had asked me then whether I felt despair I should have denied it—mildly. I had been conscious of being dull and numbed in a dull, numb station. All France up to Hazebrouck in Flanders was deep in snow. I was going to Hazebrouck in Flanders. Yesterday the ferro-concrete dullness of the station made me aware that I must have been in despair at going to Hazebrouck when I was certain that my real home was on these shores. I had just been seen off by "Horsetrileyer," for he had followed me down the line in about a fortnight. He had embarrassed me a good deal, poor fellow. He stuck to me like a shadow when I was in the mood for elegant acquaintance amongst the staid opulences of Mentone. But he saw me off. He went rolling like a porpoise to the bookstall to buy me a *Vie Parisienne*. One of my own books was in those days covering the whole of France. "Horsetrileyer" came running breathless back to me, his eyes sticking out of his head. He squeezed my fingers into jam and shouted:

"'Ooffer, if ever Hi'd known you'd written a book I'd never'f spoken to you as I've!"

It was typical that the sincerest of all tributes to literature should come from an Antipodean mouth beneath the palms of these shores. . . .

And we had lived like gentlemen. A peeress of untellable wealth and inexhaustible benevolence had taken, for us alone, all the Hôtel Cap Martin—staff, kitchens, *chef*, wine-cellars. We sat at little tables in fantastically palmed and flowering rooms and looked, from the shadows of marble walls, over a Mediterranean that blazed in the winter sunlight. We ate *Tour-nedos Meyerbeer* and drank *Château Pavie*, 1906. We slept in royal suites; the loveliest ladies and the most nobly titled elderly seigneurs walked with us on the terraces over the sea. . . . You

looked round and remembered for a second that we were all being fattened for slaughter. . . . But we had endless automobiles at our disposal and Monte Carlo was round the corner.

It was then that I tried out poor Larwood's system.

We used to get taken into the Principality of Monaco about two. We changed into mufti on the frontier. Allied officers were forbidden to use the tables. Half a dozen of us tried the system. It worked. We played about a dozen times from about half-past two till six. It never let us down.

The snag is that it is infinitely boring. And the rooms are airless and, if they are no longer heavy with patchouli they are just as redolent of the odor of the day. That is what saves that Principality—that and the fact that if you win steadily and slowly they take your ticket away. On the other hand, if you have any sort of name at all, they will lend you money to break the bank with—for the sake of the publicity!

In our case in the three and a half hours that we used to play we never made less than one hundred and fifty dollars. Sometimes we made a few dollars more. But towards six we would get tired of paying attention. It seemed a mug's game to sit there making pennies whilst fortunes were being lost all round us. We would abandon the system and punt on numbers, and it would all go before half-past six when we had to leave. We had to be back in hospital at seven. One day we made quite a lot—sixteen or seven—hundred dollars in that half hour. But it all went next day.

In the evening we would walk with the Duc de Sabran-Guenevere, who had served in the French Navy with Conrad; with the Baron Alfred de Schwarzhelmstein who was some general's chauffeur; with Lord Polehampton who had never done anything but

live in Mentone. The Duke looked like an aged and tuberculous d'Artagnan; the Baron looked like his name, but as if blown up with a tire-pump; Polehampton was like a washed-out white hen with a solar topee and the white goatee of Uncle Sam. We would pass in the moonlight M. Anatto of the Paris Bourse with his women folk and Senator McPigie of the Dubuque Chamber of Commerce with someone else's. And one and all we would agree that the world was going to the devil, but that if we were in the Higher Commands we could save it. Then we would go back home to bed. We should pass through the lines of the French Senegalese who were all dying of consumption. The spectacle of several thousand moonlit negroes lying tuberculous, motionless, and fatalistic along the shores of the Mediterranean sometimes made us not sleep too well.

I had a disagreeable affair one day coming back from Monte Carlo—in a tram. There were two very very senior officers in that vehicle and a number of French civilians. The senior officers did not belong to any fighting branch: they were civilians given rank so as to have authority when making inspections of military stores. But they were just as bedizened in scarlet and gold as if they had commanded in chief all the troops of the Principality of Monaco. They had with them a lady whom each in turn addressed at the top of his voice. They said, "*Mwor cooshay avec voo!*". . . . The French civilians mostly got up and left the tram.

I took the view that my own fortunes were relatively unimportant. I was witnessing the sort of thing that makes us Anglo Saxons not so popular on these shores. It is the duty of junior officers to put their seniors under arrest when they have exceeded. So it became a disagreeable affair.

To console me, I suppose, I was put in charge of a body of my comrades a day or two later. An incredibly inaccessible town in the high mountains of the hinterland had asked to be allowed to receive a deputation of British officers. We were told that that town would send conveyances. I was to make a speech in Provençal. It sounded very nice.

Before the lordly steps of that hotel waited six very small donkeys. Behind each donkey was a meager and dishevelled peasant woman. They were our conveyances and there was no avoiding them. It was a military order. All six of us were portly and too weak to walk much more than a mile on the level.

We climbed the inaccessibilities on those valiant beasts. On the handbreadth paths we had to shut our eyes so as not to see the precipices below. The indefatigable, lean woman ran behind my microscopic mount. She brandished an immense cudgel. Every few steps she brought it down on the flanks of the poor donkey. Each time she cried:

"Courage, Montebello!"

It seemed to me to be an allegorical affair—as if poor Montebello, the microscopic donkey, were poor humanity climbing the inaccessible peaks of destiny with the whole load of stupidity of its rulers on its back. . . . We reached that mountain fastness and were singularly well entertained. They gave us wine that they swore was made as the ancient Greeks made it and that was four hundred years old—or, in the alternative, as old as the days when Hannibal passed that way, crossing the Alps. Napoleon also had passed by there on a similar errand. The wine was thick, golden, glutinous, and perfumed—like an enchanted hair oil. One understood why the ancients used to dilute it with sea-water.

On our return we all had to be

medically examined. The Military Authority had heard that every inhabitant of that city suffered from a syphilis that was to them innocuous but that was extraordinarily malignant to anyone else. It was said to be an inheritance from Napoleon or, in the alternative, from Hannibal. The Military Authority had neglected to inform us of the fact before we started.

"Courage, Montebello!" That was sixteen years ago. The gatherings from the Continents on these shores seemed tremendous in those days. We discussed ceaselessly movements of troops from Europe, Asia, Africa, America—in the shape of Canadians—and from Oceania. Troops like chain-caterpillars seemed to be converging upon you, engrossed from every quarter of the Universe. Or so nearly upon you as made no difference. As if you had been the Magnetic Pole of their determinations, the Magnetic being a little distant from the True.

To-day all that bother seems negligible in those sunlights. You have stopped talking about it; you have stopped thinking about it. You sit in the shadows of deep verandahs on the foothills of the *hinterland*. And, with the Duc de Sabran-Guenevere, Polehampton, Mr. Anatto, Mr. McPigie, Baron Alfred von Schwarzhelmstein and others, all de-gilded but once luminous, you discuss the movement of gold. You agree that if you were in the Higher Commands from which those movements are directed things would be very different. From all around you columns of gold are moving like blind maggots in a universe that is cheese. You ought to be at the Magnetic Pole on which they converge. But God knows you aren't. Perhaps even God does not know where that Pole is. Perhaps even those whom He made most markedly in His Own image do not know. I mean those who sit in

Wall Street and Frankfort. That Magnetic Pole is perhaps now situate at the bottom of the Bottomless Pit.

At any rate there you sit. You all confess that you have a little gold. Only a very little. A few hundred, a few thousand, a few hundred thousand—dollars, reichsmarks, francs, groschen, lire. You once had more than that in pounds sterling. But at the dictates of patriotism, the advice of the great Mr. Nackenschmidt, or because of some hunch you divested yourself of some of it—of most of it—in favor of stocks now quoted at $3\frac{3}{8}$ —passed dividend. Or no longer quoted at all. . . . *Courage, Montebello!*

The discussion continues interminably. You close your eyes in your deep chair. The islands of Lérins are pink heaps on the distant incredible blue. You have a vacant moment. The voices fade. More of the beautiful de-gilded glide across the crazy-paving or out of boscages. Through your doze you hear, a little blurredly:

"Otto says the Wall Street Blank group have decided to buy England . . . Yes, to finance it. No . . . Yes . . . Sick of our Conti . . ."

The mind misses a beat.

III

I was dozing in the background of such a conversation the other day. There came into my head the opening of the "Vision of Piers Plowman"—lines running as far as I can remember:

In a summer season
When soft was the weather
I got me into sheep-shrouds,
In habit as an eremite
Holy of living. . . .

It goes on to its vision of Heaven that culminates triumphantly:

"There the poor dare plead!"

That little bundle of lines accom-

panied me as a perpetual undercurrent right across the Côte d'Azur—which begins in Hyères, at the doors of Toulon, and right across the Italian Riviera, from Vintimiglia past San Remo, Bordighera, to Rapallo, where Mr. Pound sits enthroned over his cosmopolitan-transatlantic-expatriate court. A melody may be in the undercurrent of your thought for days on end. All that time "In a summer season" and "There the poor dare plead" accompanied me like a tune.

It was not such an arbitrary selection of the subliminal mind. All along that Mediterranean trip there is a summer season. And there the poor may plead. You meet there the amazingly poor. You may be the amazingly poor yourself, but you hardly need to plead. You might possess nothing but a skin that will brown, the thinnest white covering for your torso and thighs, and no more sous, groschen, nickels, or francs than you can hold in your right hand. But you can browbeat the lordliest archangel at the door of any palace. Probably the poorest creature—the most penniless class—in the world at the moment is the German youth who has just passed his university examinations. He has no chance of a job in which his erudition will help. If he is Prince Charming with the gifts of Fortunatus, he may soon be sweeping a street in Aschaffenburg. Otherwise nothing. No future. No outlet.

But, frank, engaging, well-bred, bronzed high yaller, in ten-franc sweater and fifteen-franc swimming pants, there he is in thousands on the Italian Riviera, in hundreds on the Côte d'Azur. His parents will have dug up a couple of golden twenty-mark pieces from under the damson tree by the well in the backyard. He has been sweating over *Philologie* for interminable years: he has before him nothing but the streets to sweep—or

just nothing. For centuries the German parent has regarded these shores as a place where the poor can—do something or other. For centuries they have been the poor. So the nice, overworked boys without futures get the two gold twenty-mark pieces and off to the *Land wo die Citronen blühen*. Arrived there they frankly confront Cerberus on his marble steps. "Your palace rooms," they say, "are empty. Spiders spin in your cupboards. Your cold-stored *rosbif* has been in your refrigerators since Christmas '29. Your cash-registers have not clicked this year. We will at least clear the spiders from your closets and the *rosbif* from your larders." So they get board-lodging for a daily seventy-five cents, for half a dollar, for a quarter plus tax and ten per cent service. Cerberus weeps into his black, buffalo-horn mustache. But he should not have come where the poor dare bluster.

Anyone can do it. It is only that the Germans have got in first on the Italian side of the border. There you hear more German than anything else. On the Côte d'Azur you hear more English—and it is less like heaven. As you leave Juan les Pins sitting beside your driving host your kind hostess will lean over from behind and say:

"Go slow through Golfe Juan. You are sure to run over a drunken millionaire." The poor can plead even there, but Cerberus is more likely to sock them one. I can still hear the contempt in the voice of a head waiter. It was a broiling afternoon outside the Bar where in Cannes everyone meets. None of my party would take anything but iced tea—at forty cents the glass.

"*Seulement thé glacé?*" asked the waiter, and there was a good deal of the old Wet Cerberus in his voice. Or it may have been despair.

But there is very little of that spirit left in that territory. Only once in the

course of an amazingly cheap lounge across it did we come on even the semblance of an attempt to overreach or overcharge us. That was tragic. There is a place in Mentone where I have eaten well for years. It is under arcades, the sort of place where the local judges, notaries, military and naval officers and farmers from the surrounding districts eat habitually.

It was again very hot indeed. We had for two—lobster with mayonnaise against eggs and bacon; *tomates provençales*; ices. The bill presented to us was for two dollars fifty. Seventy-five cents would have been exorbitant. The lobster had been stale. Not putrescent but like yesterday's daily paper. My eggs and bacon had been unnoticeable. But the masterpiece had been the *provençale* tomatoes. There were three half tomatoes each the size and thickness of a silver dollar; they were tepid and—oh, sin unspeakable!—they were completely without garlic. For these the charge was forty cents. The retail price of tomatoes in the market round the corner was three cents a pound. There cannot have been two ounces of tomatoes on our two plates. The ices were tepid bill-sticker's paste sweetened with diluted glucose. The wine was half a bottle of the thinnest Vouvray I have ever imagined, the price demanded for this liquid was sixty cents. The price given on the menu was fourteen. The waiter who looked as if he had come out of a feather bed in Springfield, Illinois, and whose accent suggested the same origin had insisted on talking to me in English. Perhaps in that city they have not heard of the Crisis. They certainly had not in Mentone. I spoke mildly, sorrowfully and in a low voice to the alarmed hostess. I pointed out that I could supply her with tomatoes of my own growing at two cents a pound, that the price charged for the wine was more

than four times that stated on the menu, that no human being could swallow a mouthful of one of her ices. She amended the bill. She said she had not noticed the price of the wine on the menu. She omitted to comment on the tomatoes but reduced the charge from ten francs to three; she charged nothing at all for the ices. The final total read \$1.40 instead of \$2.50. . . . If you wish to object to items on your bill in those neighborhoods you should do so very, very sorrowfully. It is also a good thing to stroll through the local market before eating.

That, as I have said, was the solitary instance of overcharging that I came on between the gates of Toulon and Rapallo and back. Mr. Mussolini seems to have made the Italians almost painfully modest in charges and accurate in their reckonings. At any rate they are all that. Or perhaps it is the Crisis.

When the pound fell from glory all the establishments along these coasts announced that they were reducing their prices pro rata. One regarded the announcement with skepticism. But it is true enough except in Monte Carlo and Mentone. For that there are reasons. Monte Carlo has been lately made over financially. Mentone has no summer season and resembles Pompeii in its deathly calm.

But over all the rest of the region broods the spirit of the day. Perhaps the inhabitants tremble for their morrow; perhaps—and I had frequently that feeling—they are really sorry for you. . . . I had in Monte Carlo a curious confirmation of that hypothesis. I had gone to get a shave in an establishment where I had been shaved often enough in the past. It was always moldy, august, expensive. Grand dukes used to be shaved by its barbers, and their major domos. That evening it was almost ghostly, and the only barber left was an aged Mone-

gasque who looked like a scoundrel of no mean water. As he shaved me he discoursed on the faded glories of Monte Carlo, and my eyes ran over the price of tonsorial operations there practiced. It was a curious document. There was no reason why the prices should not be high. Monte Carlo is Monte Carlo, and that place was still patronized by royalty that was not ex-royalty. But the printed prices were rather low—lower than they would be in a good-to-middling Paris establishment. But written all around the printed figures, in a minute hand, in English, were all sorts of stipulations. If you did not buy something expensive as well as having a shave, the price for the shave would be the same as if you had bought something expensive. Stipulations like that.

That aged barber discoursed: Monte Carlo was not what it was in the days of M. Louis Blanc. Then it had been suave, opulent, tranquil—and generous. You were more like a guest than a client. There had been no limit to the accommodations the Casino held out to you as long as you dressed for dinner and played afterwards. The greatest of the world came there and deported themselves as if they were in their own palaces. In those days you were proud to be Monegasque. You felt as if you were the host of the universe. Now . . .

The great M. Louis Blanc had been ejected. God knew what kind of a syndicate had its claws on the place. His Serenest Highness had visited New York shortly after the change. They said he had sold his principality to the Brooklyn Jews. That was perhaps a libel on those gentlemen. When he had lived in Brookiyn and worked in Manhattan that barber had always found the local Jews very free with their spondulicks. They called them spondulicks then.

At any rate if you went into the

Casino now and looked at a sheet of paper as if you wanted to write a letter they charged you six cents! . . . He imagined M. Blanc turning in his grave. And they had cloakrooms, and flunkys charged on you from every side and begged for tips. Men in plus fours were allowed at the table and women without make-up. He did not imagine anyone would try to get into the private rooms in morning dress. But he knew that directions had been given that if anyone tried he was to be admitted but asked not to do it again. Imagine such a horror! What wonder that the Principality was on the brink of a revolution! . . . He went on for a long time in that mournful strain.

He charged me five cents for his tonsorior services. When I indicated the elevated but not unreasonable charges on the tariff behind him he waved his hand mournfully. He said that that was the new way. For himself he charged the old clients of the old days the old pre-war charges. Besides, he said, my lordship had to remember that he was aware that a Crisis existed in the world. He was well aware of our impoverished circumstances. He wished us to consider that at least amongst the Monegasque revolutionists there existed the old spirit. If political changes were there brewing it was because the Monegasque desired once more to become the hosts of the Universe, the defenders of a sacrosanct costume, the destroyers of the skyscraper called a Sports Club that had destroyed the symmetry of their famous gardens, the heralds of a good day when Crises should be no more.

IV

The eruditions necessary to pleasure on these coasts are mostly material. There are very few memorable castles, churches, ruins. Except for the arena at Fréjus, Roman, Greek, or Phœnician

remains are mostly in fragments. What churches there are appeal only to lovers of the baroque. The only pictures in the region are of the naïf-primitive order—votive offerings to saints who have saved the pious donors from destruction. Notre Dame de Laghet has a famous place of pilgrimage. She saves you from every kind of carriage accident. The walls of her church are completely papered with little votive pictures. Men fall beneath the feet of white plow-oxen and are in danger of being plowed into the ground. Our Lady of Laghet appears in a lozenge of celestial light in one corner of the sky. Coaches and eight are plunging over the sides of the precipitous roads that are now the Corniches. Again Our Lady appears in her celestial lozenge. . . . The endangered ones must have been saved or they could not have had those simple pictures painted and given to the shrines. In any case those simple pictures—and similar ones adorn every church of this neighborhood!—those simple pictures have very powerfully influenced the art of to-day. You must go to them if you want to see how the unspoilt eye really sees. They have grown in these quiet places as the grass grows. . . . When we were in the line, and our eyes had grown so tired with rifle-firing that the objective swam before us, we were told to look down at the green grass. In a few minutes we could see again. So modern art has refreshed itself at these shrines. But I have never seen an offering from Les Fauves to Notre Dame des Laghets. Perhaps had there been some the New York picture market would better have withstood the Crisis.

Laghet, however, is in the precipitous Hinterlands with which I am not concerned. The shores are unpaintable—the smiling, merciless sea, the smiling un pitying beaches. I re-

member the despair of a rather good German artist of the date and school of Whistler in London. He had come down to paint the land where the lemon trees bloom. He returned within the week to London. He said there was, emphatically nothing doing. He said that if you took the blue top of a tin of salmon and emptied some of the salmon across the tin-top you would have the Mediterranean landscape. There is some truth in that.

Literature and music pullulate here—but it is literature and music only of a sort. The Anglo-Saxon novelist of enormous popularity places his scenario in the Palace Hotels, or the terraces of Monte Carlo. In return, every other monticule of the foothills behind Cannes is crowned with the marble villa of a millionaire novelist. And music peals from every alley and every corner of the towns and shores. You pass from the voice of the tenore-robusto at la Scala in Milan to the performance of the balalaika champion of Warsaw. In less than a second you are overwhelmed with the voice of Herr Hitler from Munich simultaneously with the strains of the Fascist leader's brass band from the Coliseum in Rome. And Marius of Marseilles chants continuously of "*L'Amour. r.r.r.*" . . . It is not disagreeable to pass swiftly through these tintinnabulating twilights.

What is singular is that there is no jazz. None! I sat for a whole evening listening to the little orchestra of the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo—the orchestra that has reflected public taste unflinching from the days of "Tararara-boomdeey" and long before. There were waltzes from Vienna and Paris, fandangos from Barcelona, tangos from Madrid, Russian love-songs, the *czardas*, the mazureka, the cotillon even—and endless lyric waltzes about "*L'Amour.r.r.r.*" But of Congo or Mississippi syncopations not one. It

is perhaps because the Crisis has deprived the Anglo Saxon of the power to foot the bill and so to call the tune. In any case these shores that in the past have thrown off so many African yokes between the days of Hannibal and those of the Beys of Algiers have once more asserted their age-long prerogative. To know Heaven here—and it will not be Nigger Heaven—we must furbish up our forgotten waltz-steps and glide with the rapture of the 1820's.

I wish these shores could achieve another Anglo-Saxon expulsion. For that is real tragedy. It is not possible to eat a digestible or well cooked, or balanced meal in all this stretch of country—unless you have a real erudition and order your meals long before. I have no more horrifying memory in my poor brain than that of a meal we failed to eat in one of the most famous restaurants of New York or London. (The restaurant is not in either of those cities but its fame is.) The soup was faintly salted bill-sticker's paste. The fish was turbot boiled in water and accompanied with bill-sticker's paste faintly greasy with salt butter. The entrée was fragments of calf hardly tepid and covered with bill-sticker's paste completely unflavored by completely flavorless slips of ectoplasm called mushrooms, and the dessert was a *crème caramel* made of bill-sticker's paste stiffened with cellulose and colored by coffee-grounds. . . . And the subsequent indigestion! That at least had all the proper ingredients.

That is the lamentable gift of two-headed Anglo Saxondom to the world. It does not matter where you go on these invaded shores. The menu is invariably the same: thin de-flavored potage; a slab of fish from the Atlantic, boiled in water and accompanied by tepid flour and water faintly greased with butter; a slice of beef as thin as a boot-sole, half raw and tepid; and

any tepid jellied glucose-product called indifferently an ice-cream or a caramel or a cabinet pudding. In Cannes, in Nice, in Monte Carlo, in Mentone, in San Remo, in Bordighera, in Alassio, in Savona, in Genoa of the marble palaces and in Rapallo that is what you are invariably offered. Even in Ventimiglia, where we were delayed by the Customs and had to lunch, the waiter with his Bronx accent smiled ingratiatingly and said, "We will cook-a you a nice-a leetle slice-a of bleedin' bif! Especialmente."

We did not eat what we were offered. . . . We had seen enough in New York and London and Poughkeepsie and Camden Town and Fall River of the lanthorn-jawed dyspeptics who fill themselves with that dull roughage. You cannot flourish or think or paint pictures or solve Crises when one of the most active of your organs is blue-lawed into a perpetual New England Sunday. So we got out of one cook in Rapallo a remarkable cutlet *Bolognese*—veal decorated with a slice of ham and a slice of toasted cheese and chilis and string beans; and out of another an ineffable *Milanèse*.

With erudition you too can do it—and a knowledge of the back streets. For in the back streets are the establishments where officers and functionaries eat. These shores were never famous for their cooks or their foods, though the Mediterranean has priceless fish. But save for *bouillabaisse*, *soupe de poissons*, and *aioli*—which is a mayonnaise impregnated with more garlic than you have ever imagined—there are few dishes native to these shores and remarkable. But the official classes, Italian and French, and the farmers on market days see to it that they get thrillingly fed—and inexpensively. Of unordered meals I will cite one eaten at the "Boeuf à la Mode," in a back street in Nice. Here I ate almost daily ten years ago at a

cost of twelve francs. It now costs ten—forty cents. The menu was very extensive. We chose as hors d'œuvres *Salade Niçoise* and *Aubergines à la Turque*; for fish, gray mullet—not red—grilled, with a wine and mustard sauce; *poulet chasseur*; fruit and ices. Except for the ices every thing in that menu was first-class cooking. And French first-class cooking. Of previously ordered menus these two were notable: At the more expensive Restaurant Français in the corner of the Place Masséna that is farthest from Anglo-Saxon tourism: For hors d'œuvres, *jambon de Parme*, for *pièce de résistance* a *loup poché* with *aioli*. I do not know the English for *loup*; perhaps there is none. It is the pride of the Mediterranean and the fishy ambrosia of the gourmet. It is rather expensive, in appearance a cross between a carp and a John Dorey, in consistency and flavor a cross between a carp and a sea-trout, but with none of the muddy sub-taste that distinguishes the best of freshwater-fish. Our specimen was the best I have ever eaten. It cost us—for two—with the *aioli*, \$1.40. The *aioli* was magnificent; we did not dance with lay partners for three days after eating it. Our last dish was *pêches Melba*: perfect peaches on a bed of whipped fresh cream, frozen stiff and dashed with a little red-currant syrup and the merest suspicion of maraschino. The bill for all this was \$2.96. This included a bottle of *Bellet*, an admirable white wine that is the *vin du pays* of the mountains behind Nice.

In a back street of Monte Carlo, as far from Anglo Saxons as you can get in a principality that is no broader than a pocket-handkerchief, we ate—having ordered beforehand—eggs *en gelée* flavored with taragon; soles *meunière* with *pommes à l'Anglaise* and a truly masterly soufflet, lighter than down and just touched with kirsch. This was an admirable and delicate meal.

The price, including a half bottle of Riesling, a half bottle of Vichy, coffee, and cover-charges for two, and luxury tax, was \$2.44. In each of the cases given the proprietor promised me that he would not charge Americans anything higher pro rata for his specialities. A lay partner by the bye is one who has not eaten *aioli* for three days previous to your dancing with him or her.

The joys and the costs of these shores are, as they always were, regional. The tax-collectors are ubiquitous as they were in the days of the Greeks, the Phoenicians, and the Romans. In the same way, as in those days, every monticule behind the narrow strip of littoral is crowned with an agreeable villa, having shady and brilliant-flowered gardens. Forty per cent of the owners have titles, usually British, on the Côte d'Azur. Sixty per cent are *vedettes*—of the stage, the films, the salons, the railway book-stalls, the opera, of beauty-parlors, of Wall Street, of the Wheat Pit. All these are momentarily de-gilded.

On the shores, the surf of bathers is so thick, and in certain narrow streets drunken millionaires are so plentiful that swift motion whether in automobiles or speed-boats is to be deprecated. In between, somewhere, are the natives, the farmers, wine-growers, market-women, lace-makers, naval and military officers, and the world of functionaries—these being eternal and watching the ever-dying, daily restored tides of ephemerides. To get the best out of the sunlight, the sea, the islands, and the vine-covered foot-hills it is, therefore, best, as I have said, to have a local erudition of sorts—to know a little of the languages, to be on a second or third visit, or to have local friends. Above all, one should forget where one has come from. If you ask for grapefruit or New England vegetable-plate in a hotel "of the first order" in Mentone in August you will

get them. But you will have to pay a great deal, because the coarser greens will not grow in August, and the grapefruit which is here indigenous is disliked and regarded as a weed. It is as if one should ask for sumach berries in Atlantic City in March. But if in the spring in our market you ask for *pamplemousses* you will get three grapefruit for two cents. . . .

And if one suspects here that one is being overcharged one should point with one's index-finger nail to the questionable item on the bill and very, very sorrowfully one should raise one's eyebrows, saying nothing. Then, if your suspicion is correct you will see flushes of shame on brazen cheeks. It is thus that the wise poor—and Croesus' self—here best plead.

As a last resort you may say slowly: "The Flatiron, thank you, is where it was."

For every waiter silent behind your chair, every maître d'hôtel behind his buffalo-horn mustache, every hotel manager, eighty per cent of Italian railway porters, peasants, and mule-teers, and fifty per cent of chamber-maids in hotels and private palazzi are dying—but too shamefaced, to say:

"Well, and *how* is the Flatiron?"

I was lately walking in the hills above Florence. A sun-dried peasant, wearing a brigand's fleece, a gourd bound round his waist by a thong, a forty-year-old Stetson and a four-hundred-year-old shepherd's crook, put his head over a stone wall and, beneath baked olive trees, asked that question. They are not anxious to know about any other, higher, building, or the fate of the 18th Amendment, the price of United States Steel, or the tombs of Sacco and Vanzetti. Just that one edifice has captured the imagination of the regions that produced the Forum Romanum, the Colosseum, the Campanile of Venice, *aioli* . . . and the uniform worn by the *fascisti*.



LO, THE POOR INTROVERT

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

WHO is that frightened biped, teetering unsteadily forward on a tightrope over Niagara Falls, trying to keep two balls in the air as he goes? He is you . . . me . . . our poor race, born with single-track minds into the traffic tangle of the world. We human beings piteously crave black-and-white problems where one side is right and the other side wrong. But here we are thrust into a world where both sides are right and both sides wrong! We want stability more than anything else, and we'd like to get it by leaning our whole weight on something solid. But stability is to be had in this world only by achieving some sort of balance between two opposing pulls. And this means that, no matter to which side humanity is leaning at any given moment, the only wise and helpful advice to give it is to try to lean towards the opposite direction.

But is not such advice—like most wise counsels—a waste of breath? Has not humanity always ignored the excellent advice of philosophers, preachers, magazine-writers and gone on leaning farther and farther to one side, until even the majority could not help seeing that in another instant all would be lost and, with a convulsive reflex of panic, righted themselves and begun assiduously to lean just as much too far the other way?

During what are now called the Dark Ages suppose that someone had protested against the extent to which in-

ward-looking was being carried? Suppose that some sensible man had seen that many of the people in hair-shirts trying to starve themselves into seeing visions were on the wrong track? Would he have been listened to if he had said that men with restless, inquiring minds do not belong in hermits' cells any more than race horses belong in an aquarium? If he had tried to persuade a man with a genial liking for his fellows and a native gift for bringing out the best in them that he was out of place in a monastic order where solitary meditation is the rule, would his advice have been followed? Would he have been able to prevent even one loving mother from forcing her practical, energetic little boy to lead a caricature of the contemplative life? Would it have diminished even by one turn of the screw the pressure of public opinion remorselessly clamping valuable human personalities into molds which broke but could not shape them? Would it, do you suppose, have saved even one naturally extravert mind from the miserable hamstringing hypocrisy of trying to appear an introvert? Probably not. But nowadays we pride ourselves on our tolerance. Might not a word of protest help to loosen the remorselessness of the clamps now in favor? I wonder. It might—who knows—loosen the screws by one turn.

For it is apparent of course that a tidal wave is now sweeping around the globe in the opposite direction from

that of the Dark Ages. In Soviet Russia we see it rising to Bay-of-Fundy violence. Less visibly, less dramatically, but none the less irresistibly it is flooding up into every one of our small local and personal inlets, homes, schools, playgrounds, teachers' conventions, Rotary Clubs, committee meetings, churches. Everybody is carried along by it, young, old, mothers, fathers, educators, not to the wisely chosen destinations to which they think they are purposefully paddling their little crafts, but to the same sort of fatally one-sided excess which seems to us so incredible in the past. Open any popular treatise on the psychology of daily life (the modern equivalent of the "Stepping Heavenward" books, or the "Lives of the Saints," or the "Family Physician"), and you will find listed as a dangerous symptom any liking in young or old to be occasionally alone and physically passive; as passive and idle, for example, as a certain seventeenth-century boy loafing under a tree from which presently a historic apple fell plump into the middle of his mind, widened to receptivity by silence and solitude.

Does a little tot on a playground sit down quietly by himself; there may be now a few, a very few ultra "progressive" schools where he is left in peace. But in almost all the others, the playground director, imagining perversities Freud never knew, runs up with, "Come along, Buster! Don't mope in a corner. Be a good mixer!" Snap goes the tiny thread of thought; for Buster, like nine children out of ten, is helpless clay under the kneading and shaping of the older generation. Back he goes out of his morbid isolation into the milling pack, into the normality of group activity, perhaps to a wholesome healthy-minded mimic battle of bootlegger and hijacker.

Often enough such treatment is needed. I do not deny it. Vacant

little blue eyes are frequently fixed on anything but trailing clouds of glory; active play is the safest of safety-valves for blowing off high-pressure exaggerated ideas and emotions. Yet something is wrong with the skillful yank given to the little boy by that well-trained playground director. Did she haul Buster back from dreamland because it was the best thing for him? No, she did not consider him at all, though if anybody had objected, she could have brought out plenty of catch phrases from her classroom notebooks to show that she had. (Only she never needs to, because nobody dreams of objecting.) What happened was this: bowed herself by the wind of prevailing fashion to the correct, active, group-minded angle, and looking around her to make sure that all her young charges were also correct, she perceived Buster's nonconforming little figure shockingly bent over in the opposite direction. Not because it was a good thing for him, but because it was a good thing for sacred conformity, she hastened to bend him right.

She was glowing with the same certainty of acting for the child's best interests that was felt in the Dark Ages by preceptors of the young who hushed up any signs of a dangerous questioning spirit, any impulse to improve the material present world, anything and everything except concentration on the getting into the desirable one of the two Hereafters. The same pleasant certainty of duty done must also have warmed the heart of the Roman adult of the good old "truly Roman" period who repressed in sensitive, imaginative little boys any tendency to preoccupation with the life of the spirit rather than with conquering lesser breeds of men abroad and putting over successful political deals at home. Each one of those educators, so different from one another, is entirely justified on the time-honored theory

that a teacher's duty is to carry on the world as he finds it, to bring up the young as nearly as possible in the image of the past, and thus perpetuate unaltered the fine crystalline Kultur of the good old status quo.

Only it never is perpetuated unaltered. Once in so often it turns a complete somersault. Queer, with all the devoted efforts of each older generation to keep it unchanged! In our school history books the four centuries after the definite Fall of the Roman Empire are a sort of bog in which—let us confess it—most of us sink into the mud of ignorance, scrambling out into the air only when the substantial figure of Charlemagne heaves in sight. Why is that period harder than another for us to remember? There are as many memorizable dates and battles and jumbled-up history-book doings in it as in any other. Isn't it because the real event of those centuries was something that took place invisibly under the surface—a long obscure revolution in point of view? In that period European humanity stopped leaning to one side of its tightrope and, in a panic at having nearly fallen off, began to lean with all its might to the other side. On the mistaken principle, so firmly held by our deluded race, that if some is good, more is better, the leaning went, century after century, farther and farther towards what we now call (I know it is inaccurate jargon but you know what I mean) the introvert view of life, and away from the extravert which had been in style during the Roman period. Then came the inevitable realization, first by a minority and then by the majority, that the leaning to one side had again gone so far that only by another convulsive effort could we avoid falling off our tightrope. The Renaissance and the French Revolution are the names we give to the most dramatic episodes in that effort to right ourselves.

And now we are in the full enthusiasm of what might be called leaning to the Left rather than to the Right. Or were yesterday. When the electrician manipulating the spotlight in a theater slips a piece of the blue glass over the lens everybody on the stage is bathed in blue, no matter what the color of his skin. At present the light in which we are all bathed is red—a cheerful lively color, though a trifle monotonous when it is the only one. As it is. For it now floods every corner of the literate world. Our conscientious playground director certainly shares the reprobation felt by everybody at her boarding-house for the ideals of Soviet Russia. You would pain her—and to no purpose for she wouldn't believe a word you said—if you told her that in pouncing on Buster for being passive and solitary rather than active and group-minded she is proving that she is dyed to her bones with the contemporary philosophy of life which she holds in common with Stalin. She would inform you that you did not know what you were talking about if you told her that she is skillfully marshalling the American children under her care, *left!* right! *left!* right! along the road filled by Soviet marchers, all the throng guided by a boldly printed signpost, reading, "To the Completely Extravert Life."

II

Till very recently few people doubted that that road was—at long last—the right one. We had found it, lying broad and unmistakable before us. Other generations had wandered back and forth across it, but our feet were set firmly on it. Ours is an extravert civilization. Ergo, an extravert civilization is the right kind to have.

I say that ours is an extravert civilization and by "our" I do not mean American. We have fallen into the habit of thinking of mass production,

mass welfare work, mass government, co-operation, good-fellowship, and widespread material comfort as our special contribution to the world's history. Our sense of proprietorship has been helped by the scoldings of visiting Europeans (generally out of sympathy with the majority at home) who have held us up as the authors of all that they disliked in the modern world. But if we look at what has been going on in Europe during the last half-century we see that they have been pushing us very hard in the same race, and that our seeming leadership has resulted chiefly from our having bigger numbers, wider territory within national boundaries, and fewer hampering prejudices from the past. But the goal has been the same. Occasionally (as in some of the cartels, in city government, for instance) Western Europe has sprinted out in front. We still have most bathtubs per capita, most miles of concrete roads, the most thorough averaging of individuality into broad mass effort.

But recently events have perceptibly slowed up the enthusiastic speed with which in English-speaking countries we were flinging ourselves forward over this road. Soviet Russia, still behind us in performance, has gone ahead of us in theory and, with disagreeable clarity, has written out the logical definition of a completely extravert life: that mass effort is human duty and all there is to human duty; that every part of every person's life without reservation belongs to the State (which is everybody working together for the common good); that individuality is, first, nonsense, a contradiction in terms, because the individual does not exist save as a member of a group; and second, treason to an ideal.

Now all the people living under what is called the Anglo-Saxon influence feel a chill of doubt when an ideal of theirs is clearly and articulately stated.

Being an Anglo Saxon myself, I feel that this quality so mocked by logical Latins and Slavs has a cosmic value of which they do not dream and provides a method by which danger is glimpsed and avoided when blurring out the truth might frighten us into falling off our tightrope into the abyss. If you will allow a violent change of metaphor (well, to be honest, whether you allow it or not), I'd like to say that while all human beings, viewed from the perspective of history, look remarkably like the migrating lemmings of Norway, periodically seized by a tragic wanderlust that leads them into the ocean, if you examine them a little more closely you will notice that when the sound of breakers ahead begins to be audible the Anglo Saxons hesitate and shuffle their feet uneasily, instead of continuing to advance. I do not claim that this cautious role is a heroic or picturesque one. On the contrary it is probably due to prosaic, stuffy racial qualities. I merely point out that Slav and Latin lemmings may shout in exhilaration when they see their watery goal heaving and glittering before them, and plunge forward all the more heroically along the road laid out for them by logic, but that those of the human lemmings who speak English are rather given to guessing that something more serious than wet feet will happen to them if they proceed, and are apt to draw up beside the road in a crowd which is untidy, disorganized, and bewildered—but on dry land.

My purpose in writing this article will perhaps be clear if I say that I consider myself one English-speaking lemming calling out anxiously to others in the hurrying throng, "Don't you hear a noise like waves breaking on a cliff? I know, yes, I know! The road's laid out according to the latest rules. But I haven't any life-preserver. Nor you either. What do you say about working our way to the side to see if we can't

find a path that looks as though it led somewhere else?"

Since keeping in step with our fellows is almost as necessary to us as eating, it takes more heroism than an ordinary person can muster to tear himself away from any crowd marching shoulder to shoulder, no matter where it is going. And I am an ordinary person. Perhaps I am doing no more than trying to locate some others with whom I can be in step. But even if I find them, it is not going to be easy for me, who am a natural extravert, to resist the contagion of the extravert creed, because there is in it (as in all creeds of course or they would not be creeds) so much truth. As most people go, most of the time, the extravert attitude is the one that works best.

What is that attitude? We mean by an extravert—do we not?—a person responsive mostly to stimuli from outside himself, concerned mostly with his relations to his fellow-men and with mastering with their help his material surroundings. Of course, by and large, that is the kind of person who survives and helps the race to continue living on a globe that has by no means any friendly interest in our survival. More than this, the extravert habits of group-activity are not only practically useful to the race but provide most of our satisfactions. As a rule, from the cave age down to the present, the human being who is actively "doing something" in company with others feels happier and more secure, is quieter in his mind, and hence in better health than the solitary brooding one. One gets tired of hearing the human race called herd animals. But this phrase is no less true because it is threadbare. The extravert ideal suits most of them most of the time. And though we have destroyed saber-toothed tigers and some other material difficulties, there is plenty left for extraverts to do. Society still needs organizing, waste

places cry out for taming. We lag tragically behind our social dreams. We are still pioneers. We still need countless organizers and co-workers to man the ramparts of civilization.

To respond quickly, adequately, and masterfully to external stimuli, to arrange social relations intelligently and well—this is the herd ideal, this is the extravert way of life. It explains humanity pretty well. But consider what has been done by modern life in the matter of multiplying "external stimuli." The simple stationary routine of older times was lived always against the same landscape with the same group of well-known familiars. The slow wheeling of the seasons was the most marked change in outward circumstances. Under such conditions to be responsive to external stimuli presumably just kept a man's wits from wool-gathering. But now, with all of us coming and going everywhere and back all the time, associating for an instant or two with one set of people and darting on to another, the material background of life shifts around us all like a rapidly shaken kaleidoscope. The genuine extravert trying in these conditions to live up to the traditions of his temperament is brother to the chameleon tethered on the Scotch plaid shawl.

Then take that other life-work, beloved by extraverts, the arranging of social relations. To get them somewhere near right is a noble ideal. The only trouble with it is that it is not big enough. Part of humanity refuses to stay tucked up under its comfortable bedclothes. I do not refer only to the occasional personalities who are, so to speak, professionally non-extravert, the occasional poets and saints, and artists and dreamers and musicians. I make bold to say that some part of every one of us rebels against customs and conformity and cannot be satisfied with strictly social ideals, even the

finest. Every one of us is troubled by dreams of abstract perfections beyond our power to realize, by moral codes from which our flesh recoils, towards which something in us that is not flesh yearns and aspires. A strict adherence to the orthodox theory of life now prevailing starves and smothers not only the occasional artistic or poetic or religious individual in whom introvert non-social tendencies are embodied, but also the poet or artist who would like to live in a corner of every human heart. The playground director may have been right in thinking that Buster, dreaming back there on the playground, was only a little lazy extravert. But on the other hand the truth may be that the child was moved at that moment to let a little light and air into the poet's corner of his personality. Perhaps all that was done by the young woman set by society to mold him was to slam shut the door of that corner and turn the key in the lock. She is not to blame. She was only doing her best to be virtuous and to make others virtuous according to the creed that is orthodox to-day and that has confounded in its anathema non-social with anti-social qualities.

Orthodoxy of all kinds in every period and place where it was powerful enough to do as it pleased has driven to madness or frustration valuable human beings whose personalities did not fit the prevailing style. Anybody can see this when he is not looking at his own orthodoxy. Any modern can tell you glibly about the frightful and unnecessary suffering inflicted on many normal, healthful people by the tyranny of the ascetic, solitary, inward-turned ideals of the Middle Ages. Just you try to tell him in return that acute and unnecessary suffering is now being inflicted on many normal and healthful human beings by the tyranny of the present idolatry of incessant, purposeful activity in groups, and he will in-

stantly bring out the finest brand of hundred per cent pure Inquisitional conviction of righteousness as he says, "Oh, but don't you see, such people aren't normal. For their own good, they ought to be taught how to get their satisfactions in activity and in activity shared with others. All we are trying to do is to set them on the right road." If you try to show him how close the parallel is between his attachment to the accepted orthodoxy of to-day and that of the past to its prevailing ideals, you will just get called a bourgeois for your pains. This is the awful modern equivalent (borrowed from Russia) of the awful medieval statement that if you did not mend your ways you would go to hell—a threat now become a mere colorful ejaculation of impatience.

Looking back now, we can scarcely understand why in order to make it possible for St. Francis and his like to live happily the Middle Ages should have thought it necessary to make life a barren torment for Roger Bacon and his like. What did those ages think would be the harm in letting both varieties of human beings develop freely into their own kind of beauty, power, and usefulness? The answer to that question grins sardonically at us from our modern penalizing of the introvert temperament. How happily do we allow contemplative, impractical saints to live? We do not admit that a free, approved development of the St. Francis temperament would produce beauty, power, and usefulness because we admit as powerful, useful, and beautiful qualities only those which are produced by scientific minds like Roger Bacon's. It's perfectly simple, you see. Or, if we do not go so far as that, we demand, under penalty of social ostracism, that a race horse shall plow his acre every day before running a race, that a personality shall cultivate the social and extravert

virtues first, and then, if it amuses him, add some introvert trimmings. You must have noticed the almost touchingly naïve notice posted up in substance all over Soviet Russia, "Wanted: Original thinkers and creative-minded seers in perfect conformity to our ideas. Large Reward offered to any who can qualify."

III

What is it that keeps an extravert, a well-mannered, practically useful, socially agreeable extravert, from being also a seer and a deep original thinker? Everything! Just everything. Why does not Einstein (our most amiable genius) win bridge prizes and go to dances? The very qualities which make the extravert a marvelous builder of society, an organizer of material problems, and an agreeable member of ordinary society prevent him from looking deeply into the causes and ultimate values of things and do not allow him to become broodingly aware of meanings hidden to the ordinary eye. Of course nobody would claim that a co-operator who is a good mixer or a busy captain of industry can never withdraw into himself and dream superhuman glimpses of abstract truth and beauty. No human being is ever born a pure type. There have been cases when a brooding recluse, blasted from his shell by some dramatic need, rushed out into the busy world, acted, organized, led, and created material order out of material chaos, as an extravert might do.

When we generalize and classify we are merely noting, as it were, the result of an election, with all the diverse elements in a character as candidates for votes. Occasionally the tendency towards outward- or inward-looking wins with a landslide of a majority. More often it is a bare plurality. Character is more fluid than our gener-

alizations about it. But it is a grave error to think it more fluid than it is. There is no such thing as the hundred per cent extravert or the reverse; yet character, malleable enough among the young within certain hereditary limits, crystallizes through habit. The active and the social and the contemplative life cannot be lived equally well by any one person. One or the other atrophies as the years go by. Whatever his little holidays into solitude, the extravert remains a man of the crowd, who fits into the crowd, who likes the crowd and is liked by it, hence is necessarily limited to ideals and satisfactions that are not wholly beyond the crowd. There is nothing discreditable in this. Practical skill and material success are not wrong. The social virtues are fine ones. Most of us are fitted for the extravert attitude. It is the surest recipe by which to concoct an average contented life, useful to other people, satisfactory to oneself. My quarrel with Soviet Russia begins only when they assume that it is also the way to the highest excellence, and with the child psychologists and psychoanalysts only when they assume, as in the great majority of cases they do, that it is the one normal way of life for everybody—in short, only when adherence to group-life, to practical skills, to material success and the social virtues becomes a too powerful religion with a hell of its own.

When an introvert tries to keep out of the extravert way of life, active, practical, socially useful and agreeable, public opinion sends him to that hell. This usually turns him into a crank no matter what his native gifts or talents. And that helps no one. Cranks are dismal objects in any landscape. Especially depressing is what happens to the naturally solitary introvert, for whom the twentieth century provides no approved-of hermit's cell. The multiplicity of contacts

with all sorts of human beings, made inevitable by modern facilities in transportation, are as intolerable to a man of such a temperament as prolonged immersion in an indecently crowded subway train. But since we, the majority, do not mind the usual contacts ourselves, we do not approve of his objection to them, and continue to insist, by tacit pressure of public opinion, that he shall stop being "queer." Some of such tyrannized-over introverts, the ordinary inarticulate ones, driven into a loathing of all humanity, find their only refuge in the insane asylums. Those few who have a gift for self-expression avoid a nervous breakdown by their pleasure in nauseating the rest of us by their Point-Counter-Pointish descriptions of how uncomfortable they are.

It is not impossible that the tiny bulwark of six hundred dollars' inherited income (together with the cranky, crabbed New England tradition of human oddities) saved for us both Emerson and Thoreau, as seers and geniuses rather than as futile embittered cranks. We cannot of course endow all the introverts with even tiny incomes, on the chance (a very small chance, to be honest) that they might turn out geniuses. But we might at no cash cost to us help them to be themselves, and hence much more valuable to everybody, by lightening the general condemnation of them, now almost unanimous. They are not interested in incomes anyhow. Beyond their bare needs, the only use of an income for them is as a shield between them and the disapproval of their fellows, which is for all us herd creatures, even for the lone-minded ones, a grim shadow over the sun. It would be comical indeed for us extraverts to say that "noblesse oblige" requires us to stand up for the rights of introverts. But if you leave off the "noblesse"—much too elegant wear for us plain

homespun Marthas—there can be no doubt that something or other—deceit perhaps—obliges us to lend a helping hand to personalities who are now penalized for possessing qualities of the utmost value to our race. (Yes, I know, they never turned over a hand for us back there in the Middle Ages when the gold medals were being hung on them. But that was their mistake. And anyhow let bygones be bygones.)

And there is one more thing we can do: fight to keep the choice open to our children. Remembering the terrific pressure towards uniformity always exerted by a prevailing creed, we can safely shelter and breathe upon any spark of originality without fear of pampering it. The gang needs no help from parents. Backed up with overwhelming public approval of successful group-activity as the only way of life, it is quite strong enough to rub off all eccentric knobs and corners it has wit enough to recognize. "Aw, the poor sap! He's taking *singing lessons!*" That's the way conformity to their ideal is secured. And to get average results it's a good enough way. In the majority of cases this kind of shaping and molding brings out those middling qualities that are, most likely, the strongest and most useful in the average little boy. But in the case of the unusual child, what tragic folly to allow a psycho-analyst to thrust your little boy or girl out into the gang if you have reason to believe that such rough-and-ready molding to the accepted pattern will leave an unhealed wound, a sense of exile, a burying forever of what is too precious for callous handling.

Of course there is a risk in letting your little boy grow up "different" in any way from all other little boys. Parents are notoriously cowards for their children. We are thrown into a panic by risk of any kind. And it is true that mediocrity is not only the

natural way of life for most of us but the surest safeguard against being hurt by our fellow-men. But for some personalities the effort to be mediocre hurts more even than being trampled under the hoofs of the herd. In moments of insight we suspect that conformity does not always pay even as a matter of earthly profit and loss, that Thoreau was more of a success than the man who kept the grocery store in Concord, and that Beethoven got a great deal more out of life than any of the young Viennese court officials who convulsed their circle with jokes about

the crotchety, shabby, deaf crank of a musician.

Do you remember certain words written on this subject out of his wisdom by one of the most notorious of American cranks?

"Underneath all, individuals!

I swear nothing is good to me now that ignores individuals.

The American compact is altogether with individuals,

The whole theory of the universe is directed to one single individual—namely to *You*."

NINETEEN

BY SARAH GARRARD COMLY

HOWEVER much I may have erred in my brief days,
 Whatever anyone has heard of my strange ways,
 I know the meaning and intent of every act,
 Just where I gave too much, and where my senses lacked.
 I may have seen a trifle more than most my age,
 Written more freely on life's roughly textured page;
 But now, with just a scene, a few short acts before
 The curtain swiftly drops upon my first green score,
 I know I've left some songs unsung,
 Forgot a cue, in numb paralysis of fright,
 And left so many things undone—
 Feeling self-conscious in the sudden glaring light,
 Thinking, in rising chills of cold dismay,
 "Perhaps the part's too high for me to play."
 Still, there is left me yet a time of grace
 Sufficient for a struggle to efface
 Some dubious impressions, and at last
 The awkward little drama will be past.



MOTH MILLER

A STORY

BY SELMA ROBINSON

FROM the Associated Press:

A freight train on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad came to a sudden stop early this morning in the Bronx. Members of the crew were mystified until they discovered that the automatic circuit breaker had shut off the power on a high-tension wire overhead. Realizing that something must have come in contact with the wire, they instituted a search . . .

When Camp Livingston shut for the summer, Johnnie Miller and old Frank Hepburn were left to close what remained of a bad season. Less than half the boys of other Livingston years had attended. The Livingstons did not even know whether they would return next year if business continued bad and parents were not rich enough to send their boys to camp. In other seasons there had been a waiting list and the camp had been lively and prosperous.

"Seems to me they had nothing to eat but meat-balls," old Frank said. "Meat-balls is cheap."

"Meat-balls is all right," said Johnnie. "Anything's good when there's enough and you're hungry."

Together they wrapped the mattresses in damp-proof paper. There were nearly one hundred mattresses to be trussed. The iron cots were taken apart and painted with grease to keep them from rusting. They nailed boards across the windows, doused the floors with disinfectant,

scrubbed listlessly. For almost a week this had been going on.

The campus was dead to Johnnie. To old Frank it was quiet for the first time in three months. No more noisy brats getting up to answer a silly bugle at half-past six, no more shouting in the dining hall; that place was bedlam at meal-times, like a lot of young hyenas let loose. But to Johnnie it was flat and dead now. He was cut off and alone.

The campers were his age mostly—two or three years younger, maybe fifteen or sixteen, but they seemed his own age or older. They were smart, always playing tricks on him, sending him to get things like chocolate round-squares and celluloid frying pans. He used to go—it was always hard to tell when they were fooling. Once in a while they'd pull a chair from under him, but it was only in fun. Johnnie did not mind. They were a restive, turbulent lot, ready to slip away at nights, when opportunity offered, on mysterious expeditions of their own.

They had their own pocket-money. Some of their fathers let them have cars. In a year or two they would go to college and get to be big men. But in spite of all that they were real kind. When Johnnie went down to Springfield to get the supplies he would run their errands. They would let him keep the change, no matter what.

"Pretty nice fellows," Johnnie said.

"Real nice. It seems funny, all right, with everybody away."

"Seems better so," old Frank replied. "If I was their father I'd lay them over my knee. Smokin' and drivin' their own machines. Drinkin', too, I'll bet. Finish spreading the lime, carry in the raft from the lake, and I guess we're about through till next summer, if then. Seems to me things was so rotten this year there won't be no next." He laughed without amusement or malice.

Johnnie carried the last pail of suds out and emptied it on the dry, caked ground. All the brown cabins were empty. He knew their tenants so well: Buck Sterns, whose father was a packer; Tom Kraus, who had swell neckties; Tom Gilloon, who had a movie camera; Fred Cohn who was a Jew but looked like Gene Tunney. He could almost see them leaping out of the doorways, pulling on their dark-blue sweaters so as not to be late for reveille. The flag wouldn't rise for nearly a whole year on the flagpole. Maybe not at all, old Frank said.

Old Frank called, "If you're about through mooning around maybe we can go down to the lake."

Johnnie slipped off his pants and shirt and pulled on a pair of trunks. Then he and old Frank went down toward the lake. His sneakers crunched down on pine needles and damp earth. Old Frank smoked and spat.

"What you goin' to do, Johnnie, now that the summer's over?"

Johnnie laughed. "I got plans."

"Goin' down to the A. & P. in Adamsville for a clerk's job?"

"No."

"Better be goin' pretty soon, then, young fellow, for a job is a pretty scarce animal these days."

Johnnie laughed again. "Not me. I got my plans."

Old Frank spat into the lake's shal-

low water. He undid the flat-bottomed rowboat from a tree and got in. Johnnie followed and took up the oars. The water was softly rippled with broken bits of blue where the oars bit into the reflection of the sky. Far on the other side there was a fringe of pines that looked blue against the too blue sky. The water sucked and dripped at the oars and made a soft noise. Frank spat into it again.

"If I was you I'd hitch me a hike over to Adamsville and get set up for the winter. You'll need it this year, boy."

"I'll get along," Johnnie answered gleefully. "Winter don't scare me none."

"Yeah? Someone goin' to leave you a million?"

Johnnie laughed scornfully. "Naw. Goin' make it myself."

Old Frank listened without interest or enthusiasm. He reached over and took the oars from Johnnie.

"You give me them paddles and get busy after the raft. Tie her up to the boat and I'll row back. You can ride back on the raft if you like."

Johnnie dived in and reappeared in a moment. One by one, he unfastened the barrels that supported the raft. Then, when it was loose, he secured it to the rowboat and lay across it while old Frank rowed back to shore. Together they pulled the raft high up on the beach. Johnnie held his arm out to Frank.

"See that," he said, "a leech."

"Throw it back in the water or leave it dry on the raft," said Frank.

"That's what you'd like me to be," Johnnie said eager to speak—"just a water leech stuck to a place like this till I die. Well, sir, not for me."

"No? Well what you goin' to be, boy? A sailor and see the world? They ain't much world left to see, take it from me. Or a traveling salesman with nothing to sell? You just

put your pants on and rustle up to the A. & P. before someone else gets ahead of you. This is goin' to be a long hard winter for a boy that's got no kin or money and not much sense."

Johnnie stripped off his wet suit and wrung it out. His body was long and skinny. His ribs showed through his white flesh. His attenuated legs were angular and unmuscled, and he looked no more than fifteen. It took hold of Frank to look at him.

Johnnie dressed himself in dramatic silence. Then when the last button was buttoned, he inquired:

"Who said I got no money? I got more money than I ever had in all my life. I been savin' all summer."

"How much you got, kid?"

Johnnie was magnificently nonchalant.

"I got about thirty-six dollars and seventy cents," he said, "not counting my new clothes. Tom Kraus give me a swell new checked sweater with socks to match. Fred give me some ties and a card to his father to put me in the butter business. That's in case I want to go in the butter business. Fred says his father pretty nearly always stinks from handling the stuff. I might go into the bootlegging business with Alex Christenson, if he could get away from home."

"Alex ain't fourteen yet," old Frank said drily.

"But he's big and smart for his age."

Old Frank laid his pipe down carefully on a flat stone.

"Listen, kid, you ain't got no father and no mother. You ain't got nobody to tell you what a damn fool you are. So I'll tell you. Sit down and listen. And when I'm through, go get yourself some work."

Johnnie nodded his head. "I am goin'. That's what I'm tryin' to tell you. I'm goin' lookin' for work to-night."

"To-night? Where you goin'?"

It was Johnnie's moment.

"New York," he said.

"You're simple," old Frank said after a shocked silence. "You're plain simple, with less sense than the day you was born. You know how long your thirty-six dollars will last in New York?"

"Thirty-six dollars and seventy cents," said Johnnie.

"About three weeks, no more. You got to pay for every bite you eat. You got to pay for a place to lay your head. You got to pay for clothes."

"I got clothes, a swell new hot sweater and socks to match and—"

Old Frank held up his hand.

"Socks to match. You think maybe you'll be a caddy in New York? Who wants a simple boy in a checked sweater? If you're lucky you might get a job scrubbing dishes in a beanery. Stay back here where you belong, Johnnie, with them that knows all about you."

"I know all them boys in New York. They promised to help me any time I say."

"They're all in school, kid; they're stringin' you anyway, like they always done. They couldn't do a thing for you, even if they do remember you—which they won't. There's nothing so dead as a summer friend out of season. Believe me, Johnnie, and stay where you are. You know the kind of boy you are? I don't like to tell you, but I have to. You always was a mite weak in the head. You ain't exactly feeble-minded, kid, but you ain't ever goin' to be real bright, see. If you was smart and could handle yourself good, you could maybe study something and go to the city in a couple of years. But you ain't got that kind of a head. You're kind of simple. You ain't right."

Johnnie shook his head slowly.

"To-night," he said, "I'm goin' to New York. I'm goin' to be rich and big and I'm goin' to make lots of money and have a car. I'm goin' to have all

the girls there is. I'll buy them lace things you can see through and bottles of cologne to put on themselves. I might come down to this old camp, some day just for fun, to show them where I worked when I was poor. I'll show them this lake and this raft that I pulled in and this leech you wanted me to be like."

"You're caught by those stories them fool boys told you. Like a moth miller. Johnnie Miller. You're just a country moth, like I'm tellin' you."

Johnnie planted his feet wide.

"To-night, about ten, I'm goin' to get on that Springfield train. Tomorrow this time I'll be in New York."

"Do you know what your fare alone costs?"

"Don't need no fare. I'm hitch hikin' from here to Springfield. There's a freight leaves about ten, and I'll be on her. A fellow is goin' to show me how to do it so they can't find you. I got my checked sweater packed away and I'll buy some sandwiches to carry along. And to-morrow morning, there I'll be."

They went back to spreading the lime after that, Johnnie smiling through the white dust, old Frank Hepburn swearing to say no more and storming over and over again at a boy who was too feeble-minded to see good sense.

It was only nine when Johnnie arrived in Springfield. It was a gay city, all right, with plenty of movie theaters. He went to an ice-cream parlor and had a soda. Two ham sandwiches wrapped in wax paper were twenty cents more and a bar of chocolate was a nickel. The man tied them up in a small bundle as Johnnie directed. When he came out it was twenty-five after nine, and he wandered along the streets. That man at the tracks had told him not to come too early. It would rouse suspicion.

The streets of the town seemed

feverish. Lamps were bright, radios sang from doorways, groups of fellows were clustered near newspaper stands and theater entrances. Girls passed, wagging their hips and talking in loud, self-conscious voices. Johnnie called after one, and she turned to wave at him impishly. She was almost as pretty as a movie actress, he decided; but New York girls were even prettier than that.

Though this was the city he had always hungered for, now it turned to nothing but a one-horse town for Johnnie. Small, shabby, imitation big. It was quarter of ten, and he turned toward the tracks. Not far from the station lunch room he met his railroad acquaintance and slipped him a dollar. That left thirty-five dollars and thirty-five cents, a neat sum. The man walked down toward the freight trains, whistling as he went. Johnnie followed after, at a short distance. When the man changed his tune, Johnnie got on the train, hand over hand as he had been told. The package bulged in his jacket, and he was almost weak with excitement. But everything was all right. The man still whistled. Johnnie heard him bleating "This is my lucky day," until, at last, the train pulled out.

The wind on top of the train was stronger than any wind could be. It was so loud that it sounded like waves, and Johnnie felt as if he were marooned on an island, but an island that was being dragged through cold. It was an unreal night, and he couldn't take it all in. He lay flat on his stomach the way the man had cautioned him. He tried to identify the first sleeping villages through which he passed, but they were anonymous in the blackness. At first he was startled by the train whistle, whoo-who-who-whoooooo, and by the spray it left on his face, but soon he didn't bother to wipe it off.

This was himself going to New York,

not someone he was seeing in a movie. He could picture how he must look in the darkness, with the wind blowing his hair back like a cowboy hero's. His lanky legs grew round and sturdy with new muscles, his face was stern with determination. But his sandwich was tasteless and clammy as he fed himself, bit by bit, so as not to raise his head much.

Faster than the train, he sped ahead to New York. When the train pulled in, he would get off unnoticed. He would wipe the soot from his face, comb his hair, put on his new sweater set, and go to a swell restaurant with blazing lights and waitresses with short skirts. He would get a good breakfast and not count the cost. Then he would buy himself a new felt hat with a wide snap brim, and he would go out to find a career.

Perhaps the butter job would be best. He saw himself presenting Fred's card to Mr. Cohn, a tall, well set-up man with nose glasses on a black ribbon. Johnnie would say "Sir" and Mr. Cohn would call him "my boy." He would put his arm round Johnnie's shoulder and show him where the butter was made. His salary would be fifty a week to start.

The butter pails, filled, were sixty pounds each, but Johnnie could hardly feel them because of his powerful muscles. He would stack them so well that Mr. Cohn would raise his salary, and he would buy a new suit with two pairs of pants. He would buy a pair of riding breeches, too, pale yellow, like Tom Gilloon's, and he would go riding in the Park. Everyone would turn to look at how well he sat, like a man grown to the horse.

The train clattered along with a sound like horses. Johnnie could hear the rhythm, but by and by he could no longer hear the horses; only the sound of old Frank's voice saying moth miller, moth miller, moth miller. His

eyes were like no eyes at all, smarting with wind. His hands could hardly break the ham sandwich. The bread crumbled and he had to tear the meat with his teeth. He rolled the wax paper into a ball, and in a second the wind had whisked it from his open hand.

It was a long train and it looked like different things. As it pulled out of Hartford and Johnnie inched his way out of hiding and got back on top, it was like a sluggish river. It dragged out of the station. But soon they were going fast again.

Away up ahead, he could see the engine with its red coals, and the train was no longer a river; it was an army and he was a king and they were all going to fight for him. The engine with its banners of red and white steam whistled horrible threatening blasts, two long, one short, one long. It meant get out of the way, you towns and cities; stand back Meriden, Connecticut. Johnnie Miller is coming. Johnnie with thirty-five dollars and thirty-five cents. His army galloped along, and he galloped with them, wearing his new yellow riding breeches that he would buy in New York.

He was riding along by himself now in Central Park, sitting erect, with a new riding crop under his arm. The train whistled again, and Johnnie saw the people in the park withdraw in fright. Toward him came a runaway horse with a girl clinging to its back. She was the girl from Springfield, dressed in a riding habit, her face bloodless. Johnnie sized up the situation, and with a single cradling gesture too swift even for him to see, he had swept her from the wild horse, out of danger.

She fainted in his arms and he held her like a baby. She was very light. A policeman came up to him and asked his name. John Miller of Red Ridge, Massachusetts. Do you know who

this girl is? She is the daughter of a millionaire, Mr. Vanderbilt.

The rich father appeared and put his arm round Johnnie's shoulder. He called him "my boy" and invited him to dinner. Johnnie came the next evening, dressed in a full-dress suit, and the girl, whose name was Gloria, served him with her own hands. She blushed prettily when he smiled up at her. The millionaire saw and smiled too.

What do you do, my boy? he wanted to know. Johnnie told him he was a butter weigher and he could lift a tub with one hand. I believe you, the millionaire said. We need men like you; would you like to be a banker? You can go to college first and then you can be a banker. Johnnie smiled and said if the little lady will wait for me, sir. She'll wait, said the millionaire, and extended his hand.

His second sandwich finished, Johnnie was still hungry. The night was darker and colder than ever. This was a strange place to be in. With his eyes open or closed, it was just as dark. Black, black and unfriendly. His eyes and ears were strained to little lights and sounds. The only familiar thing he heard was the sound of crickets as the train slowed down.

They came to a full stop. This must be New Haven where the train changed from steam to electric power. The railroad dicks would be there to inspect the cars, and it was up to Johnnie to look out for himself. The fellow he gave the dollar to had told him to hop off the car and then, the minute it stopped moving, to hide himself in a shadow somewhere; or if there was a dead freight train nearby, to hide there where he wouldn't show. The yard was a place of noisy, white light and deep shadow. Johnnie leaped to a coupling between two empty freight cars and flattened himself out, thanking his stars he was so skinny. The inspectors walked along the cars

tapping wheels, swinging lanterns, shouting to each other. Presently it was all over. The warm old steam locomotive was unhitched and a powerful clean looking electric engine took its place. Johnnie jumped out of hiding, and as the train began to move he was safe on her.

New overhead wires now appeared above the tracks. At intervals there were cross-bridges for street traffic, and he could see automobiles on them. He tried to count them but it made him sleepy. There must be thousands of bridges from Connecticut to New York and billions of automobiles.

One of the first things he would do when he became a banker would be to buy a fine auto with a girl's head on the radiator. He saw himself in it. He was traveling at seventy miles an hour and wore a fur coat but no hat. A traffic cop stopped him. Where do you think you are going, young man? Just then, Johnnie looked at him, and the cop apologized for not recognizing him. I thought at first you was one of those college boys, he said. I was a college boy and I played football on the team, Johnnie replied, but now I am a banker. I make over a hundred a week, added Johnnie. Why don't you be a movie actor, you'd make more, the policeman said. The only trouble is you must get past the doorman just like they tell you in the movie magazines but if you say you're a friend of mine, they'll let you in.

I'm a friend of the policeman, Johnnie told the city of Stamford as they passed through. I'm a friend of the policeman, he said to the patches of starry water of Long Island Sound. Friend of the policeman, friend of the policeman, clacked the train on the rails. . . .

The doorman let him in. What is your name, my boy, said a movie director, putting an arm round his shoulder. You are the type we are

looking for. Come in and meet the stars. They were all in shiny evening clothes, just as he had seen them countless times in the movies. They shook his hand, and then drew back, the men jealously, the women in admiration. He was a born actor, the director said, a regular little trouper. When the picture came out, he was recognized in the audience and they asked him to make a speech. He was surprised at the number of big words that came to his lips. Men cheered and women applauded. Somewhere, he said, a little lady waits for me. This is all for her sake and I hope she will have me. Her father is a millionaire, but now I can go back to him with millions of my own. How they applauded! They came down to the train with a band to see him off to New York. They brought him flowers and asked for his autograph.

But he couldn't sign it. His hands were too stiff with cold. He held them next to his mouth to warm them and he could smell the chocolate on them. He licked the last remains of chocolate between his fingers and wondered how long it would be before New York. His eyelids were heavy and sore. His body ached. He was miserable with cold. It was no use trying to keep warm. It couldn't be done, even if he had had his checked sweater on. The package hurt to lie upon. How long before New York and a good breakfast and a warm bed?

He forgot it all as the lights of New York finally appeared, glowing dimly at first, and spread like a fan. They grew brighter and brighter, more spread out. Way out there, where the lights were, was New York. The

skyscrapers. The big hotels. The perfumed smiling girls. The taxis and the street lights. Now Johnnie could see the tenements of the Bronx silhouetted blackly against the white glow in the sky.

The trains were tearing themselves to pieces. Here comes Johnnie Miller, here comes Johnnie Miller. Home from Hollywood with a million dollars, home from Red Ridge and the closed camp and the leeches sticking to the raft. What would old Frank say now? The air would soon be thick with ticker-tape and paper snow. A band would play. People would shout. We want Johnnie. We want Johnnie for mayor. We want Johnnie. Someone called for a speech. Oh, it was beautiful, all that light and glory. It was like entering heaven at least. It was his city, his wonderful city where he would be king.

Like a king, he rose to make his speech, steadying himself against the swaying of the train, first on his knees, then on his feet, to stand high and mighty. There was a sudden staggering blow on his head, quick, stupendous, as if he had struck a mountain—

The train stopped short. There were voices of men, the bobbing of lanterns which Johnnie would never see—

. . . and discovered a boy lying unconscious on the roof of one of the cars.

A package containing a sweater, socks, and a card identified him as John Miller, eighteen years old, of Red Ridge, Mass. He had been stealing a ride on the train to New York, when his head came in contact with a wire carrying 11,000 volts, interrupting the circuit and stopping the train. He was so severely burned about the head, that he died before reaching the hospital.

SONNETS OF THE SEA

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

FIRST NIGHT AT THE BEACH

I HEAR it singing through the summer night,
Weaving its silver spell into my sleep—
The voice of breakers down a beachway bright
With shells and moonlit sand—always the sweep
And lift of waves, forever rising, falling,
Touching the patient stars like glittering shells
Upon the shore of night. The sea is calling,
And in my sleep I feel the tide that swells
Out of the void, and in my mind I see
The lash of waves down languid, tropic beaches;
My breath comes slowly with the mystery
Of dark, unhurried tides; my spirit reaches
Out to the sea. On tides of dream I run
Past nameless shores, and it and I are one.

DAWN

Out in the lifting dark the hollow cries
Of gulls acclaim the coming of the day;
Like spectral sails the first thin clouds arise
Out of the east. The sea grows silver-gray,
And now at last the laggard sun comes up
Strewing the waters with his lavish gold,
Tossing into the ocean's silver cup
More wealth of color than the mind can hold. . . .
The pure, cold waters of the morning shake
About my feet; these swift, incoming waves
Have touched far beaches where no footfalls break
The sand's still glass. This self-same surf that laves
My flesh has swept the shores of listless stars
Leaning too low above old harbor bars.

DUSK

Slowly the dusk descends, and now once more
I feel the long, cold fingers of the tide
Reach past my body to the darkening shore;
Farther and farther the last bright breakers glide
Over the narrowing beach. . . . Soon I must go
Beyond this sea's voice many an inland year,
Beyond the distant lightship's ghostly glow,
Leading its lean, gray liner to the pier.
But whether I seek the mountains or the plains,
I shall take back the sight of white wings sweeping;
The sound of waves, like long, tumultuous rains,
Shall echo in my ears. I shall be keeping
These three bright verities until I die:
This beach, these breakers, and this brooding sky.



AFTER REVIVAL, WHAT?

BY GEORGE SOULE

IN THE United States there have been acrimonious disputes as to the best way to begin to revive. The budget-balancers have opposed the public works advocates; the deflationists have exchanged wrestling grips with the reflationists and the inflationists. By and large, the budget-balancers and the deflationists have won the decision. Though they have not really balanced many budgets and have left a good deal of fixed capital undeflated, they have at least held off the challenges of their opponents. And, at weary length, symptoms of revival have begun to appear. It is now supposed by many that the battle of policies is over, that we have gained the main channel and shall float along it—perhaps slowly, but surely—as the river broadens from confidence to recovery, from recovery to prosperity.

What assurance is there that the forces of nature will thus pleasantly serve us? If we cease for the moment to trust confidingly in the vague mythology of *laissez-faire*, and inquire what in particular is going to make us prosperous, can we find a good reason to believe that the business cycle will hump its accustomed way across the chart? "It always has" someone will reply. That may not be quite enough assurance for the scientifically minded, since, as a well-known economist recently remarked, the seven or eight major depressions which we have had since the industrial revolution began constitute a scanty basis for generaliza-

tion. Besides, there have been upturns during depressions that have not led continuously on. Because, in retrospect, we have seen that they did not, we have not classed them with the revival phase of the cycle. Nevertheless, they were probably indistinguishable from revival at the time and gave rise to just as many hopes as the real thing when it came. A glance at the long, uneven bottom of the eighteen seventies will confirm this observation.

Let us start our analysis with the unchallenged assertion that we can enjoy expansion of production, employment, and trade only if somebody, somewhere, spends more. This increase of expenditure must flow from one group to another, from one trade to another, until the movement is general. There is only one conceivable modification of this statement. When we talk about spending more we are really talking, not about dollars, but about units of purchasing power. If a dollar will buy twice as much as it did last year we can spend more than last year by spending upward of half as many dollars as twelve months before.

What happened in 1922 at the time of the last revival from a sharp depression? Who began to spend more, and why? There is a pretty clear answer in the figures. The construction industry—one of the greatest in the country—began to expand. Building had been in abeyance ever since the War started. We had accumulated a large deficit of buildings in

relation to the growth of population. Rents were abnormally high and had fallen little during the hard times of 1921. Prices of building materials, on the other hand, were low. Here was an obvious chance for the builders and real-estate operators to make profits. The chance was so good that they could easily borrow money on it from the banks. Thus started a building boom, financed mainly by ever-growing quantities of bank credit, which rolled on until 1928. It paid wages to carpenters, iron workers, and all the rest, and started up many of the basic industries which supply materials. At about the same time State, local, and national governments began road-building and other projects which helped the good work.

The building boom had scarcely begun to swell when another force came into play. As employment spread, it became apparent that the purchasing power of wage earners had been greatly increased. During the depression they had suffered, of course, both from unemployment and from wage cuts. But wage rates were not reduced as much as the cost of living fell. This was not the result of a deliberate policy; it was partly accidental and partly due to resistance to wage cuts on the part of organized labor. The consequence was striking when employment was resumed. The purchasing power of wages had shown no such sudden increase for years before, if ever. Though the calculations of authorities differ in detail, they agree as to this. Professor Paul Douglas, for instance, estimates that weekly earnings of those engaged in manufacturing not only could buy more in 1923 than during the preceding depression, but could buy 15.5 per cent more than in 1920.

This increased purchasing power, coming back into the markets for low-priced automobiles, living quarters,

better types of food, and the thousands of things wage earners pay money for, spread the circle of activity and employment still farther. Though other factors then exerted an influence—such as an unaccustomed spread between low prices of materials and higher prices of fabricated articles, which helped make manufacturing unusually profitable—this alone is enough to account for the first blossoming of revival into prosperity. The prosperity of the early Coolidge era is often attributed to the growth of new industries making things for retail consumers—automobiles, radios, household electric equipment, and the like. But these industries were not expanded merely by winds of hope; they fed on increased purchasing power to buy their products in the hands of people getting wages and salaries.

We now have acquired two troublesome questions to answer about the immediate future, to wit:

1. What great industry is going to lead the procession, because it can make a profit supplying a long-accumulated want?

2. When the procession has started, will the wage earners—or any other large class of consumers—have the extra purchasing power necessary to keep it going?

We could linger a long time over the first question without result. When, or if, it is answered in practice, the answer is likely to come from an unexpected direction. But it is not the present purpose to record more than a few observations about it. I do not expect an answer from building or public construction as in 1922—unless somebody finds a way to make a profit in putting up dwellings for the half or more of the population who have never been able to afford decent places to live and consequently have been neglected by the speculative builders. All other kinds of private construction

have been overdone. And governments are going to be kept from spending anything they do not have to spend, by hordes of excited taxpayers. Nor do I expect an answer, for a long time at least, from those who might put up industrial buildings or buy machinery. They too appear to have an over-supply of their implements of production. And need we ask whether the railroads are likely to rush into the market with a lasting demand for more rails, cars, and locomotives?

In other words, one would guess that a revival of purchasing power is not likely soon to make startling headway in the markets for what the economists call capital or durable goods. And that is a discouraging guess. For it is in these markets that revival has usually got its impetus in the past. There is a very good reason why. If you are in the business of putting up canned cherries or making silk stockings you are not likely to continue long piling up cans or stockings in advance of the demand for your goods by Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Murphy. You know pretty well from month to month how much they are taking off the shelves. Therefore, you are stalled by the amount of purchasing power actually in the hands of the public. But if you are erecting buildings, or stretching railroads across the continent, or laying out manufacturing plants, you have to spend a lot of money, and hire a lot of people, for a considerable time before you are ready to sell what you intend to offer the public. By the time you are ready to sell, the money which you have been distributing is likely to come back like bread cast upon the waters. At any rate, the belief that it will do so has induced you to begin spending—which is the essential thing.

But let us assume that an answer will come from somewhere. There may arise a demand for capital goods

which we cannot foresee. Perhaps a lot of other industries, like textiles and shoes, not making houses or railroads or machinery to be sure, but still making semi-durable goods which are not consumed in a day, will be kept busy providing things to fill up depleted merchants' shelves and household closets. Or perhaps new breweries will help. It may be that this will be enough to set things going. What, then, about question number two?

An officer of one of the great manufacturing concerns of the country said to me in the midst of the depression that he did not see how the unemployed could ever get jobs again, even if full production were resumed. The plants of his company, for instance, had made so much progress in efficiency since the crash that they could now equal their 1929 output without hiring a single additional man. I repeated this remark at a gathering of industrialists and engineers, and found that everyone present had observed the occurrence of the same tendency in the processes with which he was familiar. There is nothing surprising about it. Technical efficiency has been making rapid strides for years. An estimate made for the National Bureau of Economic Research indicated that industry could produce 53.5 per cent more goods per wage earner in 1925 than in 1919. Ability to produce more goods per hour of labor grew more rapidly after the War than it had before, more rapidly after 1923 than between that date and 1919. Superposed on this normal and almost geometrical progression, has been the pressure to reduce costs of production exerted by hard times.

How is labor's purchasing power to be revived if millions are to remain without jobs? We shall first have to produce annually a far greater number of goods than we did at the peak of the

last boom, before even a state of "normal unemployment" can be restored. Just conceivably we could do that, given an immense new demand for capital or durable goods in the first place, and given, in the second place, a sufficient increase in the purchasing power of those who did receive employment.

That leads us to the question of the relationship between wages and the cost of living which may be expected to prevail during a revival. This is, at the moment, an unsolved puzzle. We know that wage rates have been drastically reduced—in many cases to mere subsistence levels, which do not permit families to buy much except their daily bread. We know that the present earnings of most employed workers will buy far less than the earnings of 1929. But we do not know how much of this reduction in earnings is due to the fact that people are working only part time and how much is due to wage cuts. We do not know what the comparison between earnings and the cost of living will look like when full time is restored. If the depression had ended in 1931, two years after the crash, there is little question that employed wage earners would have come out of it with increased purchasing power, as they did in 1922, after a depression of two years. But since 1931, the pressure to reduce wages has steadily increased. There is real doubt whether, this time, even those wage earners who have the good luck to have jobs will be able to buy much more with the money they get than they did in 1929.

Of course the farmers may rush into the breach by suddenly becoming prosperous and buying all the things the workers can't buy. They *may*. But the chances are against it. There is little prospect of a greatly increased demand for our wheat, cotton, steers, or hogs. We are being urged to save

agriculture by taking surplus acres out of cultivation. This might help the individual grower, but it might easily diminish the total agricultural income as well, if it furthered the existing tendency of farmers to give up farming.

Or the salary-earners may find the means with which to buy more. Or Europeans may. Or South Americans, or Chinese, or Eskimos.

II

Now suppose that the current of recovery has borne us over these two log jams. Suppose it has reached the full stream of another 1923. Is that all we may reasonably hope for? Should we then be out of danger? How about avoiding another depression?

People will rise all over the house with suggestions for doing that. Credit and currency reform, better central-banking policy, more honest finance, discouragement of speculation—the stenographer will fill thousands of notebooks with the discussion. Many things must of course be done, if under these circumstances we get up the steam to do anything except as individuals to try to make money. But it is well to keep insisting on the relationship between the capacity to produce goods and the purchasing power necessary to buy them. This is a thread on which may be strung most of the important events of our last experience with prosperity—right up to the time when important people began assuring us that there was nothing fundamentally wrong. Not only was there something fundamentally wrong in 1929, but there had been something fundamentally wrong ever since 1923. That was:

During prosperity, the purchasing power of wage earners and farmers did not grow as rapidly as the capacity to

produce the goods intended to be sold to them.

After the revival of 1923, growth in the purchasing power of wages came almost to a full stop. That may be surprising, in view of the fact that this was the very time when we heard so much from employers about the "economy of high wages." Nevertheless, it seems to be true. According to Professor Paul Douglas's figures, the full-time weekly earnings of those engaged in manufacturing could buy no more in 1926 than in 1923. Miners had their pay reduced; railroad men gained little. Building workers, of course, made some advance. Dr. Willford I. King's figures, which come down to 1928 and account for the effect of unemployment, show that in that year manufacturing and mining employees could buy actually less than in 1923. Inclusion of building and other workers brings up the average; but it is probable that throughout the five years of prosperity, the average purchasing power of wage earners gained not more than five per cent, or one per cent a year. Farmers did little better if at all.

But technical efficiency went on increasing. With shrinking forces of workers, the factories turned out, on the average, 4 per cent more goods every year. With shrinking forces, the railroads carried 4 per cent more annually. By 1929, manufacturing production was 36 per cent larger than in 1920, while the number employed in the factories was 6 per cent less.

From these facts a train of events leads straight to the depression:

Factories, railroads and utilities, paying wage earners less and less per unit of product, and farmers less for what they grew, made continually larger profits. Profits of 267 major corporations in the industrial group grew at the rate of 12½ per cent a year from 1923 to 1929, and almost doubled in the period.

Dividends increased rapidly—about 7 per cent a year.

People who did not already own corporations could thus make more money buying stocks than in anything else they could do. The stock market boom thrived.

Profits not paid out were added in immense quantities to surplus and reserves.

Corporate surpluses came back into the pot to make things more merry—to buy the stocks and bonds of other corporations, to be lent to speculators.

The capital structure of the nation was blown out on the expectation of the continuance of an everlasting growth of profits.

Credit flowed in vast proportions into new securities and speculation, not just because the credit resources were there, or merely because the banks did not succeed in restricting their use, but because the abnormal profits to be made in buying shares of business created a demand for the credit.

The extra productive capacity of industry—the capacity which the spendings of wage earners and farmers and those who were making money out of the speculative profit boom could not keep busy—was for these years devoted largely to building more productive capacity and other forms of durable goods, bought in great part with the proceeds of the new securities.

Naturally this could not keep up. The housing boom turned down in 1928. Sales of automobiles turned down in June, 1929—as did general industrial production. The stock market crashed four months later.

If there were time and space, the economic events in Europe could be tied to this thread. I do not mean that failure to raise wages rapidly enough was the sole cause of everything else that happened. But I do mean that it will not do much good to attend to all the other necessary

adjustments unless we attend to this one.

We may be just lucky enough to get prosperity back without deliberately establishing an effective control of wages and prices which will sufficiently enlarge popular purchasing power. Economics is not yet a science, and does not justify cocksure predictions. But I am morally certain that we cannot keep prosperity, even if we achieve it, without doing this job, no matter what else we may do.

I say, a deliberate control of wages and prices, meaning something more than the announcement of good intentions in respect to high wages by our Henry Fords. This was ineffectual last time, and it would be ineffectual again. Assume, for the sake of argument, that the employers of a great part of our industrial workers sincerely favored increasing real wages as fast as the productivity of industry increased, and that they did their best, as individuals, to effect that policy. This would be almost a miracle; but assume that it were true. Still they could not succeed. For gains in efficiency, and gains in profits as a result, are not equally distributed throughout industry. The Consolidated Prescription Bottle Company, let us say, installs new machinery by means of which the labor of the glass worker produces four hundred prescription bottles in the same time that it formerly took to produce one bottle. At the other extreme, the Western Pennsylvania Coal and Coke Company, in spite of modern methods, is running at a loss because of falling prices and slack demand for coal. It would be a crazy, unworkable system in which the wages of glass-bottle workers were increased four hundred-fold while those of coal miners were actually reduced. Yet that is the best sort of result you could get as long as you had to rely on the executives and the bank accounts of in-

dividual companies. This example merely touches the edge of the complexities which arise in attempting to effectuate any intelligent wage policy in a competitive, unplanned, and lopsided economic order.

III

The more conservative economists are fond of saying that an unplanned and unregulated economic society automatically adjusts itself to changes, that the action of many individuals in their own interest will eventually find a way out of difficulties. This is probably true. But those who rely on this statement for salvation overlook the pertinent fact that the adjustments made may not be the adjustments they would seek. Automatic adjustments to the difficulties described by such words as overproduction, under-consumption, and unemployment are now going on. But some of the more important of these adjustments lead, not to revival and prosperity, to a further flowering of the industrial system, but back toward a more primitive social order. It is conceivable that we may reach temporary stability on a low level of wealth rather than on a high one. There is no automatic assurance of "progress."

Anyone looking about the country may see four important readjustments now going on.

First is the tendency of mechanical industry to restrict its output. Any business concern does this automatically during depression. It must do so, in the attempt to conserve its capital when it loses money on every unit made. It resorts to every known device to get its costs down except cutting its capital charges. Eventually it may be forced to do that. So far the main organized effort of government, banking, and business in this depression has been directed to

upholding capital values, especially in railroads and large industrial concerns. Are not the country's savings invested in bonds? But the result may be that costs and prices of industrial goods will be reduced mainly at the expense of labor, and not reduced greatly at that. If so, the markets for these goods will not be indefinitely extensible. And so a profit can be made in the future only by restricting production and sustaining prices. Big business, already organized in part for this purpose before the depression began, may exert pressure enough on government to be allowed greater freedom to seek it afterward. This policy is the only feasible alternative to an enlargement of production through an increase of popular purchasing power. But of course it means restricting the role of mechanical industry in society. It means that factories and mills will play a smaller part in satisfying people's wants and employ a smaller proportion of the population than they otherwise might do. In other words, it means an industrial revolution turned backwards.

The second tendency is a similar one, to be seen in agriculture. Years ago farms existed mainly to support their occupants, not to supply the market. With the growth of industrialism, of commerce and transportation, the great commercial farming districts grew up. But now for some years these districts have been regularly raising more than they could sell. They, like factories, have been subject to a machine revolution which permits the growing of continually more bushels per farmer. Technically, this process is still only at its beginning. But what are the unwanted farmers to do? They cannot find jobs in the factories if the factories themselves need fewer and fewer men. Farmers by the thousand have been forced out of crop-selling. Not all of them are

landless; the consequence is that you can find them in marginal regions all over the country—and sometimes even on good soil—doing their best to feed and clothe their families with hand labor and the domestic arts. Horses and buggies are coming back. Farmers are going out of the market for automobiles, gasoline, machinery—industry's products, just as industry fails to absorb the farmers' crops. I do not see any hope in a back-to-the-land movement, whether for relief of unemployment or for higher cultural values. But farmers are being forced back to primitive agriculture in order to eat.

Third, we may see the automatic adjustments of the industrial unemployed. The United States Children's Bureau has reported that there are over 200,000 boys on the road, tramping highways and riding freights, who could not find support at home. Adult unemployed drifters have been conservatively estimated at over 1,000,000. Many others have gone back to relatives in the country—not primarily to earn their living, because they cannot do that under the circumstances, but to become dependents for food and shelter. And there are the millions of families who have stayed in the cities where they used to work, kept alive by charity, public and private. As long as industry wants fewer men and agriculture wants fewer men, we are likely to have a wholesale revival of such medieval institutions as itinerant beggary and local dependency, banditry and petty crime. Several unusually energetic groups of the unemployed have removed themselves from the picture of machine industrialism by starting local systems of barter, based largely on handicraft production. You may find them in Seattle, Los Angeles, and other cities. There may be some growth of this pre-capitalist activity as well.

AFTER REVIVAL, WHAT?

Finally, there will be a large number of persons who become retainers, in one way or another, of the rich who still derive profits from industry, commerce and finance. They will not perhaps form the picturesque retinues characteristic of medieval princely households, although some of them will be chauffeurs, servants, and social secretaries as in the past. Long before the depression, while the employees of factories, mines, and railroads were decreasing in number, there began a striking growth in the "service" occupations. Beauty doctors and manicures, professional persons of various kinds—in general, people who do not make or distribute anything physical, but cater to other wants of those able to pay for personal service—these persons form an economic class which has grown rapidly. (Between 1920 and 1930 there was an increase of forty-nine per cent in the ratio to the total population of barbers, manicurists and hairdressers.) This is the only class which did grow very much in the Coolidge era. For its members, it has the blessed advantage that, in its work, output per man-hour does not increase. It uses little or no machinery. Its production is not mass-production, but individual. Therefore, it is a much-sought refuge. One disadvantage of this class, to itself and to society, is that even its most exalted and conscientious members are dependent on the patronage of a fortunate minority. It is also a disadvantage that large numbers of the population cannot afford its services—

which are incapable of being cheapened to the same degree as industrial products.

In addition to these four gates of present refuge, another may open. For the first time in history, we are beginning to send emigrants abroad, instead of receiving them. It is just possible that some other, economically newer country will offer livings to those whom we have not the wit to keep employed at home.

Into these channels our surplus manpower may flow. An adjustment of sorts may be made, by relinquishing the promise of applied science. Industry and agriculture may be stabilized on the basis of doing far less to satisfy wants than they might do if every want were backed up by the necessary units of purchasing power. But I should not call the result prosperity.

These conclusions are, of course, pessimistic. But they are not the result of any desire to be gloomy. They do not arise from a marshalling of vague and unsubstantial fears. They are merely the consequences of a careful attempt to discover what, in the concrete and the particular, may be expected to help us if we do not, as a socially organized nation, help ourselves. Barring lucky accident, there does not seem to be more than a faint hope in continuing on the old lines. There is, of course, the alternative of not depending on accident. Anyone who does not like pessimism is invited to explore the possibilities in this direction. But that is another story.



THE FRENCHWOMAN HOLDS HER OWN

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

WHEN certain gentlemen of none too friendly a character came to Louis-Philippe and suggested that his services were no longer required on the throne, he is said to have replied, "I am not inclined to oblige you in this matter, but certainly I will make no move until I have talked with my wife." Louis-Philippe was a so-called bourgeois king, and his reply was that of the typical French bourgeois. For there is no denying that the women of France have a decided influence over their men. We in America may plume ourselves on our legal rights and the favored-nation treatment which our men accord us, but we need waste no pity on the Frenchwoman because she has not the vote and because the law reduces her when she marries to the status of a minor. Without benefit of the law, she has made the most of being a woman—and we may well envy the position she has won for herself.

There is probably no more misunderstood creature than the Frenchwoman. French literature has given us quite the wrong idea of her. The memoirs of court life during the reigns of the Louis—when, as Voltaire said, "every married woman at court was privileged to have at least one lover," picture her as having more wit than character, while novelists of modern times have made her the prey of her emotions. If we were to judge from the Madame Bovarys, Anatole France's red lilies, de Maupassant's *filles de joie*, Colette's *vagabondes*

enslaved by love, and Marcel Proust's ladies of a decadent society, we should have to conclude that nine out of ten Frenchwomen are preoccupied with the gratification of their senses. But anyone who is fortunate enough to see the interior of a French home soon discovers that the Frenchwoman's interests are anything but frivolous. She is the responsible head of the household, the center round which the family revolves.

Beyond a doubt the law treats her very badly. "The wife," Napoleon said, "must learn that she owes obedience to her husband"—a lesson, incidentally, that he was never able to teach the wilful Josephine. Since his time the section of the *Code Civil* affecting the status of the married woman has been slightly modified, but even now a wife may not leave the country without her husband's permission; she may not open a bank account without his authorization unless she is herself engaged in business or a profession; and she may not visit friends or frequent places of which he disapproves. The husband has absolute control over the children and he may dispose as he chooses of his wife's property unless the marriage contract calls for a complete *séparation des biens*, or unless it reserves her dot in her name. A wife may consequently be left destitute by a husband who has squandered or made off with her dot. In case of divorce the law requires the husband to return to his wife what there is left of

the dot, but when he deserts he is at liberty to place it in the hands of a third party temporarily so that he cannot be forced to make restitution. A divorced husband may also draw from a bank money which his wife has deposited in his child's name, and she will have no redress.

Rascally husbands may and do exploit these laws. However, the average French husband never thinks of robbing his wife because the two of them are united in a common endeavor. And he is far too meek to open her letters or dictate to her about her comings and goings. It is true that in the provinces, especially in the *bien-pensant* sections of the country where the Roman Catholic faith has not lost its hold, the theory of male superiority persists, and the wife is often obliged to make a show of acceding to her husband's authority. Yet there is nothing downtrodden about the provincial Frenchwoman: she resembles rather those solid commanding figures which surround the Place de la Concorde, symbolizing the eight cities of provincial France.

Frenchwomen will tell you that the War emancipated them in many respects. They say that before 1914 no respectable woman, either in Paris or the provinces, could afford to be seen in a café or a theater in any other company than that of her husband; and the suggestion that a woman should drive her own automobile or take part in outdoor sports or enter a profession was no less shocking. The *jeune fille*, as everyone knows, was rigorously chaperoned until the time of her marriage, all that she read was censored, and she was educated either at home or in a girls' school. Since the War most of the tabus as to what a woman may or may not do have broken down, and now it is not unusual for the daughters of the upper bourgeoisie and the aristocracy to attend the same secondary

schools and universities as their brothers. The increased freedom of Frenchwomen and the broader education they are receiving are undoubtedly developing them; yet even before they had these advantages they were persons of importance.

II

The Frenchwoman can afford to shrug her shoulders over the inequalities of the law, for she has enough wit and wisdom to hold her own with any husband. "I will please him and surround him with comforts every hour of the day," is the first article in her creed. Knowing her husband to be a gourmet, she occasionally goes into the kitchen to supervise the cooking of his favorite dishes or to prepare with her own hands a *pièce de résistance*. If he has had a hard day at the office, she is the first to suggest that they spend the evening at home. If he dislikes to be kept waiting, she will make a point of promptness in all matters. Should he be able to take only a short vacation and should it seem wise for her to spend the summer in the country on the children's account, she will leave her most trustworthy servant to look after him in the city, and should he be even slightly indisposed, she will rush back to care for him. He is likely to be less aware of her physical needs than she is of his, and he does not fetch and carry for her as does an American husband. But the French wife has her reward, for her many little attentions convince her husband that she loves him and that he is the most important person in his own home.

The French wife does everything she can, not only to please her husband, but to make herself indispensable to him. If she holds the purse strings it is because she can stretch the family income farther than he can. The French husband is far more likely than the American to let his wife censor all

of his expenditures—from the money which he drops into the collection plate to the price which he pays for an automobile or the kind of bonds which he buys as an investment. In domestic matters she is a wonderful manager. "*On s'arrange*" ("I shall get along some way") is one of her favorite expressions. Two old dresses are made over into a new frock and the money is found for the son to play tennis. A small dinner-party has to be given, and she manages without engaging extra help or running up the grocery bill. Yet when the guests arrive, her own toilet has been perfectly made, and her appearance as well as the dinner pleases her husband.

I have heard it said of the Frenchwoman that she can adapt herself to any kind of a situation. Certainly her resourcefulness since the War has been put to the severest test. With the price of living four times as high and investments seriously reduced in value, French parents have been faced with the problem of educating their children and maintaining a decent standard of living. Servants have had to be dismissed, and frequently a few paying guests, as a rule students from other countries, have been taken. This has meant hard work for the mistress of the establishment and a sacrifice of privacy. And yet the most gently bred women—who may have already contributed good-sized dots to their marriage—do not complain. "I should much rather make this adjustment than be worried every month about the bills," a Countess friend of mine remarked without assuming the air of a martyr.

"Hats off," writes a French journalist—a man—"to those women who raise a family of children on practically no money, with the futile co-operation of a blockhead of a husband." All French husbands are not blockheads, but it is invariably the women who

have the sound practical sense and who are responsible for the savings that are laid aside. No matter how comfortable the family's income, the wife still watches the sous. One day at tea I met a smartly gowned Frenchwoman who, as I afterwards learned, is the wife of a very well-to-do man. She was complaining about the high cost of living and wanted to know how the prices of meat and other food in Paris compared with those in New York.

Anyone who has traveled in France knows how capable the women of the trades class are. It is the *patronne* in your hotel who quotes you special rates and keeps you satisfied, and in your favorite restaurant it is the sharp-eyed woman on the throne behind the cash register who watches every move that the waiters make. The women of this class bring up their children and manage the family business at the same time—all very smoothly. The wives of the upper bourgeoisie are not active in their husband's businesses and yet they are generally privy to all that they are doing. I think of a highly educated beautiful young Frenchwoman, who might be suspected of having only literary and worldly interests, yet she frequently spends Sunday with her husband in his office going over his books. And whenever he makes a change in his business or is uncertain of men and their motives he asks her advice. I have noticed that she always makes her suggestions tactfully, without seeming to encroach upon his masculine prerogatives. "Of course, François, I may be quite wrong," she will conclude, looking very feminine.

An American man would never delegate his wife to transact an important piece of business for him if there were a lawyer within reach. Yet a French friend tells me that when her father, who was an engineer, was absent in Morocco and became involved in a dispute with the contracting com-

pany, he cabled her mother to go to Paris to settle the matter for him; which she did quite successfully. During the War any number of wives who had no practical business experience ran their husbands' factories or other affairs without a hitch. When a Parisian woman who was managing her husband's tin can factory heard that his outfit at the front could not communicate with headquarters for lack of telegraph wire, she stopped the manufacture of tin cans, obtained the necessary machinery, and made telegraph wire in her factory.

One occasionally hears the remark in French circles, "Of course he could not succeed, with a *sotte* (a stupid creature) for a wife." This would never be given as the reason for an American man's failure. But it applies in France, because there a man's success depends as much upon his "connections" as upon his ability, the world of affairs being considerably less democratic than it is in this country. And since the Frenchman has as a rule no college club or fraternal organization to back him, he relies upon his wife to act as his minister of foreign affairs or his liaison officer with the social world. It is up to her to cultivate the wives of his business superiors and associates; because if she does not both they and their husbands will take offense, and when the first of the year comes her husband will not be promoted. It is up to the wife, too, to see that her husband meets the people whom he needs to meet. If a man who is a silk manufacturer would like to be on a friendly footing with Monsieur S., a large retail merchant, his wife will either make a point of being presented to Mme. S., and of ingratiating herself, or she will beg a mutual friend to arrange a meeting at her dinner table. During the evening the conversation may range over books, paintings, politics, and history, and not a word will be said about

business; but the groundwork will have been laid for friendly relations in the future.

That the Frenchman should be guilty of bringing business into the drawing-room may surprise Americans who had believed Babbitt to be the Philistine *par excellence*. The difference between the two is that the Frenchman and his wife are more artistic and less patent in their methods, while their culture saves them from being earthbound.

In France a husband and wife are thought of as one social personality. If the wife has a balance on the credit side of her social ledger, the husband's business ledger will very likely also show a good credit. Patients or clients may be attracted to a physician's office—which is invariably in his home—by a wife who knows how to be charming and who is constantly enlarging her receiving and calling list. The wife of a politician gets votes for him in the same way, and it is a rare thing for a bachelor to be elected to a local office.

As a general rule the men who succeed most brilliantly in the business, professional, or political world are those whose wives have a capacity for being good hostesses. To-day there are no such famous salons as in past centuries; yet there are hostesses who know how to gain their ends through entertaining. The secret of their art, I am told, is the "grouping of guests." A Parisian woman who is the wife of a large publisher and editor is famous for her dinners where writers, artists, professional men, and politicians invariably find themselves next to the person whom they wanted to meet at that particular moment. This hostess knows her official, literary, and artistic Paris very well; and her husband, being in the business of publishing, benefits from the gratitude of his guests who are often people of importance.

III

Capable as the French wife is, her sway over her husband would be incomplete were she not the superior tactician of the two. The Code Napoleon may ordain that "The wife shall follow her husband wherever he goes," but the Frenchwoman's own creed says, "I shall lead my husband in the way he should go, for he cannot withstand the strength of my will and he is blind to my wiles."

American women have the reputation of being wilful and yet they lack the tenacity of purpose of the Frenchwoman. If she and her husband disagree on some vital issue she will return to the attack again and again until he gives in from sheer weariness. The religious education of the children may be a case in point. In families where the mother is a conscientious Roman Catholic and the father is a skeptic, the children are almost always brought up in the Church. The famous Socialist Jaures was an atheist of the most radical variety and he and his wife had many arguments about the religious upbringing of their children. Yet in the end she overruled him, for Jaures was a pacifist as well as an atheist and he doubtless wanted tranquillity in his own home. Like Jaures, most Frenchmen will sacrifice their personal views in order to keep the peace with their wives, for despite their prowess as soldiers they dislike conflict and violent expression in the course of everyday life.

As a general thing, however, the French wife is clever enough to gain her point by some other strategy than that of attrition. Flattery is one of her favorite methods. In another instance where a man was opposed to his children's going to a religious school, his wife disarmed him with the following argument, "Should I find you so superior to other men," she put it to him, "should I admire in you that

force of character, that respect for spiritual values which distinguishes you, if these qualities had not been bred in you from your earliest years by the teachings of the Church? . . . My dearest wish," she wound up feelingly, "is that our sons shall grow up to make their wives as happy as you have made me." Monsieur Chose was not without an appreciation of his own good qualities, and so his children went to the parochial school.

Very seldom, in any kind of an argument, does a French wife lay her own cards on the table. If her husband inclines towards an apartment that is located in a *quartier* far removed from her friends, she is quick to see that it contains no smoking den for him or that it is too far from his office.

Frenchwomen are born with that fortunate facility for pleasing other people which is said to make the perfect diplomat. You may know very well that their tactful remarks are not absolutely sincere, and yet what they say is so apropos and so finely shaded that your *amour-propre* prompts you to believe every word. So it is to be expected that a husband who gets a mild solution of the opiate every day, should be continually pleased with himself and his world and, therefore, easier to manage. A Frenchman of my acquaintance, who has a certain erudition and a fine mellifluous voice, is given to reciting passages from the classics. He is particularly fond of enacting a scene from the *Iliad* in which he impersonates Paris strutting on the walls of Troy. I suppose that his wife, who is a person of cultivation and taste, has heard him deliver these lines thousands of times during the course of their married life. Yet if she is bored she permits herself to show no sign: every time he brings out his repertory she looks up at him admiringly and murmurs, "What a wonderful memory you have!"

Having inherited Ninon de Lenclos's knowledge of men and their vanity, Frenchwomen humor them in their weaknesses and do not try to make them over as American women so often do. They are also wise enough to let their husbands enjoy the semblance of authority. One night at dinner I saw a pretty little comedy which was peculiarly French in its flavor. My host was a man whose sole claim to distinction is his name, and my hostess a brilliant woman who, as all their friends know, leads him about *au bout du nez*. That evening he was boisterously advising a young man who was about to be married how to be "master in his own home." Having finished his harangue he turned to his wife and said, "A woman likes to be ruled, *n'est ce pas, ma chère?*" "*Mais oui, Philippe,*" she smilingly replied, without a shade of irritation in her voice.

Absolute frankness to a husband would seem to many Frenchwomen the greatest folly. Several have admitted to me laughingly that of course they lie to their husbands, because there are things which are not good for them to know. A wife buys a chic dress, fibs to her husband about the price, and saves the difference on another purchase. There is a kind of feminine conspiracy, it seems, against letting men know the price of clothes and toilet articles. Little girls are taught by their mothers to conceal such facts from their fathers, and women friends will exclaim admiringly over one another's supposed bargains if there is a husband present.

A wife may deceive her husband about the price she pays for a piece of furniture—so that he will admire her cleverness; about the people she has seen—so as to avoid his disapproval; about an indulgence she has allowed one of the children—so as to avoid discussion. There is a certain type of Frenchwoman, best described as *maline*,

meaning sly or clever, who loves a bit of intrigue for its own sake. When an American friend of mine was visiting in a French home she was utterly bewildered by the number of innocent lies which her hostess told her mild-tempered husband. Frenchwomen generally do not carry the principle so far, and yet most of them see no sin in prevarications that keep the surface of married life smooth, provided that they do not harm their husbands. Even the religious type has a practical rather than an ethical sense of moral values. The Frenchman, for his part, may have no sterner a conscience, but he is not usually so clever at deception. "I can always tell from the tone of my husband's voice over the telephone," one wife merrily boasted, "if the seminar which he says he has to give in the evening is going to be a very small seminar."

If French husbands are as regularly addicted to "small seminars" as the virtuous Anglo Saxon likes to believe, it may be argued that their wives have a very poor kind of empire over them. Unfortunately there are no statistics on the extent of conjugal infidelity in France. But it must be remembered that in provincial towns the facilities for leading an unconventional life are not what they are in Paris. Also, in these difficult years the middle-class Frenchman, in Paris and everywhere else, works long hours at his office; and if he is absent from home in the evening he must be proof against a fusillade of questions.

It is more often in the upper levels of the bourgeoisie and the aristocracy that men find the time and the money for extramarital affairs. The wives of these men suffer, for there are fewer complaisant marriages in France than we have been led to believe. The average Frenchwoman, in fact, is very jealous, and now that the stigma has been removed from divorce, she is

likely to break up her marriage if her husband carries on a flagrant or prolonged affair with another woman. Perhaps more French wives than American have to put up with a husband's occasional infidelity. Yet the French wife always holds two trump cards: her husband is as dependent upon her as a child; and the preservation of his *foyer* is almost a sacred concept to him—and may be the only religion he has. One hears tragic stories of wives who have been put aside, but no more than in this country. The fact that there are in France only one third as many divorces for all causes proportionately as there are in the United States would suggest that the number of French husbands who put a higher value on their pleasures than on their *foyers* is not shockingly large.

IV

As a mother the Frenchwoman plays no less preëminent a role than as a wife. Extremely conscientious, and jealous of her stewardship, she often does not relax her hold upon her children until long after they have come of age. In all probability she has never heard of behaviorism or of Freud's mother complex, and if she were to be told of these theories she would set their authors down as deranged. American mothers can hardly be accused of neglecting their children, and yet their zeal does not compare with that of French mothers. A *cuisinière* who works twelve hours a day, teaches her children beautiful manners, follows every mark they get in school, and will not send them to a summer camp because she cannot bear to be separated from them for a night. A young woman lawyer finds time to embroider and knit her baby's clothes. A woman who entertains a great deal brought up seven children—four of her own and three of her sister's; yet she never

failed to attend personally to each child's toilet in the morning, to call for them at school in the afternoon, and to go over their exercises with them at home.

French parents have what seems to an American an exaggerated conception of their duty to their children. Not content with educating them and giving them a fair start in life, they will endure hardships—at least the mother will—in order to pass on a certain amount of property to them. The same Countess friend who has felt obliged to open her home to a few paying guests, and who deprives herself of such luxuries as the theater and expensive clothes, has a twenty-seven-year-old son who lives at home on the bounty of his parents despite the fact that he is working. To add sacrifice to sacrifice she and her husband are investing in a second country home so that each of their two sons will inherit a small manor in addition to valuable furniture and objets d'art.

The future of their children is a matter of great anxiety to French mothers. They are not so busy as they were before the War finding husbands for their daughters, since boys and girls are mingling more and more in the universities and choosing their own mates. But they are terribly preoccupied with their sons' careers. Since there is a sharp line of social distinction in France between the professions and commerce or business, every mother of the upper bourgeoisie dreams of seeing her son graduate from the *lycée* (the French preparatory school), pass his baccalaureate examination, gain admission to one of the state schools, which may entail one or two more years of preparation, and finally, after three or more years' advanced study, earn a degree which will either equip him to practice a profession or entitle him to a position in the Army or the Navy, or the Min-

istry of Foreign Affairs or the Ministry of Colonies. Since educational standards are much higher in France than in this country, the average boy requires a great deal of encouragement and pushing from his mother, who may be more ambitious for him than he is for himself. "My poor mother," wrote the son of Madame Arman de Caillavet—the woman who was to exercise so great an influence over Anatole France—"never left me. It is impossible to describe the trouble she took with me during my first year at the *lycée*; she entered into everything I was doing, interested herself in everything, and followed me as closely as was humanly possible."

Madame Caillavet was no exception. Most French mothers "enter into everything their sons are doing" because they have not the American mother's feeling that they do not belong in a boy's world. It inevitably follows that a very close bond—what we should call a "silver cord" or a "mother complex," attaches the son to the mother. The dependence begins when the son is a baby, for French mothers so delight in their children's need of them that they frequently do not apply the first principles of discipline, to say nothing of the new psychology. A Frenchwoman, who conducts an excellent preparatory school for girls and should be well informed in the field of modern education, boasts that her two-year-old son wants to be with her every minute she is in the house. "And when I leave in the morning," she says complacently, "he weeps for at least half an hour." Another mother is proud that her son, who is studying law, crosses Paris every day to lunch with her. A third was so desolated when her boy was called for military service that her husband petitioned the Minister of War to station the boy near Paris.

French mothers are like clucking

hens. Long after their sons have reached their physical majority they continue to shelter them under their wings. An American friend of mine who rents an apartment on the third floor of a private French home was more than a little surprised to receive a visit from the mistress of the establishment, who is very much a woman of the world. She was full of apologies—but she must beg him not to use his piano after ten-thirty in the evening (it was the only time in the course of the year that it had happened) because her eighteen-year-old son, who is studying for his law examinations, finds it difficult to get his rest at night if there is the slightest noise in the house.

One wonders if this young man will ever be successful in fighting his own battles as a lawyer. And one begins to understand why Frenchmen generally lack initiative as compared with American men, or even with their own womenfolk. In a mixed group of excursionists, for instance, it is generally the women who hail the fishing-boat before other holidaymakers can get it or who succeed in finding the key to the old church the crowd has come to see. The men stand back, content to let the women solve these problems.

The French boy's mother complex does not as a rule prevent his marrying, since the cult of carrying on the family name is very strong in France. But it is likely to lead to a bitter duel between his wife and mother for complete possession of him. When a Frenchman whom I know married at the mature age of thirty he left his clothes at home, following his mother's suggestion, and returned frequently to make a change. His wife was only twenty-one but she was wise enough to sense the implications of the situation and, after waiting for ten months, she informed her husband that he would have to choose between living with her or with his mother. Being very much

in love with his wife, he made his choice, but his mother is not yet reconciled to her loss.

While the French wife has a great deal to endure from her mother-in-law, still she should thank her for having developed in her son a sensibility which makes him very acceptable as a husband and a lover. Frenchwomen will tell you that they can distinguish immediately between a man who has grown up in an atmosphere of feminine affection—in a “*chaud intérieur*”—and one who has been brought up quite impersonally, as so many Englishmen are, in a boys' school. In the first place the French boy learns to be demonstrative without being ashamed, since in every French home where manners are cultivated children of all ages embrace their parents morning and evening. Also, a young man who has been much with his mother comes to understand women's moods and to anticipate their wishes. He discovers that an unexpected sign of tenderness delights the feminine heart, and he learns how to say a great deal to a woman by the fashion in which he kisses her hand. He acquires too the habit of talking freely with a woman, of sharing his worries and his triumphs with her. Most important of all, he learns respect for her strength and intelligence, and in later years he will find it as natural to rely upon his wife's counsel—and to turn to her for comfort—as it was to depend upon his mother for guidance and consolation. As a result he never quite escapes from feminine influence. If French mothers and wives had more love for one another, one would suspect them of being united in a conspiracy to keep the male sex dependent upon women.

V

With all of their practicality, Frenchwomen are creatures of emotion.

Witness the work of the two leading women writers, Colette and the Comtesse de Noailles, each of whom, in her own way, is exclusively concerned with feminine reactions to love. I should say, too, that the success of the *filles de joie* and the demi-mondaines who make a business of love, proves that Frenchwomen have an emotional range which Anglo-Saxon women lack as a general thing; while the number of *crimes passionnels* committed by women—and occasionally by women of the upper class—goes to show, not that all Frenchwomen are capable of such acts, but that as a sex they are given to more violent emotions than the rest of us.

While Frenchwomen have passionate natures, not very many enjoy Dora Russell's “right to be happy” outside of marriage. The Comtesse de Noailles may declare “*L'important n'est pas d'être sage, c'est d'aller au-devant des dieux*” (“The important thing is not to be wise, but to go to meet the gods.”) Yet Frenchwomen, who should know their own sex, say that the average woman has so profound a sense of duty to her children and places so high a value on her *foyer* that she will not deceive her husband. The sensible Madame de Maintenons appear to be far more numerous than the pleasure-loving de Montespons.

Whether or not they are virtuous, Frenchwomen show no signs of being starved emotionally. This may be because their husbands know how to make them happy. Frenchmen have a reputation for being charming lovers: “*c'est de leur nature*” (“they are born with the talent”) a woman from another country once said to me. If this is true, it is quite possible that a French couple who have married for worldly reasons may make a better and more lasting sexual adjustment than an American couple who to the best of their belief have married “for love.”

Frenchwomen have been brought up to be coquettes and they do not forget the art even after they marry. They have, too, the satisfaction of living in a world where men recognize the vital fact of sex. In any sort of social intercourse between a man and a woman, even the most formal, the consciousness of sex is in the air. It may be only suggested by the touch of the man's lips on the woman's hand when he greets her, but it is none the less present. Yet the Frenchman does not relegate a woman to a purely physical sphere, as do the other men of the Latin race, and his gallantry is more truly respectful than that of our Southern men, for he shows by his attitude that he expects a woman to have wit and intelligence as well as physical charm.

Love for the Frenchwoman is not so lonely an experience as it is for the American woman, since Frenchmen make as much of a cult of sentiment as Frenchwomen. One day when I was talking with a doctor about his philosophy of fatalism, he said quite casually, "Of course nothing really matters in life but love—love for a woman, love for your children, or love for your parents." An American man would hardly rate sentiment so high in his scale of values. This is perhaps the reason why Freudianism and other schools of psychoanalysis have gained so few converts in France: the women do not feel the need of it; for whether they are wife, mistress, or friend, they know that men welcome them in their scheme of existence.

The lot of the unmarried woman in France has been greatly improved since the War. All the professions are now open to women, and there is no such discrimination against them in the universities, as there still is in a number of our great institutions. Those who have chosen a professional or a business career have made amazing

progress. The men, it seems, have not resented women's invasion of their world, because they like to have them about them under all circumstances. "The men love us in every sense of the word, if you please," a brilliant young woman lawyer put it boldly. The women, for their part, have had the wisdom not to let their feminine charm be rubbed off and the tact not to injure the vanity of their confreres.

Some married women have continued with their professions, and it must be admitted that they have shown as much ability in their work and more skill in managing their households than American professional women. A good many young women, furthermore, are now being educated by their families to earn their own livings, since existence has become so precarious a thing. But the number who choose to work after marriage is even smaller than in this country.

There is virtue in knowing what one wants, and the Frenchwoman knows that a *foyer* is the most important thing in life to her. A friend of mine, who is a very chic little person, and yet who can talk most intelligently about political and economic conditions in the different parts of the world where she has traveled with her husband, said to me quite frankly that her husband would be dissatisfied if she struck out and found an interest of her own, despite the fact that she has no children. Yet she is the type who in this country would be seeking some way of "expressing herself."

Frenchwomen generally are less restless than American women. They appear to feel no need for such an outlet as women's clubs afford, and they are not intent upon pleasure and excitement. A young woman who loves gaiety will give up a yachting trip if she sees that her husband seriously disapproves of her leaving her child. Another young wife will keep

the peace with a dictatorial mother-in-law so long as her husband needs his parents' financial help. Such sacrifices are almost second nature to a Frenchwoman, because her first concern is to "*faire marcher le ménage*"—make her marriage a success.

I have heard Frenchwomen express envy of American women because the latter have more money to spend and are not burdened with such heavy responsibilities. Yet French wives as a class seem to me far more contented than American wives. The same young woman who has traveled and who has observed American women in their own homes suggests that her countrywomen are happier because they "vibrate" more. Identified as they are with their husband's and children's interests, they may suffer as often as they rejoice, and yet they have the sense of living fully and of being needed greatly, which is, I suspect, the nearest to happiness that the feminine nature has come.

As a feminist I should be sorry to admit that women cannot follow their own line of development and at the same time be good wives and mothers. Such an evolution seems almost imperative for American women if they are not to become parasites, since our modern way of living has reduced the housewife's activities to the minimum. Whether American marriage will gain or lose by the adjustment that seems inevitable for economic reasons is an open question. Keyserling, it will be remembered, concluded that success in marriage depends upon a sense of "mutual destiny." Undoubtedly this sense of working together is stronger when the wife concerns herself with her husband's career rather than with her own. I am reminded of the phrase used by the wife of a French professor who was correcting her husband's proofs when I went to see her. "A

professional marriage," she said, "is an association, not a *foyer*." Yet we could not, if we would, adopt the Frenchwoman's attitude toward marriage, because the institution as it has developed here affords women a far more limited field of activity.

Marriage has shaped Frenchwomen and given them character. Far from being submerged by it, they have emerged with very definite personalities. The old French proverb which says, "*Ce que femme veut, Dieu veut*" ("Woman's will is God's will") reflects the secret conviction of most Frenchmen. Those who are intellectually honest admit that women—at least the women of their country—are "the superior sex," while almost all Frenchmen will concede that women are capable of greater devotion and more sustained courage than are the members of their own sex—who are magnificent in times of crisis but less to be depended upon from day to day. If the legislators have thus far refused women the vote it is not because they doubt their capacity, but because the sex has not demanded it with one voice, and because the Left-Wing majority of the Senate, being extremely anti-clerical, fears that the feminine vote will strengthen the position of the Church.

Frenchmen are to be criticized for having failed to do justice to women in a legal sense. But they have not failed to do justice to them in a larger sense. It cannot be a coincidence that the Virgin should be the presiding spirit in all the great French cathedrals, or that the history books should give the credit to a woman, Jeanne d'Arc, for having been the first person to awaken the spirit of French nationalism, or that the symbol of the country should be, not an Uncle Sam nor a John Bull, but a beautiful woman—*la France*.



FORTUNATE ISLANDS

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

WHEN the plight of the planet becomes desperate, people usually begin to babble about islands. I have recently been almost deafened with the word. In the literature and conversation of escape islands have always been more popular than caves or vales or mountain summits. They seem to spell the only secure isolation. Even when authors have merely wished to display some human experiment, unhampered by society—Defoe or Bernardin de Saint Pierre or Hermann Melville or H. G. Wells—they have chosen islands for their scene. And, conversely, if authority wishes to be quite free of some human being whom it does not dare to kill, it finds an island for his exile: the Salt Islands—or *l'Île du Diable*—or St. Helena—or Trimerus.

One friend of ours, who has been talking islands for years, now thinks he has found the right one, and at the first definite sign of social revolution is going to put a copper bottom on his boat and depart thither. Some people want an island already populated: one acquaintance is very emphatic about requiring an indigenous "servile race," and others want it virgin of humanity. (This depends partly on your age and physical energy.) Some young friends of ours recently began a discussion with the island formula. Soon they split into two groups. There were those who wanted to escape with a few friends and some necessary implements, choose their island, and finish

their days on it, uncontaminated by national and international dirt. The other group, more generous and hopeful, wished to found a colony representative of both sexes and all important lores and crafts and see what they could do by way of making a civilization. Some people merely want a good place to die in; others, complete isolation with the beloved. But, you will notice, it is always an island they demand. No one suggests taking up land in West Australia, or buying an oasis in the Sahara, or leasing a Tibetan monastery.

There are many reasons, I fancy, for this inveteracy of preference. No one, for example, whether he desires to found a colony or escape proscription or be alone with his true love, is indifferent to weather. Tyrants may send their enemies to very inclement places, but the voluntary migrants all demand a good climate. Little furnaces on the equator, slabs of ice in the Arctic will not do. Sunk in an abyss of cynicism about weather, I suggest that only an island can be small enough to guarantee a decent climate. There seems to be a cosmic edict to the effect that man shall be made as uncomfortable as possible—if not positively tortured—by nature. Nature certainly knows nothing of the golden mean; "fry or freeze" is her law; and if a truly temperate spot is allowed to exist, it must be because it has been too small for her to notice.

And, as only an island can be small

enough to elude nature's fondness for excess, so nothing but an island can guarantee any freedom. Only the sea can be both a barrier and an exit, both a defense and an escape. Only in a small and lonely space can you believe that perfection would be permitted to exist. No one, you see, wants an imperfect island: it must be at least as good as Prospero's. This island-hunger, so ancient and insatiable, is an expression both of desire for liberty and of protest against whatever we do not like in whichever continent we inhabit. The Greeks must have had a word for it—*nesophilia*, perhaps.

Eighteenth-century sentimentalists were ridiculously keen about an unspoiled world, and had many absurd illusions about both man and nature in the raw. All the same, the desire for simplicity is a perfectly natural reaction against any highly developed society which has succeeded in enervating us. Even a moron wants periodically to "get away from everything." A small island can satisfy that desire better than anything else, since in the nature of things a small island cannot be the home of a very complicated civilization. Though it may be a dependency of a great nation, it cannot hold within itself all the irritating elements of society. At worst, simplicities are possible on an island that are scarcely possible in New York or Paris. I was talking the other day with a resident of Honolulu. Now Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, is one of those islands men have always dreamed about; though it has had hard luck lately, some of the most sensational reasons for which, as we are all aware of them, I will not mention. We spoke of the "depression," which poor Polynesia has inherited, along with our other diseases. "It is very bad," she said; "but of course nothing like so bad as it is on the mainland.

There is terrible unemployment—the price of sugar is below the cost of production—they are burning the pine-apples because they can't market them—the tourists have been diverted from Honolulu by recent events—but, even so, if worse comes to worst, we can go down to the seashore and camp out in our bathing-suits and live on *poi*." In any serious *débâcle* it still pays to be an island—in the right latitude.

Another proof of this eternal *nesophilia* (I must use the word, even if it is not in Liddell and Scott) is the way people from all the six continents flood the uttermost isles of the sea when they get the chance. The remote Society group got on pretty well in spite of Queen Pomaré until ocean travel became speedier. Then undesirables began to arrive. Gauguin, for example, decided he could practice his art (and incidentally make a beast of himself) more conveniently in the South Seas than in France. I was told, many years ago, on another Pacific island, that Tahiti had turned into a sort of Greenwich Village. ("A small but distinguished artist colony" they call it in the advertisements: you take your choice.) We know what tourists and such have done to the innocent beaches of Oahu. Various novelists have made Capri familiar to us as the home of expatriates and vice. The Balearic Isles, until very recently, were unspoiled and cheap. A friend of ours who spent a winter there two years ago shakes his head and says there is no going back. People are crowding in and writing books about it. Palma will be ruined. Some one did write a book about Bali, of which most people had never heard, and already most of the world cruises are taking Bali in their stride. Men and women can stay away from strange continents, but mention a really good island and the rush begins. "An island—let's go!" An island wears

ever a grace that no continent can have.

Even larger islands, which are nations in themselves, are not untouched by the magic of sea-surroundedness. The psychology of the islander has been the object of reproach—at least, I take it that “insular” is supposed to be as unflattering as “provincial.” I have never discovered that Englishmen were ashamed of their insularity. Call an Englishman “insular,” and he may answer deprecatingly in the language of diplomacy, but in his heart he is probably quoting Richard II; and if there is one thing he is thoroughly satisfied to be, it is insular. The fantastic, unreasonable pride of the Irishman and the Japanese is not unconnected with this isolation by the grace of water. When you are manifestly set apart by nature, you tend to cock your head a little. There was a time when every castle deliberately made an island of itself with a moat. Great lords desired above all things to be insular. Even when the word is used most reproachfully, it is, I think, a reproach not to stupidity but to inflexibility; not to ignorance but to pride. The small-townner may be ashamed of being a small-townner, but when was an islander ever ashamed of being an islander? Ask the Lord of Sark, who still holds from the Duke of Normandy.

II

Will the eternal *nesophilia* prevail against all the internationalism, against all the doctrines of co-operation, solidarity, federation that are being preached to us to-day? Shall we dare to desire isolation after every virtue is socialized, after the timidest individualism is proscribed? The wisest of our public men tell us that the planet is a unit, and must be envisaged as such; that we are all members, as St. Paul said, one of another. No

nation can have peace or prosperity until all nations are helped to be peaceful and prosperous. National selfishness is merely insularity—an effort on the nation's part, whatever its geographic situation, to see itself as an island. The enlightened public men may be right. Perhaps nationalism—economic, political, military—is only a vestige of *nesophilia*, the ancient longing for freedom in isolation. Away with it, then: it is silly to pretend to be an island when you are not! Let us be citizens of nothing less than the world, and consider ourselves as islanded only in interplanetary media. That may well be the way to mundane security. “And after?” as the French would say. All things are relative, and an island as big as that, is—from the humble, human, romantic point of view—no island at all. Those of us who are internationalists by conviction and *nesophile* by temperament are in a bad way.

Indeed, nationalism itself is not easy. When my friends talk about retreating to islands, they always postulate the companionship of sympathetic souls. It is essential to like and approve your fellow-islanders, for the sea which keeps you safe also keeps you together.

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

How much is isle, and how much Achilles? Man has always wanted the right company as much as he wanted the right island. Now, the citizen of some very tiny country may be satisfied with his tribal quiddity. All Ruritaniens may be congenial to him. Most of us, however, are not in that position. It is hard nowadays for an American to be a sentimental nationalist, however much he may, for unexaminable reasons, emphasize a political nationalism. We are too big, too heterogeneous; we have well-nigh

lost any special national character, any peculiar "Americanism" we may once have had. The kind of hundred-per-cent-ism that can be shared by Babe Ruth, Bishop Cannon, Jesse Lasky, Arthur Brisbane, Irving Babbitt, Jack Sharkey, and President Hoover will never start a crusade.

I was driving recently along the ridge of Sourland Mountain of unhappy fame. The locality is said to have been settled after the Revolution by Hessians and Indians. Present evidences—though the little shacks peer too furtively through the thickets to give any very frank account of themselves—would suggest additions of Italians and Central Europeans, giving color to their reputation for bootlegging. In any case, the folk of Sourland Mountain are as far removed from me as the justices of the Supreme Court. Yet the people of Sourland Mountain are my fellow-citizens in the sovereign state of New Jersey; and so are the Calvinists of the Princeton Theological Seminary, just up the street. I am out of sympathy with both Calvinists and bootleggers, and neither bootleggers nor Calvinists would care to live with me. Any one of us would probably wish the others excluded from his "shadowy isle of bliss, midmost the beating of the steely sea." The only things we have absolutely in common are an alimentary canal and a vote. All the other traits or possessions we seem to share are affected by our differences of breeding, circumstance, and temperament.

All of this is trite enough; yet it may be one reason why the citizens of the most fortunate country on earth, who could look forward a few years ago to the actual abolition of poverty and to a national superiority which freed them from the need of associating themselves with lesser peoples, are not socially so happy as to want always to stay where they are. Discouraged

syllables are issuing from thousands of lips. Depression is abroad in the land. Nor am I speaking of the economic depression. It is not the stock market, or even unemployment, that causes this gloom and arouses this protest, but almost any spectacle of Americans actively engaged in being Americans—whether a session of Congress, or a convention of citizens, or a mere movie audience. The fact is that we are growing fretfully weary of the habit of democracy and of being governed by our kind. Even the possible collapse of capitalism (about which we hear so much) is, to many people, less alarming than the more immediately possible collapse of a representative form of government which, apparently, represents only the pigs with the loudest local grunt. "Don't sell America short!" some one exhorted the public not long ago. Many good citizens are quite ready (however sad at heart) to sell America short. The most conscientious are saying, "I am fed up with America. I'm through." I cannot find anywhere in my own acquaintance a trace of the old faith or feeling. People expect prosperity to return, in however mutilated a form, but no one expects us to get back to a balanced moral budget. Confidence is gone.

As capitalism gives a less and less good account of itself, more and more people (especially young people) are ready to find defenses for the economic principles of Soviet Russia. "From each according to his power, to each according to his need" rings pleasantly in the ears of idealistic youth. The other day, after retiring from all my "capitalistic" positions of defense, one after the other, I found myself in the central citadel. Idealistic youth, very voluble, had taken all the outposts. And the central citadel, I found, was mere *nesophilia*. I could envisage, with fortitude if not with calm, all

confiscations but one: the confiscation of privacy and all that goes with it. It seems to be admittedly part of the Soviet plan to force people to work, eat, bathe, acquire knowledge, and amuse themselves, in a herd. Now, it is well known that the ultimate hardship is gang-living. You can die more surely and painfully of constant companionship than of black bread. Years ago, a nun in a Roman Catholic order told me that the severest mortification imposed on them was the prohibition of privacy. The heavy task of perpetual adoration, the thick woollen shirts in summer, the unlimited fasting did not count in comparison. "Even the Carmelites have cells," she said; "but our rule obliges us to sleep in dormitories. We are never alone. That is why our order is considered the strictest of all except the Poor Clares. You accustom yourself to the other mortifications—to that never."

I remembered the nun as I looked at the eager young people round me—each one of whom, I happened to know, was a glutton for solitude. Either (I said) Russians will get used to being a herd, to living only an agglutinated life, or they will rise against this cruelty. In the one case, they will sink utterly into materialism—no Russian ever having an opportunity to develop the life of the spirit, of the mind, of art—and become a new and inferior kind of man; in the other case, they will reconstitute social life according to a more normal pattern, and the Soviet will cease to be the Soviet. If they are willing to do without philosophy, pure science, art, letters, they may pull their financial chestnuts out of the fire; but they will never be a great nation like other nations while men and women are given none of the loneliness out of which all non-materialistic achievement springs. They have made a religion of their Communism; but no religion has ever

been worth anything that did not bid a man contemplate himself. At present, no doubt, the Russians want only economic security. That is understandable. But it is only after economic security is achieved that life begins to be interesting. When the Russian is once sure of decent food, average cleanliness, education, and freedom to move about, will he not want privacy? For the normal man of unstunted aptitudes is not willing to live forever at the dead center of a rice pudding.

America is perhaps the most capitalistic of nations. Yet, curiously enough, it is not so much our difference from Soviet Russia as our likeness to it that is giving so many Americans a sense of moral suffocation. Both Russia and the United States are, for all practical purposes, oligarchies. Members of the Party—very few in number—have, one gathers, special privileges in Russia. Under our system the few who are very rich may live as they please. They can pay for breathing-space, for evasion of inconvenient laws, for indulgence of their private taste. They can live, in other words, as individuals. Is that possible, any longer, for the mass of American citizens? Hardly more, spiritually speaking, than for the Russian mujik.

There is no word more distasteful to the average American than Communism. He thinks of it only as an economic and political system. But is he not, morally and socially, getting something very like Communism? Though he starts with more yardage than his Russian brother, its potentialities are as ruthlessly curtailed as if a Commissar sat there with the foot-rule. The average American must breathe the gas and hear the noise of truck and bus and joyrider; he must carry on his reading and his talk and his meditation to the savage

accompaniment of his neighbor's radio. Whatever his moral or material desires, he can afford for their satisfaction only what is mass-produced, cunningly standardized to meet the mean requirement of millions. No Englishman, no Frenchman would endure as Americans and Russians do the agglutinated life. We Americans have always been criticized for our individualism. It sometimes seems as if our famous individualism reduced itself to insisting on the right of the citizen to make (by whatever means) as much money as he can stuff into his pocket. We will not labor this matter farther. But you may be sure that it is this sense of majority pressure, of enforced herd-life, of the utter impotence of the individual to have his will even in legitimate ways that is setting people rather desperately to talk about islands.

"Rest is only on an island," remarked the virtuous Martin Tupper. Things are going very badly, and the old *nesophilia* is stirring in many hearts. Economic necessity apart, I know almost no one who would not, to-morrow, take to that island if he could find it. It is not easy for the middle-aged to uproot themselves and sail away, though I am acquainted with some who actually intend to do it—even if the island is confessedly less than perfect. After all, the human body is adaptable: Eskimos are said to thrive in engine-rooms. A lot of us, of course, cannot take to islands. We are tied at home by considerations of money, of duty, of responsibility, every sort of involve-

ment. We shall have to make a virtue of necessity. Some of us, indeed, would be ashamed to get out. We are in a mood of profound apology to our children for forcing them to inherit and face a world like this. We have no real right to desert the ship, leaving the younger generation to die of its unseaworthiness—for the unseaworthiness is our own and our fathers' fault, not theirs. We must die with our children, like Laocoön, like Ugolino. Parental loyalty is stronger even than *nesophilia*. Unpatriotic, all this? Very likely; though I have been, through the greater part of my life, a more convinced and devoted "American" than most. Now, when any one asks me what there is left to be convinced and devoted about, I confess that, bludgeoned by events, I am unable to declare. I know plenty of honorable and intelligent citizens, all as helpless in the coils of the democratic machinery as I feel myself to be. Good Americans; scrupulously doing their duty; increasingly afraid that they are part of a mistake and a menace. . . .

It is just as well that the *nesophilia* of most of us cannot be translated into action, for the islands of the sea would not begin to hold the unhappy millions. Those who can go in peace and honor—they are very few—will go. The rest of us will sit at home, remembering the words of poets.

Where the fortunate islands are lit with the
light of ineffable faces,
And the sound of a sea without wind is
about them, and sunset is red . . .

The Lion's Mouth



THEY LAUGHED!

BY NUNNALLY JOHNSON

I HAVE few ambitions (they are all relatively modest) which are definitely beyond my reach, but there is one I doubt I shall ever achieve—an opportunity to complete or round out those gripping stories which are my favorite advertisements. I mean those which relate how they all laughed when he sat down at the piano, etc. I never tire of these accounts. I read them all.

So far as they go they seem to me flawless. The situation is infallible, a perfect fictional set-up. The climax is thoroughly satisfactory: the laughter dies, an awed hush spreads over the little group in the parlor, there is a breathless astonishment as his fingers move idly through the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal "Moonlight Sonata"—and then the ovation, the hysterical excitement, the bombardment of amazed questions. For soul-satisfying drama, there you are, straight from the boat!

Still I feel the story isn't ended. Not quite. The party doesn't break up then. Judging from the account, it has just received new life, new enthusiasm. What happens next?

Let me go on with it:

As the last notes of the "Moonlight Sonata" died away the room resounded

with a sudden roar of applause. He found himself surrounded by excited faces. How had he done it? Where did he learn? How long had he studied? Who was his teacher?

"I have never even seen my teacher," he said smiling. "And two months ago I couldn't even read a note!"

"You are joking!"

"I assure you I am not."

Then he told them of the Interplanetary Correspondence School of Music, its system of instruction, its simplicity, and the two months of fifteen minutes a day it had taken him to learn what he had just demonstrated to them.

"But, Charles," exclaimed Mignon Clark, the prettiest girl in the crowd, "I can hardly believe it!"

"It is true, nevertheless," he said.

Then, turning back to the keyboard, he played "My Country 'Tis of Thee." The whispers of admiration continued to sweep the room. From that he drifted into "Turkey in the Straw," in such jolly tempo it set all feet to jiggling. Then he rose.

"I guess that'll be enough," he laughed.

"Oh, no, Charles. Play—"

"All right," he said promptly, sitting down again, and several thoughtful looks were turned on pretty Mignon Clark, who had urged him to continue. He played "Yankee Doodle," and there was a polite smile of approbation when he finished. Next came "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," then "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny," at the end of which, Frank Mabry and Sybil Jones sauntered out on the porch.

"Let me know when he's done," Frank called back laughingly, and everyone joined in a merry peal.

Charles played Chopsticks then, and Arthur Whitney, at a veiled signal from Mary Tilton, the hostess, rose and sauntered over to the piano. Arthur had been playing current popular melodies before Charles arrived. He touched Charles on the shoulder.

"Some of the girls have asked me to play that new piece from 'Face the Music,'" he began.

"Just a minute!" He was playing "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet" and needed all of his attention. "I'm getting it now!"

Arthur turned to Mary and shrugged helplessly. Mary sighed. Tony McGraw and Guy Fisher whispered to Clara Knight and Emma Thomas, whom they'd brought to the party, and they all tiptoed out for their hats, winking violently at Mary and pointing explanatory fingers at Charles' back. He was now playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

"Charles," Mary said desperately, laying a hand on his neck, "some of them are leaving."

"All right," he replied, not looking up. "Say good-night to them for me," and then he went into "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

At one o'clock there was no one left in the room but him and his hostess. Mary looked punch-drunk. At one-ten they were both startled by an unearthly noise outside the window. It sounded like five cats fighting—meeeeeooow! pssssssst! meeeeeeooow! Woof-woof-woof! Then a muffled giggle.

"What's that?" Charles demanded.

Mary smiled wearily. "Just some of the boys." She spoke pointedly. "I think they're making fun of you."

"I see!" He smiled complacently. "Envious!"

The next morning Mary's father

spoke to her sternly. "Who was that darned fool who banged on the piano last night. We can't have things like that going on here. It was terrible."

"Don't worry," she replied grimly. "You won't be troubled by that young man again."

And that was the last time that Charles Gulp was ever invited to a party in Union City for fifteen years.

There is another of these stories which presents a husband and wife coming home in a taxicab from a party. She is vexed with him. It seems that all evening he never said a word, just sat there like a dope, saying "yes" or "no," while the others chatted easily about a score of subjects. She simply can't see why he should act so dumb in a group of cultured people.

He's pretty cut up over the situation himself. He realizes he made a poor showing, but, good Lord, he couldn't think of a thing to say. He wasn't a college man, like the others. He was just lost, that's all. It was this situation which led him a few days later to a book of famous quotations, from Rossetti and Keats, Shaw and Nietzsche, Tolstoy and Robert Ingersoll. A friend recommended it to him, and the next time he and Mrs. Gulp went out he was prepared.

It was a brilliant gathering of cultured men and women. Charles smiled quietly to himself. To think that he had once been at a loss for cultivated conversation! For a minute or two after entering with Mignon he occupied his attention with the company, studying their faces, thinking of the surprise he had in store for them. Presently he drifted over to a group engaged in a lively discussion.

"Sharkey will kill him," Ruth Williams declared as he sat down. "Sharkey will open him up in the first rounds and then knock his ears off."

"You're crazy," a tall man said.

At this point Charles cleared his throat and they all looked around at him in some surprise, as this was the first time in their memory that he looked as if he might say anything beyond yes or no.

"Well?" said Ruth.

"Fifty years ago," he said quietly, "Victor Hugo said—"

"You're crazy," the tall man repeated, turning back to Ruth. "In that Schmeling fight Sharkey had thrown everything he had at the Kraut, and Schmeling was still coming in. That's just the kind of thing that discourages Sharkey."

Charles cleared his throat again, louder. "Fifty years ago," he repeated, "Victor Hugo said—"

"All right," Frank Asbury said, "I'll give you seven to five that it goes the limit."

"Look at that Stribling fight," the tall man pointed out.

"Fifty years ago—"

"Stribling was an overrated fighter. All he ever beat was a lot of palookas."

"Was Sharkey a palooka?"

"Fifty years—"

"But Sharkey won, my dear fellow!"

"Sure, but if Stribling was a palooka, why didn't he knock him out? Can't Sharkey knock out palookas?"

"Fifty—"

"What?" the tall man demanded, turning suddenly. "What was that?"

Charles smiled happily. "I say, fifty years ago Victor Hugo predicted that there would be no capital punishment by the dawn of the twentieth century." He beamed on the tall man. "That's what Victor Hugo said."

"So what?" The tall man looked puzzled.

"I'm just telling you what Victor Hugo said," Charles explained, slightly irritated. "I didn't say it. Victor Hugo said it. Fifty years ago—"

"What of it?"

Charles got up and moved away to another group. It consisted of several ladies and gentlemen who looked cultured. He sat down and gave ear to their conversation.

"It proved nothing," Agnes McCormick was saying. "In the first place the cards were running bad for Lenz. For the first four or five days he got cards that nobody could have played."

"Lenz didn't complain."

"Naturally not. But anyone with any knowledge of bridge at all could see it. He didn't have to point it out."

Charles hitched his chair forward. The others paused and looked at him. He smiled quietly.

"Eighty years ago Elizabeth Barrett Browning said—"

"There would have been one certain way to make a definite proof," Edgeworth Morrison declared. "There should have been five tables or six. Six would be better. Let the Lenz-Culbertson table have the deal. Then give the same cards to the third and fifth tables. But at the second, fourth, and sixth tables—"

"In the same connection, Elizabeth Barrett Browning said—"

"Go on, Edgeworth."

"Reverse the hands at the second, fourth, and sixth tables. Let the Culbertson people at these tables play the cards that Lenz and his partner played at the first table, and the Lenz people play the cards Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson drew at the first table."

"Victor Hugo—"

"Cards are a part of the game as well as bidding—"

"I'm only saying that would give a better line on the systems. See what each did with the others' cards."

"Elizabeth Barrett—"

"Well, that's all just supposition. I'm talking of what actually happened. Culbertson—"

Charles got up and moved away once more. It was the second of seven times he got up and moved away during the evening. In the taxicab going home the situation was little different from the one but a few weeks before.

"How was I to know nobody cared what Victor Hugo said?" he kept muttering sullenly, while Mrs. Gulp stared stonily out of the window. "How was I to know what Lenz ought to have done?"

Mrs. Gulp never answered.



DOMESTIC CAT

BY GEORGE BOAS

Silent he walks along the fence,
Stops, and observes the sparrows hopping,
Switches his tail, and then repents
His natural appetites outcropping.

Arriving near the kitchen door,
He optically sweeps the ground,
Feels with his forepaws for a more
Resistant springboard for his bound,

And like a bullet hits the green.
The sparrows leave it as he hits it.
He looks as if he had not seen
The episode and blandly quits it.



A FIREFLY TO STEER BY

BY STELLA BENSON

I WILL tell no more—I will write no more about the rooted sights and established enterprises of places visited on my journeys. The little world has been over-seen, over-commented-on, over-written-about by me,

and by other far more conscientious tourists. I must notice now only things that I may be allowed to forget. For the moment I have no use for land, except as a necessary foothold; no use for hearth-fires—beacons that I am under an obligation to notice and to return to. I want only fireflies that won't be there when I come back. And for the moment too I have no use for information and talk about places. I want to watch faces and other impermanent landmarks. Places are all on my way home; faces, as signposts, nearly always lead you away from home. If, when seeming to listen to the words a man utters, you watch his face instead—watch, for instance, the intimate and automatic process of the blinking of his eyes—your world becomes aflutter with eyelids and wholly strange at last, just as a wood becomes aflutter with birds' wings if you watch for them, or a garden becomes dazzled with fireflies, and so turns into a new world that you never saw before and will never see again.

So I shall revert to my natural state of indifference to permanencies; I shall miss the landmarks and see the dragonflies—see the kingfisher perched on the signpost instead of reading the lettering on the sign, follow the course of a matchbox galleon blown by a muddy child across a puddle instead of noticing the fifteenth-century date of the porch of the village church. This method truly pays, since when I return that way the road is wholly new to me; now there is no dragonfly, no kingfisher, no puddle-navigator, but perhaps a grass-snake or a thundercloud or an Old Etonian tie on a scarecrow's neck instead. But of course there are disadvantages in this lazy habit of furnishing one's world with non-fixtures. For instance, one gets lost easily; fireflies are unreliable stars if you *have* to steer a homeward course at last.

Yesterday I was in Kobe—but I forgot to visit Kobe; my two days there were entirely thrown out of perspective by a firefly that blocked out for me the whole swelling solidity of Japan—a spark of observation that I ought to forget and can't forget, that didn't matter and still doesn't matter and yet matters to me. I crossed the dockyard in a rikisha and saw a very small, very ugly lost dog. I had already seen it in the distance, running with the stiff erratic gait of a dog trying to keep its head in alarming circumstances. It sped from human leg to human leg, trying to sniff out a familiar smell: it hurried out into the road to look round the horizon for landmarks till passing cars frightened it into the gutter again. Just as I passed it it pulled itself together and stood still, trying to think what would be the wisest thing to do next. Then, seeing me, it put up its snub nose and let out a loud howl for help.

I disregarded its call. I cannot now imagine why except that I was in a hurry to keep an appointment, that I was elaborately wrapped up in a rug in my rikisha, and that I visualized myself involved in endless arguments with Japanese policemen, they ignorant of a word of English and I (almost) of a word of Japanese. True, I knew the word for *dog*—*ino*. (I know the word for *dog* in almost all civilized languages.) But then a policeman could see for himself that the thing was a dog, so being able to introduce it correctly would not carry me far. This dog was, as I have said, a vulgar-looking, worthless, humble, insectlike dog; my reasons for concerning myself with a creature of so little account would, I felt sure, never be really clear to a Japanese official. But these excuses do not excuse me. I had no right not to stop.

But here is my point, which I shall return to later: the dog had no right

to ask me to stop. That lost, perturbed, panicstricken *me*—at the mercy of a completely indifferent world—was, I admit, the only *me* that dog possessed. But I am the only *me* that I possess, and it is not fair that my *me* should be at the mercy of any stray dog that may feel inspired to howl at me. . . .

I kept my appointment and all the time I reluctantly repented in sackcloth and ashes; I pleaded with the ghost of the dog that haunted the corners of my sight; I reminded myself desperately that fireflies were only fireflies after all. I hurried back to the dockyard and, reproaching myself bitterly for my self-reproach, spent an hour and a half in looking for the dog. But in such matters there is no second choice; the dog was nowhere to be seen. I returned to my ship and sat on her deck, watching the hawks. Scores of hawks wheeled and swooped after fish, planing so near to the ship's side that I could see their cold frowning eyes, the sensitive adjustment of their tails to the angles of their flight; I could see their necks moving, as it seemed, on ballbearings, each in a flawless casing of neck-frill, the edges of which turned smoothly upon shoulder-frill as though both surfaces were made of greased steel.

Watching these fierce creatures moving perfectly at home about their world, asking nothing of me, adventuring indifferently within a yard or two of my dangerous world of cranes and wireless masts and lighters, it seemed to me that the hawks' independence of me was almost an adequate compensation for the dog's dependence—which I had betrayed. Independence—a state of being self-contained—is the only generosity, I thought, the only charity we can claim of a living creature. We must have nothing to do with one another's bones; this is our only right—to have nothing to do with them.

The bone must be the axis of a globe of intrusion-proof glass. One could not say, watching a hawk, "He ought to do this": one could not say "I ought perhaps to do this for him." Therefore, not only is he safe from me, but I am safe from him. I was at the mercy of that dog because its sacred glass globe had been unwarrantably shattered by me and my kind. The dog and I had been dragged, reluctant and guilty intruders, into each other's worlds: there were no soundproof walls between the dog's bones and mine. And so my bones were obliged to hear its bones cry out for help. But this is an inexcusable state of things. Trespassing is, I believe, the only sin. We have shattered privacy—our friends' privacy, animals' privacy, our own privacy. The glass globes of identity are shattered by the use of the word *ought* and all its connotations, no less than by bullets. We destroy a wild animal's world with bullets, and a tame animal's with *oughts*. And sometimes the animals take their revenge.

So, watching the hawks' bones,

spinning and wheeling and feeling and ruling, each hawk impenetrably alone in its trespass-proof, *me*-proof globe, I felt as though my debt to the dog were somehow paid. It was an illusion, of course—a wish-fulfilment—a self-justification that I had to make to bring peace back again to my firefly world. But after all, I have as much right to comfort myself with hawks as to torture myself with lost dogs. Fireflies disperse, after all; it doesn't matter once they are gone which way they flew—whether the forest hid them or the rain drowned them or the wind blew them away. I see them once; I look again—they are gone.

Safe in my detachment now, I feel perhaps like a Christian safe in his God. I feel as one might feel who has been watching the unvisitable countries of the moon through a telescope and finding in that very incomprehensibility comfort for the distresses of earthly sorrow and violence and broken privacy. At least, God, at least, moon, at least, hawk, my bones are safe from yours; we owe one another no debt.





Editor's Easy Chair

COMING EVENTS, INCLUDING THE MILLENNIUM

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

CURRENT demands on experts are very heavy. World problems, economic problems, trade problems, problems of morality and deportment, all intricate and all urgent because the changes apparently proceeding in human life look to them for solution. Mr. Coolidge may not want to acknowledge it, but it is a fact that old habits, old standards, old methods of government, old ideas of right and wrong are nowadays very much questioned. In the late campaign you could not read a newspaper without running into a complicated question like farm relief, tariff, war debts, the gold standard, silver or unemployment; and as a voter you were expected to have the right answer in your mind and apply it at the polls. Do you know anything about banking? Do you know what is right or wrong in banking? Do you know whether Insull is guilty or not?

There were some shows on West 42nd Street that Mayor McKee closed up but they have reopened since. He closed them on information and belief that they were immodest and so, bad. What constitutes a bad show now? What constitutes immodesty? Remember the certainties of the 19th century, at least of the last half or three-

quarters of it after the Napoleonic disturbance subsided, and contrast them with the vast uncertainty of our end of the 20th century.

It is not that one needs to be so great an expert for the regulation of his own life. He will jog along according to his tradition of what is right and wrong and cleave to one of them. The difficulty is to judge other people, a difficulty which may well popularize the scriptural suggestion not to do it.

I read in the paper that Miss Rachel Crothers had produced a new play, with, as usual, a sex motive, about a man who had a very fine wife and was quite attached to her, and also a very fine lady companion, and was also attached to her. These two ladies had met and talked things over. Such arrangements went pretty well with the patriarchs. They go in the Oriental countries now, as Mrs. Buck reveals in her stories of China. They always have existed and people have got along with them, but are they right? Are they wrong? Are they ever excusable? Are they ever expedient? Perhaps Miss Crothers' ladies discussed that in their conversation, and so as said, there is a great call for experts to have opinions just about ordinary living as we live it just now.

Maybe that is good for us. I have

read that the human race was going down hill and had been for some time, when the Hebrews got the Ten Commandments, which checked the slide. Maybe so. There are those who say the Commandments came from Babylon, but possibly the Hebrews advertised them more effectively than the Babylonians did and possibly kept some of them; but after a while they got to lean too much on keeping them and neglected perhaps to put their minds on other details of conduct, and along came a new teacher who told a new story, taught a new way—said the Ten Commandments were very well so far as they went and ought to be kept, but that there was a lot more to life than that and it was worth finding.

Always, no doubt, when a new era is dawning the standards of the era it supersedes begin to crumble. One does not need to go to the bathing beaches to find changes in ours. Modification of our habits of life is proceeding peacefully. For example, observe the smoking cars on railway trains. A good many women now like to smoke cigarettes on their travels. Time was, and very lately, that when one looked for the smoking car on a train he knew it when he found it because there were no women in it, but now there are plenty; and since the cars usually have women smokers, their presence invites other women who are not smokers, so it is getting to be with us as it is in England where some carriages are reserved for smokers but people smoke in others also if there is no objection.

One smokes cigarettes most agreeably or less disagreeably in spare time, and for that reason they commend themselves to travelers. The railroads, which are looking earnestly for customers, selling cheap excursion tickets and using various wiles to keep their heads above water, may find a profit in increased attention to smokers.

THOSE Pyramid people who put out the notice that the Great Tribulation would begin in 1928 and last more or less, especially for England and the United States, till the fall of 1936—those people computing through the Scotch faculties of Davidson go on with the forecast of various experiences in our world through the rest of this century and announce the beginning of The Millennium in 2001.

Oh, well, just so! Bring on the bears! Bring on The Millennium! By the end of this century surely humanity will have been so disciplined as to meet new experiences without excessive repining, and, after all, in seventy years a good deal can happen, a good deal can be accomplished. The idea of The Millennium—an idea familiar to everyone—has usually induced perplexity and some sinking of the heart. Who has not doubted whether he would be happy in a world that was absolutely well conducted. What would it do without sinners; for that matter, what should we do without sin? And the millennium usually implied a condition for a humanity that had outgrown sinfulness.

And to last one thousand years! Gracious! Nobody could hope to outlive it unless there were great improvements in the human constitution.

But after all, we talk about The Millennium, yet apparently what is said to be ahead of us is something a little more specific, for the forecasting mathematician of the Pyramid says that what is coming in 2001 is the *seventh* millennium, that is the conclusion of a period of six thousand years, and the beginning of the seventh and sabbatical period which, after all, if the figures are right, very few, if any, readers of these words will live to see.

Perhaps the great difference between this millennium that begins next cen-

tury and the six that have preceded it and are now working toward their close is largely that people will have more sense than they have now. There is, of course, the suggestion that the Adversary is to be bound for a thousand years and leave us in peace, and that the Saviour is going to run the world; but neither of these prospects involves changes as great as one might think. If we really had sense enough we might freeze out the Adversary ourselves. It is not impossible. Individuals pretty well do it now, and as for running the world on Christian principles, plenty of people think now that if we do not get to that pretty soon civilization will crumble on our hands.

That coming thousand years, will it be drinkless? Why should it be? Drinks are excellent things and make for human happiness, but like everything else of that nature, including what we politely call sex, drinking is subject to enormous abuses, so that given as a blessing it is easily misrepresented as a curse. In a Millennium so-called there would be drink but no drink problem because the Adversary being incarcerated as proposed, people would use judgment about what they took, and other more important things would engage their attention anyhow. Presumably there would not be diseases and there would be other changes; but it should be remembered that what would suit us may not be at all what would suit persons born fifty years from now, who will have reached their twenties in 2001.

The trouble about the idea of The Millennium has been that it was an imagined state of perfection, and that implied a condition without progress. A world that could not be improved would just be no good. The attractive thing about the pictures of the next life given us by spiritualists and others is that there is unending progress there—

no limit to knowledge, no limit to possibilities of improvement. If it is going to be that way with this prospective Millennium why, no doubt, our grandchildren will get along with it very well. And anyhow, our present world could stand a lot of shaking down and rebuilding and not be the worse for it, and, indeed, seems to be going through that very process now.

Look about! Look about! Readers of these words will have just seen an election. They will know what was going on in this country about the time of this writing. They will remember who the candidates were. They will not have forgotten Curry and Walker nor Al Smith, nor Hofstadter, nor that young Steuer who wanted to be judge. They will have seen how the bosses make the judges; but after all the politicians have always made judges in this country, in England, and probably in all the other countries except where there was a theocratic government. It is part of the cloud that hangs over the prospective millennium that its government may be a theocracy; but, as to that, what we have seen of governments in which the high clergy had a big voice has not warmed us to anything like theocratic government, and right now under our noses the countries in which the clergy have had the most political influence—Russia, Italy, Spain, Mexico, are getting rid of it as fast as they can, and when the eighteenth amendment is repealed we shall get rid of something akin to it. But for a Millennium, take the large view of theocracy. What else runs our world? What else makes the apple fall and the smoke rise? What else made us, and is responsible for our future? Let us not be dubious about this prospective Millennium but help to raise our grandchildren just the same as though it were not ahead for them.

BUT meanwhile what about us and how are we going to survive, and how are we going to train the children whose children will reach over the century? As to the details nobody quite knows, but as to the expectation almost everybody is a bull on the universe including its mundane detail. Does everybody realize that for the first time in recorded history, so far as the records have come down, it is possible to produce enough of the necessities of life and many of its luxuries for everybody alive? That is unprecedented. Everybody can be fed, doctored, sheltered, clothed, transported, taught to read and write if only the available means can be applied at the right places. We shall not have to wait for the Millennium to see improvement in that application. It must come and come now. On something like that prosperity waits. Mass production has made difficult problems, and has greatly disturbed the order we are used to, but in itself it is mainly good. The great problem is to get the producers and the consumers into increased and profitable communication. To do that it will be necessary to look upon the world as a whole, a view that is undeniably Millennial. The great changes that come are based on facts, on events. They do not happen casually or whimsically. They result from precedent causes. If the world is going to be better it will be because it has got to be better. If its inhabitants are going to show more sense in their proceedings, more understanding of life, more humanity, it will be because they will have to do better in all these respects because the depression will not lift nor unemployment cease until they do.

This election in these States may turn out to be very important as indicating a new departure and a wiser spirit in our government policies. The big job immediately ahead is the

care of the unemployed over the winter. That is an undertaking without precedent in this country for its extent, but it should be very instructive, doing good alike to the helpers and the helped. If it is well done, with efficiency, with justice, with true humanity, even as an investment it will be worth its cost. Meanwhile it is everybody's business to know what is being done and who is doing it and help about it as they can. A good many persons will find full occupation to take care of their own dependents, but those who do that best will help directly or indirectly others beyond their own circle. The administrative capacity of the country is pretty well enlisted in this big job. However election has gone, Mr. Hoover's talent for large-scale relief will be available until March.

SOMEBODY has offered to send the Easy Chair a new book *For Sinners Only* published in the interest of the Frank Buchman movement to improve mankind by salutary changes of heart. The book is interesting, and the adventures of the Buchmanites in their pursuit of candidates for a better life compare well with other volumes of adventure.

But why *For Sinners Only*? Why this discrimination? The lesson of a Presidential campaign is that all men, and particularly all politicians, are sinners a-plenty, and that all the choice you have is—which lot is most agreeable to your own sense of guilt. Years ago the war cry of some papers, especially of *The Sun*, in Presidential years, was "Turn the rascals out." It was always applicable but sometimes more vociferously so than usual. It has been a first-class cry this year in the City of New York, but the real job is to raise the standard of expectation to a point where plunder and place-holding have to separate.





AN ARISTOCRAT

By Adolf Dehn

Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

TECHNOLOGY SMASHES THE PRICE SYSTEM

AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF OUR PRESENT CRISIS

PREPARED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF

HOWARD SCOTT

Director of the Energy Survey of North America

An explanatory note on Technocracy, the research organization which is conducting the Energy Survey of North America and has assembled the remarkable facts on which the conclusions in this article are based, will be found in the Personal and Otherwise columns.—*The Editors*

A CRISIS in the history of American civilization is at hand. The nation stands at the threshold of what is simultaneously opportunity and disaster. The opportunity is one for social benefit, the disaster is the failure of the price system; and neither opportunity nor disaster may be escaped. The mills of the gods have ground almost their allotted time and they have ground exceedingly fine. The spectacle of a New Jersey rayon factory now being designed to run eventually without human labor, save for one man at a switchboard, is more than a warning of further unemployment, more than a notice to competitors that a rival has lowered his production cost to a minimum. It is all of

these things, but they are of superficial account. It is a witness to a profound truth that only a few years ago was guessed at—that physical wealth is not measured in terms of labor, goods, or money, but in terms of energy. And with the discovery of that truth the bankers, the industrialists, the Marxists, the Fascists, the economists, the soldiers, and the politicians are things of the past.

The industrial age, guided by men who had no conception of the powers that were at work, has at last turned upon its masters to destroy them and in that moment of destruction offers to the inhabitants of the American continent a security that they have never known. This crisis is not the

result of political agitation. The agitators are powerless while the very stars in their courses have been fighting for another order. We unwittingly have stolen a march upon history, and whether for good or ill a new chapter is about to begin. A few weeks ago the Governor of the Bank of England admitted that "the difficulties are so vast and so unlimited that I approach the subject not only in ignorance but in humility. It is too much for me." While the representatives of American industry and capital have been unwilling so far to commit themselves publicly, many are conceding in private that the problem is beyond them. One thing becomes very cold and clear: If we are to deal effectually with the depression we have got to understand the forces that brought it about.

The reason why America finds herself in her present agony is because for many years she has been ignoring physical laws which are fundamental to her operation. Her present troubles are only another warning that the final day of reckoning is at hand. To say it in one way, the cause of our troubles lies in the fact that during these years, instead of thinking of our well-being and of the operation of our country in terms of energy, we have thought of it in terms of something purchasable with dollars. If we are to understand the problem at all we have got to grapple with this question of energy; upon it everything else rests.

Prior to that glorious fourth in the year 1776 when we announced our independence to the world, there was no engine for work save man and his domesticated draught animals. There had been discoveries of various sorts before; but dismissing the experiments and devices of ancient times and the Middle Ages, leaving aside the water wheels and windmills which were crude, inefficient, and over-costly con-

cerns, man and his animals were the only machines to do work. Man was the engine, and with the energy furnished him by his body from the food that he ate he worked. It was man who built the aqueducts of the Emperor Augustus, man who constructed the great dome of the cathedral of the Incarnate Word at Byzantium, man who raised the spires of Chartres. The whole amount of energy used by human kind was the energy of the food eaten by man and his domesticated animals and the fuel that he burned.

Energy is defined as the capacity for doing work. All forms of heat transfer or of work done are said to involve a transfer of energy. Thus a waterfall is continuously expending energy regardless of whether this energy is utilized or not. If a pound of coal is burned, the energy in that coal may or may not be used to drive an engine or to do other work; but whether or not work is done, after the coal is burned the energy it contained has been irretrievably spent. An automobile moves and does work because it is able to utilize the heat energy contained in gasoline. A water wheel turns by utilizing the energy contained in the water in motion at a waterfall. Everything that moves, including the human body, which runs by means of the energy contained in the food it burns, does so by an expenditure of energy. Through the expenditure of energy we convert all raw materials into the products that we consume and through it operate all the equipment that we use.

Do you doubt that this is true? Consider the shoes that you put on in the morning. They are made from leather, the hide of the cow that ate grass to provide the heat to warm her body and the energy to chew yet more grass. The grass itself received, by way of the chlorophyll in its blades, energy from the sun. Removed from

the cow's back, the hide was tanned, put into a car built of steel smelted by heat energy, and transported over a railroad using steam or electric energy. It arrived at a factory, and with machines driven by electric or steam energy, was made into shoes. When you eat your breakfast, consider the source of your bacon and eggs, consider your newspaper, how it was made and what it was made of, consider the street car or the automobile in which you go to work, how they are made, of what they were made, and how they do their work. Everywhere energy, the source, the one and only source of life, is applied to matter, and behold the wonder is apparent.

We have said that before the day of James Watt and his steam engine man and his draught animals were practically the only engines upon this planet for doing man's work, in other words, consume and expend energy. Every social system which man set up from the day that Joseph interpreted until the birth of Benjamin Franklin was rigidly limited by this fact. Cleopatra descending the Cydnus on her barge and Shakespeare, the dramatist, who described the event centuries later, were of the same age in this: In her day and in his man and his animals could work so much in one day and no more. Not until the day of the machines arrived, machines which could multiply the rate of using energy thousands of times over, did an absolutely new influence appear in human society. It is because we have not taken thought of this influence that we in America find ourselves where we are to-day, with ruin staring us in the face.

Our whole existence is and always has been a struggle for energy. The savage generated some energy in his own body, got some from his animals and his campfire, but ever since that day man has been fighting

his way back to the original sources of energy. He found in coal the energy laid down ages earlier in the carboniferous period, he found another source of energy in waterpower, he found a sea of oil prepared by nature long before the day of his Neanderthal ancestors. Lately he has been prying at one of the last and most mysterious sources—atomic energy; but to his great good fortune that secret has not yet been put into his clumsy bungling hands. Yet so great a store of energy has he already made available that, given the raw material, there is practically no comfort or luxury of life he cannot make for himself. Food, it is true, is still produced in the way that nature originally devised, but indefatigable mankind has discovered scores of ways to assist the process.

How does energy work? One of the fundamental laws is that which says neither man nor machine can work out of nothing, that is without being supplied with energy. Who has seen an automobile run without gasoline or a street car without electricity? You cannot dodge the fact by saying: Let us hitch a horse to the automobile and have the buggy once more, for the horse in this case is the engine, generating energy from the oats he eats. The spectacle of the body of one of the unemployed found on the docks, dead of starvation, is a terrible witness to the fact that this great law cannot be violated. The man was denied energy, and life was taken from him.

Now energy appears in many forms but it is possible to measure them in units of work—the erg and the joule, or in units of heat—the calorie. *It is the fact that all forms of energy, of whatever sort, may be measured in units of ergs, joules, or calories that is of the utmost importance. The solution of the social problems of our time depends upon the recognition of this fact. A dollar may be worth—in buying power—so*

much to-day and more or less to-morrow, but a unit of work or heat is the same in 1900, 1929, 1933, or the year 2000. In a price system wealth is produced only by the creation of debt. A man is wealthy only when he is a creditor. If his wealth consists in bonds, stocks, mortgages, notes, equities, and so forth, he is merely the owner of a collection of promises to pay. Even currency is in this category, for you will find on the face of a dollar bill the words "payable to the bearer on demand"—with no questions asked as to how he happened to be the bearer.

The units in which these forms of debt appear—be they stocks, bonds, or currency—are units of value. Value cannot be measured; it has no metrical equivalent. A pound of coal is always a pound of coal, but the weight of a dollar's worth of coal is seldom twice the same.

The dollar which is used to value a commodity is a purely arbitrary unit and has no metrical equivalent in the physical operation of our continent. You do not ask for a yard of oil or a gallon of linoleum or a bushel of electric current. We shall have to return to this business of measurement a little later on, but this discussion will be far more clearly understood if this constancy of the energy unit is remembered.

We may say that life uses its material substances over and over again when the cow eats grass, man eats the flesh of the cow, and at last man is returned to the earth from which grass draws its sustenance. With energy this never happens. Once it is spent it is gone forever and we must seek new supplies and new sources. We are not alarmed over the possibility of a shortage of wheat, for we may grow it over and over since the sun is there to supply the energy again. But when our stores of coal and oil are exhausted, there are two sources of energy gone

which we shall never be able to recapture; and they are not likely to be replenished while man is on the earth.

If we have energy available we may live and produce every material thing that we require. Without it we die. It must be clear that consumable wealth is not like gold or silver which exist in very small quantities in the earth. If gold or any precious metal is the basis of our wealth it must be most painfully true that there is not enough of it to go around. But wealth in the sense of things which we require to make life safe and comfortable has no connection whatever with gold, silver, the Federal Reserve Bank, or the public utterances of Mr. Charles Mitchell. The largest and most important element in the creation of physical wealth is energy. None of the present troubles of this continent to-day is caused by the problem of providing physical wealth. The rotting apples in New York and Oregon orchards, the mountains of cotton and wheat, the miles of unsold automobiles, the warehouses of shoes are bitter testimony to this fact. The capacity of America to produce physical wealth is such that we are assured of a sufficiency to keep us going for a thousand years with our technological equipment operated on a non-price basis. The sublime irony of our situation is that we must fight and strangle our competitors to get rid of our products *at a price!* The foundation on which our present-day world stands is built of three things: Discovery, Natural Energy, and, for want of a better term, Watchfulness. Discovery happens from time to time, no man can say when. It is personified in James Watt, Michael Faraday, Thomas Edison, men who gave the world new methods and processes for developing and using energy. These discoveries cannot be predicted, but we do know how completely they can alter the course of history. But the

last two, Watchfulness, or the mind that oversees and directs, and Natural Energy must be supplied as long as man and his fellows are to dwell upon earth.

II

We have said before that in the past man was the chief engine and—except for his draft animals and a few water wheels and windmills—the only engine. Because that was true, there was a definite limit in mechanical operation beyond which no country or civilization could go. Each social mechanism of the past operated in a particular geographic area which automatically set the upper limits of population for that area. Therefore, since man was the only important engine, the amount of work which could be done by that social mechanism was also automatically limited. There was no way in which the per capita rate of energy flow could be increased after the population had reached the limits prescribed by its physical environment.

It had to be done with a man or it couldn't be done at all. Egypt, Rome, and the empire of Louis XIV were run with one engine of operation—man—who is capable of producing one-tenth of one horsepower for an eight-hour day. Egypt with a population of 5,000,000 souls, of which we may estimate 1,500,000 as adult workers, was capable of 150,000 horsepower on that basis. If the United States were to be shorn of its mechanical power and if we estimate of our 120,000,000 inhabitants 36,000,000 to be adult workers, we could turn out 3,600,000 horsepower. That is exactly the way we should have had to estimate our horsepower when the Continental Congress declared our independence of Great Britain. But shortly afterward a new influence appeared which completely altered the course of our history—the arrival of the machine and the power that drives

it. The largest single modern turbine has a capacity of 300,000 horsepower, or 3 million times the output of a human being on an eight-hour basis. But since that turbine runs twenty-four hours a day, its total output is 9,000,000 times that of one man. In other words, *the output of four of these turbines is equal to the energy output of all the adult workers of the United States.* At the present moment the United States has an installed capacity of one billion horsepower in engines for doing work. If these engines were operated continuously at capacity, it would require fifty times the number of adult workers now living on the earth to equal this output by human labor alone. From these figures two things become clear: One, that the importance of man as a worker has dwindled and is dwindling even more rapidly now. The second is that so vital to our national existence has this energy flow become that if we attempted to stop it and go back to hand labor we should die. Agriculture is spoken of as the most important of all our industries, but as we are at present organized only 7 per cent of the energy output of this country is devoted to the direct provision of sustenance. Ninety-three per cent is used to keep our social scheme going. And it must be remembered that this flow of energy can be exactly measured as money value, and purchasing power never can.

III

Now let us translate these figures into terms of man and his chances of getting and holding a job. If we consider any industry in this country, we discover that in the beginning employment was small, that it increased as the industry grew until a point was reached where technical improvements began to displace men, where a single machine could do what 5 or 10 or 50 or 500 men

did before. In other words, the rate of replacement of men by machines exceeded the expansion of the industry. At this point a maximum of employment in the industry was reached and thereafter it declined. It has been observed that in the major industries wherever mechanization has taken place both the man-hours and the energy required per unit produced have been declining continuously. A careful examination of available statistical information reveals that the high point in the number of industrial workers employed in this country in all industries was reached in 1918 and has with fluctuations declined more and more rapidly since that time. *Production*, however, did not reach its maximum until 1929, so that if we were to translate these two statements into figures and plot them on a graph, we should have two curves. One for production, since 1918 fluctuating ever upward to 1929, and another for employment, since 1918 fluctuating ever downward. The faster, then, that we make shoes, bottles, blankets, or automobiles the fewer men we need to do it and the less mechanical power per shoe, blanket, or bottle is required.

The flour milling industry, for example, had 9,500 plants in 1899, which increased to a maximum of 11,700 mills in 1909, only to decline by 1929 to a meager 2,900 mills. The workers employed declined from 32,000 in 1899 to 26,400 in 1929. But while the number of plants and the number of workers were declining, the amount of wheat ground was increasing from 471 million bushels ground in 1899 to 546 million bushels ground in 1929.

The steel industry produced 11,000,000 metric tons in 1900, requiring approximately 600,000,000 man-hours. In 1929 the steel industry had a production of 58,000,000 metric tons requiring only 770,000,000 man-hours. In 1900 it required 70 man-hours per

ton, while in 1929 only 13 man-hours per ton were necessary.

In 1904 in the automobile industry 1,291 man-hours were required to produce one vehicle. In 1919 the industry manufactured approximately 1,600,000 vehicles requiring 606,409,000 total man-hours, or 313 man-hours per vehicle. In 1929 the industry reached its peak of production. 5,600,000 vehicles were made requiring 521,468,000 man-hours, or 92 man-hours per vehicle. In 1929 we produced 4 million more automobiles than in 1919 with 84,940,000 fewer man-hours. Automobile manufacture required its greatest number of man-hours in 1919. Its high point of total employment was reached in 1923; both have declined continuously since that time.

Observe in the more recent industries how much more rapidly the rise to a maximum of employment has occurred, how quickly the subsequent decline in employment has followed though production increased by leaps and bounds. This last illustrates the influence of recent technology on machine technique. Where formerly we had men employed in tending machines, we now make a second jump and have machines designed to *tend and oversee machines*, so that another of the human worker's functions is removed. This might be illustrated by a process now perfected for the manufacture of woolen cloth. Hitherto wool has required repeated handlings, frequently shipment from one plant to another before the washing, fluffing, spinning, and weaving were completed. It is now possible through a straightline automatic process to introduce into one end of a machine the raw wool and have the machine wash it, extract the wax and lanolin, fluff the wool, spin it into yarn, dye it, weave it into cloth and cut it into lengths, roll it into bolts and wrap it for shipment. This is the second jump in technology, and its

application in one way or another can be seen in practically every industry in this country.

It must not be supposed that this mechanization has halted because of the depression. Rather the reverse. Harassed manufacturers and industrialists, desperate to earn enough to keep their businesses going and pay the interest on their debts, have faster and faster adopted more mechanical improvements in order to dispense with labor, cut costs, and increase output at a cheaper price.

One of the classic examples of the marvel of technological efficiency is the Smith plant at Milwaukee that can, with 208 men, turn out 10,000 automobile chassis frames in one day. There are many, many more. The mechanical verifiers, sorting machines, automatic interpreters, and electrical tabulating machines of the International Business Machines Corporation have almost reduced bookkeeping and accounting to a completely mechanical process. We have already spoken of the New Jersey rayon factory that will eventually require the services of but a single man. It would be possible to continue with illustrations of this sort, showing how in every industry technology has swept away the human worker, but a few will suffice. The public is already well acquainted with the teletype in the telegraph offices. In much the same way the typesetter sets type automatically and simultaneously in any number of cities when a master keyboard is operated in one central place. So, it is now possible for a magazine printed in Chicago to have last-minute news typed out in New York and in the very act of doing this automatically set the type in Chicago. In a chain system of newspapers the fate of the linotype operator is plain.

Again there is the photoelectric cell, popularly known as the electric eye,

which can decimate the workers' ranks in scores of trades. It can detect the imperfections in cloth, it can sort articles of almost any description. The General Electric is now marketing a photoelectric cell which can be used for almost any sort of control purpose. Another application of the cell has just annexed the field of photo-engraving. Three-color plates are produced in half an hour instead of thirty-six. It can operate over a telephone or telegraph wire at any distance.

The mechanical preparation and packaging of groceries is well known. Cigarettes so blithely advertised as untouched by human hand can now be made at the rate of two or three thousand per minute per man where last year only five or six hundred could be made. Technology has laid its hands upon the building trades, and factory fabricated houses to be turned out in sections and put together with a socket wrench are about to appear on the market, provided the depression doesn't first eliminate the market. With each step in technology the stride becomes greater and greater and more and more men are pushed aside. Corporations may do their utmost to hold back inventions that threaten their existence, just as the razor blade manufacturers shudder at the thought of a blade (now in existence—but never commercially produced) which will last a lifetime and cost thirty cents; but here and there, faster and faster, technology is breaking through the line.

In the earlier years of this country, when we were reaching out to grasp and exploit a continent, displaced workers were reabsorbed in the expansion of general industrial development. Machinery and equipment could be made only by hand-tool methods; consequently tremendous numbers could be re-employed. To-day the development of a new industry

does not mean any considerable increase in national employment except temporarily in its formative stages. The moment an industry reaches a state of complete mechanization employment drops sharply and always tends to decrease further. It will continue to decrease, be times good or bad. In the rayon factory referred to, this eventual decrease of employment to a single man will bring it as close to zero as it is possible to come. The production of new equipment for new industry to-day means no great change in the numbers employed in machine tool fabrication, since the same process of mechanization has occurred in this field as elsewhere. Tubing of almost any size can be made through an extrusion process much in the way in which macaroni is made instead of by rolling and welding. Cutting of all sorts has been revolutionized by technology. Whereas it formerly took three and a half days to cut a crane hook from solid steel, it can now be done from a blueprint in twenty-one minutes. Bolts and nuts may be made automatically. Almost any grinding process may be carried out automatically. And as the machines move forward, men with their trades and skills are left farther and farther behind.

IV

Now let us turn from the question of employment to the question of money. Under our present price system we manufacture goods not to use but to sell—and make a profit; and profit as we have previously seen is a debt claim. When the great period of American industrial expansion began we had a huge frontier, the West was undeveloped, we could make use of a great increase in population. The opportunity for this expansion was so great that for a period of years we could make any number of mistakes

and still escape the consequences. Then, little by little, a horror began to appear. So swift was the advance of technology that machines and plants began to go out of date before ever we had got to a point where the debt incurred to buy them might be paid. The first Curtis turbine built by General Electric for the Insull interests in Chicago in about 1903 was withdrawn in September 1909 in perfect working order and now stands in the General Electric yards as a relic of a bygone age. That obsolete turbine is still being paid for in interest on the bonds sold to buy it. Since obsolescence retired equipment before it could be paid for, there was nothing for it but to borrow again and issue more bonds and mortgages and start paying interest on that along with the interest on our first borrowings. So higher and higher rose the country's mountain of debt. To make a profit we borrowed, to pay what we borrowed we borrowed more, to make a profit in order to pay off what we had borrowed twice, we then borrowed all over again. *A careful examination of the debt figures and the production figures of this country—and these figures have been repeatedly checked and cannot be brushed aside—reveals the appalling fact that for years our debts have been increasing at a rate faster than production and both of them faster than the rate of population!*

The industrial debt of this country—bonds, mortgages, bank loans, and all other interest-bearing amortized securities—totals approximately 218 billions of dollars. The fixed charges on this debt are equal to over half the present national income.

One of our great American railroad systems has paid for its equipment and construction by borrowings which, according to its annual report issued December 31, 1931, total about 310 million dollars. Of this sum something over 3 millions is supposed to be re-

paid by 1948. Another million is due in 1968. By 1997 over one hundred and six millions will come due, the rest of the debt postponed to the year of grace 2047, when one hundred and ninety-nine millions must be discovered somewhere to pay for the comfort and convenience of a time as remote from the ultimate debtors as we are from the Presidency of James Monroe when railroads did not even exist. And where are they going to find this money? Where indeed? To look at these figures and then think of the outcries against Bryan's supposed inflation is enough to cause a suffocation from laughter. Is it clear that those bonds are to pay for locomotives that will long since have rusted away, equipment long since worn out and discarded, pay perhaps for a railroad that may not even exist?

This condition can be found to-day in scores of industries, and pages might be devoted to examples. It is useless to labor the point. The important thing is that the condition has been brought about under the system which we at present use—the price system. It is a very old system and has been in use about as long as we have had written history. It was built for a world in which man did the labor, and its excuse is that barter is too clumsy and that for the sake of convenience we shall exchange all our goods in units of one commodity—in our case gold—and the number of units agreed upon in this exchange is called the price. Modern industry is operated under the price system and to be successful it must do one thing: it must make a profit and pay a return on the money invested. Forgetting all other considerations for a moment, the amount of profit depends on the quantity of goods that can be sold. That is the reason for the incessant cry for trade expansion abroad and at home. On the other hand, inside his plant the producer has

found that his profit increases if he cuts the cost of production, and that the surest way to do this is by producing on a large scale by means as automatic as possible—in other words with machines. A producer does not install machines in order to give his employees more leisure; he uses machines because they multiply many times over the output of which his employees were capable and at a faster and much cheaper rate. It is only lately that people have observed that the producer is putting out a most sinister and profitless product—unemployment.

We have spoken of the return that the producer must make to the investor in interest and dividends. It happens that industrial investment is made for the most part by a very small fraction of our population, and the return on that investment must be put somewhere. It has been argued that this interest and dividend return goes into circulation again, but this is exactly what does not happen. The small investing fraction of our population cannot possibly spend all their interest and dividends, and the result is that this return must be reinvested in production. There is nothing else to do with it.

Consider, for example, the Ford Motor Company which is the sole property of Mr. and Mrs. Ford and their son Edsel. In 1930 the company had outstanding 172,645 shares of stock owned by these three persons, which yielded a profit of \$257 a share. Allowing for all the spinning wheels, antique furniture, and Wayside Inns in the world, how much can three persons spend of a single year's profit of over 44 million dollars? Obviously not very much. The one thing possible is reinvestment and the one possible place for reinvestment is production. This means that production must pay further interest and dividends. Year

after year this reinvestment in stocks and bonds (which of course are mere shares in the debt owed by production) has demanded more and more interest on production. In order to keep up with this mad business, production has to increase at a compound interest rate in order to pay for the river of money being invested in it. This of course is impossible and the result has been—this is not guesswork but a statement proven by bleak and cold figures available to anybody—that debt has increased faster than production. The only way to *maintain* this debt (for neither the bankers nor anyone else ever expects it to be *paid*) is with continuously increasing sales of goods; and when the debt increases faster than we have made the goods, which is exactly what has happened, we steadily approach a point where the whole concern goes to pieces. To pay our debts we have to borrow on our goods faster than we can make them. And all the while the rate of the debt increase is greater than the population increase, so that each year we owe more than we did before, and next year we must owe more than we do to-day.

Suppose that production were levelled off to a point where we produced just enough for our requirements. Then, under a price and profit system, the producer must cut his costs to a minimum in order to wring the last profit possible out of his business. The only way which presents itself is through the machine, and the result is more unemployment. If an attempt is made to keep all the people employed the increasing output results in a catastrophic overproduction. And should we hold production down to what we actually need, the lack of new industries or expanded old ones in which to invest profit would make money so plentiful that the interest rate would be driven toward zero. A recent ninety-day loan was made in

New York at one half of one per cent! Can there be imagined a more pathetic spectacle than the bank book which shows no interest entry or the banker who disconsolately walks through a vault filled with currency with which he can do nothing?

For the sake of profit, miracles have been done with the machine and with organization. We have been able to produce more and more goods, grow more and more food, make available more and more raw material with less and less labor. Although this has meant larger immediate profits for the producer, it has proved in the long run that fewer and fewer people were employed and so had less and less money to pay for these goods. While this was going on, as we have shown, profit has again been put back into more and more highly geared and concentrated production, turning out an ever increasing stream of goods in exchange for which there are steadily less wages and salaries. There is a contention that labor which is thrown out of work by the machine in one industry is able to find employment in another. But figures covering a long period of years prove beyond contradiction that this is not the case. The high-water mark of industrial employment in America was reached in 1918 and ever since that time, through all the great years of the boom, it has been steadily falling. As industry becomes more and more mechanized one door after another is shut to human labor. And all the while the Midas profit is put to producing more goods. In the end one sees the producers, fewer and fewer in number, engulfed in goods which they can neither sell nor use, bowed down with interest and dividend debts which they cannot pay. Beside them is the little concentrated band of owners, swamped in money for which there is no use. Opposed to them is a vast army, laborers, white-collars, profes-

sionals, and all with neither food nor clothing nor the money to pay for them. Spread out before all three groups is the spectacle of a gutted continent, its resources wasted and flung away in the crazy race for the profit that strangled the system.

V

Why is it that with all the available sources of energy in America the price system will not work? The reason is that the price system demands that the price of labor be high enough to buy the goods produced. The use of technology in industry sets three things in conflict with the system itself:

1. The mechanics of placing purchasing power in the hands of the consumer is the exchange of money for the consumer's time (or labor), and technology is reducing the total amount of time required.

2. The working of the price system has forced the manufacturer to reduce the total number employed rather than to distribute the amount of time required among the total number of available workers. Technology has now advanced to a point where it has substituted energy for man-hours on an equal basis and where the distribution of human labor becomes impossible.

3. Through increased investment in machines—made necessary by the increasing rate at which they go out of date—the manufacturer is forced to reduce the proportion of his costs which go to labor. This again inexorably works against the increase of wages and the distribution of time.

In other words, a price system demands man-power if it is to succeed, and man-power for production steadily becomes more and more a thing of the past as the kilowatt hour takes its place.

On a population basis this country has a capacity of 3,600,000 horsepower. But the country is not run on such a basis. Technology has stepped this capacity up to a billion horsepower,

and it is this tremendous power let loose which is battering the price system to pieces. Yet we cannot voluntarily cease the use of this energy for we have now gone so far that our very lives depend upon it. As we have said before, seven per cent of the available energy is used in the provision of food. The other 93 per cent goes to keep our society going. A close calculation estimates that if we shut off our coal, oil, electric, and water power a large percentage of us would be dead in twenty days or thereabouts. So highly integrated a mechanism has our country become with its very life dependent upon the smooth and continuous operation of our electricity, steam, and water power, our coal, oil, and gas, that the blunderings of an Insull, the clumsy smashings of bankers are little short of murderous. A chemist in the laboratory of an oil company can examine the sample of a certain grade of gasoline and tell you in figures that will never change exactly the maximum number of heat units that can ever be extracted from that grade. He can measure exactly, and that exact measurement is absolutely necessary in running our system. But can the sales manager in the office next to the laboratory tell you the exact price of gas next month, next year, or ten years hence? It is absolutely impossible and because it is impossible we are playing with dynamite when we attempt to harness the system to price.

The truth of the matter is that the United States has become a huge and intricate machine, and to operate the machine with any degree of success demands a control that has some relation to the machine itself, not to a system of economy which is not susceptible to exact measurement. The persons who at present control this great mechanism are persons whose rules of conduct originated in the days

when man was the sole engine—in other words, the persons to whom debt is owed—bankers, merchants, industrialists—creditors of every sort, possessors of debt claims against the physical operations of this system. Under a price system, debt is the controller, and the bankers are those to whom society has given charge of debt. So we have before us the spectacle of a company of persons attempting to run a social system under rules which actually were cancelled on the day when Parliament confirmed James Watt in his patent on the steam engine. In the pursuit of profit they have raised debt to the incredible heights that we have already described. The gigantic stretches of credit necessary to build and expand call for almost more money than imagination can compass. How clearly can it now be seen that our bankers are merchants of debt and economics is the pathology of debt!

Almost forty years ago an Englishman named MacLeod, one of the great apologists for the price system, was candid enough to admit: "At the present time Credit is the most gigantic species of property in this country and the trade in Debts is beyond all comparison the most colossal branch of commerce. The merchants who trade in Debt—namely Bankers—are now the Rulers and Regulators of Commerce; they almost control the fortunes of States. As there are shops for dealing in bread, in furniture, in clothes, and every other species of property, so there are shops—some of the most palatial structures of modern times—for the express purpose of dealing in Debts, and those shops are called *banks*."

Like a boa constrictor, the debts that the bankers have been forced to create are now engaged in crushing the life out of the price system. For several months the country has been witnessing the impossible spectacle of

the Reconstruction Finance Corporation attempting, through taxation, to shore up these debts and make them payable at par!

The supreme fault of the banker is not that his aims are sordid or that his appetite is rapacious. The trouble is that he is hopelessly out of date. He could operate a system dependent upon man power, but our adoption of technology has rendered him hopelessly ineffectual. There is nothing in any system of economics or of banking or of accounting that will assist him in maintaining the rate of energy flow which is the life blood of this country. He knows absolutely nothing about it and when he attempts to regulate it on a basis of gold supply or demand notes, is it any wonder that he all but wrecks it? Price is not a measure at all; it is a unit of value. The only possible way in which a banker can measure a pair of shoes is by calculating their price; and the price is seldom the same. The only way he can measure electricity is by putting the highest price on a kilowatt hour that he can extract from the consumer. What has that price to do with the exact measurement of that electric current? Nothing. Much has been written about the powers of superstitions and how great their influence has been. In a day when man is the sole engine for work, a social system can get along somehow with superstitions and not go under; but any system of society whose life depends on a steady distribution of its energy resources—and our society at present is so dependent—is risking destruction by a belief in superstition. Would we tolerate as rulers a collection of medicine men from the Congo who attempted to run our system by the use of charms and by the beating of tom-toms? That is exactly what we have been doing and what we are doing now. The bankers in this technological day and age are medicine

men and nothing else. Nothing has so completely exposed the banker and his industrialist subaltern as their own utterances since this latest and most paralyzing of slumps began.

The nation has strained itself almost to the breaking point to maintain the price system. Such a system cannot much longer endure. Under present conditions it will be impossible for us to procrastinate for another decade, putting off the hour of decision and action. Whether it be possible for the system to make a terrific effort, inflate itself and shoot up on one last sky rocket boom before it falls into the abyss makes no difference. The crisis is imminent and must be met. A cold analysis of existing data makes clear that if we allow ourselves to drift for another two years in the way we have been doing for the past three, we shall have some twenty million unemployed. If we think of the complexities of holding our debt structure together for many months at the present rates of business activity, the problem becomes appalling.

VI

What are we going to do about it? It has been our great misfortune that in our disaster the only people that we have had to look to for guidance—now that distrust of the banking fraternity has become so widespread—have been the economists. These have ranged all the way from such stock market necromancers as Irving Fisher to the emotional popular economists who dream of a new state founded on a Russian model. Fundamentally the economists, Marxians, and all are as archaic as the bankers, for they are tied hand and foot to a conception of price. What does price mean in a country where 0.44 of a single pound of coal can do the work that the average man can do in eight hours? It matters not a rap what men

think, wish, or desire. We are face to face with a law of nature. The law of Conservation of Energy has a perfectly definite social implication. It is plain that we must get for ourselves a new series of standards if we are to deal with this highly intricate social mechanism that technology has built.

What is wealth, real wealth? The economists vary in their definitions, but in general the word is applied to all objects possessing value. Marshall, the famous British economist, defined value as the measure of desire. So a pig that is owned is wealth because it can be sold and hence is desirable. But a pig on a mountainside is not wealth and cannot be until someone establishes a claim of ownership. But, as we have pointed out, under a price system wealth becomes the ownership of debt, and the more you use of debt the more you have.

We have heard a good deal in the past year or two about underconsumption, but it has occurred to but few people that it isn't what a people produce that proves their wealth, it is what they consume. Wealth is the conversion of available energy into use forms, be it potatoes, shoes, or electric light. The process of being wealthy consists in using up—not wasting—the products which, through the use of energy, we are able to make. The United States is the most nearly self-sufficient geographical and industrial unit on the face of the earth. We have 50 per cent of the coal reserves of the world and 40 per cent of the iron ore. We produce and consume more than 69 per cent of the world's oil. We are the greatest producer and consumer of natural gas—85 per cent of the world's total. We occupy 3,400,000 square miles of land area—one-twelfth of the world land area—have 6.2 per cent of the world population and produce approximately 50 per cent of the world's energy. To say it another way, our

North American social structure involves a greater expenditure of energy per capita per day than any other social mechanism of the past or present. There are no physical factors in existence which would prevent the efficient operation of this continent on an energy basis. The only thing that does prevent it is our devotion to a shibboleth—price; and it remains to be seen whether we shall pay for our devotion with our lives.

What is immediately before us? Steadily debt rises and employment falls. The great corporations which depended on their surplus to pay their interest and dividends in hard times are almost stripped bare. Taxes will become increasingly difficult to collect, but at the same time a dole will be

necessary to stave off starvation. The tide of bankruptcies will continue to mount, the cities helpless to cope with the tax situation will drift into bankruptcy themselves. There will be debt holidays and desperate attempts for "cheap money." Such flounderings profit us nothing. Our old system is done for, and the nation has got to swallow the fact that the price system is completely played out. We need look for no help from Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Fascists, or Communists, for each group in its way is devoted to price also. A new system based upon a recognition and an understanding of our available energy must be devised. That is the problem before the people. It can be done. Are we going to set about it before it is too late?



MALLARDS

BY HARRIETT BROWNELL

NOW they are flown—all gone against the west
 In a gray line of wonder, leaving here
 Of smoothness no hand ever has caressed
 Only this feather caught above the weir. . . .
 They were upon the water in the cold
 When I stood at the path's end yesterday,
 My fingers aching to the fold, unfold
 Of the close colors that will never stay
 Even two glances in their mantling hues,
 Even two glances in their warm unrest
 That feels the south and the wild stretch of flight. . . .
 Where have they found a resting place to-night
 Safe for the quilled wing and the rounded breast,
 For bronze and silver, emerald and blues?



IS THERE A CASE FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS?

BY PEARL S. BUCK

Author of "The Good Earth," "Sons"

I AM interested in answering, so far as one person is able to answer, a certain fundamental question about Chinese foreign missions which has been put to me frequently, and in many forms, in recent years by men and women both of the Orient and the Occident. It is also the question which I have put to myself in my own thinking during the last ten years of changing world life. This one question is asked in many ways. Some ask, "Do you think foreign missions are worth giving money to?" Or they ask, "Don't you think it is really an insult to send our missionaries to foreign countries to preach when we cannot live what we preach ourselves?" Or they ask, "Don't you think we had better stay at home and attend to our own affairs and our own starving people before we give to other peoples?" Or they say, "I hear that the missionaries are the ones who have stirred up all the trouble in the Orient. Is it true?" Or they say, "Frankly I cannot give my money to a group of people to propagate religious and denominational ideas I no longer hold myself." Or they say, "I am at sea in my own thinking about Christianity, and I prefer not to propagate what I am not sure about. Christianity has not worked very well in our own land." The other day a famous man said to me, "I admire Jesus Christ, but I see nothing even of the idealism of Christianity any more in my own country,

America. I cannot, therefore, believe in missions." To be sure, he lives in New York, and he spends his summers in Europe. But he is a man of idealism and he is finding in Russia some of the idealism he has ceased to find in his own country.

In the Orient one finds the same question concerning missions presented from the angle of people who are receiving what is being sent them. I am not one of those Westerners living in China who feel that the Chinese are anti-foreign. There are certain chauvinistic or communist groups who are strongly national for the time being, as Russia was also at a period of her revolution, or for that matter as Americans were for a time after the Revolutionary War, and at times now still are among certain groups. In the same way we may call certain Chinese anti-foreign. But as a people the Chinese are not anti-foreign. At the same time there has grown up among younger men and women in China a grave feeling against missions. This feeling is not always prejudice, although it is sometimes so of course, depending upon the individual. It is rather appreciation of the missionary's unquestioned sincerity of purpose, as evidenced particularly in the way in which many missionaries have accepted the difficulties of the last few years. But it is at the same time a feeling that what the missionary does is, at best, not of importance to the nation and, at worst, is not for the

best good of the nation, because it is too often linked with a narrow and superstitious form of religion, and this the intelligent Chinese is loath to see fastened upon his people, even though it be accompanied with a few hospitals and schools, some flood relief, and such good works.

When I have questioned these thoughtful men and women more closely, to see if it was religion they objected to per se, I have found that while sometimes it is, more often it is not. In them I have found also an idealism, even a distinct religious feeling, but one which revolts from superstition in any religion, whether in their own or in a foreign one. We must remember that in recent years the local religious persecutions in China have not been against Christianity alone, but against all religions. Buddhist and Taoist temples, and even Confucian centers, have suffered as bitterly and in many cases far more bitterly than have Christian centers. Further questioning of these thoughtful Orientals, whose opinions I thoroughly respect, has led them to explain that they do not necessarily wish all missionaries to be withdrawn. Nor do they wish the abandonment of the missionary enterprise, since China can be helped by it, provided the type of missionary is such as can fulfill a definite need. But they feel the missionary is too small for the present situation.

Here, then, are some rather serious points, and they may all be summed up into the one great question: "Is there a case for foreign missions to-day?"

My own feeling is that the so-called lack of interest in foreign missions among churches has not been solely or even mostly because of the depression, or even mostly because of lack of interest in foreign peoples. It is because of this fundamental question: Are foreign missions worth while; are they what we want to support anyway, aside from

whether we have the money or not?

To some of us who are devoting the years of our lives to this work it becomes a question of complete vitality and supreme importance to *know* whether or not there is a case for foreign missions, and not only a case, but an overwhelmingly strong one, strong enough to answer every question, strong enough to make one refuse every offer of a better job, strong enough to make one willing to devote one's body and brain and heart to the cause. There can be no thoughtful missionary abroad to-day who has not seriously questioned his mission, although I know there are many who have not questioned it.

I suppose, next to the Chinese among whom I have lived, there is no group of people whom I know better than I do the missionary. I have watched him with curiosity and affection, amusement and pride and disgust. I have heard him criticized in the bitterest terms, and I have sometimes agreed with that criticism. I have seen the missionary narrow, uncharitable, unappreciative, ignorant. I have seen him so filled with arrogance in his own beliefs, so sure that all truth was with him and him only, that my heart has knelt with a humble one before the shrine of Buddha rather than before the God of that missionary, if that God could be true. I have seen missionaries, orthodox missionaries in good standing in the church—abominable phrase!—so lacking in sympathy for the people they were supposed to be saving, so scornful of any civilization except their own, so harsh in their judgments upon one another, so coarse and insensitive among a sensitive and cultivated people that my heart has fairly bled with shame. I can never have done with my apologies to the Chinese people that in the name of a gentle Christ we have sent such people to them. It is too true. We have

sent ignorant people as missionaries, we have sent mediocre people, we have sent arrogant people, we have sent superstitious people who taught superstitious creeds and theories and have made the lives of hungry-hearted people wretched and more sad. I have heard a missionary say, "Of course I tell these people their ancestors are in hell. If I did not believe that every heathen who did not confess Christ as his Saviour burned in hell I would not be here." There are still these missionaries. I have heard a questioning Chinese, a man of learning and refinement, listen eagerly and turn away saying, "I cannot, if this be true, believe in this new religion. Let me rather go with my fathers where they are when I die." My heart said, "I also, my friend!"

I see in China to-day a group of Chinese gathered about these missionaries, men and women whom they have shaped to be like themselves. I listen to them go out and preach. I hear them repeat a memorized jargon to a group of eager, suffering, uncomprehending men and women. The preacher says, "You must pray this prayer every morning and night and if you believe you will get what you wish. You must believe on the Lord Jesus and your sins will be washed away. Come to church on Sunday. Do not lie or steal or commit murder or adultery. You must believe in the virgin birth of Christ and in the miracles. Some day He will come down out of the sky in person. You must join the church and you will be a Christian. The Christians need not be afraid."

I have listened in anger and indignation, I have watched these men and women painfully learning the prayers, the texts, being received into the churches, I have gone into their homes and known them, I have known their hardships and their problems. The

same old problems, the old unalterable sorrows! I ask, "Does not your new religion help you?" At first they say, "I pray that it will." After a while they say, "I pray no more. It is the same as it was before. I have tried to believe but I cannot work the magic."

Is there a case for missions?

In some scores of years of Christian hospitals and doctors, far too few, it is true, for the needs of the vast country of China, there has not yet been started a real movement for preventive medicine and public health. I am quite aware that this movement is new also in our country. But in recent years in foreign missions there has still been started no effective movement for sanitation and public health. In a certain region which I know well we have a hospital. It happens to be a very good one, above the average mission hospital, and the two American doctors are above the average, I should say. Every year in this region many cases of cystosoma are treated from a district across the river. They are treated, healed, and sent back again. After a while they come back to the hospital very ill, are treated again, healed if possible, and sent back. The third or fourth time they usually die. There was another missionary who became weary of this and he took one of the doctors to see the source of the cystosoma. It is preventable, but there must be some education among those people. A clinic should be established in that district to teach the people how to protect themselves against this germ in the water. But the doctor replied, "We have all we can do to care for the sick. We cannot undertake such a program." Therefore they still treat these cases year after year, and year after year they die from re-infection. When the other missionary complained, he was met with the common remark, "After all, our primary purpose is to preach the gospel.

We are concerned with souls rather than with bodies. In the hospital they get the chance to hear the gospel."

Does God Himself distinguish so finely between body and soul, both of which He made? Is it honest to run a hospital on the pretense of healing in order to inveigle people in to hear a gospel? Can it be that healing in itself is not a part of the Christian gospel?

An agricultural missionary once went to China. He was young and eager and filled with the desire to be of service in his time. But he was filled with a rarer quality also. He was filled with humility. He wanted to know about these people. He wanted to study them and see what they needed, and what they could also teach him. But evil pressure was put upon him. After all, what was the use of agricultural work? The thing was preaching the gospel. Preaching was the thing. Agricultural work could be of use to missions only as a sort of bait to entice people into being preached to and joining the church. The young missionary answered, "I don't think so. To me it is Christian if I enter in such relations with these farmers and if they will let me understand their needs and let me learn from them whether I can honestly help them. To me this also is preaching Christ."

But they cried, "This is heresy. Away with him! There is no place for him on the field, he is not evangelistic." And so he was sent away from that place.

II

When I reached this stage in my own thinking, when I looked about upon the group of men and women missionaries, of whom I am one, and saw all these things and much more of which I was ashamed, I was ready, as you must have been sometimes when you have seen us and heard us, to ask,

how dare we go forth as representatives of so high a character as Jesus Christ? We are mediocre men and women, we missionaries. It is true. Too often we are mediocre, and it is idle to console ourselves by saying that God can use an earthen vessel. Perhaps God can do anything, but not even God can make an earthen vessel so useful or so beautiful or so good as the potter's vessel finely turned. Let us not be deceived.

What then? The first time I came back to America with this great query in my mind I came to see something. I came to see what you American Christians were. I wanted to know if the missionaries were like you, I wanted to know whether you had sent us your best or your worst. I found you had sent us a few of your best and a few of your worst, but that most of the missionaries were just like you. You had sent us a fair average. On the whole you felt, however, that the very best ought to stay at home. It was a pity, many of you said, to waste beauty and talent in foreign lands; and when there was someone whom you rather questioned, if at the same time he seemed earnest and sincere, and consecrated (that miserable word that has been used to cover so many deficiencies and so much sloppy thinking) you rather thought he would do. Preachers who would have bored you beyond endurance you sent cheerfully to the foreign field; young men and women just out of college who knew nothing and did not even know they knew nothing you sent to a people centuries old. Frankly, you wanted the best for yourselves.

I am perfectly aware that with you this was not a conscious process. Many of you were thoughtless, all of you were absorbed in your own lives; perhaps to none of you, or almost none of you, was Christianity a matter of primary importance, and the spread of

the understanding of its teachings was but one activity among many more immediate in your lives. You left it to your Board. But Boards are like all such bodies, merely public servants, and they are not better than their masters. Ask yourselves how many of you would rejoice if your gifted son or daughter or friend decided to be a missionary. I have seen Christian parents mourn at such times, feeling secretly or openly that it was a waste and a catastrophe.

I ceased, therefore, to blame the missionary so bitterly and for being too often a little man. In our own country he would not have been so little. Indeed, being always a college man and having fulfilled certain educational requirements, he was probably somewhat above the average. Here he would have plodded away faithfully in a little spot among his own people, good, sincere, moral, and sometimes inspired; not a man to be despised. Why then did he seem so small in that foreign setting? Because the setting drove him in upon himself and dwarfed him. In his own country he had a thousand aids to his spirit. He had fellowship with his own kind of a better, bigger sort, he had contact with a life he understood and appreciated, he had access to libraries and books.

But in that foreign land there were no such sources of intellectual and spiritual food of the kind to which he was accustomed, and his own springs were too meager. Their resources were soon gone, and he was not able enough in the foreign language and not perceptive enough in spirit to find those other springs in another civilization. He grew empty, therefore, more narrow, less sympathetic, more impatient as his inner resources died. He lived more on formula. His determination remained but his little power was gone. The vast people, the age-old history, the fathomless differences of race, even

the enormous opportunity combined with his own apparent lack of success, dwarfed him. He presented and presents in many cases the spectacle of a tiny human figure standing among tremendous cliffs and bottomless valleys strange to him. He is lost. It is not to be wondered at that he clings jealously to his little idea of God, fearing lest he lose it, fearing to see if it be true knowledge or not. He shouts the name of God aloud over and over, lest it lose reality for him. He busies himself sometimes wistfully in the little events of his day that he may not perceive how small he is, how little he counts in the life there about him. Sometimes he thinks he is successful. To me it is a true accusation that, as a body, missionaries have not been big enough for their times. I used to blame them; I do not now any more. How dared you send us so many of these little men and women? How dared you set them up to stand for your God, for Jesus Christ, before the world?

When I had come to this point I realized that I was just beginning on my quest. If I must judge the cause by some of the representatives of it, then frankly there was no case for missions, and I was not willing to give my life longer to that work. But I must examine into that cause. Why is it that more of the greater spirits are not attracted to it? Is it that the cause itself is at fault or is it the method of presenting it? I must inquire of the few great I have known who have been missionaries. Among the missionaries are some men and women whose names you probably would not know if I spoke them. But they stand to me as the greatest people I have ever known. Simple, sincere, humble, learning before they teach, sensitive before any soul, appreciative of every human life, of keen mind and profound learning, these have lived their lives out of this world where you live, but mighty in

the world you do not know. It is a revealing thing that these great lived much alone in their work, apart from their own kind who often called them unorthodox or non-cooperative, or a score of other names which little men do call those who are greater than they. There have been not a few great men who have gone, lived and worked in missions abroad, and have found the enforced fellowship of the Christian group there and here so uncongenial that they must leave it. It is a comment significant enough that many of the missionaries of above the average ability and personality have sooner or later been driven out of the work. Questioned, they reply usually, "It was impossible for me to do my work in that atmosphere." This reply covers a multitude of persecutions, sincerely given, it is true; but the cruellest persecutions are the most sincere. But I must not digress. The fact that some extraordinary minds and spirits could be won to the missionary cause gave a point in favor of the cause.

Then my next question was, "How was the cause so presented that these great ones were drawn to it?" I began to watch and to listen and to hear how the cause of missions was presented to men and to women who were ready to choose a career. But now I saw reason enough why the men and women I wanted to be missionaries did not want to be. The preachers cried "The Challenge—The Challenge." But they made no challenge. Too often even the personalities of those who cried the word did not challenge; the picture they gave of a foreign people did not challenge; the very picture of Christ they gave did not draw.

Last, but perhaps most of all, where is Christ to be found here in America that we may show him to others? There is no challenge for international Christian life as it is put to the Christians in churches here. Too often it is

no part of church life except on occasions when money must be raised to meet obligations for missions.

Then I put aside all these things, the too many mediocre men and women, the Christian church preoccupied with things other than the Christian way of living, the unchallenging half-hearted appeal. Granted all these, what of the cause? Is there anything in Christianity which is worth taking to old and honorable nations versed in the art of life as we are not, or to young and savage peoples just beginning the long road to civilization? What of the cause itself? Is the cause at fault? At first I rather thought it might be.

I am not inclined to blame human beings very much. I do not believe in original sin. I believe that most of us start out wanting to do right and to be good. I believe that most of us keep that desire as long as we live and whatever we do. We may be wrong in what our ideas of right and good are, we may sink into despair, so that we are more harmful to society than helpful; but we are not often intentionally evil. Is it the cause, therefore, that is not great enough?

What is our cause? What is the cause of foreign missions of which you have heard all your lives and to which you have given more or less willingly for so long?

It is a cause obscured by many things. Perhaps the most obscure phrase is the one most often repeated in answer to that question. "It is to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ." Pressed farther, the answer comes, "Well, it is to persuade people to become Christians, to accept Jesus as their Saviour." But what does that mean really? Suppose you had to explain that to someone who had never heard a word of religious phraseology, what words would you use? "Well, then, it means to be good and act as far as possible in a Christian way and to

believe in one God and in Jesus Christ as His Son." More words. These words melt away in the heat of life like snow under the sun. I know, for I have spoken them and tried to make them real and I have seen them melt away. Who wants to give his life for words?

Then I tried to find out from another aspect. I went to some of you who are paying to support foreign missions. What is this cause to which you contribute? Some of you said, "We believe in our religion and that it is the best and the only true religion and we want to see self-supporting churches all over the world."

Well, I had met you before. Among you are those who keep the missionaries in terror over their statistics of church members, so that numbers come to mean to them the sole criterion whereby they judge their success. But churches are no adequate cause to me. I will not give my life to founding self-supporting churches. If people want to have organizations, let them, but I will not be guilty of telling anyone who seeks Christ truly, "But you must join the church, you know." How do I know Christ is only in the church? He may be there or he may not be. It depends altogether on whether in that church those groups of people live in his way and have his spirit or not. If they do not live and behave as he did, he is not there. I will neither persuade people to join churches nor seek to prevent them. It is a personal matter, not a cause.

In the old days it was plain enough. Our forefathers believed sincerely in a magic religion. They believed simply and plainly that all who did not hear the gospel, as they called it, were damned, and every soul to whom they preached received in that moment the chance for salvation from that hell. Though heard but for a single moment, the preacher gave that soul the oppor-

tunity of a choice for eternity. If the soul paid no heed or did not believe, the preacher could not take the responsibility. He was absolved. There are those who still believe this, and if they sincerely believe, I honor that sincerity, though I cannot share the belief. I agree with the Chinese who feel their people should be protected from such superstition. To me it would be a higher cause to refrain from presenting such a choice to any soul, hoping that he might be saved by his ignorance, even though I were damned because I kept him ignorant.

But I think it goes without question that for most of us this kind of creed has been discarded. We no longer believe that a soul can in a moment choose its eternity or that God if He be a good God can let such a weight of responsibility hang on the uncomprehending limited human will. Yet with that creed goes much of the motivation of the missionary movement in the past and in a modified form even in the present. Where is our cause, therefore? If we are not interested in saving people from hell, if we are not interested in numbers of converts to a religion, is there any cause left? Can there be any appeal to those of us who have arrived at a place in our thought and spiritual life where these things no longer are a cause?

When I came to this point in my own life I accepted frankly the fact that as far as the past went there was no cause for me to be a missionary. As far as the present went there was no cause. I might have stopped here, as many have stopped, and gone into some other life and work. But the few great missionaries held me for a while longer. I remembered a missionary I had known, a man harassed and persecuted by many, who pushed continually into newer and newer fields, into inland towns and villages, country fields where no others of his kind were, becoming

always more gentle, more simple, more understanding of the people, more Christlike in his own life. He died not long ago, perfectly content with the happiness of his life, perfectly convinced that, if he could have chosen over again, he would have chosen the same life, in spite of incredible physical hardship and frequent danger. He was a man of brilliant mind and great learning. You would not know his name, but there are many towns and villages in China where I could speak his name and it would be a passport for me. I should need no other. If I could ask him to-day what satisfied him so well in that hard life of his, what made him grow old so mellow, so content, so sweetened in his age, he would answer, simply, "It has been such a happiness to show forth Christ in any little way one could."

I watched him during many years outgrowing his creeds and casting them aside, scarcely knowing he did, bearing without a murmur the accusation that he was unorthodox, caring nothing, if only he might see more of what Christ was, obeying every precept Christ taught. To the day he died he read his New Testament in Greek, trying to come as near as possible to that figure that stands out of the past, so veiled by men's broken words, yet so compelling in its power.

Christ, then. To this man, Christ was the cause. And there are others like him. But is Christ a cause great enough? It is perfectly true that for many of those who call themselves Christian, Christ has not been cause enough even to try to be Christian here at home. I mean really Christian—not just going to church and giving, a little here and there. Then is Christ cause enough for leaving home, with all that it means? Let us face ourselves clearly. Some of us believe in Christ as our fathers did. To some of us he is still the divine son of God, born of the

virgin Mary, conceived by the Holy Spirit. But to many of us he has ceased to be that. Some of us do not know what he is, some of us care less. In the world of our life it does not matter perhaps what he is. If we are asked we shall say, I admire him of course. He was perhaps the best man who ever lived. But that is all he is. To you who are young, the sons and daughters of this generation who must carry on foreign missions after the older ones are gone, it is probable that Christ is no longer a cause. You do not believe in his physical divinity. You suppose Christ was a good man, but it matters little to you one way or the other now. Life is full of many things, or if it is empty, it is empty. The old beliefs do not fill it. Let us face the fact that the old reasons for foreign missions are gone from the minds and hearts of many of us, certainly from those of us who are young. It may be hard for older people to accept, and we may wish it were not true. But better it is to know the truth and not be afraid of it.

III

So I came to this point. If in the civilization of my own race I do not see fruits that I can ascribe to Christianity with sufficient truth to say that if we had not had Christianity we should not have had these fruits, if Christians are not enough better than other people to be worth the cost of my life, if the old magic has died out of religious belief, if Christ remains only a figure of beautiful mystery, then why should I ask anyone to give anything to a cause like that? Above all, why should I give myself?

Again I could not forget those few great ones. I began to see I must not judge altogether by the fruits most obvious or even most numerous. I must judge by all the fruits. There were those whom I admired and loved

who were perfectly satisfied with Christ, even though the magic of superstition had been stripped from him. There was a quality in them I wanted for myself, a content I needed for my own heart. Yes, let me be just, in even those I did not admire there was a quality of sincerity in so far as they could understand, and there were morality and honesty, simple virtues but priceless. I came to see there were more really good people among the Christian group than in any other, whatever their other failings. Wherever there was a sincere Christian I might find, it is true, a stupid man or an insensitive man or an ignorant man or even an arrogant man, but I found a good man in the accepted sense of the word. Here was something. It is much that a man is honest, sincere in what he believes, morally decent. There must be some reason for this, but still not enough, for there are other groups of which the same thing can be said. I approached the question, therefore, negatively. Would I even if I were a Buddhist be willing to see Christ die out altogether from the hearts of men? Would I be willing to have men forget that he ever lived, forget his words, imperfectly as they are given to us? Even though it is proved in some future time that there never lived an actual Christ and what we think of as Christ should some day be found to be the essence of men's dreams of simplest and most beautiful goodness, would I be willing to have that personification of dreams pass out of men's minds?

What would it mean to have him we call Christ pass away from our country, from ourselves? I know that for each of us Christ means something, someone different. But that does not matter. We all think when we speak that name of a quality of humanity which is tinged with divinity, for some of us actual and physical, for some of us

with the divinity of the whole vast and unknown universe which we cannot understand and perhaps shall never understand. That quality of humanity is made up of simplicity and sincerity in all behavior, of a perfect sympathy with others even where there is not complete agreement and understanding, of hatred and intolerance of hypocrisy, yes and, above all, of a bearing of the burdens of the weak, a love even for one's enemies. These ideals, the noblest which we are capable even of thinking about, are inseparably connected with the figure of Christ, veiled in a measure as he must ever be to us all. He is the one we think of when someone says "Love your enemies."

Are we willing that these ideals should fade from our memories, our life? They have borne too little fruit, it is true, both in us as individuals and in us as a nation. They have borne a poor diseased fruit at best. But even at times against my will I have been compelled to acknowledge that they have borne fruit. In nations where the figure of Christ has been perceived, however dimly, I find something I do not find elsewhere. To some degree the sick are cared for, the weak and defective are housed and cared for with tenderness, women are more honored, people do struggle somewhat for goodness; somehow the poor are helped a little. It is all too little, too badly done, and there are many failures and much suffering, but—here is the point—it is better than where the figure of Christ has never been known. Somehow where Christ has been once truly seen at all, either by an individual or by a people, there remains a spirit of some sort, a memory. The memory may be weakened, the spirit may fail. But there is a difference.

This difference is both tangible and intangible. It is tangible in such instances as catastrophes of flood or

accident where help is given generously and quickly even to strangers. I have lived long in a great and lofty civilization, but one where there is not this universal attitude to the poor and suffering. There is the tangible result that, even though corruption and crime endure for a time, there are efforts to stay it. There are things that are done for children, for the aged, for insane persons. These are all differences, it seems to me, in a civilization which has had the figure of Christ as a part of its spiritual thought. The intangible result is comprehended mainly in individual and national ideals, and I am the more moved to my conviction that belief in what Jesus Christ personifies has a direct ratio to high quality of social and individual character when I see in my own race certain weaknesses now beginning to appear which are faults of other races which have not had Christ as part of their heritage. I see these faults appearing in individuals who are willing to exclude Christ entirely from their lives, and as these individuals increase in number, I see these faults becoming national.

I am forced, therefore, to the question: Am I willing to have this happen? Am I willing to have the figure of Christ, however veiled, pass from the earth?

I know that I am not willing. I know that active goodness is the most beautiful thing in the universe to me. The stars and suns and the mystery of creation are not so wonderful to me as this mystery, that we human creatures know good and evil and can choose between them. To me the most exciting life in the world is the life that struggles toward personal goodness, which is beauty. The most wonderful spectacle is to see someone making that struggle. The most triumphant moment in life is the moment when I realize, whether for myself or for another, that a choice has been made,

strength gained, a deeper content achieved by one step more along that hard and stirring adventure, the life of a man or woman who is determined to find the best he knows and do it. This struggle is made manifest in the Christian life. Others live it also, many who never have heard the name of Christ; but to know the meaning of Christ's life, to know how he lived and died, is an inestimable support and help. It has so proved to those peoples who have had him, even though they have understood him very little.

This does not mean that I consider all other religions worthless beside Christianity. I do not believe that any religion is comprehensive enough to exclude all others. I should be loath to see the best of any pass away from men's knowledge. I do not believe we can spare anything that is good. How much less, then, can we spare that union of inner mystic spirit combined with social dynamic which we recognize as the highest form of Christianity! It is not necessary to discover or assert the superiority of Christianity over other religions. It is only necessary to recognize that we cannot do without Christ, and to decide to live by what we believe.

Then the case becomes very simple. If I am not willing for Christ to die, what hypocrisy is mine if I will do nothing to keep him alive in the hearts and understandings of men, what selfishness if I keep him for myself alone, or for my race! If I could so keep him I should lose him, in truth. His whole spirit would evade me. My smallness could not hold him, as no smallness has ever held him. I must be great enough to share Christ if I would keep Christ mine.

IV

For me, therefore, there is a case for foreign missions.

So I have retraced my own path of reasoning. It will not be satisfactory to others perhaps. What satisfies one person may not satisfy another. I have compressed in this brief space a spiritual experience which has extended over many years. It went of course into many intellectual ramifications and investigations into other religions of which I cannot take space to tell now. But the end was simply what I have given in simple terms.

My feelings in regard to the missionary body remain to-day the same. We must send abroad a higher type of person than the average American, even though he be above the average Christian—it will mean fewer, but it will be worth while if those few are better fitted for their opportunity. I believe the whole organization of foreign missions needs intelligent study, and it is probable that in the light of such study the basis of organization will need to be changed. We must know better the needs of the people to whom we go, and we must see how or if we can supply those needs whatever they are. This inevitably means a missionary of higher and more specific training and experience, suited to some particular place or need. Nor is this impossible. I have been impressed with the number of men of high training and reputation who would willingly for a period of years or perhaps for the rest of their lives give their time to some other country than their own.

The crux of the whole thing is here. We must realize, we Christians, that we have scarcely begun our work in foreign lands. A great many Christians have asked me why in *The Good Earth* I did not make Wang Lung become a Christian. My reply is, "If you want to write about an isolated case as I did in *The Young Revolutionist*, you could do so. But in *The Good Earth* I was writing about average people in China. I do not believe that Christianity has

touched the average man and woman more than I made it appear in that book—as words seen or heard and not understood."

Christ has not become a part of the Chinese life. We have not grafted him upon the root of that old civilization. Let us not deceive ourselves. We can have no assurance that if we withdrew from China to-day there would be any more permanent record left of our religious presence there these hundred and fifty years than is left there of the old Nestorian church, a wind-blown, obliterated tablet upon a desert land.

There are many reasons for this, but the real reason has been that we Christians of the West have not become a part of the country to which we have gone. We have gone as a group of professional Christians, paid by an organization foreign to the country. We have been hopelessly handicapped by our professionalism, just as the average minister is handicapped anywhere. We have further handicapped Chinese Christians and churches by paying them foreign money. We have fastened upon ourselves the stigma of "rice Christians," although there are many to whom it is unjustly applied. But there is so much truth in it that it must be a consideration in any appraisal of Christian groups.

Again I refuse to let the whole blame rest upon the missionary. He is forced often into situations by his supporting constituency. I recall an instance, easily multiplied, of a certain small interior station in China in a famine-ridden and poverty-stricken district. There the people live in earthen houses, and even the houses of the richer families are humble. There is no large building in the city. But the mission work in this place was supported by a wealthy American church, which wanted those visible results which have been such a curse to

missions. They did not take into consideration the many needs of that famine-ridden little town. They decided to give a church and they gave the money with enthusiasm for an expensive building, to be built in a hybridized temple style, in this simple country town. There the church stands to-day, a monument to absurdity. It is so expensive that the handful of church members cannot even pay repairs on it. The missionaries expostulated and were almost unanimously against the building of the church. Some were even violently opposed to it. But it was built and stands there now. It supplies no need. Moreover, the people of that city have been robbed of the inestimable privilege of building their own temple to the living God. It would have been of earth, perhaps, or a simple brick structure such as the Confucian temple there is, and there would have been no up-turned corners and no carvings and colors. But it would have been their own and they could have worshipped in it.

What, then, is to be done now? I do not suggest we should instantly drop all existing institutions and individuals. I have seen enough of revolutions to know they accomplish nothing. After the noise and the tumult are over the building must begin just as though the tumult and noise had never been. Revolution, so far as I have seen it, has been waste, and simply emotional release.

No, the basic reason for the lack of success in spreading the spirit of Christianity has been because neither the messenger nor the message has been suited to the needs of the people. The truth is we have never considered the people. It is an unforgivable oversight when we consider that the first thing Christ did was to understand the man who stood before him and to per-

form that act and speak those words which suited the particular case.

I should like to see every missionary sent to satisfy a special need of a community—not the artificial need of a mission station for a clerical man or a woman evangelist or what not, but a real need of the people. I should like him to feel that in satisfying this need he was fulfilling the primary purpose of his religion, and not that he was to use it as a bait for enticing anyone into belief in a creed or into belonging to an organization. This, of course, changes at once the whole basis of missions. It shifts the emphasis from preaching to a people to sharing a life *with* them, the best life we know. It seems to me this is the only possible basis for missions. It removes from us the insufferable stigma of moral arrogance, and it gives us besides a test of our own worth. Before we can share anything with benefit we must have tried it ourselves.

The present situation of being able to go and preach to other peoples what we do not practice is intolerable to persons of any sensitivity.

At the same time I do not believe in that common retort that I hear made, in answer to the question of foreign missions, "When everything in my own country is as it ought to be I will do something about other countries." My experience of the sort of person who says this is that he usually does nothing about his own country either. It is a mere excuse. I do not believe that we shall have at any time any country which is wholly Christian. The Christian group must strengthen in all countries at the same time if it is to continue at all. But it is essential that we strive to apply to ourselves those principles which we are asking others to apply. One of the great indignations of my life was to find certain women in Christian churches in America who would give money and time to a foreign missionary society for

work among peoples ten thousand miles away but who would not open the doors of their homes to students and persons of other races in their own cities, strangers and foreigners in America. What is the use of preaching Christ abroad when we deny him by such acts as these at home?

Above all, then, let the spirit of Christ be manifested by mode of life rather than by preaching. I am wearied unto death with this preaching. It deadens all thought, it confuses all issues, it is producing, in China at least, a horde of hypocrites, and in the theological seminaries a body of Chinese ministers which makes one despair for the future, because they are learning how to preach about Christianity rather than how to live the Christian life. Let us cease our talk for a time and cut off our talkers, and let us try to express our religion in terms of life. The spoken word ought to be only a bit of fuel added to a flame already burning.

I am perfectly aware that some of you are saying to yourselves, "Ah,

but you must not forget that the Bible says the seed is the word." And I answer, who shall say that by the word we must mean nothing but talk? What people ever understood what that word meant until it was made into flesh and *dwelt* among us? Only then can we behold its glory, the glory as of God, full of grace and truth.

I speak as one of your race and country, identifying myself also with the group you have sent as representatives of your religion to another land. But there is a part of me that is neither of these. By birth and ancestry I am American; by choice and belief I am a Christian; but by the years of my life, by sympathy and feeling, I am Chinese. As a Chinese I say to you what many Chinese have said to me:

"Come to us no more in arrogance of spirit. Come to us as brothers and fellowmen. Let us see in you how your religion works. Preach to us no more, but share with us that better and more abundant life which your Christ lived. Give us your best, or nothing."





THE LADY OF LEISURE

BY HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

TWO horses, with riders, came up the highway by the pasture, their hoofs clapping in cheerful rhythm on the hard surface. Molly ran along the fence beside them, her head and tail very high and her black body shining in the sun. If it had not been for the fence she could have outrun them easily. But the fence was there. Molly watched them until they grew small in the distance, then she swung around and ambled slowly back to the end of the pasture.

She was very clean. No speck of dust lurked beneath the sheen of her coat. Her mane and tail were free of burrs and tangles. Her hoofs had been newly oiled.

At the margin of the frog pond she paused. Her ears pricked forward and she *wooshed* softly through her nose. The water was brackish and muddy and covered with a green slime. Molly never drank there, preferring the spring under the apple trees, but now she went unhesitatingly to the water and splashed in. When the gray ooze reached her knees she turned sidewise to the bank and lay down with a grunt. She rolled, floundered up, turned, and rolled again. When at last she rose, dripping, the cool clay lay thickly on her back and sides and plastered her legs. A lily pad was caught in her tail and her mane was festooned with wreaths of green slime. Molly shook herself gingerly and clambered up the bank.

A cowpath wandered through a

tangle of weeds and long grass and straggled away under the apple trees, to the barn. It was soft under foot and the grasses were sweet and juicy. Molly browsed a little here and there and snuffed at the clover-scented wind.

The barn windows were open and Molly stopped, very casually, beneath one. She waited for a moment, and then, hearing the swish of a tail inside, laid her ears flat to her head and snorted. There was a sound of trampling, and Molly wheeled. But when the brown head and wondering eyes of Governor, the three-year-old gelding, appeared in the window, Molly was standing quietly with drooping head and eyes half closed. A wisp of green slime dangled from one ear. Her back was just within reach of Governor's nose.

He stretched his head out of the window, all eagerness, and sniffed at Molly's wet flank. Then he sprang back squealing. Molly's heels had missed his nose by a scant half inch. She lashed out again, her hoofs ringing against the side of the barn. There was a splintering crash inside, more trampling, another crash, and a long, enraged squeal. Molly kicked at the barn once more. Governor returned the kick with fury.

"*Molly!*"

It was Bruce. Molly moved away from the window and stared over the pasture gate at the overalled figure in the garage doorway. The clamor in the barn ceased. Molly's eyes shone

with honesty. Her ears stood up in astonished innocence. Her little forefeet were planted close together. She waited primly, clay daubed and virtuous. Bruce grinned and after a moment went back into the garage.

The wind whispered in the oaks and an acorn fell with a sharp thwack on the barn roof. Governor was silent. A leaf blew across the barnyard and a puff-ball of a kitten rushed after it, tail twirking. A sound of hammering came from the garage. Molly stretched out a soft black nose and fumbled with the wooden button that fastened the gate. It did not move easily and it was splintery. Molly tried her teeth on it and at last it turned. She pushed at the gate, but nothing happened.

The hammering in the garage stopped and Bruce appeared suddenly in the door. Molly drowsed hastily. Bruce crossed to the house, got something from the back porch, and returned to the garage.

After a minute Molly tried the gate again. It refused to open. She nosed around the latch and presently encountered the cold iron of a hook. It was a fairly loose hook. Molly worked at it with short lifting drives of her nose until it fell, tapping, against the gate, which opened a little way of itself, and then caught against the sod. Molly scraped through, broke into a gallop, and thundered across the lawn to the driveway. She clattered before the door of the garage.

Bruce ran out, grimly silent.

Molly cavorted in front of him but not too near. She plunged and whirled and rocked and plunged, her hoofs beating a tattoo on the gravel. Her wet mane flapped against her neck. Lumps of clay fell from her. The lily pad in her tail swung in lively circles behind her. With a final superb fling of heels into the air she raced down the slope to the gorge, jumped lightly

across the brook, and began the climb up the steep wooded hill on the other side.

Bruce followed, panting. He would try to cut her off and head her back. Molly kept well ahead of him. She wound in and out among the oaks, stopping now and again to look back and see what progress Bruce was making. He wasn't making much. The hill was very steep.

Molly continued on, up, her tail switching vigorously from side to side. Bruce was crashing through the underbrush below her as she came out on the crest of the ridge. She tore off a mouthful of leaves from a passing branch and stopped to wait. Bruce was nowhere in sight.

Down the ridge on the other side the valley began in green and gold and melted away into the plum-colored hills. Their outlines wavered in the heat, but the breath of the wind on Molly's back was cool and fresh. She munched oak leaves in placid contentment and watched the cloud shadows trailing their purple across the floor of the valley. On the tiny yellow thread of the highway a car glittered for a moment and was gone. Its hum came back on the wind. A squirrel swore with violence from a branch above her head. There was silence below.

Molly moved off the path to the edge of the ravine and looked down. The oak leaves dropped unnoticed from her mouth. Bruce was going back down the hill!

Molly stared after him, round-eyed. Then she lifted a forefoot and stamped once. Her nostrils vibrated with the explosion of her breath.

The path curved sharply and dipped down into the ravine. Molly stepped down cautiously, threw herself back on her haunches, forefeet braced, and slid, plowing up the matting of leaves and leaving a furrow of black loam behind her. One leap and she was

across the brook. Her hoofs rang on the flagstone steps that led up the bank to the side of the garage. Bruce was inside. She could hear him moving. On the lawn she stopped, ready to run, but Bruce did not come out.

Molly bit off the top of a nearby hollyhock, mumbled it and let it drop. She moved forward along the side of the garage to where, by stretching her neck to the uttermost, she could just see the doorsill. There was no one there. She stamped. Silence. Briskly, with a determined switch of the tail, Molly tramped across a flower bed and went up to the door. The inside of the garage was dark after the bright sunlight, and Molly blinked and stretched and peered, but she saw nothing but a stairway, outlined against a dusty windowpane. It was too much. Molly took one more step and put her head in at the door.

The rope dropped without a sound, settling neatly behind her ears. Molly knew better than to fight it. She followed Bruce across the yard and through the pasture gate. She watched while he buttoned the gate, hooked it, and bound the hook in place with wire. He went away. That was that.

There was nothing to do. The early windfall apples didn't taste right. The grass was dusty. The sun was hot, and the drying clay on her back and sides was beginning to be itchy. Molly knelt, rolled experimentally once or twice, got a good swing, and rolled completely over. Triumphant, she rolled all the way back, and rose in a shower of dust and twigs.

There was nothing left to do but stand. Molly stood, growing sleepy. At last a hen wandering across the pasture caught her eye. She brightened. There were more hens scratching around in the grass under the willows. Molly's ears went back, her head lifted, and her tail went up. She

galloped down upon the flock, and it scattered, fluttering and squawking. Molly dashed back and forth, her teeth snapping, turning back the stragglers, and bunching them together. She drove them into the corner where the fence joined the barn.

It wasn't a very good place. One hen skimmed under the fence and escaped. Molly nagged with teeth and heels and drove the rest, a compact and jittering little group, round to the back of the barn. There was no good place there to hold them either. She headed them down the wagon road toward the orchard in a shrieking procession that sowed the ruts with feathers. Molly capered behind.

"Molly! For God sake!"

Molly veered away from the flock and thundered past them, mane and tail streaming. Under the apple trees she stopped and swung around to look back, neck arched and head high. Bruce was climbing slowly back over the fence. Molly snorted.

When he had gone Molly cropped a little grass, but languidly. It was too dusty. She knocked a fly off her foreleg with her nose. It returned and buzzed about her. Molly stood waiting, listening to it, her eyes furious. It lit on her shoulder. Molly snapped, and the fly dropped to the ground.

The shadows were growing long down the hillside at the head of the ravine, and swarms of gnats jiggled about her ears. It would soon be time to eat. Molly turned suddenly and trotted back to the barn. The door was open and the sweet musty smell of the hay blew out upon her. She stepped across the threshold and went straight to the door of the feed room. It was not that she expected to get it open, these days, but she could always try. She tried. Miracle of miracles, it opened! Someone had left off the wire which had held it fast for a year, against all Molly's attempts.

The top of the feed box was up!

Molly's eyes bulged. She took one step farther in and buried her nose in the whispering oats. In the loft overhead the hay ticked faintly. A mouse ran along a beam and paused to look, bright-eyed and trembling. From somewhere came the thin mewling of new kittens. Governor stamped in his stall. Molly ate intensely, lifting her head only at rare intervals to munch more leisurely. A fly, caught in a spider web by the window, droned endlessly. The line of oats against the side of the feed box sifted lower and lower.

When it was impossible to crowd in another oat Molly raised her head and sighed, a gusty sigh of repletion. She backed out of the feed room a little awkwardly and went out into the barnyard and down the orchard road. The grasses brushed her knees and from force of habit she bit off a mouthful, but she chewed without swallowing and without interest.

The spring lay crystal clear under the trees, the green foliage mirrored in its heart. Molly lowered her head and drank for a long time, sucking up the water in great thirsty gulps. The coolness flowed around her nostrils and down her dusty throat. She lifted her head and stood for a moment, motionless. Then she drank again.

She felt a little heavy and cold inside when she at last stopped drinking, and she turned away from the spring with an effort. A strange sharp pain was beginning in her middle. It darted around, stabbing her, and Molly bit at her side. She heard Bruce's shout from the window of the feed room, but it was too much trouble to dodge when he ran down the road, a halter in his hand. He seemed agitated. Molly felt the agitation in his hands when he slipped the halter over her head.

He led her gently back to the barn, tied her by the door, and stood looking

at her. "Oh, Molly, Molly! You've killed yourself!" he said. Molly rolled an eye at him. She was very uncomfortable. He touched her side and she flinched. Bruce went away through the barn, running.

Molly's head hung nearly to her knees.

Bruce returned presently and paced back and forth beside her. He usually moved rather slowly, but now he walked with quick short steps and he watched her sharply. It was irritating, and Molly felt uneasy. But the pain in her middle seemed to be going away. She hadn't that heavy sensation any more either.

A car roared out in front of the barn and then stopped roaring. A long narrow man came through the back door of the barn with a bag in his hand. Molly stiffened. She knew him. He was the one who had pried her mouth open once and had rasped at her back teeth most unpleasantly. The pain in her inside was practically gone now.

The long man and Bruce were both looking at her and their voices rose and fell. Molly switched her tail uneasily. The bag was on the ground and it had an evil smell. The long man went to it and took out a bottle. His movements were unhurried as he approached Molly and his touch on her neck was sure and kind. Molly relaxed a little. He spoke to her and his tone was light. It had been like that before. Molly jerked her head away from his hands but they followed her. There was no escape. Molly stood, rigid and motionless.

It took only a few seconds. The stuff burned in her throat for a short time, but that was all. Bruce untied her and let her go free. They watched her as she turned away and stood quietly at a little distance from them. She was still breathing hard and she was prepared to run if they came toward her, but they didn't. She

rambled across the barnyard to a clump of grass and picked at it. She would have gone down to the end of the pasture, but they couldn't catch her now anyway, and she hated to miss anything.

They stayed there for a long time, just waiting, and not doing anything at all, except once, when Molly considered rolling. Then they both ran toward her. But when she scrambled up they only stared at her, their mouths making little round holes in their faces.

The sun went down behind the hill, leaving it black against the lemon-yellow sky. A smell of wood smoke and damp earth drifted down the breeze. Across the fields a whippoorwill called.

Suddenly Molly flung up her head. She wheeled and raced to the end of the pasture, circled, and raced back, pounding up to Bruce with her ears flattened and her eyes rolling viciously.

The long man sprang for the safety

of the barn door, but Bruce didn't move. A slow grin spread across his face. He held out his hand and Molly dropped her nose into it. The long man shook his head, laughing, picked up his bag, and vanished into the darkness. The car roared again and a finger of light swept across the willows.

Molly tossed her head. Very gently she reached down and took Bruce's sleeve into her mouth. A long-drawn loop of sound came up Wolf Creek—a fox hound trying his voice—and a rabbit leaped out of a briar patch and fled, zig-zagging down the orchard road, its white tuft of tail bobbing in the starlight. Bruce's other hand crept up Molly's cheek, patting and patting in quick little movements.

"Come, Molly."

Molly drew a deep breath. It had been a very dull day. She rubbed her face against Bruce's sleeve and then, shoulder to shoulder, they crossed the yard and went into the warm darkness of the barn.





INSIDE THE R. F. C.

AN ADVENTURE IN SECRECY

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

THE Congress which now presides over the dying months of President Hoover's administration will, let us hope, bring to an end that fatuous adventure in secrecy which has stained the record of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. In the very act of its birth the R. F. C. was stricken dumb by the President. Thereafter for five months it passed round hundreds of millions of dollars of public money to banks and railroads without affording either to the public, or even to Congress itself, a grain of information about the identity of the objects of its bounty.

After these five months—in July—when Congress supplied it with additional billions, the directors were ordered to make to the House of Representatives monthly reports of the sums laid out and the persons or corporations receiving them. Through a mere misadventure in framing this publicity clause, the loans made by the corporation in those first five months were omitted. For this reason we must now divide the life of the R. F. C. into two episodes. The first, covering the period from February to June, was marked by the most complete secrecy; in the second, from July to date, in obedience to Congress, the directors have been compelled to reveal the destination of their funds.

Here I shall deal with that first episode—the period of darkness, of

secrecy. In that time something more than a billion dollars was authorized in loans. Of this sum, nearly 80 per cent (\$853,496,289) was lent to bank and railroad corporations. The railroad loans we have been able to guess at because of the preliminary approval required from the Interstate Commerce Commission, whose proceedings are public. But the bank loans—\$642,000,000 of them—have never been revealed to this day.

These vast sums were laid out by a group of directors drawn from those business groups whose performances during the pre-crash years have rendered them objects of suspicion to the American people. The immense sums they dispensed were given to borrowers, many of whom, to put it mildly, have forfeited, justly or unjustly, the confidence of the people. These circumstances alone cast a sinister shadow over the policy of secrecy pursued. But the case is something worse than this. The Administration did not stop at mere concealment, but led the public to the acceptance of utterly false impressions.

Here I propose to reveal some of these hitherto unreported loans—enough, at least, to justify Congress in tearing away the screen altogether and bringing to light this whole story.

Before lifting a corner of the curtain let me insert a word about this danger-

ous notion that government can be safely conducted in secrecy. There is a school of politicians—in close communion with their business allies—who hold to what is sometimes called the idiot theory of government, because of certain expressions which the President himself has let fall. There is a belief that the citizens are stupid; that the less they know the better off they will be; that knowledge in their immature minds will frequently produce economic disorder, and that they will be better served if they will entrust their affairs to the strong and able men set over them by Providence and a well-oiled election machine. The theory ignores a very old truth: that if there are foolish citizens there are also selfish rulers; that the poor judgment of the masses is to be trusted hardly less than the bad ethics of their leaders, and that, in any case, those who supply the funds for governments and the blood for wars have a right to know what is being done with their money and their lives.

For a century this country (and the world) has been learning the solemn lesson that it has nothing to fear so much as the public servant who is unwilling to report to society what he is doing with its funds. In America, at least, we have been warring upon secret diplomacy, secret campaign funds, secret corporation activities, secret utility and railroad managements.

The R. F. C. episode is the perfect example of the policy of secrecy. The prologue to the R. F. C. was the National Credit Corporation. It was proposed at a White House conference October 6, 1931. Thirty-two leaders of all groups were summoned. The topic of the conference was kept a secret, even from the conferees. They were not permitted to think in advance of what they were to discuss. The President was warned against this

course but persisted in it. The corporation formed as a result—a private one composed of bankers—functioned in the most absolute secrecy. Two months later the R. F. C. was brought forward to supplant it. Democratic and Republican leaders alike sought to learn how much funds the Credit Corporation had raised, what loans it had made, what it had accomplished. The facts about it have never become known to this day.

When the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, really suggested originally by Eugene Meyer, but quietly adopted by the President, was proposed, various congressional leaders demanded a system of regular reports from the new corporation. The President defeated that proposal. Publicity would react unfavorably and perhaps disastrously on banks if it were known they sought help from the government, he declared. But why should *railroad* loans be kept secret? As a matter of fact, Senator Couzens insisted that no railroad loans be made until first approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission. This provision alone saved the rail loans from being swathed in the same concealment as the bank loans. It was apparently overlooked at the time that Interstate Commerce Commission proceedings are always reported. As it is, we know the loans approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission, but the R. F. C. has never revealed what it has done about them.

Let this important and significant fact be noted—that in the first period of secrecy loans were made in immense millions to many big banks. After July 1st, when secrecy became no longer possible, these big bank loans ceased.

When the R. F. C. was proposed, many critics feared it was a scheme to aid certain types of big banks. Rightly or wrongly, this apprehension was

based on the belief that many big bankers had been guilty of a serious betrayal of their trusts; that sound banking practices had been thrown to the winds; that the resources of the banks had been made available for speculative enterprises through new and vicious forms of banking organization. There was a feeling that the government ought not to use the funds of the people to protect and perpetuate these dubious kinds of banks.

The President was aware of this feeling. When he signed the Reconstruction Finance Corporation bill he issued a statement in which appeared these words:

It (the R. F. C.) is not created for the aid of big industries and big banks. Such institutions are amply able to take care of themselves. It is created for the support of the smaller banks and financial institutions and, through rendering their resources liquid, to give renewed support to business, industry and agriculture.

When the show got under way and criticism became audible, expressing fear that the big banks were getting the money, the President and the R. F. C. officers issued numerous statements that almost all of the loans were going to small banks. Publicity was cleverly employed. The President gave out a telegram he had received from the Bank of Abbeyville in Louisiana praising the R. F. C. for saving that little bank. Mr. Eugene Meyer told a critical Senate Committee that 92 per cent of all loans had gone to cities under 10,000 population. In these statements the emphasis was put on the *number* of banks helped, not on the *amount* of money lent.

For instance, three weeks after the R. F. C. started to function, the Comptroller of the Currency declared that \$24,000,000 had been lent to banks "scattered all over the country." The *number* of loans and the *banks* were indeed scattered. But the money

was not. Twenty-one million out of the twenty-four million had gone to just two banks.

Two weeks later the White House issued a statement that the R. F. C. had lent \$61,000,000 to financial institutions, "including 255 banks, *mostly small country banks.*" But of that \$61,000,000 over \$41,000,000 had gone to just three banks.

On the very day when the President gave out the telegram acknowledging the salvation of the little Abbeyville bank, the R. F. C. made an unmentioned loan of \$25,000,000 to one big city bank.

In April Congress became restless and curious. When the R. F. C. lent money to a railroad to pay a note to J. P. Morgan and Company, there was a threat of investigation. Once again the President produced the inevitable statement. He said:

The banks and trust companies receiving the loans totalling \$126,000,000 are located in forty-five States. The great majority of these loans are to smaller communities. Less than \$3,500,000 has been authorized in cities of over a million population; more than \$116,000,000 has been authorized in towns under 600,000.

At that time over half the money lent had been lent to just three big banks. The statement, moreover, was so phrased as to impose on the casualness of the ordinary reader. You can call a hundred-million-dollar bank in a city of 500,000 a little bank in a little city, but it will still be a big bank in a big city. Minneapolis, Milwaukee, New Orleans are big cities, though they are under 600,000. The climax was reached when at the end of July the corporation announced that it had helped 3,600 banks and that *only a little over 4 per cent of them were in cities of over 200,000 population.*

Can anyone doubt that the effect of these statements was to conceal the facts and to create the impression that

no big banks were being aided; that, as the President said, "they were able to take care of themselves"? If it was proper to aid them, why not say so?

Here is what actually happened. The R. F. C., in those five months, authorized \$642,000,000 in loans to 3,600 banks. But \$261,000,000 of this sum, or over 40 per cent, went to banks in just seven large cities.

Chicago alone got \$109,000,000, or 17 per cent of all loans.

San Francisco got \$65,000,000, or over 10 per cent of the whole amount lent.

Cleveland got \$27,000,000, lent to three banks.

The President, perhaps, would call Akron, Ohio, a little town. It has 255,000 people and a big bank. One bank in Akron got loans aggregating \$18,000,000.

The loans referred to here were in just seven large cities. There were more than 230 other loans to big and little banks in cities of over half a million population which consumed more than half of all the funds laid out.

II

On June 7, 1932, Charles G. Dawes announced that his work as head of the R. F. C. was finished. His letter of resignation was a masterpiece. The budget was balanced, the country moves toward recovery, he observed. He desired to reenter the banking business in Chicago. "It has been a privilege," he added, "to participate in the earlier stages of the organization of the corporation and its work." But Mr. Dawes was now about to do some real participating. Less than three weeks later the R. F. C. authorized a loan to his bank of \$90,000,000.

The President has recently revealed that Dawes resigned not because his work was finished, but in order to look after his bank. Other stories

have it that Dawes asked for no money from the R. F. C., but that the request came from other bankers in Chicago. As nearly as I can make out, that is true. But the size of the loan was, nevertheless, remarkable. It was given as \$80,000,000 in reports which leaked out at the time. How much Dawes actually got I do not know. But the loan authorized was \$90,000,000, which covered *almost the entire deposits of the bank*, which were only \$95,000,000.

The President has defended this loan on the ground that the fate of 725 country banks were at stake and, through them, the fate of 21,000 other banks. The defense, however, fails to give an adequate answer to a pertinent question. What, may we not ask, was Dawes doing on the Reconstruction Finance Corporation?

Some parts of the Dawes loan story have leaked into the newspapers. Here are a few stories that have not leaked out. On February 15th, Mr. Amadeo Giannini won a bitter battle in Wilmington to regain from Elisha Walker his old control of that famous Delaware corporation, the Transamerica Corporation. The Transamerica Corporation is one of those holding companies which controlled a vast tangle of banks, insurance companies, realty concerns, utility enterprises, security and investment companies, and what not. Its chief prize was the Bank of America in California. The story of Giannini's victory was of course in all the newspapers. What was not in the newspapers, however, was the fact that on that very day the R. F. C. authorized the lending to the Bank of America of \$15,000,000. Nor has the public ever been told that before the Reconstruction Finance Corporation got through ladling out money to this bank it authorized a series of loans—one a month—aggregating \$65,000,000.

These two loans authorized to Dawes and Giannini totalled \$155,000,000. Certainly no citizen could have guessed that such vast public sums were made available to just two banks, from the President's pronouncements about helping little banks and not big ones.

But there is a good deal more. A loan of \$14,000,000 was authorized to the Union Trust Company in Cleveland. Interest in this loan rises when we are told that the Chairman of the Board of this bank, up to June 16th of this year, was Mr. Joseph R. Nutt, treasurer of the Republican National Committee.

Much curious comment attended the naming of the Honorable Atlee Pomerene as head of the R. F. C. to succeed General Charles Ninety-Million Dawes. The Honorable Atlee is a noble Roman of true senatorial exterior, a measure of whose statesmanship may be deduced from his pronouncement after taking the reins which had fallen from the hands of Dawes. If I were a Mussolini in this country, he thundered, I would compel every merchant in the land to increase his purchases now by thirty-three per cent. Why the Democrat Pomerene was chosen, however, was never wholly made clear. But he was, in truth, the ideal Democrat for the job. A loan of \$12,272,000 was authorized to the Guardian Trust Company of Cleveland, the Honorable Atlee's home town. And Atlee Pomerene was a director of that bank.

There were others. In Baltimore the Baltimore Trust Company, of which that Republican stalwart, Senator Phillips L. Goldsborough, was vice-chairman, was authorized to receive \$7,402,345 in April.

In Detroit the Union Guardian Trust Company of which Mr. Roy D. Chapin, now Secretary of Commerce, was a director, was authorized to receive a loan of \$12,983,000.

In Akron—one of Mr. Hoover's

"little" towns—the First Central Trust Company, of which Mr. Harry Williams was chairman and Mr. Harvey S. Firestone, Jr., a director, was authorized to receive \$19,000,000.

Among insurance companies, very little help was needed or given to life insurance companies. A large loan, however, was made to a casualty insurance company, one which signs bonds, etc. It was authorized to receive \$8,880,000, and among its directors are such worthy objects of government aid as Percy Rockefeller, Elisha Walker, Sidney Z. Mitchell, Charles Hayden, W. A. Harriman, Robert Goellet, George B. Cortelyou. It is worth observing that almost at the moment this company was seeking millions from the government, one of its directors at least was answering to a Senate Committee for his bear operations in Wall Street.

One large fire insurance company got a cut of \$7,000,000—the Globe and Rutgers Fire Insurance Company. The head of this company, E. C. Jameson, will be remembered as the big-hearted patriot who handed out \$68,000 to Bishop Cannon in 1928 to carry Virginia for Hoover and the Lord.

Is it not worth a passing thought that almost all of the big banks which had to seek help were under the domination of those political financiers who clustered round the throne and who coyly admit that they are the architects of our prosperity?

III

There is a reason of commanding importance why these loans should have been made public. We have a right to know something of our economic situation. We are going to have to deal with it. We cannot deal with it if the facts are deliberately concealed from us. One of our most

perplexing problems is that of our banks. Mr. Mills has told us that the shock of England going off the gold standard closed a thousand banks in this country in three months. He has not told us why that shock, which knocked a thousand of our banks into a cocked hat, failed to close one in England herself. There must be some difference in the banks. What is it? The President and his Comptroller of the Currency have preached that the trouble had been in the small, weak unit banks. They have urged branch banking. The Comptroller has regaled us with endless statistics of the failures of small banks.

But what of the weaknesses among the big banks? Are these to be systematically concealed? Branch banking is, I am disposed to think, sound enough. But there is another kind of banking, called group banking, which might be called holding-company banking. Branch banking with holding-company control, such as we have already witnessed in our utility business, would be a curse. There is also the vicious practice of bank affiliates. How many of these big banks which have had to yell for help were holding-company controlled or were using the dangerous investment and security affiliate practice? Almost all of them. Why did they need this money? What weakened their structure? What had their holding-company control or their security affiliates to do with it? These are questions which Congress, which must deal with our disgraceful banking condition, ought to ask. How disgraceful that banking situation is may be gleaned from the amazing boast of the Hon. Atlee Pomerene to the effect that during the first six months of the R. F. C. *only* 600 banks had failed. It might be added that during the ten months of the activities of the R. F. C. some 1,100 have failed.

IV

The big New York banks and investment bankers are noticeably absent from this list of beneficiaries. But they were not forgotten. Like the overcoat in the salesman's expense account, they are there but you cannot see them. They are to be found in the loans made to the railroads.

These loans to railroads were made on the theory that railroad securities were held in great amounts by insurance companies and savings banks, and that if the roads defaulted in the interest or maturity payments on their bonds, receiverships would be inevitable and the loss would fall on these insurance policy holders and savings depositors. A look at what happened, however, reveals some amazing performances.

Up to September 30, the R. F. C. loaned to the carriers \$264,366,933. I have not been able to trace the purposes of all these loans. But I have been able to examine 70 per cent of them. What follows, therefore, applies not to all the railroad loans, but to \$187,000,000 of them.

Of this amount \$36,451,000 was lent for improvements, such as the \$27,000,000 to the Pennsylvania Railroad for electrification. These are defended on the ground of making work and may be passed over. This leaves—in round numbers—loans amounting to \$150,000,000 to railroads to enable them to pay debts.

In March a loan of \$5,750,000 to the Missouri-Pacific to pay a note due J. P. Morgan & Company came to light and produced a mild sensation. The Missouri-Pacific is one of the numerous possessions of the Van Sweringens. It is controlled through a series of holding companies resembling the Insull structure—a device which has been roundly condemned by the Interstate Commerce Commission. As a matter

of fact, the Morgan firm, as bankers of the Van Sweringens, are in the closest communion with the Cleveland promoters. The use of public money to enable the Van Sweringen road to pay money due the Morgans seemed to have little to do with "overcoming the crisis," as the President loves to call his program. But this was not the only loan to railroads to enable them to pay off investment bankers and large New York institutions. The Van Sweringens themselves got another \$6,000,000 to pay off bank loans on another one of their roads—the Nickel Plate. This was in February, and they were back again in September for another \$5,000,000 for the same purpose. The Baltimore and Ohio got at one time \$9,000,000, to be used to pay \$8,000,000 to Kuhn, Loeb (bankers), \$500,000 to the Chase National (one of whose directors sat on the R. F. C.), \$250,000 to the Central Hanover Bank, and \$250,000 to the First National Bank, all in New York.

There was plenty of this. In fact I have accounted for nineteen such advances amounting to \$44,000,000 made to railroads to pay off bank loans.

Congress ought to explore the character of the pressure which was brought to bear upon the Interstate Commerce Commission to approve these loans. That most of them were made reluctantly is beyond question. That the President constantly interfered to put pressure upon both the commission and the R. F. C. itself there can be no doubt. His announcement of Dawes' selection as President of the R. F. C. before the members—charged with electing their president—were named; his open boast in the last days of the campaign of the huge loans made for California projects—all call for examination in detail. In the case of these bank loans, Eugene Meyer, representing the President, went to the Commission and pressed the loans, declaring they were part of

the recovery plan, to put more money into the banks, so that after a while they would have so much "it would burn a hole in their pockets" and they would begin to lend it out. The futility of this plan must now be quite apparent to everyone.

Another \$24,000,000 was lent to railroads for a strange miscellaneous collection of purposes—to pay bills, meet pay rolls, pay rent on real estate, complete payments on real estate, supply cash for the drawer and, worst of all, to enable the roads to pay rent on both real estate and on leased roads. The New York Central, for instance, got more than \$5,000,000 for this purpose. One corporation owning a railroad sometimes leases it out to another railroad corporation. The latter pays rent for the use of the road. The rent is usually a large enough sum to pay the leasing corporation a profit or dividend on its investment. When the R. F. C. lent money to one railroad to pay rentals to another railroad, it was in effect using public funds to pay dividends to railroad stockholders. A more indefensible action could hardly be imagined.

Out of the whole sum we have traced, therefore, only \$69,000,000 (in round numbers) was lent to railroads to pay interest or maturities on bonds held by insurance companies and savings banks. Certainly these loans could exercise no influence on the duration of the depression except to prolong it. A depression is a phenomenon which appears when the income of the population, always insufficient to buy what is produced, becomes so heavily saddled with debt charges that its use as purchasing power is mortally reduced. When this happens two things must follow. First, prices must come down to bring goods closer to the size of the available income. Second, income itself must be freed for purchasing by the extinguishment of excessive debts.

Whether we like it or not, this is what takes place. Any attempt to hold up prices or to save the weaker debts necessarily prolongs the depression. One thing alone can help to check the crumbling of the poorer debts. That is to increase income. The government can do but one thing toward that end. It can create income by launching extensive public works. Whether it should do this or not is a question about which men are divided. I take no position on that here. But if this cure is discarded, then the government must confess itself impotent. Certainly it can do nothing by merely shifting debts around.

Let us apply this to the railroads. Most of the actual capital invested in the roads is in the form of bonds or preferred stocks. Fifty-four per cent of their capital is in bonds as against only 16 per cent in the case of industrial corporations. This means that in good times or bad, whether there are profits or not, the railroads must continue to pay profits on 54 per cent of their capital. The purchasing power of the railroads is hopelessly paralyzed by debt. This situation must be corrected. And certainly in the case of many of these roads there is no method of correction open save through receiverships. The quicker the correction comes, the quicker the regeneration of the road will come. This the R. F. C. has wholly ignored as part of its depression surgery. Many roads are hopelessly saddled with impossible, rigid bond loads. Instead of permitting the correction of this fatal flaw to take its course, the R. F. C. has actually added to the bond load. The roads will come out of the depression in the matter of debt worse than they went in. In any case, to use public funds, so desperately needed elsewhere, to pay profits to investors is an indefensible exertion of government.

Would it not have been more in-

telligent to permit at least some of the roads to go into receiverships and submit to the inevitable curative processes? Some are heading that way anyhow. Two of those aided were already in receivers' hands. And another—the Frisco—since its "salvation" has gone that route. If the government is going to start paying interest on bonds and the bonds themselves as they mature, there will be no end to it. The Baltimore and Ohio got \$32,000,000 in April and was back again in August for another \$31,625,000. The Nickel Plate had to borrow \$9,300,000 in February. It showed up for another \$6,000,000 in September. The Chicago and Northwestern got \$1,910,000 in February, nearly \$5,000,000 in April, and was around for another \$12,000,000 later.

As to saving life insurance companies there is good reason to believe that this is one of those convenient reasons which men know so well how to invent. No evidence has been offered to show that these loans would save any insurance policy holders from loss. Take a single case. The Pere Marquette got \$3,000,000 to pay equipment trust certificates of the Lake Erie and Detroit. There is no evidence that the whole Marquette system would have gone into receivership if this loan of the Lake Erie had not been met. But if it had and all of the Marquette bonds had declined, what would have been the loss to life insurance companies? This road had outstanding \$77,000,000 in bonds. Of this, \$20,000,000 was in the hands of life insurance companies. But the value of these bonds at the time of the "rescue" was about \$7,500,000. A receivership would not have reduced their value much more. But suppose it had wiped out these bonds completely. These securities were distributed among about fifty companies. Just nine of these companies have reserves of over nine billion

dollars. A loss of the entire investment would have meant a loss of less than one-fiftieth of one per cent based on existing market value.

In another case a loan of over a million dollars was made to one of Mr. Insull's numerous playthings—the Chicago, North Shore and Milwaukee R. R. This road had outstanding \$2,000,000 in bonded indebtedness. But only \$732,000 of this was held by insurance companies, and 54 per cent of this was owned by a company in Canada.

The simple truth is that the credit of the railroad companies has been ruthlessly exploited during these last ten years to provide funds for the ac-

quisition of stocks in other roads at exorbitant prices in the mad scramble of a few promoters to get control of various systems. Now these holdings, and the control over their little empires of these clever gentlemen, are threatened. And the credit of the government of the United States is being mobilized to save them.

Out of \$264,000,000 loaned to railroads by the R. F. C., \$156,000,000 has been advanced to the roads controlled by three groups—the Morgans, the Van Sweringens, and the Pennsylvania Railroad. Some explanation will certainly have to be made sooner or later of this amazing performance.

MOUNTAIN PEOPLE

BY DENNIS MURPHY

*WHO will lament these simple mountaineers
When presently they take their holiday
In heedless dust, or who will pause to say
Brave threnodies appropriately theirs?
Who will remark this man who cleared frontiers
With glinting axe and grubbed the rooty clay,
Or who will mourn this woman, starved and gray,
After the last lean sunset disappears?
Weep not for Troy, weep not for Greece, nor Rome,
Nor all the marbled peoples of the past.
They will endure in stone. But grieve, instead,
A simpler race whom sorrow leads back home
To quiet clay, unhonored and outcast,
And dumb beside the monumental dead.*



WEDDING IN CARNIOLA

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

THE second or third day after my return—last spring—from the United States to my native village of Blato, Carniola (or Slovenia), in Yugoslavia, one of my sisters remarked to me:

“There’s talk Toné is likely to get married in a month or two.”

Toné is one of our numerous cousins in Blato. He is a tall, blond, blue-eyed peasant of thirty-four, with a little mustache and tremendous hands; raw-boned, simple, hard-working, soft-spoken and good-humored as a rule, but capable of being otherwise. He is the oldest son of Uncle Mikha, our nearest neighbor.

“Whom is he going to take?” I asked.

My sister smiled. “Even Toné doesn’t know that for sure. He has his eyes on two or three”—mentioning the girls, all from adjacent villages,—“but right now, I guess, all he knows is Mikha is going to give him the home-
stead in July—maybe.”

“Why ‘maybe’?”

She smiled again. “It depends on whom Toné will finally decide to marry. They say he’s most inclined to take So-and-so, but Mikha is not exactly enthusiastic about her.”

Uncle Mikha is in his seventies, slightly bent and shrunken but still hale, with a hard peasant intelligence; a former mayor of the county, which includes seventeen villages.

A week later I spoke with Toné.

I said, “I hear you’ll be getting mar-

ried now your father is going to give you the place.”

“Ah, the devil!” he muttered. He was in a raw mood.

“Why, what’s the matter?”

“Everybody in the damned village is trying to tell me what to do, whom to marry, when to marry—”

This, I presently realized, was a typical situation for a young Carniolan peasant to find himself in when he is about to come in possession of his father’s property and is expected to wed. When a young man of my cousin Toné’s standing in a village like ours—which is an average Carniolan village—is about to enter matrimony, the selection of his bride becomes the active concern of well nigh the whole community. And naturally, traditionally so.

In Carniola, as in most agrarian lands in Europe, getting married in the country is very unlike getting married in the city. In the city the young man meets the girl, they become engaged, and marry. Matrimony is almost exclusively their own affair. The relatives congratulate them, bring them gifts, and volunteer advice; at the same time the old family ties loosen up, a new family begins in some two-room flat, and that is that.

In a village when a young peasant like my cousin approaches wedlock he is not only about to take a wife to himself, but to bring to the household, which often is centuries old and man-aged according to old traditions, a new

mistress who, by virtue of her position, may strongly affect that household and the village.

To begin with, there are the old folks who, although they are prepared to sign the property over to the son, are still interested in the place. In fact more so than ever. On signing the deed they will reserve for themselves a corner of the old house—for they have no other place to go—and certain other rights, which they expect the new mistress to respect with kindness and grace. Then there are other members of the family: the younger brothers and sisters who know the sister-in-law will inevitably influence their future; and the more distant relations: aunts, uncles, godmothers, godfathers, cousins, and so on, whose interests will be more or less affected by the “young one.” And, finally, all the other villagers (for the community is a compact socio-economic organism, and everybody is everybody’s neighbor) know that a good mistress on this homestead will improve the tone of village life, and that a bad one will damage it.

So—as a matter of course, almost—all these diversely interested people insist on having their say in the selection of the bride.

The young man usually is the only person concerned who is interested in the girl’s looks. His father’s chief heed are her dowry, health, and physical endurance: whether or not she is a good worker. The young man’s mother desires a “good-hearted” daughter-in-law, one who is humble, pious, and can bear suffering without complaint: in fine, a model peasant woman. The relatives share the father’s and mother’s worries, doubts, misgivings, prejudices, and in addition hope she will not have an acrid tongue. The non-related women of the village fear she will be richer or better-looking than they were when they were married, or a better housekeeper or worker in the fields

than they are, so that their husbands will point to her as a rare example of womanhood.

All these relatives and neighbors are traditionally at liberty to come to the young man or his father or mother, or all three of them, with advice, suggestions, hints, and gossip. So-and-so, they say, has this and that virtue; she is rich and strong, a good milker, hoer, and reaper; if need be, she can plow and harrow a field; she is deft with the needle; *but*—they are full of “buts,” big and little. For weeks the young man hanging on the brink of matrimony is the focus of all eyes up and down Main Street. He knows that everybody is speculating about him: what is he going to do? Whom is he going to take? When is he going to decide? Has that hussy in the next village really bewitched him beyond rescue? This, of course, is anything but fun for the young man, who hitherto has been left pretty much alone. He is especially uncomfortable if, like my cousin Toné, he is still undecided about the girl. If he has made up his mind and tells who she is, some of the villagers—especially close relatives—do not hesitate to warn him that, while she has much in her favor, she is such-and-such, “just like her mother,” and try to make him switch to their favorite.

But the old man has the deciding voice in the matter. He is still master of the place, has not yet signed it over, and controls the economic phase of the situation. If the young man fancies some fluffy chit the old man is as apt as not to clearly state his position as follows:

“You be sensible, young man, and take the girl I want for a daughter-in-law—or nothing doing! Understand?”

In former years the young man sometimes broke with his father over a girl, told him to keep his old homestead or give it to the next oldest son, and went to America. To-day, with Amer-

ica's "Welcome!" sign down, that is almost out of the question. The young man usually suppresses his romantic feelings and marries "sensibly."

II

In my cousin Toné's case the interest in his marriage was lively in all of the county's seventeen villages, for a number of reasons. Uncle Mikha's place, which Toné was getting, is one of the best in the region. It was expected that as an ex-mayor's son, after attaining the status of a property-owner, Toné eventually would himself be a candidate. But the most important reason, perhaps, was that in late years there have been almost no weddings thereabouts, owing to the *kriza*—economic crisis—which has forced most peasants deep into debt; and when a Carniolan village home is in debt, only death or complete infirmity can make the old man yield it to his son and permit him to bring a new mistress under the mortgaged roof. The old man conceives it as one of his chief duties in life to pass the place on to his successor free of financial burden; which, in this day and age, however, is increasingly difficult.

At any rate, toward the end of spring, after most of the relatives and other villagers had expressed themselves on the subject, Uncle Mikha and Toné finally agreed on a girl named Yulka, only daughter of old man Galé, a fairly well-off peasant in the village of Gatina, a short distance from Blato; and after it was discussed for a few days, everyone in the village was more or less satisfied. Some thought Toné probably could do better; on the other hand, Yulka was a worthy girl any way one looked at her.

It was no secret that Yulka and her whole family were delighted when a rumor of Mikha's and Toné's decision reached them. Toné was a fine catch,

and everybody in the county knew they were as good as sealed.

Centuries-old peasant traditions and customs, however, which have their roots deep in the realities of the people's life, and are richly flavored with native humor and poetic spirit, required that before Yulka go to her new home she and Toné and her and his parents and relatives, and in fact nearly all the people of their villages, go through a series of ceremonies and doings, which I—with my objective Americanized eyes and subjective native-Carniolan sense of appreciation—found extremely interesting, charming, and amusing.

After deciding on the girl the first step toward Toné's matrimony was that his father asked a friend of his, an elderly and substantial peasant in Blato, to act as his son's *stareshina*—bridegroom's elder—which, next to the groom and bride, is the most important role in the drama of a Carniolan wedding. At the same time, Toné, grinning a bit foolishly, came to me and asked me to be his first groomsman, or best man. The groomsman is usually a single man, but an exception was made in my case.

Then, late one Thursday afternoon, the *stareshina* and I went to Gatina. We had heard old man Galé was doing something or other in his wood near the village, and that was where we found him—a man in his mid-sixties, but younger-looking, with calm eyes, large-veined hands, a walrus mustache, and a deep voice.

For half an hour we sat on stumps in the wood, talking of this and that, chiefly of America, the depression, the experiment in Russia, the lateness of spring, and the need of rain. Finally, the *stareshina* mentioned that a friend of his, none other than old man Mikha from Blato, the ex-mayor whom everyone respected and esteemed, was thinking of "going into the corner" and

marrying off his eldest son, Toné, who had his eyes on Yulka.

Old man Galé expressed surprise and, as customary, would not hear of marriage for his daughter. It was absurd to think of it. Yulka, he averred, was still young, not quite twenty-two; he needed her at home; she was a good worker, too good to lose; besides, he hadn't yet begun to lay aside a dowry for her, and he knew that old codger, Mikha—"may he live to be a hundred!"—would demand an unreasonable dowry.

The whole interview was a game, a little act that had to be played, half serious and half in fun; and I had a hard time to keep a serious face while the stareshina argued with Yulka's father that this was her big chance, that Toné was a good boy, and his property the jewel of the region. They argued a long time. Yulka's father shook his head, "No, no! Why pick on my girl? There are lots of others. I have only one."

"Well, if that's how you feel about it, Galé, we'll go elsewhere," and the stareshina rose.

I, whose traditional function was to echo the stareshina, also rose, saying that Toné unquestionably could get any girl he pleased.

"Of course," peasant Galé then hastened to say, "to be fair all around, I'll ask mother and Yulka—see what they think."

Such a remark is equivalent to saying the daughter has the father's consent.

"Never mind," smiled the stareshina. "We'll come to your house with Toné. We'll ask the women ourselves and see if they can resist our proposition."

All three of us laughed, then parted. Each of us had acted his part as required by custom.

Next Sunday afternoon, with all the eyes in Blato upon us, the stareshina

and I went back to Gatina, Toné between us. He was in his Sunday best, with a fresh haircut, an extra twist to his mustache, and a red carnation behind his hatband.

Everything was quiet around Galé's house when we arrived. We knocked. We knocked again. Finally old man Galé appeared. He yawned and rubbed his eyes, pretending we had roused him from his Sunday-afternoon nap.

"Oh, ya, ya," he said. "The devil, I forgot all about it; now I remember. You said you were coming to-day. Good thing I stayed home. I wonder where my womenfolk are. They probably went visiting somewhere. As I say, I forgot all about your coming—forgot to tell them."

As a matter of fact, the entire household had been quietly excited with our impending visit for days, and Yulka and her mother were upstairs behind curtained windows, listening to us below.

Old man Galé invited us in, brought out a jug of wine, then we talked and talked of anything but matrimony. The stareshina did most of the talking, which was the way it should be. He talked of the coming fair at the county seat, the latest agrarian relief measures taken by the government in Belgrade, and the fact that at the morning's church service the priest had announced a procession for rain and taken up an extra collection. He said, "I guess we'll have rain any day now. These priests—when they see the barometer jumping they conduct a procession; then when rain falls take credit for it, and the women believe them."

At long last the stareshina brought his talk to Toné and commenced to praise him to the sky, while I, as previously coached, seconded everything he said, and Toné, a morbidly modest fellow, suffered agonies of embarrassment.

"And now, Galé," the stareshina

said after a while, "as I hinted to you last Thursday, the time has come for Toné to marry. His father and mother are getting on in years. Toné will be the new master of old Mikha's place. It's a big place, as you know, Galé, and he'll need a woman for the house. . . . Toné says he's taken a fancy to your Yulka. Am I right?" he turned to me.

"That's right, stareshina," said I.

"Well, now—" Old man Galé cleared his throat and paused to ponder—"I haven't anything against Toné or his father; we've always been friends; but as I said the other day, I'll have to ask mother and Yulka."

"Then call them!" cried the stareshina. "Let's get this business over with. Toné here is young and impatient to know whether it'll be Yulka or someone else."

Yulka's mother came down first. Then there was more talk, more misgivings and shaking of heads on the part of the old man and the old woman.

The girl's parents hesitated for about half an hour, whereupon, as instructed, I said, impatiently:

"Now let's call Yulka and see what she says. After all she's the one to decide."

So Yulka's name was called out loud several times, and she came, garbed in a neat flower-printed cotton gown, tight-bodied and full-skirted, with an embroidered white lawn blouse and a little apron; red-faced, with lowered eyes, as befits a Carniolan maiden when a young man comes with his stareshina and groomsman to woo her. This was the first time I had seen her. She was a comely, wholesome girl with an attractive face, a full figure, and sun-bleached hair twisted in thick braids round her head; no doubt just the wife for Toné.

She and Toné were anything but strangers; in fact, he had been with her

the evening before; yet they did not look at each other. Toné stared at a spot on the tablecloth and Yulka stood a short distance from us, her eyes on the floor, her fingers busily twisting a corner of her apron, while the stareshina repeated all of Toné's virtues and I, ready to burst, put in a few words every time the stareshina demanded to know if what he was saying wasn't really so.

"Now, Yulka, what do you say?" was my next line. I was getting my cues—little kicks under the table—from the stareshina.

Growing redder and redder, the girl answered, "I'm in no hurry to get married. My parents need me. They raised me, and now I'm grown up and can work, it wouldn't be right for me to leave them. I want to help them in their old age."

It was exactly the speech she was expected to make. Her mother beamed as if to say, "See what a perfect pearl she is!"

"Don't be foolish, Yulka!" said the stareshina. "These two"—pointing at her parents—"will live to be a hundred. You can't wait that long to be married. By then you would be no good"—for childbearing, that is.

By and by Yulka and her parents consented to her marrying Toné and said that some day next week they would come *na oglede*—to look over the place where Toné wanted to install her as mistress.

The Galé folks knew all about the condition and circumstances of old Mikha's homestead, but three or four days after our visit to Gatina they came to Blato anyhow to give it the customary official once-over. There were old man Galé, mother Galé, Yulka, and an elderly villager from Gatina whom Galé had appointed the bride's stareshina.

Uncle Mikha received them, then led them around the homestead,

through the house, into the barns and over the fields, and Toné's stareshina and I went along to point out all the advantages. Everything was looked over and examined, and the value of the cattle in the barn, the pigs in the sty, and the tools and implements were estimated, as well as the productivity of the soil. But all this was only about half in earnest, largely a matter of form, to comply with custom, to keep unbroken the continuity of the drama of marriage in which the emphasis is frankly on economic matters.

Then all of us trooped into the big-room in Uncle Mikha's house and sat down at a table on which were platters of cold meat, bread, and cake, and a jug of wine. But it was an hour before we touched anything.

Toné appeared from somewhere and awkwardly, self-consciously, seated himself next to Yulka, who blushed. Neither of them said a word.

After the two stareshinas' beat round the bush awhile, we came to the important question: how much dowry would old man Galé give Yulka? Uncle Mikha and Toné's stareshina demanded that, in view of the lucky break his daughter was getting, old man Galé should give her so much dowry (which was a goodly sum), while Galé and the bride's stareshina came back with loud declarations that that was preposterous. Where was a man to get so much money in these hard times? "Do you suppose I want to mortgage my place to give her a dowry?" said Yulka's father. "What kind of a *gospodar*" (master and manager) "should I be if I did that! It is true that we aren't as bad off yet as the peasants in Rumania and Bulgaria, where they lack money with which to buy matches, but who hereabouts has that much ready cash to give to his daughter as dowry?"—and so on.

They argued and shouted back and forth. If one did not know the shout-

ing was at least three-quarters in fun, one would imagine they were on the verge of breaking off the whole thing. But at the end they agreed on the sum which Yulka would bring to her new home, in addition to the usual hopechest filled with linens and lace; then we drank numerous toasts and ate, and the conversation turned to less explosive topics.

The same day the bride and groom went to the parish house to ask the priest to announce from the pulpit their intention to marry, and a few days afterward Uncle Mikha, Toné, and the two stareshinas rode to a notary public in the city to attend to the legal details.

III

The wedding ceremony was set for the first Monday in July, when everyone was expected to be done with haying and there would be a lull in work.

Invitations were extended to almost everybody in the two villages and numerous persons elsewhere in the county, but, as usual, only the younger people accepted; and those who, like myself, had not previously taken part in a Carniolan wedding were instructed how to act in the doings still to come.

Three days before the big event each of the guests sent to the bride's house a goose, a turkey, a duck, a ham, a lamb, two or three chickens, or several pigeons or rabbits, as his or her contribution to the feast, the preparations for which—baking, cooking—were in charge of a professional cook engaged for the occasion.

Late Sunday afternoon there appeared in Blato, mounted on a gayly decorated horse, a young peasant from Gatina, with flowers on his hat and jacket, and a box under his arm. With a great show of dash, the "bride's messenger" rode to Mikha's house and asked for Toné.

When the bridegroom came he said, "Greetings from the bride! She sent me to you with this box, which contains flowers grown in pots on her window-sill, tended by her own hands."

Early the next morning all of us "groom's people"—the stareshina, I, the several assistant groomsmen, and four musicians, and all the wedding guests, male and female, from Blato—asssembled in Mikha's house (for the old man was still master of the place till Toné brought home his bride).

Most of us were in national costumes of the region. The men wore tight-fitting trousers of heavy homespun cloth, or soft leather, tucked into high boots; short snug jackets with large round gold or silver buttons; white shirts of rough homemade linen, handsomely bordered with needlework at the wrists and neck, with bright-colored silk neckerchiefs tied beneath the collars; and narrow-rimmed green felt hats adorned with wild-rooster feathers and flowers the bride had sent the day before. The girls were in white cotton blouses with lace trimmings and immense, flowing sleeves, silk scarfs, and voluminous dark skirts, some of them accordion-pleated, with dozens of multi-colored ribbons flowing from the narrow waists. Some of them wore a white headgear called *hauba*, embroidered with silver or gold; nearly all wore heavy old jewelry—necklaces, earrings, brooches, and elaborate girdles, most of it of tarnished silver and gold and silver filigree.

On setting out for Gatina with the groom, the stareshina, and me in the first of a string of diverse vehicles, those of the young men who, unlike the groom and myself, were not required to be dignified, began to whoop and sing, and the accordion-players to play. The buggies, wagons, and horses, and several bicycles were decorated with flowers, green twigs, festoons, and bunting.

As we reached Gatina our stareshina commanded everyone to be well-behaved: no more whooping, singing, and music.

There was not a soul visible anywhere near Galé's house. Our coming had been announced to them by the "watchman" they had stationed on the outskirts of the village; whereupon the house had been shut and everybody inside was supposed to be quiet, except the bride, for whom it is almost obligatory to sob on her mother's bosom.

Our stareshina knocked on the closed door. No answer. He knocked again, a little harder. Again no answer. Once more he knocked, this time with the crook of his cane. Still no answer. Then he shook the door by the knob, and all of us began to grumble, "What the devil! What kind of a house is this that they don't answer when people knock!"

Finally a voice inside, the voice of the bride's stareshina, called, "Who is it, and what do you want?"

"We are travelers from afar," answered our stareshina at the top of his lungs, so that everyone inside the house could hear him over the bride's sobbing. "We are tired and hungry. We ask to be let in, so we may rest and refresh ourselves."

"What kind of people are you?" the bride's stareshina asked through the closed door. "What can you say for yourselves?"

The groom's stareshina answered, "We don't like to boast, but since you demand to know, let me tell you we're God-fearing people. Prayer is our favorite pastime, charity our middle name. We never turn away a traveler when he knocks on our door, and we hope you, too, will turn the key and admit us."

The key turned, but the door opened only a few inches. The bride's stareshina looked us over, then said:

"You look to be decent people, true enough, and we believe you are pious, charitable, and hospitable; but can you say anything else for yourselves? Have you any *practical* virtues?"

Our stareshina said, "We don't lack practical virtues either. We are hard-working people. Dawn never finds us in bed. We work in all kinds of weather and no form of toil frightens us. Look, our hands are calloused and chapped, and no matter how much we scrub them, we cannot make them look white, for the black soil of our fields has eaten itself into our skin. Only to-day, coming from afar, we are tired and hungry, and appeal to your hospitality—the hospitality for which this country is famous."

The door opened, then ensued a further exchange of questions and answers between the two stareshinas. The rest of us outside pushed our stareshina from behind till we all got into the big-room and vestibule, which were full of "bride's people," most of them also in regional costumes.

The sobbing bride was in a little side-room with her mother and first bridesmaid.

The bride's stareshina pretended to be alarmed. "You people don't seem tired. I think this is only a trick. I trust you have no evil intentions?"

All of us "groom's people" laughed; the others looked puzzled, afraid, or indignant.

Said our stareshina, "No, we have no evil intentions, but you guessed right: we are neither tired nor hungry, and we did play a little trick on you folks—but with a good purpose. This young man here"—placing a hand on a shoulder of the wincing, awkward bridegroom—"is a gardener from our village. He has everything in abundance, but his heart is sad and forlorn, for he lacks a blossom which every young gardener must have. He has heard that a blossom grows in this

home, and to keep him from moping, we, his fellow-villagers, came with him to ask you to give him your blossom. We promise to pluck her gently and carefully plant her in his garden."

"Ah, so that's your idea!" chuckled the bride's stareshina, and all of the other "bride's people" laughed with him. "We have here not only one but many blossoms."

"Well, show us what you have!" said I.

The bride's stareshina went into an adjacent room and returned with a little eight-year-old girl dressed somewhat like a bride. "Now here's a sweet and tender blossom," he said.

"No, no!" I said. "Too tender. Transplanting would damage her. What else have you?"

Next he brought before us an elderly woman. (Custom requires that she be at least fifty and in possession of a sense of humor and a ready tongue.) She was also rigged out like a bride, with too much finery, and tried to act coy before the bridegroom, who, panic-stricken, appealed to me to take her away, insisting she was not the blossom he had in mind, while the entire household of people laughed.

"Why all this laughter?" demanded the bride's stareshina. "Here we show you a blossom—a woman who is experienced, has most of her teeth, has a nose in the middle of her face and all the other organs and appurtenances in their proper places, a woman whose movements are as lively and graceful as one wants to see, a woman—" And as he praised her, the old woman showed her teeth and demonstrated her liveliness by dancing a jig.

But the groom's stareshina and I shook our heads and shoved the old woman aside. Finally, when they insisted on our taking this particular "blossom," we had to tell them why we did not want her—that she was old and cross-eyed, and looked like a half-

empty sack of turnips. This, of course, provoked the "blossom" to tell us to go somewhere; she would not be transplanted to our garden, which probably was nothing but a dump, and so on, while everyone laughed, till she flicked her flouncy skirt and, raging, flew from the room.

"Now," I said, "we are in earnest; show us the real blossom."

"You people are too choosy," said the bride's *stareshina*.

"Show us the blossom of blossoms," I insisted.

"We have shown you the best!"

"Well," said our *stareshina*, "if that's the case, we made a mistake. Come, people, let's go. We made a mistake."

We all turned to leave.

"Wait a minute!" cried the bride's *stareshina*. "Maybe you mean this one. I guess you do mean this one—she *is* a blossom of blossoms!"

And so Yulka came on her father's arm, crying, her face buried in a bouquet of white flowers. Attired like the other women, but more lavishly, she wore the same bridal outfit her mother had been married in thirty-eight years before. A garland of white roses, interspersed with green leaves, encircled her elaborate *haruba*.

"Yes, this is the one we want!" declared the bridegroom's *stareshina* and I.

The bride's *stareshina* waxed philosophical for a bit, "Well, what can we do? Nature is nature, and nature demands that the blossom be transplanted in order to bear fruit. . . . Take her; we believe you will carefully plant her in good soil and guard her from evil."

Then we all went into the orchard behind the house, where tables were set, and ate the "pre-nuptial breakfast," which consisted of cold meats, cakes, wine. There was accordion music and old wedding songs.

The "breakfast" lasted two hours. The bride's *stareshina* made a speech. He talked long in a poetic-sentimental streak, and much of what he said would sound witless in translation, for Slovenian, especially as spoken by the peasants, is a poetic language and endows sentiment with more dignity than does English.

Shortly before noon we all started for the church, but down the road a little distance, we came upon a mob of young men from Gatina. They had stretched a chain of twisted willow shoots and field flowers across the road, and there was a table with a white tablecloth strewn with green leaves and red and yellow blossoms, and two jugs of wine and many glasses.

This was *shranga*—the "barrier."

The assistant groomsmen and I became indignant. "What the devil is this! Isn't this a public street? What do you fellows mean by putting a rope across it?"

The leader of the Gatina boys, the biggest and handsomest of the lot, then said that Yulka was from their village and, by rights, *their* girl. "You folks come from Blato and take her. You don't expect us to like that, do you? If she wants to go to Blato we don't mean to frustrate her wish, but we don't want the world to hear about this and say there are men in Gatina who let their girls go without saying boo. . . . Before you take her we demand you pay us *odskodnina*—recompense."

Then our *stareshina* spoke. "We're not looking for trouble, fellows. If you think you have something coming to you, tell us your price."

"Fifty thousand dinars!"

Our side guffawed. "Your whole damn' village isn't worth that much."

For a few minutes there was a great hubbub, while I, as first groomsmen, tried to console the bride, who laughed at the same time that she cried.

After a while the Gatina boys came down to five thousand.

"Don't be idiots!" said our stareshina. "For five thousand we can buy a good pair of oxen these days."

"Well, isn't she worth as much as a pair of oxen?"

The shouting and laughter continued. At the end the boys agreed to take five hundred (\$7.00), which sum the stareshina paid them over the "barrier," to be spent by them as they saw fit; perhaps for wine or some improvement in the village's fire-fighting equipment.

Then wine was poured and the boys' leader made a speech telling Toné what a lucky fellow he was, congratulating Blato on getting such a girl into one of its homes, wishing Yulka all the happiness in the world.

Whereupon the "barrier" was removed and we proceeded churchward.

IV

The ceremony in the church was brief. When it was over the party distributed itself among the three wine-houses in Gatina, to dance, talk, sing, drink, and play practical jokes on one another till five o'clock, when the cook and the bride's stareshina had agreed we should return to the house for the feast.

The house meantime had been decorated by the bride's brothers and their friends. On the road leading to it stood two maypoles, holding a sign between them, "Greetings to the newlyweds!"

In good times wedding feasts last three or four days, never less than two, at the end of which period everybody is near exhaustion from drinking, eating, dancing, singing, and sleeplessness; now, however, because of the *kriza* the feast was scheduled to last only till midnight of the first day.

The bride, the groom, their parents,

the stareshinas, the groomsmen, and the bridesmaids went into the big-room and took our places at a large table, in the center of which was a vast cake inscribed "Happiness." Under the ceiling across the entire room were stretched chains of flowers and green twigs.

In the orchard tables were set for the rest of the guests. When it became dark, lamps hanging on boughs were lighted.

The eating lasted for hours, and the accordion-players and other musicians played almost without interruption, taking turns and time out to eat and drink.

The stareshinas, first one, then the other, delivered long orations on marriage, essentially alike, full of platitudes and advice, charmingly presented. I give, in part, the words of the bridegroom's stareshina:

"They are married now and only death can part them. To-day we eat and drink and sing. But this will all be over soon. To-night Yulka goes to her new home with her husband. It is a good home, but in the best of homes life is an earnest proposition. The peasant's lot is not an easy one. We pit our strength and wits against odds. Nature—the elements are not always on our side. Often we don't know what, if anything, we'll reap on the spot where we have sown. It's a fight—work from morning till night, from day to day, year to year. The peasant can never get far ahead and say, 'By God, I win!' . . . On the soil, the lot of neither man nor woman is easy. Here is Toné—he is a young man, at the height of his life, but before long struggle and responsibility will cut lines into his face. He will have to toil in cold and heat. And here is Yulka, our bride—her face is like a ripe apple; but in her case, too, life will soon do its work. She will have to toil; she will bear children. . . . What can they do?

Only one thing: stick together and help each other. On his side, Toné will be harassed by one thing and another; and as a wanderer trudging on a hot and dusty highway seeks the shade of a tree, so will he, your Toné, come to you, Yulka, and seek calm and courage for new effort. You will be his refuge. . . . And you, Toné, remember a woman is a tender thing; she is the 'blossom' we came to seek this morning. You must be to her what a wall is to the first flowers of spring. Protect her. You must be to her what a pole is to the vine. Support her. Marriage is seldom a matter of pure joy. Storms come. When or if they come, calm them as soon as you can, and close the doors and windows. Don't let those outside know of your differences. Straighten them out yourselves. Don't let anyone mix in your affairs. If you will straighten out your own differences your happiness will be so much the greater. In fact, only then will your marriage begin to gather character and the bond between you grow really strong. . . . Let us drink to the bride and the groom!"

There were other speeches by the stareshinas. The groom's eulogized the bride's parents, and the other way around. A toast was drunk to me because I had returned from America after nineteen years, become a writer in America, and had married an American girl, who was also a guest at the feast as companion of one of my brothers.

Thus until midnight.

At ten minutes to twelve the bridesmaids dimmed the lights in the big-room, and as many of the people outside as could came in.

The bride began to weep.

Then her stareshina rose and said, "We hear that in other lands *devishto*

(purity, virginity) is a rare virtue. Among us it still exists. Here is our bride, a jewel of this village, parish, and county. Her sun-browed brow shines under the flowers signifying *devishto* which entwine her head. . . . But life goes on and, like everything else, a virtue can be carried too far—"

The clock began to strike twelve. Everybody was still, only the bride sobbed, with a few of the other women joining in with her.

"It is midnight," the stareshina continued. "The wedding feast is over. A new day begins and with it, Yulka, your new life. The flowers must now come off your head."

The bridesmaids removed the garland from Yulka's head and placed it before Toné.

"Toné," the stareshina turned to the bridegroom, "the flowers lie before you. Your bride offers them—offers herself to you. . . . My friends, let's drink once more—to the future of our newlyweds!"

Outside the assistant groomsmen were hitching a team of horses to a wagon, on which were Yulka's hope-chest and other belongings and a small coop with a chicken and a rooster—for a bride must bring something alive to her new home.

Yulka then took leave of her mother and father, brothers, bridesmaids, and friends and, amid much feminine weeping and masculine whooping, Toné helped her onto the wagon, and they drove off—man and wife—to their home in Blato.

The party broke up soon after, but all through the rest of the night there was much whooping in the valley, the young unmarried men of Blato and Gatina answering one another and their whoops echoing against the mountains.



THE SKEPTICAL BIOGRAPHER

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

SOME years ago a new biography of a famous American was published. Most of the subject's life, including behavior of public importance, was explained as the result of the subject's impotence, here for the first time diagnosed. The biographer offered no evidence for his discovery but made the diagnosis by psychoanalyzing what the dead man had written and may be supposed to have said. Evidence exists, but was not mentioned by the biographer, that on two different occasions women were forced to defend themselves against sexual assault by the subject of the biography. There is also in existence an autograph letter written by his wife, whose virtue there is no reason to suspect, in which she tells her mother that she has just had a miscarriage. . . . Another recent biography also diagnoses impotence. Acknowledged and proved descendants of this impotent man are alive to-day. The biographer had neglected to investigate his subject's relations with his slaves. . . . The personality and entire career of an American woman have been explained as the result of a frustrated love affair. Three biographers have identified three different men as her lover. Two of them must necessarily be wrong, but it happens that all three are. She had no love affair. . . . Several studies of Walt Whitman present him as a homosexual. Another study finds that he was "a-sexual," that he was incapable of feeling sexual

love. The same evidence is open to all biographers of Whitman.

Classify the foregoing specimens as simple ignorance. What happens in biography when simple ignorance is ornamented by guessing? Well, there is "Ethan Brand," a moral fable by Nathaniel Hawthorne. It has played an important part in two recent biographies, one of Hawthorne, the other of Melville. The lesson of the story is that a search for the unattainable leads to disaster. According to both biographies, Hawthorne wrote it to rebuke if not to repel his friend Melville. He made Melville the hero of "Ethan Brand" in order to discourage Melville's demands for perfect friendship, to indicate to him the folly of metaphysical absolutes, and to assert the boundaries of propriety. This, you will understand, was all very regrettable. It illustrates the Puritanical inhibitions of Hawthorne's nature, and they imply the Philistinism of American life and show that America is hostile to artists. Also, the publication of "Ethan Brand" deeply wounded Melville and helped to bring on the (supposed) despair that kept him silent for a good many years. But "Ethan Brand" was published several months before Hawthorne and Melville met for the first time—before there was any friendship between them, before the famous letters were written. Furthermore, it was written several years before it was published, and had existed in Hawthorne's notebooks for some

time before it was written. A little work in a library would have revealed the facts of publication to either biographer, and it would seem fair to require both to be familiar with Hawthorne's notebooks. But, in a condition of ignorance, the guess that the hero of the story must be Melville was too attractive to be resisted.

What, then, about the lighthearted omission of evidence? In a life of General Grant the biographer tells a story which he says is significant, one which was first told by a member of Grant's staff. While a great battle was raging, while hundreds of men were being killed, Grant saw a teamster flogging a horse. He was horrified, and violently rebuked the teamster. And what, for the purposes of the biographer's thesis, does this tale establish? Why, that Grant was insensitive to human suffering but could be horribly upset by the infliction of pain on a horse. He was, says the biographer, a "zoöphile." Perhaps. But a member of General Robert E. Lee's staff tells an exactly similar story about Marse Robert. Was Lee also a "zoöphile"? If he was, just what does the word mean? The biographer must have read the Confederate version. (If he hasn't he has read less about the Civil War than a man should read before he writes a life of Grant.) If the behavior is significant enough to diagnose zoöphily, wasn't he under an implicit obligation to tell us that Lee behaved in exactly the same way? Or was he?

The next step takes us to the distortion of evidence for special effects, to "creative" biography. The term, in our time, has meant the work of Mr. Lytton Strachey, with Maurois and Ludwig following his plow, and after them some seven thousand inconsiderables diluting Strachey to the hundredth attenuation. Mr. Strachey had an enormous reading knowledge of history and literature, a knowledge

which tended toward pedantry and preciosity. He possessed also a talent for irony and a prose style of great distinction. For a while he wrote literary criticism, an activity in which uncontrolled speculation is virtuous and responsibility is almost impossible. Then, turning biographer, he published *Eminent Victorians*, and from that moment the minds of dead men have yielded up their secrets to anyone who cared to reach for a pen.

A Strachey biography is an adult form of art, and anyone who happens to know something about its subject may derive from it an intense æsthetic pleasure. But God help the man who comes to Strachey ignorant and desirous of learning the truth. Mr. Strachey was not in the truth business. In his last book, to be sure, he was content to be guided by fact—the facts about Elizabeth and Essex were sufficiently sardonic and perfumed and paradoxical for his purposes—but it was not his last book that inspired the seven thousand. His Queen Victoria has very little in common with the actual maiden and wife and widow of Windsor. His Chinese Gordon could never have worn a uniform; his Florence Nightingale is only a series of epigrams about a nurse, and not even that much links his Doctor Arnold with the master of Rugby. These portraits are enormously entertaining. Strachey's pyrotechnic method overwhelms the reader, and his flashes of insight are hardly to be equalled outside of great poetry. But if they are brilliant portraits, they are also studies in deliberate deception. One reason for reading biography may be the desire to know the truth about its subject. Is it a valid reason? Has it any bearing on the conduct of a biographer?

Finally, an inquiry into motives may be made—the motives, that is, not of the subject but of the biographer. It was Mr. Woodward, I believe, who sug-

gested that certain historical personages should be "debunked." So the seven thousand promptly took his tip, and if he had overthrown Parson Weems, he had only set up the *Daily Graphic* in his place. For some years biography in America seemed to be no more than a high-spirited game of yanking out shirt-tails and setting fire to them. In *The Life and Times* of anyone, you might be sure before you began to read that the life would prove to be ridiculous, the time barbarous, and both corrupt. Genius was mere disease (though few biographers had read widely enough to quote Nordau). Reputation was just publicity. Sexual aberration or incontinence was to be taken for granted, and with it cowardice and venality in public life, cowardice and hypocrisy in private life. Our ancestors were far more vigorous than we, it developed, for they could play the villain's role, whereas we are only victims of circumstance. And always the clothes they wore and the way they decorated their houses were, to us emancipated, simply preposterous. The debunker has never lost his astonishment at those silly clothes. . . . But the man who starts out to write a debunking biography has notified us that he is either a special pleader or a charlatan. He has something to prove. His purpose is not to find out and report the facts of history; it is to argue *ex parte*. He is not a judge. At best he is a prosecuting attorney; at a lower level, he is a kept detective; at the lowest level—one fairly common in recent years—he is the man who designs "composographs" for a scandal sheet. His art may solace his own needs, it may pay him pleasant royalties, it may even entertain intelligent people in moments which they would otherwise waste listening to tenors. But it has nothing to do with fact or integrity, and so it is not biography.

A historian was discussing Mr.

Lewisohn's *Expression in America* with a prominent literary editor. He took exception to one of Mr. Lewisohn's chapters on the ground that it rested on statements of fact which he, having recently investigated them, knew to be altogether wrong. (That Mr. Lewisohn, a critic, had taken them in good faith from a recent biography establishes one of the obligations of a biographer.) The editor listened courteously but shook her head. The facts didn't matter, she said, for "It's a very interesting interpretation." The historian was obstinate. It didn't matter how interesting the interpretation might be, he asserted—the facts were wrong, and since they were wrong, the interpretation was wrong also. But no. The lady kept on shaking her head. Not only was the interpretation interesting; she would commit herself to calling it brilliant. . . .

Has a biographer this privilege? Should he refrain from making statements of fact until he has found out what the facts are? Or may he be ignorant of his subject so long as he makes an interesting interpretation?

Asking the lady's forbearance, I think he may not be. Biography differs from imaginative literature in that readers come to it primarily in search of information. The man who reads *The Life and Times* wants to learn something about the life and times. He wants to know how this particular person was entangled with the world, what the conditions of his life were, what they did to him, how he dealt with destiny, what he overcame, what overcame him. He desires this knowledge not only because of the curiosity that is our simian heritage but because he too is entangled and hopes for wisdom. Conceivably, something of his knowledge and wisdom will depend on what he learns from this biography. It is a jigsaw piece to be fitted into his picture of the world. Some of his deci-

sions, some of his behavior, will in part depend on what the book tells him. Multiply him by a sufficient exponent and you have the next generation—part of whose knowledge of the world will be derived from biography.

It seems both precarious and absurd for a biographer to add unnecessarily to the ignorance and misinformation with which they will have to deal.

II

Literary people should not be permitted to write biography. The literary mind may be adequately described as the mind least adapted to the utilization of fact. It is, to begin with, much too simple. The novelist, the dramatist, the poet, or the critic selects vivid phases of experience and coördinates them in such a manner that they give us an illusion of the whole. The significance, the ultimate value, of the process resides in its omissions. But biography cannot simplify and must not omit. The experience with which it deals is not simple. A novelist may invent a motive or a situation of magnificent simplicity; but that is fiction, and the motives and situations of fact are not simple but complex. The novelist deals with social organization only so far as he sees fit; but the subject of a biography was part of a web so intricate that only an objectification beyond the reach of fiction can comprehend it. The mathematics of a complex variable are forbidden to the literary mind.

That mind is also habitually, even professionally, inaccurate. Accuracy is not a criterion of fiction, drama, or poetry; to ask for it would be as absurd as to appraise music by its weight or painting by its smell. Hence the literary person is horribly inept at the practice of biography, whose first condition is absolute, unvarying, unre-mitted accuracy. He is subject to

credulity—a reliance on intuition, on appearance, on rumor and conjecture and sheer imaginative creation. He is sometimes unable to read accurately and is nearly always unable to report what he has read. Some years ago a literary critic, writing the life of a novelist, demonstrated that he could not even read his subject's books. He ascribed words and actions of characters in them to other characters; he erred in summarizing the plots of books; he asserted that events happened in them which did not happen, which were even specifically denied; in general, he appeared unable to report either the geography or the events in them as they really exist. This form of illiteracy is buttressed by another defect in accuracy, unwillingness to turn a page. One grows weary of seeing passages quoted from letters, journals, and notebooks in support of ideas or sentiments which the next manuscript page, usually the same entry, categorically denies.

The literary mind, furthermore, is naïve. That is its charm. From this unspoiled freshness, this eager willingness to believe, this awe and wonder, the world's poems and romances are woven. But it disqualifies its possessor for biography, which requires an all-inclusive skepticism and a cynicism that are best cultivated in human intercourse. The artist is usually a simple, home-loving person, given to nerves or paternity or the cultivation of some bourgeois hobby. He has little experience of the great world and none at all of the world of action. He knows nothing about the conditions of practical life, the way in which members of trades and professions and businesses must conduct themselves. He is ignorant even of rudimentary organization, business, military, political, diplomatic, economic, or religious. He could not conduct a horse trade, a sales drive, a senatorial campaign, an order

of battle, or a revival, and usually has never observed one. Yet when he essays a biography of Napoleon, St. Francis, Roscoe Conkling, or Jay Gould he must not only master these mechanisms but must also understand their laws. In a novel or a play the problem is simple: he may brood about Napoleon till his own special talents invent something that will give us an illusion. But it is not illusion that biography demands—it is fact. The literary mind can imagine a world for St. Francis but it cannot deal with the actual, the factual, world of St. Francis. It succumbs to fantasy, which is its proper medium. It is effective when it is evolving a world out of its own inner necessities, when it is creating its own material and data. But that is why the literary mind has worked so much stupidity in biography. We do not want illusion there, however convincing—we want reality. We do not want invented facts, created motives, phantasmally generated problems solved by intuition. We do not want anything whatever that imagination, intuition, or creation can give us. We want facts; and the literary mind is incapable of finding them, understanding them, and presenting them.

That is why the literary biographer has been victimized by preposterous methods. Unfitted to understand the nature of fact and bountifully endowed with credulity, he has relied on preposterous instruments for the ascertainment of fact. Most notably, in the last decade, on psycho-analysis.

Psycho-analysis has no value whatever as a method of arriving at facts in biography. No psycho-analytical biography yet written can be taken seriously—as fact. The assertion holds for the work of the master himself, whose study of Leonardo is absolute bilge uncontaminated by the slightest perceptible filtrate of reality, and for other biographies by professional ana-

lysts. But if the professional's rare excursions into biography are worthless, why has the method so gratified the literary?

The answer is that an acquaintance with the terminology of psycho-analysis gives the literary a means of transcending their limitations. It shifts the field of biography from the empirical world where the subject mingled with his fellows, lived, worked, struggled, and, it may be, loved. In that world there are all sorts of dark places, mysterious bare spots about which nothing can be found, lacunæ, ellipses, conflicts of testimony and narrative, contradictions in evidence, insoluble problems, and sheer chaos. The lay biographer, denied the resources of Freud, must deal with these as best he may—by the swink of a never-ending labor which terrifies his slumber with the dread that he may have missed something, and which enables him in the end to say only "*a* is more probable than *b*." Labor and nightmare are spared the amateur psycho-analyst. He needs only the subject's letters and diaries, his books and speeches if he wrote any, the more intimate letters of his friends, and an earlier biography. Not all of these items are indispensable: much brilliant work has been done on the basis of the last alone. The external world is to be disregarded; the amateur Freud will devote himself to a far richer field, his subject's mind. He has, for the exploration of that field, an infallible instrument. It is the celestial virtue of psycho-analysis that it can make no mistakes. The amateur will never stub his toe on the discouragement of the biographer—he will never find that no evidence exists on a question he is trying to answer, or that the evidence which exists is insufficient. All of his subject's mind is of one piece and all his life is a unity, and so anything that is desired can be recovered from any-

thing else. And if he finds a conflict of evidence, that too is simple. The principle of ambivalence tells him that all evidence means the same thing.¹

The amateur begins with a set of necessities to which his subject must be fitted. The science he has acquired from a month's reading—more often from a couple of popular outlines—gives him a number of patterns and a series of keys. He knows before he begins that Diogenes, Brutus, or Cleopatra must have had this complex, or, if not, then that one. He knows in advance that inhibition must have been responsible for something, under-sublimation for something else, over-sublimation for still more. He knows that one kind of behavior indicates a form of sublimated anal erotic interest, another kind, oral eroticism. The indices of sadism are given on page 114 of Tridon, those of masochism in the third chapter of Hinkle. The Œdipus complex (Freud's modernization of original sin) may be expected to show itself in one of certain catalogued ways. It will produce such other universals as the castration complex. These in turn will work out, sometimes through other complexes, in behavior whose meaning and symbolism have been carefully charted. There remain such beautiful and versatile instruments as the death-wish to explain any chance fragment that might seem incommensurable with the rest. Or if something is still left over, the biographer has the blithe freedom of dropping Freud and picking up one of Freud's murderously incompatible opponents. Perhaps the uninterpreted residue of Cæsar's unconscious had better be treated in the light of Jung's types,

which are beautifully systematic and have recently been doubled for American use. Few biographers, however orthodox in their use of Freud, have been able to refuse the help of Adler's *Minderwertigkeit*—fewer still have used it to mean what Adler means. It is a reasonable expectation that few will hesitate to marry the death-wish to the birth-trauma when an adequate exposition of the former works into the outlines.

The rabbit, perceive, has been hidden in the hat. There remains only to pull it out with a smile of reassuring omniscience. It is obvious how unnecessary are the researches and verifications of the biographer. Conversations which no one ever recorded can be reproduced and explained. Interviews which no one ever witnessed can be described. Documents long since vanished from the earth can be recreated and interpreted. The method cannot make mistakes: it is, in literary hands, infallible. You have what the dead man wrote, what it is said he said, and what some people have said about him. Your method dissolves all doubts, settles all contradictions, and projects the known or guessed into absolute certainty about the unknowable. You wonder, perhaps, what Diogenes said at the grave of Keats or where Apollonius was and what he did on a certain fourth of July? If you are a historian you examine all possible sources of information and if you find no information, you report "I don't know." But if you are an amateur analyst, to hell with uncertainty. You have discovered that Diogenes possessed a mother fixation as the result of jealousy before his second birthday (evidence of what was in the mind of a child twenty centuries ago does not exist, but no matter), that he had a mania for overripe plums as the result of an incestuous admiration of his sister, and that his Id and Ego were abnormally at peace with each

¹ A lay psycho-analyst finds that the political philosophy of Thomas Jefferson was a product of Jefferson's infantile revolt against his father. He then says: "It is significant that Jefferson's antipathy to his father was so infantile and deep-seated that it was scarcely ever raised to consciousness. He frequently speaks of his father in his writings in a reverential and awe-inspired attitude. This, of course, made the disguised and substituted forms of outlet for this repressed revulsion all the more vigorous and extreme."

other. What, therefore, must Diogenes have said on the specific occasion? Where, therefore, must Apollonius have been? Obviously, where he must have been is where he was.

That *must* is the mechanism of psycho-analytical biography. It is the invention of the biographer, his deduction from an *a priori* principle. It has no relation to the subject of *The Life and Times*. It does not tell what did happen. It tells us instead what must have happened. Biography proper is not concerned with the *must* but only with the *did*. Between them is a sheer gulf which no theory can possibly bridge. Psycho-analysis cannot come into effective relationship, into any relationship, with a dead man.

Professionally, it does not try. The physician to diseased minds is engaged in a process whose aim is therapeutic—empirical. He practices an art whose entire condition is the mutual association of living minds. His technique requires a constant interplay of a myriad variables, a constant shift and adaptation, a constant accommodation and reexamination and reinterpretation—all of which are impossible to biography. Psycho-analysis is dynamic or it is nothing. The professional must deal with phenomena which his trade-jargon calls Displacement, Conversion, Resistance, Transference, and with similar psychic energies which perish when the patient dies. These phenomena never engage the attention of a biographer: no dead man exhibits them. The amateur does not hesitate to dispense with them. He has his pattern, his clues, his guidebooks, and they are enough. As the result of his skill, they create his patient for him.

The result may be, as our literary editor insisted, an interpretation in the highest degree entertaining. It may be a brilliant exposition of its author's sentiments or his talent for denuncia-

tion or his exhortatory power. When produced by an intelligent man it may approximate the art of the detective story, whose clues are also invented and whose deductions are also made to fit. But it exists always on the left side of a fixed line. On the right side of that line are the materials of biography. The findings of psycho-analysis, any findings whatever, belong forever on the left side, with guesses, improvisations, fairy stories, and mere lies. The obligation of a biographer is to find facts. When he employs psycho-analysis he cannot arrive at facts but only at "interpretations," which is to say theory, which is to say nonsense.

III

Honesty in biography is a gradation. In a way, the most dishonest is the most honest, for its nature is most easily perceived. The late Senator Lodge's life of Alexander Hamilton, for instance, is clearly an item in Mr. Lodge's lifelong effort to prove that the Republican party was the heir of both Federalism and God. It may be described as political pro-bunking biography. Most biographies by recent converts to Marxism are easily recognizable as products of generous emotion, tracts, acts of faith, studies in the propagation of a religion. The words of convertites, out of whom much matter is to be seen and learned, have always a legitimate use. More difficult are the products of prejudice, which also make a gradation. Least offensive are those like Henry Adams's life of John Randolph. One knows what an Adams had to do with a Southerner who had expressed his dissent from the Adams conviction that the family beliefs were indistinguishable from God's will. Not many advocacies are so easily corrected—notably the recent swarm of lives of Civil War notables, most of which are really passionate

attacks on or defenses of political, economic, or sociological theses. The iridescent rhetoric that played round these same notables two generations ago was, effectively, more honest.

In every biography ever written certain passages are printed in invisible italics, the involuntary emphasis of the biographer which springs from his emotional, intellectual, religious, economic, political, social, and racial prejudices. The reader has a problem in moving points. A conscientious biographer will have faced the same problem and made what adjustment he could. There would be no occasion to state here the bald platitude that a biographer must have integrity if fashion had not permitted it to be ignored. A reader may accurately estimate a biographer's integrity by the force of his refusal to depart from verifiable fact. The disciplined biographer will say, in effect, "Here are the facts I have found. Anyone who is interested in testing them may consult sources *a, b, c*, etc." If for any reason he cares to enlarge on his facts, he will give unmistakable notice that the discussion is shifting to a different plane. He will say, in effect, "I infer from *a . . .*," or "*b* leads me to guess," or "my hunch is," or "it may be but I can't establish it." He will supply actual italics.

There remains the biographer whose dishonesty is deliberate—or who, to designate him more charitably, practices a flexible art. So many recent biographers have been novelists turned rancid, so much success has rewarded fiction mislabeled biography, that the technical devices of novel-writing have usurped the place of factual instruments. There is, for instance, "incorporation," a method now almost universally employed in lives of writers, orators, and others who committed anything to paper. The biographer selects something from the subject's

written works, his essays or his novels or his diary, and without quotation marks sets it down as part of the subject's thoughts on a given occasion. The ideas, the emotions, and the phraseology of the diary thus become the content of the subject's mind. Passages written years later than the time indicated, or years before it, have been used to illustrate states of mind widely different from those indicated by the context. Passages widely separated in time have been combined. Highly important phrases or sentences have been left out, so that the meaning of the passage has been vitally changed. Such misrepresentation of the defenseless dead is dishonesty of the rankest kind, but the device is dishonest no matter how carefully employed or how rigorously controlled. It is not accountable. Between what a man thinks or feels and what he writes about it, especially what he writes creatively or polemically or for purposes of self-analysis, there is a difference that no skill or selection or representation can reconcile.

The device, however, enables the biographer to assert something about his subject's mind, as psycho-analysis also enables him to do. For the same reason a different kind of biographer employs another method of fiction. He enters his subject's mind and reports what he finds there. This is a novelist's instrument, whether it reports merely "Diogenes thought . . ." or extends farther toward the "interior soliloquy" or "stream of consciousness" of the post-war novel. From Queen Victoria to Lord Byron, from Herman Melville to Boss Croker, how many dead people have confided to us thoughts they could never have set down in a private journal? They have been presented to us with an accuracy of reporting that catches the minutest syllable of their minds. The reason why this method of fiction is illegiti-

mate in biography is, however obvious, worth noting at length.

A character in fiction is invented—made to order. The requirements of fiction are served if his creator succeeds in making us believe in him, in giving us an illusion that he really exists. When the thoughts of Tristram Shandy or Molly Bloom are reported to us, we receive the thoughts of phantoms and the only necessity is that they shall seem to be real thoughts. The interior soliloquy of Molly Bloom is not the actual content of a mind, for Molly Bloom never lived. It is the possible content of an imagined mind. It is only one of many possible sequences of thought, any other of which would conceivably give us as convincing an illusion. It succeeds when that illusion is created.

But Molly Bloom is one kind of person and Queen Victoria is another kind. Swann and Charlus, Clara Middleton and Carol Kennicott are imaginary persons, whereas Nathaniel Hawthorne, Julius Cæsar, and Catherine the Great really lived. The biographer who tries to tell us what they were thinking at any given moment must work in the domain of historical fact. At that moment Hawthorne was thinking one thought or one group of thoughts and no other. With all the resources of art and science, research, imaginative sympathy, and sheer good luck on his side, no biographer can recover it. Have you ever stood at the bedside of a dying person and wondered what images were flickering across that fading mind? You stared into a mystery which no biographer could ever penetrate. He can guess, he can "interpret," he can invent. He can build a beautiful and convincing illusion for us, but it is only a possible, an unconditioned mind that he gives us, not the actual mind of a person who lived in the world. If he presents it as "interpretation" he is a novelist. If he

presents it as fact he is a charlatan.

But, I am told, the biographer has the testimony of his material. He has a letter or an entry in a journal. His subject has actually written, "I was greatly moved. I thought that . . ." and so on. For the most part "interpretative" biography derives its stream of consciousness from the biographer's own mind, but even when it uses intimate personal documents it remains invention. No man can recover the past of his own mind. He can say "I was grief-stricken" or "I was overjoyed." He can describe his thoughts and emotions with general nouns—anger, delight, ecstasy, melancholy, discouragement, despair. Sometimes he can recall images, metaphors, or curious perceptions of the exterior world, but even here he is almost certain to be victimized by creative reminiscence. The biographer may write "Cæsar wrote to Pompey that he thought . . ." or "Margaret Fuller wrote in her diary that she felt . . .," or even "Melville believed that he had thought . . ." Such statements may be statements of fact. But such a statement as "Cæsar thought . . ." or "Margaret felt . . ." is just guesswork, just theory, just nonsense.

Still, the rebuttal runs, a biographer is entitled to "interpret" his subject. The point of view of the literary editor already quoted sanctions him to transcend the limitations of fact. That transcendence being sanctioned, he is free to recreate his subject's mind. Excuse me: he is not. The interior of his subject's mind is forbidden him by the nature of reality. He may tell us what the subject has said or written about his mind, but he may not on his own authority make any statement whatever about the immediate content of that mind. He cannot know what is there, he can only guess. Any guess whatever is a clear warning to his reader. When he makes it, he departs

from fact and enters theory. We will not dispute about words: you need not follow me in calling a guess dishonest. But certainly it is theoretical—and if theoretical, then contingent, inexistent, and mystical. And, therefore, improper to biography.

IV

And the moral? The moral is: Back to Lockhart, back to Froude, back to Morley. Back, in short, to Victorian biography. For the great Victorians, however timorous in refusing to call fornication by a ruder name, had as biographers an invincible integrity. They acted upon an implied contract, they accepted obligations to the reader. They assumed that the reader's interest was in the subject and not in the biographer; wherefore they resolutely submerged their own personalities. They assumed that biography dealt with fact; so they refrained from guessing. They assumed that fact-finding requires accuracy; so they checked their dates and titles, verified their quotations, and abstained from reporting what they had never seen or heard or read. They assumed that recreation of their sitter's thoughts was impossible; and they sacrificed the God's-eye view. So one may read their biographies in the assurance that he is not being deceived, whether through ignorance, guesswork, special pleading, or deliberate fraud. Such confidence would have its value, these gloomy days.

It would imply, I am afraid, the disappearance of the literary from biography and the occupation of the field by historians, students, and analytical searchers after fact. We should lose a great deal of beautiful writing; for most historians and most scholars appear to write with something between a bath sponge and an axe. But we could accept that loss in gratitude for the loss of beautiful

thinking as well. There would be no more "restitutions"—the journalist's discovery that Andrew Johnson had his points twenty-five years after the historians had done him justice would be spared us. There would be no debunking of great men about whom no one acquainted with history had ever believed any bunk. We could pick up the life of a Civil War leader confident that the colonels would not be called generals, that armies five hundred miles apart would not fight battles of which history has no record, that Chattanooga would not be fought in 1864 or Vicksburg surrendered on the wrong side of the river. In that Era of Accuracy the Shenandoah Valley will not be a prairie; they will not mine gold on the Comstock; Jesse James will not ride to the attack on Lawrence at the age of nine; Robert Burns will not die when Washington Irving is three; Mrs. Hale will not write to Rufus Griswold thirteen months after his death; Rouen will not contain rival cathedrals; John Keats will not read a translation of "Oberon" that Southey did not write. Biographers will know who was President of the United States in any given year. When they describe the appearance of Charles Dickens during his 1842 visit to America they will not take their data from the reports of people who saw him on his second visit a quarter-century later. There is hope that they will master the fashions of the past and refuse to seat Edgar Allan Poe on an antimacassar. There is hope that they will quote the titles of books as they were written, even that they will learn to find out when they were published. A vision now wholly chimerical may be fulfilled: American biographers may become acquainted with the more salient facts of European history and literature. Still, if a contemporary American historian can misdate the Regency by forty-six years, it would be romantic to ask the merely literary to

know who wrote *I Promessi Sposi*, to understand the difference between an abbé and an abbot, or to identify the author of "The Wanderings of Cain."

But accuracy will be only a lesser glory of that great dawn. When we read about Uncle Billy Sherman we shall not be told of an infantile fixation which the biographer has deduced from the letters to Joe Johnston before Atlanta. John Greenleaf Whittier's dislike of slavery will not spring from a sense of guilt acquired in his fourth year, which intense brooding in the night watches has revealed to the author of the life and times. Jay Gould's manipulation of Erie will not be symbolic of his erotic reveries and, though we search wonderingly, we shall not read an interior soliloquy which Andrew Jackson aimed at the twentieth century on the eve of New Orleans. Psycho-analysis will retreat from biography to the consulting room, where it belongs, and to the literary speakeasy, where thereafter it will have to compete with the Revolution. With it will go all the other instruments of amateur psychology—they are worthless in biography. They have been eloquent helps in the production of absurdity. They have given the half-educated a feeling of profundity. They have comforted a good many wishful, believing minds and softened a harsh world for the tender. All this is probably a social service, an accessory to the public welfare; but let it go.

We should forfeit much amusement if these things disappeared, but the loss would be compensated. The republic of letters would gain in dignity. Something of its vulgarity springs from our permitting gentlemen in the service of causes to lie ignorantly about dead men. In an honest world the Rosicrucian, the Humanist, the Marxist, the Fascist, the politician, the economist, the regionalist, the evangelist—in short, the doctrinaire—would be required to

conduct his propaganda in the open. In such a world the lecturer to adolescent girls would be required to report accurately on what he reads, and told that a generous spirit is not in itself enough for the perception of facts. He and all the hopeful minds of which he is symbolic would be, in a tradition of integrity, forbidden to misrepresent the past, no matter how beautiful their motives.

What about the "interpretation"? Well, it has a valid place as the most intelligent of literary guessing games, and something more. Given an alert mind and some horse sense, a "psychographer" may contrive a stimulating essay. It must remain an interpretation of the unknowable in terms of the author's personality, but if the author is a distinguished person it may be a fine art. It may be a vehicle for wit and malice and good writing, of which the world can never hold enough, and an expression of literary talents which find no other form well adapted to them. Mr. Gamaliel Bradford wrote the "psychograph" in its most legitimate form. He was too disciplined to offer the pompous fiction of a Maurois or a Ludwig as history. He had too much Victorian integrity to plead a cause, and he refrained from the delicate distortion of plain truth that constitutes the art of Strachey. The same integrity made him notify his reader on nearly every page: this is what I think or suspect or infer. But his interest and his field can be observed in the word which worked into so many of his titles, the soul. It is an honest interest, a legitimate field. But just what is it? Biography knows nothing about the soul.

Biography is the wrong field for the mystical, and for the wishful, the tender minded, the hopeful, and the passionate. It enforces an unrelenting skepticism—toward its material, toward the subject, most of all toward the biog-

rapher. He cannot permit himself one guess or one moment of credulity, no matter how brilliantly it may illuminate the darkness he deals with or how it may solace his ignorance. He must doubt everything. He must subject his conclusions and all the steps that lead to them to a corrosive examination, analysis, and verification—a process which he must hope will reveal flaws, for if it does he has added one more item of certainty to his small store. He has, apart from such negatives, very little certainty. His job is not dramatic: it is only to discover evidence and to analyze it. And all the evidence he can find is the least satisfactory kind, documentary evidence, which is among the most treacherous phenomena in a malevolent world. With luck, he will be certain of the dates of his subject's birth and marriage and death, the names of his wife and children, a limited number of things he did and offices he held and trades he practiced and places he visited and manuscript pages he wrote, people he praised or attacked, and some remarks made about him. Beyond that, not even luck can make certainty possible. The rest is merely printed matter, and a harassed man who sweats his life out in libraries, court-houses, record offices, vaults, newspaper morgues, and family attics. A harassed man who knows that he cannot find everything and is willing to believe that, forever concealed from him, exists something which, if found, would prove that what he thinks are facts are only appearances.

From this quicksand and mirage he will derive facts. Only a few of them are unmixed fact, free of misunderstanding, misinformation, and plain ignorance. The rest he will grade in a hierarchy, and arrange them as their nature, value, and validity make necessary—not as some wish or religion of his own would like them arranged. In

the end he can say, "A did this, and I think he did that, and for the rest I am ignorant and refuse to guess." This is the act of judgment, and it contains three different stages, each one of them serviceable to his reader—who will use them, according to their degree, in his acquisition of knowledge. When he has said this much, the biographer has done his job. He will say, "A did this," but he will not try to say why. For that is speculative, the gate that lets the motive in, and with the motive enter all the guessing, hoping, and chicanery that have debauched his profession.

His result lacks brilliance. It is without the certainty of the ignorant and the psychological—the certainty that is the unmistakable hallmark of the theorist's cocksureness. It is without the ingenious nonsense of the interpreter. It is without the invective of the debunker, without the contrived, humanitarian unity of the hopeful, without the passion of the generous. It is without teaching, without preaching, without hope for a better world: altruistic desire does not come into it. It will not make life seem easier to optimists and has no bearing on reform or revolution. It is only an intelligent man's efforts to deal with facts. It is a faulty, imperfect picture, a blurred image, an uncompleted map. But such as it is, it is trustworthy: it looks toward reality. It establishes part of a pattern, makes out some lines of the obscured page, recovers something from the past. Like other controlled and tested knowledge, it is usable. It is an accounting, the settling of a stewardship. Momentarily, mists have partly blown away and the North Star, though blurred, has been visible. It is an effort in the direction of truth. Such an effort has a value that no ignorance, however brilliant, and no wishfulness, however kind, can offer in competition with it.



NEW YEAR'S GREETING

A STORY

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THERE can be something very glum about the approach of a new year. It may be the new leaf and the fresh adventure and all that, but it is also more of the same. It is the old adventure too, turned just a little soggy. The new year may have promises in one hand and the other hand may be full of threats, penances, and over-due bills. Sometimes the old year looks so much safer, until it can seem almost like a refuge. And at least it always keeps people a year younger.

To Coralie Crandall the new year promised, as she looked at it, more fights ahead and criticism which even being in love was less and less able to sweeten. John Crandall only saw twelve more months with skids under them waiting for him. He supposed he'd slip a little farther backward. He knew that going off to New York for the holidays did not seem very kind to Coralie, and people would probably gossip about it. But let them. It would be better for both of them if he got away for a week or two. And it wasn't as if the trip were costing anything. Then there was Kay Mercer, keyed to intensity beneath her lovely, imperturbable exterior, who saw a year approaching in which futility might reach its peak, giving her possession of still more things that always seemed to lose value at her touch. A hundred people might call "Happy New Year"

to each of these three and it would not make any difference, though Coralie would be sure to answer gaily enough. To each of them the new year was going to be a load, and they knew it.

Sidney Mercer, who was Kay's husband, felt more or less that way himself. By the afternoon of New Year's Eve he was tired of hearing people say, "Well, the new year certainly must look pretty good to you, Sid. You've fallen on your feet all right. They ought to put up a monument to you as the man who got an increase of salary during the depression."

And at every such statement he had to grin thankfully. He could not let down his own promotion, or the firm, by any lack of return enthusiasm or by showing that he was not too eager to submit himself to the strain. Hobson had cracked under it, and that was why Sidney in turn had been given his big, high-salaried—and expensive—chance to make good or crack too. Somebody had to take Hobson's place, though of course at a decreased salary. So now Sidney had charge of the New York end of the business instead of the Middle-Western one, and Kay had already gone to New York to settle the apartment there, or at least to do as much settling as was necessary or feasible in a fourteen-room and four-bath furnished apartment that had been perfected by a famous interior

decorator. In other words, Kay had seen that their trunks were unpacked and their clothes put away and had ordered fresh flowers for the rooms.

Sidney had been with her for the past month—over Christmas—and had come back to Clarion only for a directors' meeting of one of the subsidiary companies and to clean up a few details. He was all through now, and if he had crowded things a little more he could have reached New York that night by plane. But he had not tried to do it. It would have meant an awkward evening, either saying a great many commonplace things, or more probably not saying them, because Kay would prevent him by her expression. She had said that she did not particularly want to celebrate (and her voice had flung the word into quotation marks) their first New Year's Eve in New York. This would let her out.

At first Sidney had thought he would join their old crowd in Clarion and make a night of it. That was what he really had in mind when he stayed over. But he felt less and less like doing it. The hole that their leaving had made in the city's social life seemed to have filled up already. Everything cordial had been done for them before they left town. He had been a guest at several banquets in his own honor. He and Kay had been given farewell dinners by everyone who belonged to their intimate circle. Kay had said once that they must be sure not to outstay their farewell.

Something like that, he guessed, had been in her mind when he asked her if she did not want to come west with him again and spend this New Year's Eve in Clarion. She had answered, "No thanks, dear. It would have all the makings of an anticlimax. I think I'll stay here and enjoy my new lease on—the fourteen rooms."

She had said it in that hidden-

meaning way of hers and he had asked, looking about him at still unfamiliar furniture, "Don't you think we're going to be very comfortable?"

"It would be pretty wasteful not to be, considering the rent," she answered lightly.

He had plunged into prophecy. "I think we're going to be happier here."

"We've more space to be happy in," she agreed, "and then it's so much nearer heaven on the twentieth floor."

"Clarion was a grand town but it was kind of played out for both of us."

"Well, we gave it quite hard wear," Kay said.

It was so hard for him to tell what she thought or whether she secretly minded the uprooting. She disliked commonplace signs of feeling and rarely used or wore them. This was not their first change of home since their marriage. Sidney had been doing increasingly well with every post the company had entrusted to him. But they had lived in Clarion for six years of their married life, and it certainly had been a wrench for him to leave. He knew every inch of the River golf course and made it in eighty-six usually. He liked the Town Club, with its four o'clock Saturday afternoon bridge game. And they had made a great many friends. They were a popular couple. Still, when the time came to go, Kay hadn't made any fuss. She never did fuss about the things women were expected to make a row about, like leaving a home. It was that detachment in her which had first attracted Sidney. Most women were all over the place, telling you what they thought they thought. But Kay didn't tell anything that wasn't necessary. She didn't complain. He had seen her sorrow when their child died, but he hadn't heard her complain. But she didn't offer comfort either.

Sidney was proud of her. He never

tired of her beauty, and he could always count on her good taste in every respect, and certainly on her loyalty. It was only lately—perhaps because he was so tired—that he wished sometimes she were a little warmer, that in a way she would loosen up. There was a kind of petting other men seemed to get from their wives which he sometimes coveted. For a man wanted to let down once in a while. It hardly went so far as a wish. It was a lack. He heard other women telling less important men what wonderful fellows they were and pitying them for working less hard than he did. But, when he spoke to Kay of what a stiff job this new one was going to be, she had agreed and asked him what he planned to do about getting enough exercise. It was intelligent understanding, of course, but he could use something more than that.

There was not, Sid thought now, as he went over the possibilities, much point in going out to the club to-night after all. There'd be the usual riotous party there. But he wanted to keep himself in good shape for his work. Of course his old crowd would welcome him. They would all be glad to have an extra man, but he did not feel like taking on Nell or Mildred and giving them a slightly intoxicated good time. Nell was a beautiful dancer, but that was the way to say it all. Besides he had given the same women that kind of time last year. He did not know exactly what he wanted but he was sorry for himself as he turned to the elevator with a sudden decision to go up to his hotel sitting-room, read a while, and go to bed.

"Twelfth floor," he said to the operator. That was as high as the best hotel went in Clarion.

The operator waited. A young woman was hurriedly coming across the lobby. She was very pretty and smart-looking at a little distance and

then, close up, not quite so smart but even prettier. What had Kay said about clever women never showing their beauty to strangers? This girl couldn't be clever. For she fairly flung her beauty at Sidney, at the elevator operator, and at the middle-aged woman in the back of the cage as she drew a half-panting breath.

"Thanks for waiting," she said to the elevator boy and smiled at Sidney.

He smiled too, but increased the distance between them by dignity.

At the twelfth floor he collided with her. They had lost the company of the middle-aged woman on the way up, and the girl started to get off at Sidney's floor, stepped back and did not seem to be sure of what to do.

"Radio Station?" she asked the boy at the lever.

"You have to walk up a flight to the roof, miss."

Sidney, bowing his apology for their confused exit, gave her an opportunity to turn away first, but she hesitated after the elevator had clanged its gate and gone down.

"Is that the stairway that goes to the radio station, Mr. Mercer?"

The use of his name surprised him and also put him under a vague obligation to be friendly. Probably she worked in some office he used to frequent.

"I think so."

"Oh, yes, there's the sign."

"Are you going to broadcast?"

"I'm going to try. It's just singing."

"I'll have to listen in," he said.

"Please don't be critical," she begged, making a favor of it. "I'm awfully out of practice. I'll probably be terrible!"

She hurried up the stairs, and Sidney went to his room. Of course he had no intention of listening to her. He turned on a few lights, found a cigar, and gave the incident full opportunity

to drift out of his mind. But the girl's eagerness and her natural friendliness seemed to stick there. There had been a speaker attached to the radio in his room when he had taken it and he had left it there, because sometimes it was a good way to pick up market reports and also because there was a favorite entertainer or two he liked to listen to. After a few minutes he turned the dial to the local station, just to see what her singing was like, how "terrible" it would be.

The announcer was saying, "Mrs. John Crandall—known to many of you as Coralie Lutes—will sing at this time, 'Love Is Always News.'"

So that was who the girl was. She was the one Jack Crandall had married. Sidney remembered something to the effect that the Crandalls had been tried socially and found impossible as a couple, though Crandall himself had been a member of one of the city's leading families. It had been a complication in a set slightly younger than that of Kay and Sidney. The girl had been of no importance and Crandall had made a sensation out of marrying her and gone around town pretending that he did not care what people thought. Sidney always suspected that he did care. He didn't like Crandall very well anyway, with his underslung pipe, and his indifference of superiority, and his bundle of bad debts. A fellow with a start like his ought to have made more of himself. Whoever the girl was, she hadn't got much of a break, thought Sidney. Crandall had probably never earned a cent in his life, and now that the Crandall estate was on the rocks, she was probably completely out of luck.

It was a foolish song, one of those deliberately fox-trotting melodies which depends on two or three tingling little measures. The words had neither wisdom nor beauty, the tune stole phrases from an old melody. And yet

there was a caress to the whole thing, like the touch of a cool, slim arm. It was relaxing. It expected nothing of anyone. It gave the little it had.

She sang it in the blues manner first, sliding and exaggerating the words, then she hummed it, then she let the music make her hearers guess at the words, and finally she sang it like a tuneful child. It was her whole performance. She had ten minutes, and Sidney Mercer listened to all of them. When someone, barking about a sale of fur coats, had replaced her on the air he was sorry. He had an impulse to tell her how much he had enjoyed it and turned to the telephone to call the radio station. Then he remembered that she would have to walk down the stairs to reach the elevator. Why not do the human thing once in a while? Why not step out there and tell her?

So he stopped her in the corridor. She was flushed and delighted now that the thing was over and childishly grateful for his praise.

"You really did like it?"

"I certainly did. I wish I could tune in on you oftener."

"It's the first time I've been on the air in a long while. I used to sing over the radio before I was married, at the old station, but I haven't done it for a long time. My husband's away just now, and I didn't have anything else to do so I said I would when they asked me to fill in. Not that he'd have minded," she added with a quick and apparently conscientious explanation.

"I'm sure he would have been very proud of you."

A question crossed her face. Every thought showed openly upon it. Sidney could tell so easily what was in her mind. She wasn't a secret, like Kay.

"Well, at least it was something to do," she said. "Funny, though, to

spend New Year's Eve singing to a lot of people you can't see."

"And now you celebrate, I suppose."

"No, I go home to bed."

"That doesn't seem right."

She said, "It seems insane!"

He laughed and let another impulse have its head. "Maybe we might find something to do together."

She considered as she looked at him. "What?"

"You'd have to decide that. Anything you like. People eat and dance usually, don't they? There's probably something going on in the grill downstairs. Or," he hesitated a second and said, "we might go out to the Town Club."

After all, on New Year's Eve no one would pay much attention to them.

"Let's begin here," she said. "I didn't have any supper. I was afraid to eat because of my voice. I'd like to. But how do you happen to be here, Mr. Mercer? I thought you'd moved to New York and taken a house on Wall Street or something."

"Well, I have moved to New York," he explained, "but I had to come out here again on business. And Mrs. Mercer didn't care to make the trip."

It was an hour later in New York but still not yet the New Year. Kay Mercer, who was not waiting for it, wished none the less that it would hurry. She thought it was all nonsense, this excitement about a change in the calendar, but at the same time it aroused even in her a sense of impatience. She felt conscious of all the waiting, of the deliberate climax people were building up. She had meant to go to bed early but she knew that she would not be able to sleep.

So she opened the windows of her own sitting room. They swung, easily and generously, on brass hinges. The street below was adrift with automobiles just as it had been when she

looked down at it the last time. She wondered what all that peacelessness was going to do to her and if it would destroy and obliterate her. Opposite, across the avenue, were the mullioned windows of another apartment, within a stone's throw and forever sealed to her. It gave her a horrid sense of being anonymous, of counting for nothing. She regarded herself critically. She knew she was a beautiful (but not amazingly so), useless (though of course she did what she could to make Sid comfortable and what any other woman probably could do as well), intelligent (but untalented) woman of thirty-two.

That was the way Kay was. Her mind never refused qualifications. She didn't trust overstatements. That was why she could never let herself go, even in loving Sidney. She didn't want to run the risk of becoming absurd or false. Some day they would love each other less—and then less. That was what happened to everyone. She could not help it. It was dreadful, pitiful, but it was true, and the only protection was not to fool herself. She must be ready for that slackening of feeling so that there would be no melodrama when it came, no perceptible change in the way they lived or in their behavior to each other.

She was a perfectionist. To-night she had dined alone but she had spent twenty minutes trying to get her hair into exactly the right curves. It was not vanity that drove her but that artist cruelty that pursued her and found its release in such small things.

She would spend just as much time on an emotion. She tried to be perfect in her attitude toward Sidney. It was wretched in a way, this being dragged round the country, but she felt that she had no right to complain. Sidney had his roots in his business. She had no roots anywhere. Now that they were in New York she would never

have any. But she was well taken care of. She had fourteen beautiful rooms to live in and she had come from a muskrat coat to a mink one. She couldn't explain to Sidney that, in spite of all the money he spent on her, she still felt as if she owned nothing. She wouldn't stand in the way of his progress. But there was no use in liking people too much in a city like Clarion, when living there was sure to be impermanent. And there was no use in liking people here at all. She looked at the street flooded with automobiles. While she had been standing there probably every passion in the world had sped by below and none had touched her.

"Who is it, Eric?" she asked.

Eric, the butler, was at the door. He was one of the servants who had been furnished with the apartment.

"There are some ladies and gentlemen calling, madam. Quite a number."

"Didn't they give their names?"

"They said to tell you that it was a New Year's call. Mr. Trent is there."

"Yes," said Kay, clear in her mind as to what such a call meant. They were a lot of people making the rounds on New Year's Eve. "I'll see them. Say that I am at home."

She would have to be decent to Ross Trent since his father was the largest stockholder in Sidney's firm. He had looked her over at a dinner at his father's house given in honor of Kay and Sidney, and she had felt him measuring her possibilities against a possible new thrill for him. He seemed a very tiresome man to her, the kind of man who no doubt liked to be in snapshots on society pages. "Probably," she said tolerantly to Sid, "he's just a necessary phase of evolution. But I do not like to have anyone look at me with that 'lo, the pretty milkmaid' look in his eyes and ask me how I like New York."

She was satisfied that she looked as

she did to-night, not overdressed but not too informal. The blue velvet of her dress was dark as the depth of a lake and untrimmed, with long, tapering sleeves. Her face tapered too. It began with the fair width of her brow and her grave, inscrutable gray eyes and then delicately narrowed. She was ridiculously thin, almost unsubstantial. And she looked confident. But that was not true. It was only that she knew perfectly what was awkward and unsuitable.

Now, with these people Ross Trent had brought to see her she was gay as well as courteous. But she did not welcome them as if they had been guests she had invited. They had come for drinks and to see what she looked like, and she gave them both privileges. It was far too subtle a reservation for most of them. Trent did not know he was being snubbed ever so delicately. But the young man with tallow hair and a thin, half-exhausted face evidently did.

"You don't know who I am," he said to Kay after a few minutes.

"A New Year's guest," she answered pleasantly. "If you've written a book, I probably haven't read it and I'm sorry."

"No—I'm a neighbor from Clarion. My name is John Crandall."

"Why, of course," she said, "I knew your face was familiar. I'm especially glad to see you again. I don't believe I ever met you out there—it was a different group, yours—y younger."

"You mean the gang that dropped me. For the last few years Clarion society has been getting along nicely without any help or hindrance from me. But I've seen you here and there in crowds, and it's really always been a lift."

"Thank you."

"This is a beautiful place you've found to live in."

"Isn't it?" she agreed with detachment.

"Do you mind this invasion of idiots?"

"No," she said indifferently, "not much."

"Shall I lure them away?"

She said, "Could you?"

"I do a very good imitation of Pan. But perhaps you've heard that."

"Perhaps I didn't listen. I'd be sorry to see you go anyway."

"I could come back if I were asked."

She looked him over and considered his idea.

"It's New Year's Eve and we might see whether there's anything amusing in this city of copyists," he suggested. "But you may want to lock your doors and go to bed and keep the New Year out."

"No—I can't sleep. The thing that threatens always makes me nervous."

"Jumpy," he said; "me too. Forcing its way in everywhere. It's like this crowd. Who asked it? Who wanted it?"

"So you feel that way too?"

"I think," he said decidedly, "that you and I should join forces for the next few hours. Till the New Year's blown over."

Eric brought in another tray. But it was the last one. Kay amusedly watched John Crandall see to that. He had a way of putting the whole party under his arm, crumpling it up and stuffing it in his pocket. Then he took it away, and she never asked him what he did with the hilarious company. She was more curious about him than about them. But she did not ask questions. She would not even presume upon the unusualness of the incident at first, after he came back, after she wrapped the mink coat about the dark-blue velvet dress and they went out together.

"We must get settled," he insisted, "before this New Year comes upon us.

We've still got forty minutes. But suppose it should catch us in the street or when I was paying a taxi-driver and had my back turned. I don't want it sneaking up on me."

In the interval between leaving her apartment and coming back he had evidently made a plan. She left decision to him and soon found herself in a small upstairs restaurant on a side street. It was an unhurried, musicless place, and she thought it did not look expensive and was relieved by that. From what she had casually heard, John Crandall was always up against it for money.

"There's not a paper hat or a balloon in the place," he boasted.

"It's a hide-out," she said; "the New Year will never find it."

"If it does we'll throw it out."

She told him that she would have a chicken sandwich, but he would not be content with that.

"No, please. Let's have something that takes a long while to cook and eat. They do things pretty well here in chafing dishes. If that chicken sandwich is an economy measure, let me tell you that New York isn't costing me as much as I'm costing it. An aunt of mine asked me to come on and see her before she died. Now she is so revived or horrified by seeing me that she isn't going to die. But she made it the occasion for giving me a great deal of advice and a little money. Also I play much better bridge than your friend Ross Trent. So you don't have to worry."

He said it teasingly, and it was so long since she had been teased that she flushed and was lovelier than ever.

"Then order some long-winded dish like lobster Newburgh with lots of melba toast," she told him.

He consulted with the waiter and sent him away. Kay leaned on her elbows and wondered why she was with a stranger in this unknown place.

And they both became a little hesitant because it was easier to get this far than to go any farther.

"Why are you hiding from the new year?" he asked. "I should think you'd be on the welcome committee."

"I don't know what to do with a new year."

"Couldn't you use it being beautiful?"

"So many people do that better than I can."

"Not much better."

"Oh, yes. Thousands of women. Good looks aren't rare. And I don't think they're very powerful. There aren't so many things you can do with beauty when you get right down to it."

"So you're intelligent as well as lovely," said Crandall.

"As well as useless."

"You don't mean you've a yen for a career? You're not one of those job-crazy women?"

"Not a career. I might like work but I shouldn't want a fake job. I just wish I were something." She went on, past her own silence, saying it to her own surprise. "Sometimes it's like being afraid of vanishing. Perhaps I should vanish because I'm not either important or necessary."

He watched her curiously. "Your husband doesn't believe that, does he?"

"No. But that's because he's made up his mind to believe something else."

"You could easily be important to other men," he said, "but I suppose that's out?"

"Yes, that's out. I should hate everything about it, the confusion, the imitation feelings. I don't like using feelings that belong to other people. I like my own things."

"Then why aren't you satisfied as you are?"

"Did you ever feel worthless?"

"I? I always feel worthless," said John Crandall, "and sometimes im-

prove on that. As you must have heard, I not only do not do what I should but usually do what I shouldn't. And there is more to it than that, more than even Clarion knows yet. I don't even do what I shouldn't successfully."

"What do you mean?"

"I do what I please because I intend to be happy, and then don't put it over."

"That's a pity."

"It's brutal sometimes."

She guessed of course that he was thinking of his wife.

"You see," he went on, "I can't decide what to do with this new year. I've either got to give it a clout that will knock it out completely for me or else I've got to argue with it for months. I know it will be irritating and I've a rotten temper. I'll lash out at it and it will hit back, and that sort of continual wrangling isn't civilized."

"No," she said, "it isn't civilized but it's human." So it was true that he and his wife didn't get along very well. Kay had heard that. People said that the girl John Crandall married got on his nerves already, and some people didn't blame him and said that his passion for her was bound to lapse. She was quite a common girl.

"So I almost think I ought to knock it out," he said.

"But how could you?"

"Oh, I could disappear. Not turn up where it expects me," said Crandall.

"That's one way."

"You mean that you'd make a fresh start somewhere else?"

"More likely it would be a stale ending," he answered with contempt for himself; "but at least I'd do no more harm to anyone. I'd take care to spend my time with people who were thoroughly harmed already."

She looked at his thin, nervous, sensitive face and wondered. Fragments of the gossip about him and his wife came out of her memory.

He had been determined to marry the girl. He must have been deeply in love, for he'd dropped his whole crowd, alienated his family, stopped studying law, and had even gone to work in a factory. But the factory had closed.

"I wish I could help," she said. "I'm sorry I'm so useless."

"But you're not. I only wish I could hold on to this hour. I wish time would be decent enough to pause. I'd like to keep you here just as you are, with your blue velvet dress and your secret gray eyes and your mysterious, withheld companionship."

"Tell me," she asked, "if you tried to escape from a new year would it pursue you?"

The waiter brought them a silvered, gleaming dish beneath which a flame was swaying.

Coralie thought Sidney Mercer danced very well.

"Yes, you really do," she said, as they left the patch of dancing floor again. "You know I was surprised. I don't mean that the way it sounds. It sounds like a slam, doesn't it? But what I mean is that I shouldn't have thought an important man like you would care a lot for dancing."

"So I'm all right, am I?" he asked, feeling younger than he had for months.

"You're wonderful, Mr. Mercer."

"I thought you were going to stop calling me that on New Year's Eve."

She laughed excitedly. "I never knew a man called Sidney. I guess that's why it's hard to get used to it."

"You must practice," he said.

They were having no trouble at all being friendly. From the very first she had made that easy, even necessary. She had told him much about herself, one stray fact tacked on to another. He knew how many there were in her family, and that Joe was her favorite brother even if he couldn't get along with his father, and that she had

bought the coat Sidney admired for thirty-nine fifty, which was a great bargain, though her husband seemed to think there was too much fur on it.

"He likes such terribly plain things on me," she said.

She told him further that she adored creamed chicken but had never been able to like mushrooms and that strawberries gave her a rash. But this was the funny thing. Raspberries didn't. She didn't think she was the type for sun-tan but she really thought dark skins were more aristocratic. The Crandall apartment, Sidney learned, was really quite comfortable, but John Crandall didn't like the people across the hall from them.

"Of course I don't think the woman's quite a lady, myself. But she's got a good heart. And, as I tell John, it takes all kinds of people to make a world."

Sidney talked about himself too. Subjects came up naturally. The reason he happened to know so much about the flavor of coffee was that he'd sold coffee on the road when he was starting out. He had a good deal to say about those days. He mentioned too that tomatoes always disagreed with him, and she gave him her interested little frown at that distressing news. She wanted to know if he thought he'd like New York, and he said that it was going to mean a lot of work for him. Coralie said that she thought he was marvellous, to be picked to go to New York like that, and that he must be marvellous in his business. After she had repeated the word a few times Sidney began to feel more rested and energetic than he had in a long time. She was a cute little thing and she had a good head on her. He wondered if he was giving her as good a time as could be had and he asked if she wouldn't like to go somewhere gayer than the hotel to see the New Year come in.

"There's the club," he suggested again.

"No. That place brings me bad luck. I had an awful time there with John once." She thought a moment. "There's the King View Café. It's that Chinese roof garden. Of course you mightn't like it in some ways, but the music's wonderful. Everybody goes."

"Then why should we stay away?"

He knew the King View place. But he had never suggested taking Kay there. They crossed the city in a taxi, and she sat quite close to him, as was evidently her habit in cars. He held her hand but there was a firm little air of virtue about her none the less. It made him dubious about kissing her. He wasn't sure whether he should try it or not, and before he had made up his mind they reached the King View. There they ordered an almond and chicken concoction to placate the management for their use of the dance floor. Sidney enjoyed himself and his expert steps.

"Having a good time?" he asked and held her a little more to himself.

She smiled up at him. "I thought it was going to be the most dreadful evening. I always think New Year's Eve should be so gay. You know the way you begin a year counts for a lot. They say what you do on the first day is what you're going to do all year. And I hated the thought of just sitting at home. You get thinking of what might happen before the year's over."

"Only good things will happen to you," he said.

"Oh, I don't know," she said with sudden hardness; "for all I know it may be Reno."

"Reno?"

"I'm just talking to you, you know. I'm not telling the world. But there comes a time when you wonder what there's in it if you go on. I mean a

girl doesn't want to be a drag on a man, does she?"

"I can't imagine you being that."

"Well, you do your best and then sometimes that isn't good enough." She slipped a little closer into his arms as if she would like to rest anywhere.

"Poor kid," he said.

"Were you ever lonely?" she asked.

The music grew softer and the lights were lowered to a pale blue that haunted the room.

"Yes. I should have been lonely to-night but for you."

"I think you're grand."

"They don't come much sweeter than you," said Sidney.

The lights went out. It was black for a minute but the darkness screamed with laughter and greetings. People clung to one another and hoped and promised, and met what for one excited, conscious moment was the future. Then the room was bright again.

"Well, we're off," said Sidney with a little more gravity, for after all this was the year in which he had to make good in a big way.

She was not looking at him. Then she did and there were tears in her eyes. "You know I've simply got to tell somebody! I'm going to have a baby this year."

"That's real luck," said Sidney and pressed her hot little hand. Then he added, "That being so, I think I'd better take you home."

She was a cute little thing, he thought as they swung along in another taxi. Not very much to her maybe, but she was all right. His thoughts went back swiftly to Kay and the day she had told him they were going to have a child. Kay could never have told that news to a stranger. What a bad break all that had been for them, especially for her. He must make it up to her. He must make good now and get her everything she wanted.

Lovely Kay. He shouldn't have left her alone to-night. He should have gone by plane.

It had been a new year in New York for more than an hour. At the door of her apartment Kay was saying good-night. The elevator had gone down. They were alone in the little vestibule with the Chinese panels.

"Remember that you've promised not to deny your value, Kay," said John Crandall. "It's bad for the standards of the worried world, you know."

He had been wondering how they were to say good-night. He wanted to make the conclusion perfect. But he did not know whether to touch her or not. Trying to kiss her would spoil the evening probably. She was, he thought as he looked at her, a beautiful, rare person but a little neurotic. She had nullified most of her natural impulses. She had been too critical of them, and now it was hard for her to feel easily, swiftly, and without reservations. She had to put everything into words, or silences. Coralie would have put the same things into the simple tenderness of her arms. Suddenly John Crandall's nerves ached for Coralie.

"I wish," Kay was saying, "that I could say what I want to you. I've been trying for hours. Anyway I'm quite sure that you can't run away. The New Year has caught up with both of us and it's really been very civil so far."

"All right," he promised, "I'll be civil myself. I'll play its game. You make me want to be a gentleman, Kay."

"Good-night."

He did not kiss her hand. He felt it would be a little theatrical.

The elevator came at his ring and slid down the shaft again. When he was in the street he looked up at the great apartment building and wondered which was the twentieth floor and which were her lights. What would she do there alone?

Kay had already dropped the mink coat on the back of a carved Italian chair. She was in the library, by the nearest telephone.

"Yes," she said to the long-distance operator, "Clarion. That's right. Will you get me Mr. Sidney Mercer at the Lake Hotel? Or at the Town Club?"

She waited for them to call her back. She was impatient, for she knew what she wanted to say. She was glad she was married to a man who wasn't full of uncertainties, who knew where he was going, who didn't stray. She wanted to tell him that this was to be his big year. There might be unknown happiness in it. But she had to wait, for other people were telephoning greetings, crowding the wires with them.

There was the girl in Clarion, who was sitting beside her telephone in pale-blue pajamas, humming the tune she had sung over the radio that night. She felt reckless at spending so much money on a long-distance call. But still she could pay for it herself out of what she had earned that night, and you only lived once, she thought to herself.

"They say Mr. Crandall hasn't come in yet?" she repeated to the operator. "Well, he'll be there. No, I don't care how late it is. Keep on trying."



WHY THE POLICE FAIL

BY HERBERT BEST

Former Commissioner, Provincial and Supreme Courts of Nigeria

REVOLVER shots at three in the morning. As I put my head out of a window, lights flared up and down the darkened block. Heads craned from open windows. Below me, across the street, a man lay writhing on the sidewalk and two policemen bent over him. One of the policemen was beating the man with a night stick.

Immediately, as though they had sprung from the sidewalk, an additional audience gathered from nearby night clubs and speakeasies—well-dressed, well-behaved. After a pause the policeman bent and laid into the man again.

I listened to the sickening thuck, thuck, thuck, in regular repetition, as when the club meets no defense, when the victim is incapable of dodging. It had a steady rhythm, like that of beating carpets, quite different from the irregular jab and smack of a fight. Presently the crowd began to disapprove. From a window a man shouted, "Lay off that, can't you?" A woman's voice cried, "Oh, stop that; stop it!"—sympathy with the victim, disgust for the policeman, in her tones.

But the thuck, thuck, thuck began again, for the third or fourth time. The crowd had increased, and now I could see only the shoulders of the policeman as he bent intently to his task. By this time there were several other policemen about; surely there was no chance for the man to escape.

This beating was revolting. I found myself shouting, "Go easy!" and was ashamed of myself for sympathizing with the criminal, the wrong side. I heard a woman in the crowd remark cautiously but viciously to a man beside her, "Hope he killed a cop!"

More police cars arrived, then an ambulance. The crowd was ordered back sharply; clubs were waved. When the pavement was cleared I saw two men lying there. There was a pool of blood shining in the light from the police torches. It might have come from nothing worse than a bloody nose; but the police, I felt, were guilty of bad stage-management to let the bystanders see it. For it inevitably turned the sympathies of the crowd in the wrong direction; and anybody with police experience knows that if the police are to do their work successfully they must have the crowd on their side.

Under guard of a dozen policemen the two men were taken into a house. An hour passed, a delay which the crowd naturally imagined to be caused by the process of "massaging" out a confession. Then the two men were shoved into a patrol wagon and taken off. The crowd dispersed; windows were closed.

In the light of my police experience, I considered that there had been an hour and a half's inexcusable delay; that five times as many policemen as were needed had stood about; that it had been a mistake to threaten with

clubs a well-behaved group of citizens, and that the public had been given an exhibition of disgusting brutality. In short, the police had shown themselves in a discreditable light. What had happened was bad propaganda for their cause. If exhibitions such as this are the policeman's idea of endearing himself to the public, it is idle to expect liberty-loving people to "glorify the cop and not the gangster." That steady, calculated beating-up of a defenseless man had swung sympathy to the victim.

The accused will, I hope, get their deserts. But the patrolman who did the carpet-beating and his superiors who stood by, will they be punished? Will they receive even a departmental fine for lowering the prestige of the department in the eyes of the public?

A well-balanced woman told me the other day of finding a man, drunk and incapable, beaten up by a patrolman in the entrance of an apartment house. The man was not arrested; he came to and emptied his pockets to the policeman. "The floor and walls were so spattered with blood that they had to be repainted," said my friend. "Will I call a policeman the next time there's trouble? I'd rather have the drunk or anyone else!"

Everyone who lives in a big American city appears to have heard of similar cases of police brutality. Perhaps the stories that go about are often exaggerated; I have purposely confined myself to two that are not. But whether most of the stories are exaggerated or not matters little. What is important is that the public has seen enough of the brutality of the police to believe all sorts of discreditable tales about them and that the reputation of the force suffers accordingly.

Worse, far worse, than the stories of patrolmen's brutality in making arrests are those of the Third Degree. Violet Sharpe, who ran from police

questioning to commit suicide; the man, accused of assault upon the mother of a detective, who died within a few hours in the hands of the police; the woman who with her child committed suicide, casting blame in her dying letter upon the police's questioning of her husband—the cases involving these people have received full publicity. There are innumerable other stories, true or false, of abominable third-degree cruelties which have not found their way into print but are widely circulated and credited. The American police are accused in the public mind of using torture in examining suspects; it is said that they feel they must go into court with a confession. An acquaintance who has special sources of information tells me that the latest method is the use of a dentist's drill applied to the nerve of a prisoner's tooth. This acquaintance is a believer in such tortures, but qualifies his belief by the reservation that such methods are and should be reserved for the lower and criminal classes and that the "ordinary man" is quite safe. But are the police, one wonders, equipped to determine the classification? Which of us, out of work, ragged, might not be in danger of being mistaken for a member of the lower class?

Whether the Third Degree is used as much as most people believe is immaterial. My own experience of eleven years of police work leads me to doubt most of the reports of cruelty in extracting confessions. But again it is immensely significant that the American public has come to expect monstrous third-degree methods to be used. This fact deprives the police of valuable sympathy and assistance.

The most important single factor in law enforcement is the ability of the police to rely upon the voluntary evidence of eye-witnesses. If well-intentioned citizens are out of sympathy

with the police on account of their reputation for brutality and if they also believe that witnesses, as well as those accused of crime, run considerable risk by testifying, they will refrain from offering evidence.

When I first came to New York, some years ago, a well-intentioned friend gave me a few words of warning. "If you see an offense committed forget it. It doesn't matter whether it's a murder or only panhandling. A witness is as badly off in this city as a criminal. Worse, if he's a witness against a cop." It is difficult to believe this, but the man certainly believed it himself.

I have confronted, in widely different circumstances, the same problem that confronts the police of America—that of an obstinately unhelpful population. I have discussed the problem with other men who have had to face the same sort of situation. And I have found them, without exception, in agreement with me that coercive methods must be avoided at all costs. Night-stick rule and rubber-hose detective methods will make the public still less willing to help. Bereft of witnesses by its own folly, the police department may stand like a blinded Cyclops, brandishing his club but helpless.

The best results in policing have always been obtained by efficient, well-organized detection by well-trained and disciplined men *supported by public good will and assistance.*

II

Why this widespread brutality, so damaging in its results?

I have heard it defended as a necessity on the ground that some immigrants are so lawless that the American police are unable to deal with them by ordinary methods. The answer would seem to be that if, say, five per cent

of a race can so defeat the American police, a country in which these same people composed close to a hundred per cent of the population would be given over to anarchy. Yet the foreign countries which furnish the elements of the American population against which the American police complain are efficiently policed without brutality.

Another argument in support of the abuse of power by police departments is based upon the supposed ascendancy of the criminal and the efficiency of criminal organizations. It is claimed that a crisis exists, and that when the policeman invades the constitutional rights of the citizen he is exercising a discretionary power to suspend constitutional liberties for the good of the country. But short of the declaration of martial law, no such discretionary power exists. Nor is it, even then, vested in the police department of any state or city.

What is more, even if a state of war existed between organized crime and the police, it would be bad policy to club and even shoot so many citizens each year in the pursuit of the enemy and to torture others suspected of being in collusion with the enemy. Prisoners are not tortured in modern warfare for the simple reason that this would be bad policy. The rights of neutrals also are respected for the same reason: it is a great advantage in warfare to have the neutrals sympathetic to one's cause.

None of these arguments cited in defense of brutality and torture is valid. We must seek elsewhere for an explanation of it.

I have come to the conclusion that one underlying reason for police brutality and its resulting inefficiency and loss of popular support is the absence of discipline in American police forces. A soldier recovering from fright is under the same temptation as a police-

man to bully and illtreat his victim; a junior intelligence officer in the Army is under the same temptation as a lieutenant or captain of police to apply torture to secure valuable information from tight-mouthed prisoners. The reason why the police use brutality and torture, and the Army, generally speaking, does not, is that the discipline of the Army is superior. Senior officers are able to control their subordinates and prevent them from sacrificing important ends for temporary small advantages.

The American police forces are gravely handicapped in achieving discipline by their lack of high command of the right caliber and by the poor quality of their personnel generally. In another country it is no novelty to see a man whose fame is little less than that of General Pershing accepting the command of a city police department. Men whose social status and educational advantages are equivalent to those of a West Point cadet or a graduate of Yale or Harvard may be found climbing their way up from the rank of patrolman. A friend of mine during the War was a major in the artillery; yet after the War, with complete satisfaction and no sense of loss of prestige, he resumed his duty as sergeant in the London Metropolitan Police. A recent newspaper report stated that Lord So-and-So was stopped for speeding and noted with amusement that the policeman was his own son.

Able and intelligent personnel and able and intelligent high command are essential to a good police force. Brains are needed no less than bulk. There has seldom been much effort to attract them to American police forces. They may be attracted, as in the case of crack regiments in the Army, by prestige rather than by high pay. But excellent discipline must be built up by degrees before a unit can achieve prestige. Discipline within the corps

and prestige in the eyes of outsiders are attained by the Army. They are attained also by most of the fire departments of this country. I have seen one fire department at work almost on the spot where I saw the police at work, and the contrast was striking. This fire department has an unrivaled reputation and apparently the strictest discipline. Equally high standards might be attained by the police. When this happens brutality and inefficiency will go.

III

But to carry our argument thus far is not enough. We have seen that the police are handicapped by their reputation for brutality, that this reputation for brutality is caused largely by poor discipline, and that poor discipline is caused, partly at least, by lack of competent personnel and a competent high command. But why cannot abler men be secured? Is there not another factor in the situation which will explain the difficulty of securing them and give further reason for the breakdown of discipline and the general demoralization of the police forces? I believe there is.

The fact is that the American police have been entrusted with a hopelessly difficult task.

I have had charge of areas of fifteen thousand square miles where the inhabitants were more frequently armed than were the police. In another area I was expected to take with me an escort of twenty-five armed police, and my headquarters was equipped with a trench mortar battery, and for good reason. In another place I was expected to enforce the laws of an alien race upon nearly a million inhabitants whose religion proscribed me; and here I had no armed policeman or soldier to back me up. So I think I may say that I am familiar with difficult police tasks.

Yet I firmly believe that an honest and efficient patrolman in a city police department of this country has a far more hopeless assignment than I ever had. Consider what happens to his cases when they leave his hands and get into court.

I have alluded to the reluctance of citizens to help out the police by testifying. For this, as we have seen, police methods are in some degree responsible. But even if a witness goes into court intending to testify honestly, he may be intimidated by public enemies and thereupon change his story or recant it. The trial consequent upon a recent bank robbery was abandoned by the prosecution because the witnesses, prominent business men, had received threats. Tampering with grand and petit juries appears to be common. Recently it was reported that a foreman of a grand jury which indicted prison warders for the torture and murder of a prisoner was threatened. In this case the foreman had the courage to place the matter in the hands of the police and went forward, undeterred, with his duty. But jurors who are successfully threatened do not publish the fact. Thus the public has no way of knowing how frequently intimidation is effective except by observing how often notorious criminals are acquitted after the case for the prosecution has seemed to be overwhelmingly proved. This sort of thing does not encourage efficient policing, and it encourages, though it does not justify, the manhandling of criminals when the police capture them.

Tricky defense lawyers pervert the course of justice and release dangerous criminals. The public seems to look upon their successes as admirably clever, but such successes disappoint and discourage the police, make them lose heart for future tasks, and encourage them to beat and mistreat prisoners in their hands.

Certainly judges, even more than lawyers, should be above suspicion. Yet a disquieting number of cases of negligence, and even corruption, have come to light in recent years. The public suspects a great number of judges in the lower courts, especially in the large cities, of being political puppets who will pronounce judgment according to the orders of their political bosses. The public believes implicitly that the course of justice may be altered by "religious pull," "political pull," "racial pull," "fraternal-order pull"; and lawyers naturally endeavor to have their cases heard by judges who are presumed to be partial.

Even when sentence has been passed, after an uphill struggle by the prosecution against witnesses, jurors, and others who fail in their duty to the state, the result is often wiped out by a few strokes of a pen. Pardons, commutations, paroles are from the policeman's point of view all too frequent. A person guilty of premeditated murder is pardoned. What does the detective who solved the case or the arresting policeman think when this happens? Can we expect him not to lose heart for the performance of his duty?

Behind all these obstacles to successful enforcement of the law lies the power of politics, that great structure of privilege and graft which goes by the euphemistic name of "protection." Only the police themselves know how much influence is constantly being brought to bear upon them to neglect their duty in the interest of their temporary political chiefs.

Certainly the police handicap themselves by the use of methods which lose them the co-operation of the public; but certainly also the remainder of the machinery of law enforcement is unreliable. Is it altogether surprising that the policeman who faces such a situation is tempted to believe in the

dictum that "there is more law in a patrolman's night stick than in all the Supreme Court"?

IV

The police face also a still further difficulty, more grave, perhaps, than any of these.

The most striking indication of it lies in the prevailing public attitude toward the bluecoat. Newspaper reports, the conversation of friends, even the way in which people step hastily aside to avoid contact with a "cop," offer innumerable proofs of a suppressed resentment or hostility which cannot be wholly explained by the reputation of the police for brutality. The public attitude toward law-enforcement in general is that of a liberty-loving people in passive revolt against a tyranny. The attitude of the police is that of an armed force using brutality, torture, and all the other methods of agents of a tyrant, with contempt for the constitutional liberties of the citizen.

Yet no foreign tyrant reigns from the White House. No alien army camps on these shores. Who is the tyrant? Whence comes the tyranny?

The tyrant is the idea in the minds of the American people themselves that the function of the law is not simply to provide that necessary minimum of social control which will enable us to live together in order and in security against crime, but to enforce excellence of conduct—that is to say, to enforce what the majority (or the most aggressive minority) believes to be excellence of conduct. It is the idea that the law should protect the citizen not only against others, but against himself. Obsessed with this idea and goaded into legislative action by innumerable reformers bent upon establishing virtue by fiat, the American people have placed upon the statute books such a multiplicity of petty and

annoying regulations upon conduct that they themselves resent them, and the police cannot possibly enforce them.

Yearly the nation and the States add further restrictions upon the private life of the citizen. There are laws dealing with eating (prohibiting the sale of many kinds of food, as a mother hides indigestibles from her child) as well as with drinking; laws dealing with sleeping (or at least with the sort of beds which may be sold for you to sleep on); a plethora of laws restricting your amusements; laws dealing with what you may read and what you may write; laws ordaining which scientific discoveries you may accept and which you may not; laws dealing with morals and religion. With the best of intentions, American modern tyrants have applied laws to almost every phase of human life, almost every relationship of mankind.

A friend of mine some years ago estimated that he had rendered himself liable to more than a lifetime of imprisonment. It sounded absurd when he told me, since he was a rather dull but conscientious lawyer who led a busy, well-ordered life. He counted on the spur of the moment up to fifteen years, reciting his offenses, computing one-third of the maximum penalty in each case. All were petty offenses, such as even the most blameless of us commit, yet they are the ones the police are expected to discover; they are the ones that make the people restive and hostile to the police.

No tyrannous king or bigoted priest of old applied such detailed restrictions to every phase of private life as do the American present-day reformers. For every king or cardinal who once imposed his will upon the people, there are now thousands of organized busybodies supported by millions of followers, each intent on thinking up some petty but irritating restriction which the others may have missed, striving

to perfect the nation by force of law.

Is it any wonder that citizens, galled by these innumerable restrictions, regard the policemen who are expected to enforce them not as friendly protectors but as oppressors? Is it any wonder that men and women whom the laws have put into the position of being criminals should begin to have a dangerous sympathy for their brother criminals, and that they should instinctively dislike the police and hesitate to assist them?

Like the general public, the policeman no longer feels any strong duty against the lawbreaker as such. His attitude comes to resemble that of a jurymen in a prohibition case in a wet district, who votes "not guilty," even though the case against the accused has been fully proved, because he does not think a man should be punished for such a crime. The policeman prefers to decide for himself whether to punish an offender and how to do it. He begins to justify to his own conscience the taking of a bribe in a case where the lawful punishment in his opinion is quite out of proportion to the offense committed. The bribe, he decides, operates as a small fine—and that is all the offender deserves to pay. The majority of offenses with which he is supposed to deal have little in common with real anti-social crimes which harm others or endanger the state; they have more in common with infractions of schoolroom rules. The policeman may accept a bribe or administer a beating and feel himself guiltless.

Once the habit of bribe-taking or of physical punishment of the offender is formed it is easily extended. Only the exceptional policeman can keep his conscience up to the mark and not, as

the years go by, begin to compound by means of bribes far more serious offenses. The temptation is extreme, since the graver the offense the more money he can extract without danger that the offender will squeal.

But even if the situation did not invite corruption, it would still handicap the police forces by imposing upon them an impossibly complex task. Their time and energy are so taken up with their attempts to enforce endless minor prohibitions that they have little left to apply to their real job—that of protecting the public against public enemies.

The price, then, of the attempt to regulate everybody and everything by law is the police force as we find it to-day: corrupt, inefficient, ill-disciplined, instinctively resented by decent citizens, hampered by their resentment, and driven in desperation to bully and club them. The brutality of those policemen whom I saw that night, clubbing their victim till the crowd cried out in protest, was not simply the product of bad discipline or of a bad system of recruiting police officers. It was the inevitable result of loading upon the police force responsibilities which it cannot successfully discharge and which you and I do not really want it to be able to discharge. Abandon the effort to legislate people toward perfection; accept the principle that the function of the police is not to pester and regulate decently behaved men and women but to protect them from the criminal; leave the police free to do this their real job—which we all want to have them succeed in—and it should be comparatively easy to secure a well-commanded and well-disciplined force which will earn and retain public respect.



THE PROBLEM OF FAITH

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

OUR time is afflicted with a strange incertitude. This wavering of mind is as much the cause as the result of our present distresses. For if it is true to say that the crisis has left us bewildered and hesitating, it is probably equally true that if we had not been bewildered to start with we should never have got ourselves into the mess. Our uncertainty is not only, or fundamentally, an uncertainty about economic ways and means. It is a profounder and more universal bewilderment. We cannot decide what we are or what we want to become. We do not know what we ought to desire either for ourselves or for humanity at large. We are, in a word, without a generally accepted faith and without a generally accepted philosophy.

Why do we need a faith and a philosophy? We need a faith, because we need to act, and because faith provides us with a motive for action, a stimulus, and an incentive. We need a philosophy because it is intolerable to us to live blindly, from hand to mouth; philosophy provides us, as it were, with a map of life, traces an itinerary, tells us what should be seen and what avoided.

It will be worth while, I think, to discuss at some length the functions of faith and philosophy in human life. For without a clear understanding of these functions we shall find ourselves incapable of thinking clearly about the present world—its difficulties, its prob-

lems, its vital need. I propose, therefore, to consider our ultimate ideal of a good human society and the means by which men have tried to realize it. The ideal of a good world is a philosophical conception; the realization of the ideal in practice requires faith.

What is the ideal human society? In other words, what do we want to do with this world of ours? Mr. Stapledon, the author of that remarkable prophetic book, *Last and First Men*, formulates the ideal thus: "We want everyone to live fully according to his capacity. . . . Also we want the work of each, and the whole life of each, to help, not hinder, others, and to fit beautifully into the lovely pattern of the whole world. . . ." Moreover, "There must be plenty of higher-grade intelligence to do the exploring and inventing, plenty of fresh and daring minds, to see things in new ways and feel things in new ways, so as to do away with the old bad ways and work out better ones. . . . In short, we want the whole world of men and women to be a thing of beauty, cherished by all, served by all, fully organized, but allowing plenty of freedom for everyone."

This ideal has been, at any rate in part, the ideal of every civilized society. We moderns insist more strongly on free action and free intelligence than some of our ancestors thought fit to do. But all civilized men have at all times affirmed the desirability of co-operation and altru-

ism, together with the importance to the individual and to society of the activities of the mind and, in general, the "higher life." The fact is somewhat depressing. For if men have always cherished these ideals, why are they still so very far from being realized? For the good reason that it is easy enough to perceive the desirable end, but heart-breakingly difficult to discover means for attaining it.

If man were a fully rational being, this problem of means would not arise. For, once having grasped that the end was truly desirable, a fully rational being would require no further inducement to join with his fellows in the pursuit of that end. But man is not a fully rational being. Some people are perhaps incapable of perceiving the desirable end. The greater number of us perceive it but do not choose in practice to do anything about it. Intellectually we know; but our knowledge is platonic, not to say pickwickian: it does not cause us to act. The incentive to action provided by our scientific reason is not strong enough in most cases to counteract the pull of our lower impulses towards immediate gratifications which are incompatible with the pursuit of the higher, but more distant, ends. The fundamental problems of every civilization have been these: to persuade individuals who are only partially rational and partially altruistic to co-operate for the good of society as a whole, and to cherish, in a stormy world of conflicting self-interests, the small flames of truth, goodness, and beauty.

The appeal to reason has always been without general response. It has, therefore, been necessary to invent non-rational motives for the compassing of the most supremely reasonable ends. Hence mythologies and religions, hence posthumous rewards and punishments, hence gods, devils, ghosts. People who would not work

for the higher ends, either because they were too stupid to see them, or else, having seen, were too frivolous to act on their knowledge, were driven to perform the commands of the most disinterested reason under the stimulus of irrational fears and hopes. From the point of view of the sociologist, the great merit of religion is that it provides, as it were, a fulcrum outside the world, on which the lever of the imagination can rest and with the aid of which men are able to perform what would otherwise be impossible feats. Sometimes these feats are admirable and rational; but, alas, not always. For the defects of religion are at least as considerable as its merits. The fictions for the sake of which men will work for reasonable ends justify them also in working for ends which are wholly irrational and bad. Faith moves mountains—moves them sometimes in order to clear a path for the advance of the human spirit, but just as often in order to precipitate them on the heads of its enemies. Thus belief in an avenging deity may cause men to behave altruistically, but it may also cause them to murder thousands of their fellows. The history of religion provides us with innumerable examples both of heroic charity and of fiendish malignity—very frequently displayed by the same person.

So much, then, for the ethical and social function of faith. Man is not sufficiently rational to act on all occasions as his reason dictates. It is only in the passionate loyalty to some appealing fiction that he finds an incentive to action or to self-restraint. If these loyalty-provoking fictions are ill-chosen, then men are just as likely to act badly as to act well. Recent history illustrates this distressing fact as forcibly as ancient history. During the past two or three generations and among the Western nations the influence of revealed religion has greatly

declined. The supernatural fulcrum, by the aid of which our ancestors moved their world, has become so rickety that it will no longer support the lever of our imagination. But, as men cannot dispense with faith, they have set up new fulcrums—not outside the world this time, but on it. Even in matters of faith supernaturalism has given place to naturalism.

The most important of these new naturalistic faiths are Nationalism, Socialism, and "Progress." (I write the word between quotation marks to show that I mean by it more or less what the late Mr. Babbitt would have meant.) Of the three, Nationalism is the most widespread and the most dangerous. Loyalty to the fiction of the divine Nation may be an incentive to abnegation and active heroism (The War proved that millions of men are ready to suffer martyrdom in the worst of causes); but it must also inevitably stimulate individuals and whole societies to activity of the most anti-human, the most fatally irrational nature. To-day men are faced with a perfectly simple choice: either the abandonment of the nationalist faith in its present form or its retention, with the risk, almost the certainty, of a war that may destroy our civilization.

The fiction of the divine Socialist world-State is greatly superior to that of the divine Nation. True, in the present circumstances loyalty to it is a motive for fighting; but that is the fault of the circumstances not of the faith. If and when circumstances change, the Socialist faith can only be an incentive to international peace.

II

We come now to what I have called the faith in "Progress." "Progress," in its popular sense, means automatic amelioration. Believers in "Progress" have a notion that everything is

at bottom all right and inevitably getting better. The propagation of this belief has been systematically undertaken by industrialists, financiers, and, in general, all those whose interest it is that the present social order should persist unchanged. It is the creed of salesmen and prosperity-mongers and "consumptionists." During the after-war boom years it was accepted by the majority of the people in every industrial country with an enthusiasm all the more frenzied for being, at bottom, a trifle uncertain of itself. People had to shout in order to convince themselves that everything really was getting better and better. If they had spoken in their ordinary tone they might have been able to hear themselves think—and that would have been fatal; for they were not, after all, quite so sure about the amelioration as they said they were. The bewilderment of pre-slump days was a bewilderment below the threshold of consciousness. To-day, when facts have so disastrously refuted the salesman's creed, it is a bewilderment fully aware of itself.

The collapse of the faith in "Progress" has affected the Western world more profoundly, I should say, even than the nineteenth-century collapse of faith in the literal truth of the Bible. The mid-Victorian individual's scheme of values did not stand or fall with the first chapter of Genesis; whereas the modern individual's scheme was really and profoundly involved with the faith in "Progress." For the faith in "Progress" implied a whole philosophy of life, a whole theory of conduct. An incessant newspaper propaganda imposed this philosophy and this theory of conduct on the masses of the industrial West. The collapse of the faith meant the collapse of the philosophy and the ethic: which meant, in its turn, that men and women were left, not only without an incentive to action, but also without any map or guide,

however imperfect, in the midst of a world of obscure chaos.

The philosophy and ethic of "Progress" may be summed up very briefly: the end of human life is to be happy and the whole duty of man is to have a Good Time—preferably by buying it from the manufacturers who cater for man's comfort and amusement. These are simple and appealing notions—like the faith in "Progress" that is their accompaniment, but, also like that faith, so hopelessly at variance with reality that they cannot stand the test of experience. For the end of human life is not happiness; experience demonstrates that the deliberate and conscious pursuit of happiness does not in fact make people happy. (By "happiness" I mean, not occasional pleasures and excitements, but a more lasting state. One can have any amount of pleasures and excitements while being profoundly unhappy; and conversely one can be profoundly happy while having a minimum of what are ordinarily called pleasures and excitements.) In its more solid and durable forms happiness is always a by-product of something else. In the process of turning coal into coke you can make a certain amount of gasoline. It is the same with happiness: in the process of performing work which seems of value, in the process of doing something which is recognized as a duty, in the process of living for a good cause or a loved person, an individual can make for himself a certain amount of durable and solid happiness. But this happiness cannot come into being without the work, the duty, the self-forgetfulness—just as the gasoline cannot come into existence without the coke.

The modern doctrines of happiness as an end in itself and the Good Time as man's first duty were propagated by interested parties. Their sponsors were politicians and indus-

trialists. The politicians promised happiness in return for votes; the industrialists in return for purchases of manufactured goods. Both promises are worthless. The most that reforming politicians and mass-producers can do is to provide an environment in which people can do the work whose by-product is happiness more conveniently and easily than in the environment provided by tyranny and the scarcity of goods. Political reform and industrial rationalization are necessary and valuable. But do not let us make the mistake of supposing that they automatically create happiness. The only people who derive happiness directly from them are the reformers and rationalizers themselves. Absorbed as they are in occupations which are felt to be valuable, they lose themselves in their work and consequently are happy. But the people for whom they work do not share this happiness. All that reform and rationalization can do for them is to provide, as I have said, an environment propitious to the kind of working and living that brings self-forgetful happiness.

One admires the wisdom of the Russian revolutionary leaders who so organized society that a large proportion of the population came to be actively engaged in the work of reform and rationalization. The satisfaction arising from the performance of absorbing and useful work was sufficient to compensate any dissatisfaction that might arise from bad food, insanitary housing, and the rest. Very many Russians have been happy under the revolution, not because material conditions have greatly improved—in some cases they may actually be worse than under the old regime—but because they have been given an opportunity to work actively for a cause that enormously transcends their own petty interests. In the West people have been given improved conditions,

but no opportunity to participate in a great cause.

Politicians and manufacturers proclaimed that the improved conditions were automatically producing more happiness; and the peoples of the West duly repeated the refrain. But what their words affirmed their inward experience denied. Even during the boom years a doubt conflicted with the optimism of the popular philosophy. A secret bewilderment and uncertainty were the result of the conflict. To-day, in the time of material discomfort, bewilderment and uncertainty have ceased to be secret and become manifest.

III

The problem which confronts the modern world is to find for itself a satisfactory faith and a philosophy in accord with reality. Beginning with the individual, we must first of all decide what sort of a person we want him to be. Every age has had its Ideal Man. For the Romans he was the Stoic; for the men of the Middle Ages, he was the contemplative or active Saint; for those of the Renaissance, he was the Free Individual, the Machiavellian Prince; in the seventeenth century he was the Puritan; in the eighteenth, the "Philosophe"; in the nineteenth, a strong but pious Captain of Industry. What is our Ideal Man to-day? It is impossible to answer; we have not yet made up our minds. One school affirms that the twentieth-century Ideal Man is a kind of de-individualized worker-bee, whose sole duty is towards society; to another he is an improved and more gentlemanly version of the Free Individual of the Renaissance. We shall have to make up our minds which model we mean to adopt.

The next question to be answered is: what is the end of human life? Is it happiness? But happiness, as we have

seen, is only a by-product of something else. And anyhow it is difficult to see how the element of sadness and pain can ever be completely eliminated from man's existence. (And if it could be eliminated, would it be a good thing? If man were perfectly contented, if there were no tensions in his life, no tragic conflicts, would he ever feel the impulse to do anything of value? Would his placid existence be worth more than a cow's? The nearest approach to a perfectly contented human life is probably to be found in some of the South Sea Islands. Margaret Mead's picture of such a life in her *Coming of Age in Samoa* makes one wonder whether, after all, contentment may not be bought at too high a price.) No great civilization has ever taken a cheerful view of life. The Greeks were profoundly pessimistic; the Orthodox Christian view of the world is even more gloomy than that of the Greeks. Not to pursue happiness, but to bear unhappiness with fortitude, has been the lesson of all the practical philosophers. Epicurus himself insists that "while every pleasure is in itself good, not all pleasures are to be chosen." Happiness is to be found in being able to do without happiness. The end of human life is to attain truth, goodness, beauty. If, in the process, we achieve happiness so much the better.

To accept the essential sadness and painfulness of human life is not, of course, to resign oneself to the order of things. To say that "whatever is, is right" is simply not true; much that is, is wrong, and it is our duty to change it. In working for these changes we shall incidentally find happiness; and when they have been accomplished others will be in a better position to live good lives and so, incidentally, to be happy in their turn.

Faith in the possibility of improving the material and psychological conditions in which men exist and so of

improving the chance of every individual (regardless of race and color) to live a good life—this clearly must become the most important of our major faiths. At the moment, unhappily, the nationalistic faith is in a far stronger position. It has its sacred symbols, its rites, its literature, its mythology, its system of organized propaganda among young and old in every country. The alternative faith, which I will call Humanism, has none of these things. Its reasonableness has not yet been made irrationally attractive; it still awaits its messianic genius, its band of devoted and skilful propagandists. Let us hope they will come soon. Judging by the rate at which the nationalists are piling up armaments, there does not seem to be much time.

In the present state of knowledge it seems improbable that there can be any considerable recrudescence—at any rate in normal circumstances—of a faith based on the supernatural. True, circumstances may easily become extremely abnormal; in which case almost anything is possible. Human sacrifice, hermits, burnings at the stake, dancing dervishes, the entire catalogue of religious extravagances and horrors—if war comes to ruin our civilization we may have them all again. We can only hope that humanity may be

spared the sad necessity of reverting to supernaturalism. My own belief is that in a pessimistic Humanism such as I have outlined men will be able to find a philosophy at once sufficiently realistic and sufficiently noble, an ideal sufficiently high, a faith sufficiently inspiring. One great obstacle, however, stands in the way of the immediate acceptance of Humanism. This philosophy of reason has not yet been interpreted in those terms of picturesque and exciting unreason which alone have power to move the minds of men. Not until it is so interpreted can it become a power in the world.

Meanwhile, Nationalism provides a creed that excites to action, a cause that seems worth living and worth dying for: the action is mainly irrational, the cause almost entirely bad. Revealed religion is incomparably superior to Nationalism; but it too is a fertile source of mischief. And anyhow the supernatural postulates on which it is based have become unacceptable. A realistic—that is to say, a pessimistic—Humanism is the only philosophy to which a modern mind can give its assent, and that philosophy, as we have seen, is unassimilable in its present form. How to make it assimilable is one of the most urgent of our modern problems.



MAGNA

A STORY IN THREE PARTS

BY ZONA GALE

PART II

THE day was as rich and sweet as spring, a spring day returned to June. By nine o'clock Alec was at the door with a roadster and he turned it towards the country.

"I thought you wanted to see America," said Magna; "America is expected to be in towns."

"We have lots of time to see towns," said Alec. "Years of time. . . ." He said no more of that. "One thing," he added, "we must do. I've promised to drop in on Great-aunt Elizabeth. Right?"

Assenting, Magna thought, "I won't tell him that I'm engaged to Bolo till after we've been there."

Great-aunt Elizabeth Pethner lived on a farm with her tiny invalid husband, Uncle Joel. The house was low and old, with trim green surroundings—nothing broke the line of the green, not a sawbuck, not a grindstone. And on the neat porch Uncle Joel sat, small, inert in body, almost drunken in mind.

"Hey!" he shouted at Magna. "Been out here since six o'clock, waiting for ye. Got some new beehives, got a new calf, got a new wren-house, got two hundred growing lambs. . . . So this is the young man, is it? He's a Pethner all right. Short arms, long thumbs, stubborn chin. I bet you eat your vegetables one at a time at the table. All the Pethners do."

Great-aunt Elizabeth came to the door, huge in her gingham, with flour on her arms. Without greeting the guests, she attacked her husband.

"Joel," she said, "why don't you ask them to sit down? I vow you'd let these poor young folks stand up till they dropped. Don't you pay any attention to him," she added, "sit down anyway."

"Hear her talk," said Joel placidly. "You'll have to anyhow."

While he questioned Alec about his father's family, Great-aunt Elizabeth beckoned Magna into the house. Over her pies at the kitchen table, this woman went on:

"Well, child, you've got a good prospect."

"I'm not selling anything," Magna laughed.

"Oh, yes, you are. Every woman is. They talk grand, but it means the same. The whole thing is selling. Don't you let 'em tell you it isn't."

"Selling what?" Magna demanded.

"Oh, your disposition and your pretty face and your ways of making a man comfortable and keeping house and bringing up children. I know it sounds old-fashioned, but marrying *has* been done quite a while."

"Love is older than marriage," said Magna. "What about that?"

"Look here, Magna," said Great-aunt Elizabeth. "You can love any

one of a dozen men, or more. Well, pick the one that can afford to buy. It sounds sordid but it *is* done."

"Did you do that?" Magna asked.

Great-aunt Elizabeth's face was so stern that its dimples seldom showed. But they showed fleetingly as she said, "Well, I took Joel. And he wasn't much, land knows. And sometimes I think I could have been just as happy with Jed Hamlin or Dick Barker or Tim Potts. That's why I'm talking to you now. You think one man is the world and all, but ten years afterward you couldn't tell why you picked him. And ten to one you wonder why you ever married him."

"Do *you* wonder? . . ." Magna stopped.

"When he insists on getting stung by bees, and when he won't sell his critters till they eat their heads off, and when he uses the bath towel I like best and asks for ham and eggs for supper every single night of his life—yes, I do wonder."

"And I suppose he does too."

Great-aunt Elizabeth's face changed.

"Why, Joel could never have got along on earth without me," she said. "I tell him if he'd married one of those good-for-nothing Sufferin girls, he'd have been dead, without my care."

She looked out the window.

"If Joel had married Tiny Sufferin," she said, "and I had married Tim Potts or Dick, I'll bet I'd have gone over and took care of Joel when he got sick. Tiny was no good in sickness. Joel needed me as it turned out."

Magna laughed. "You love him," she accused her.

"I do not," said Great-aunt Elizabeth. "I'm used to him."

Was that it? Was it like that for everyone? All the pang and the thrill gone into mere habit?

"Then you have your mother and father to think of," this woman finished; "they haven't much. Be kind

of nice to be able to provide for them. A girl has lots of things to think of, getting married."

Magna jumped up. "You may think of marriage that way," she cried, "but I think of it as the biggest adventure there is. Why—death is nothing to it. It's the whole thing."

Great-aunt Elizabeth looked at her with attention.

"Why, child," she said, "do you think of it just as an adventure? Why you poor little thing. It's lots more than that."

They stared at each other across the fifty years between them. And yet in her heart Magna now echoed her Great-aunt's conclusion:

"You stick to this Alec Pethner," Great-aunt Elizabeth said.

Magna stood in the doorway and looked into the orchard. The late trees still showed some bloom in this slow-moving June. She and Alec must walk there for a little before they drove on. What joy to be in that lovely place, in any lovely place with him. . . . She thought miserably:

"Yesterday I was *in love* with Bolo. In love with him. . . ."

But did this mean that she was not in love with him any more, she wondered. She went down into the orchard. She began to call back those first days with Bolo. Days in the snow, when he had walked home with her. Those first evenings together. Talking, dancing, dining—all the magic of first days. Then that twilight when she had gone to see his office—the little snug room, the bare room that he had tried to make habitable.

"I want to tell you right here," he had said, "so that I can always have it to remember when I sit here at my desk: I love you."

It had been blooming so quietly that she had hardly known it herself until he told her. It had come as no surprise, but rather as something to have been

taken for granted, already habitual. When they kissed, it was as if they had been engaged for years. It was quiet, natural, even awkward—nothing of heroics, of romance as she had imagined it. Just habit—already habit, even in its first hours.

Her reddish gown moving among the trees Alec must have seen, for he was coming towards her through the orchard. When she saw him, the pang that claimed her was swift and terrifying. She trembled and was afraid and was glad to be afraid, and she stood waiting for him, trembling. Nothing like this had she known when she had seen Bolo coming towards her.

"Shouldn't you hate to be proposed to in an orchard?" Alec asked.

"Should I?" said Magna. "Why?"

"Well, you might think the orchard did it and not the man," said Alec. "Still, just as you say."

"Now I ought to tell him about Bolo—now I ought to tell him," Magna thought.

Instead she said, "You'd rather propose in a slum, would you?"

"Yes," said Alec. "Let's look for a slum."

Uncle Joel came hobbling to show them the bees, the lambs, the calf. "After a while I'll tell Alec about Bolo," Magna thought.

But later it seemed absurd to bring up the matter when no one was saying a word about engagements, when Alec was talking on so impersonally of the Hebrides and the Scotch mists. He did say again, and in a tone of content, "You'll like the Hebrides"; but anyone might say that. Yet not in that tone. . . . Well, she would tell him before they reached home, before Bolo came that night.

They lunched at a country cottage, turned into a place called "Grandmother's." They sat together in an ugly room mistakenly crowded with furniture believed to be beautiful

merely because it was old. There seemed to be dust of spinning-wheels on the sandwiches and dust of melodeons in the meat. The drinking water seemed yellow from wells advertised as antiques. The dessert looked dusty.

"I like my dishes washed," said Alec, "not merely hand-painted."

"How absurd of you," said Magna. "These people got theirs all washed up as early as the American Revolution."

"Lord, but you're educated," Alec said. "Most Americans say *the* Revolution, as if they defied you to produce another and suspected you if you did."

Magna thought, "Now how can I burst out just here and say, 'Pardon me, but I'm engaged to Bolo Marks'?"

They drove on down the afternoon—this was as near as Magna could have retraced their direction. She knew only that this was the first day of her life on which she had experienced thrilling happiness. She found herself laughing a great deal and saying things which seemed to her inordinately clever. Once she thought, "But that is the way with a drunken man—everything that he says seems clever to him. Am I drunk or something?" Alec was laughing too sometimes—but usually he was silent and absent or turned on her one of his sudden moments of concentration, so that she trembled. When he was silent she thought, "Now, why is it that I can't interest this man?" and was certain that she was no more to him than a stranger.

He stopped the car on a hillside, looking down the valley to the town. The sun was low, in the deep places lights were beginning to come out. The valley was like a night-blooming flower, unfolding as the sun went down. Magna fell silent, and thought, "Now."

"Get out of the car," said Alec brusquely and opened the door. He

led the way through the long grass, to the very edge of the slope, spangled with blue flowers. He flung himself down and stared over the valley. He was looking towards the west, and at length he said:

"That's where I was going. Away on there—west."

"To find what?" asked Magna. But she was looking into the valley too, for every time that she looked at him she could think of nothing else.

"Love, I suppose," said Alec. "Money, too. What else does a man look for?"

"Weren't these things in the Hebrides, then—and in Scotland and London?"

"Money, maybe—a little," he told her. "But not love."

So. No girl in Scotland, very beautiful. . . .

He began speaking slowly, not looking at her.

"Two boys in a police court. One said, 'I got here because I never had anything—no chance.' The other said, 'I landed here because all my life I've had just what I wanted.' Well, I'm like the second chap. All my life I've had just what I wanted. But now I'm afraid that I want something I'm not going to have."

Now she said nothing because she could not speak.

"When I was a little chap in the mountains of Harris," he went on, "I used to plan how I'd walk through the woods and meet a beautiful lady, and she'd give me everything in the world. Well, I've met her. In the woods, too. That's curious, isn't it?—meeting someone where you've always thought you'd meet her."

Still he did not look up. He went on:

"I was a decent kid. I wish I'd been decenter. Every man wishes that when the time comes to tell a woman."

He got to his feet and came towards her. And now she would have cried out, would have told him if she could, would have run from him. But she stood where she was, silent. And Alec came swiftly towards her and took her in his arms.

"One day ago," he said, "I met you one day ago. And I love you."

She stood there, trembling, miserable, ecstatic. But suddenly the misery was the strongest. Up through the fire, the hot breath, the suffocation, the joy, there rose the misery of the moment and beset her. For one instant there had been the pang and the light, then the darkness.

"Bolo, Bolo, Bolo," she cried out loudly, there in Alec's arms.

"What of him?" Alec asked and did not move from her side.

"I'm promised to marry him," she brought out.

But she did not move either, did not try to struggle away. So Alec said:

"What of that?"

"But Bolo . . ."

"What of him if I'm the one you love?"

She stared up at him.

"Look here," said Alec. "Nothing means anything to me save your loving me. If you happen to have promised Bolo to marry him and then find that you love me—well, I'm devilish sorry for Bolo, but we can't help that. I can't think of him, you see. I think of you. This is not between any man and me—it's between you and me."

"But Bolo."

"You can't think of Bolo. You come first and I do—if you love me. Well—you do love me."

She kept looking in his face, as if she might read there some answer to what she asked. Yet she asked nothing, and he kissed her face so near to his, so childish, so questioning.

"You do love me," he challenged her again. "Oh, Magna—this is the way. No 'getting acquainted'—no growing accustomed—no waiting for this or that. Just finding each other out—among all the rest. Isn't it so with you—isn't it?"

This time she said, "Alec . . . Alec."

They watched the valley till darkness came and the town was a blaze of lights trembling as in water. They said little, and when she spoke all her trouble was in her voice:

"You see—I don't know. It's only that I feel something that I've never felt before—it's terrible and it's wonderful and if it's love, it's a wickedness to let it go. But I thought I loved Bolo—only it wasn't like this. It was all still and different."

"You love me," said Alec.

When they went down to the valley, he went with assurance, saying:

"You'll tell Bolo at once. Magna, do you know that I almost told you this last night when we walked through the wood to meet Bolo. Would you have thought I was a maniac?"

She said slowly and sleepily, "I think even then everything that you did would have seemed right to me."

Their way lay near to the Oak Opening where the picnic had been. They left the car and stood in the twilight, looking about them. There were the ashes of their fire. And about it the others could still be imagined, Great-aunt Elizabeth, Uncle Jasper, Uncle Sven, Uncle Steven, Aunt Marty, Aunt Taffy. All dumb and stupid and talking of nothing, around the ashes of a fire. "Alec," she cried, "did they ever love somebody—those Pethners, here last night?"

"Lord love them, I don't know," said Alec. "They didn't look it. Let's not talk about them. I knew this when I first saw you crossing the

open space there, with the sun on you."

"And I did—I did too!"

"We've wasted twenty-four hours," he cried.

"No, we haven't," she said. "We've had them. We even had last night, when you were talking to mother and dad and I was upstairs listening."

"And I couldn't talk to them for thinking of you."

She would not think of Bolo. She would think of nothing but that hour. Yet when Alec would have walked again along that path where they had first walked together to meet Bolo, she would not go, but ran swiftly back to the car.

They drove into the town, and the streets were filled with people, crowding, milling, talking in another mood from that of the daytime. Horses were trampling in the street, saddled or blanketed.

"The pageant again," said Alec. "The Forty-niners. Lord, it seems a lifetime since last night."

She said nothing. The pageant to which she and Bolo had looked forward together. . . .

In a block of the traffic a group of newsboys stood on the curb, calling their wares. There seemed to be some special selling power in one of their headlines, which they shouted again and again. In the raucous voices Magna suddenly caught, or thought that she caught, the name Pethner. She leaned and looked. There it was, all across the page in great letters: Pethner.

The boy sprang to the running board as she called him. There it was: Earl Pethner Charged With Murder.

"It would be Earl," Magna said vacantly.

They turned off the main street and read under a street lamp. A girl, someone employed in the town—Helga Griffiths, that little pretty one, in the

ten-cent store—dead. And Earl Pethner had been with her—had been apprehended.

"Let's go home," said Magna. And as they drove she said, "They'll all be so ashamed to have you know." But she was thinking, "Bolo will have heard—he'll be at the house."

There was a light in the back of the shop, and so they drove there. The front part of the place was in darkness, but back by the little office, there was huddled a group of figures, all talking, all hushing one another: Pethners, gathered at this disgrace and danger to one of their tribe. They turned and welcomed Magna and Alec with gutturals and trebles as of a kind of relief and with rebukes that they had not arrived before.

They were all there—all the family, seated on boxes and barrels, telling and retelling it, and hearing it again. Even little Uncle Joel was there, standing by Great-aunt Elizabeth, who had somehow taken charge.

"He took your father and mother home from the pageant last night," she addressed herself to Magna.

"He brought us home—we told you that." Andris shouted loudly, not to have his importance taken from him.

"Jasper saw him after that," Great-aunt Elizabeth went on, to the newcomers.

"Right by the post office," Uncle Jasper spoke up confidently; "and he . . ."

Great-aunt Elizabeth overbore him, and her clear tones went right on:

"Jasper said to him, 'How'd you like the pageant?' like that. And Earl said 'Fine.' And then he went on—without saying anything more. On up the street—oh dear, oh dear."

"I see him after the picnic," Uncle Sven volunteered.

"That was before I did," said Uncle Jasper witheringly.

"Well, I see him and spoke with

him," Uncle Sven insisted. "Only he didn't say anything much."

"To think of the sweet child he was and all," said Aunt Marty. Her black wig was askew and this she made no effort to correct, but looked out from under its waves, weeping and shaking her head and driving the wig ever more from its place.

"Who found 'em—who found 'em?" cried Aunt Faith, offering her ear-trumpet to everyone; but no one would take it. However, Great-aunt Elizabeth answered:

"She was lying in a Morris chair in the parlor, fully clothed—*fully clothed*," she repeated severely. "Her father came down at six o'clock this morning to light the kitchen fire—as he always does before he goes to his work. He works in the match factory . . ."

"Well, keep a-going, keep a-going," said Uncle Joel testily.

His wife transferred her attention to him.

"You've heard this twice," she told him.

"Well, you get something new in every time," said Uncle Joel.

"For shame, Joel," said Aunt Marty without winking.

"And through the crack in the open door he thought he saw something. It was his daughter's dress—her blue dress. There she lay in the Morris chair, fully clothed, and she had been dead about six hours."

"How can they tell that?" Uncle Jasper demanded aggressively. No one paid any attention to him.

"But when had Earl been there?" cried Aunt Marty. "He hadn't been there in six hours back, for pity sakes. What time would that have been?" She told off the hours on her fingers.

"Earl had gone there after the pageant," Great-aunt Elizabeth continued. "Helga's mother told him that Helga had gone to the pageant.

She went with Arty Mines—that boy that used to clerk in the hotel, before the Jeffersons took it over . . .”

“Keep a-goin’,” said Uncle Joel.

“And so Earl said he would wait. Mrs. Griffiths went to bed and left him sitting there—at least that’s what she tells. And that’s all they know.”

With her yellow hair and her made-up cheeks and chin, Aunt Taffy spoke from her seat on the counter.

“Anybody see him go there? Anybody *see* Earl go there?”

“Nobody that’s confessed yet,” said Great-aunt Elizabeth.

Uncle Jasper snorted, “Confessed!”

“And, oh,” Aunt Marty wailed, “to think it had to happen in *our* family. And to happen just as Cousin Alec comes.”

“Such disgrace,” boomed Uncle Steven. “I can’t look the church in the face. A Pethner a murderer.”

“He ain’t hung yet,” said Uncle Jasper.

“The girls have all but slipped the noose, though,” Uncle Joel muttered.

Seated near the worn desk where the accounts were kept, Ethna and Andris had taken no part in this. Now Ethna spoke, leaning forward from the waist, her hands resting on her knees.

“I keep thinking about Earl,” she said.

This produced a silence. All had been thinking of the event, of the disgrace, of the headlines, of anything, it seemed, but Earl.

“He don’t deserve to be thought about,” said Andris. “Ungrateful puppy.”

“He was Ernestine’s boy and she left him in our care. He’s never had a mother—nothing but a pack of aunts about his heels. He’s never had a real father. If that girl’s murdered by Earl Pethner, all the Pethners done it.”

“I didn’t do it,” said Uncle Jasper fiercely.

He thrust out his lower lip and stared

at his hands, as if they had been the accused.

“They told us,” said Andris loudly, “to keep away from the police station and not to try to see him until bail is fixed.”

“Yes, and it’ll take all we’ve got to raise his bail,” said Uncle Jasper.

“We can’t help it if it does,” cried Uncle Sven loudly. “It’s our own brother’s child.”

“If we ain’t got it, we ain’t got it,” Jasper went on muttering.

“I’d like to be counted in on that, you know,” said Alec.

Aunt Marty wailed, “The first thing the Pethners in America ask Alec to do is to bail them out.”

“Not all of us,” said Uncle Joel.

“*Joel!*” said Great-aunt Elizabeth.

“We’re all to blame, according to Ethna,” said Andris sourly. “Blamed if I can see . . .”

“It’s Earl I’m thinking of,” Ethna went on patiently. “What he must be going through now. What he must be going through.”

“They tell us to keep away.” Andris went back to it.

With a word to Alec, Magna slipped over to her mother and spoke with her. Ethna nodded and rose and left the room with Magna. In a moment Alec joined them outside.

“Earl’s father wasn’t of much account,” Ethna said, “but he wouldn’t have left him alone now, not if there was any chance of seeing him.”

At sight of Alec’s car she drew back. She was one of those, of whom a few remain in remote places, who will never ride in a motor-driven vehicle. A train of cars was nothing to Ethna, or a steamboat—she had crossed the ocean in her twenties to visit her grandparents in Denmark. But a motor car she would enter no more than she would have entered an airplane. “I’m satisfied with the ground,” she would say, or, “Folks

that don't use their legs won't have any, next thing." So Ethna and Magna and Alec walked through the streets and down town to the police station or, as it is known in these parts, the calaboose.

Now, near as it was to the hour of the opening of that night's pageant, the streets were at the height of their crowding and jostling. Bands blared at either end of the two business blocks, and the rivalries of the opposing ends of this thoroughfare had resulted in outbursts of decoration designed to fix the supremacy of each spot as a business center. Color, light, noise, movement—the town was at holiday. Ethna and Magna followed Alec through the chaos, Ethna's square figure and hatless head and large unmoved face as individualized as one with a mask. Masked figures shouted at Magna and twitched at her sleeves and tried to lure her to join them. Magna walked on, now swept by the sweetness of her new secret, now wretched at the thought of facing Bolo, who would be sure to be at the house on her return, now sorry and ashamed and shocked as she remembered Earl.

"I'm thinking only of myself," she thought. "It's of Alec and Bolo that I'm thinking and I'm forgetting Earl."

At the station house a crowd had collected, who were being held back by the chief of police, a man who deepened one's respect for the law since its insistence could so dignify him. Large, good-natured, human, there had come upon this man a certain nobility of carriage and expression, a gravity, a poise which revealed his identification with order. He was the small-town policeman at his best.

"Mr. Curry," said Ethna, "we have come here—I and Magna and our cousin from Scotland—to see Earl. Earl Pethner."

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Pethner," said the chief kindly. He was the chief and

also the sole uniformed policeman in the little suburb. "We are obliged to keep everyone away from him for the present."

Now his eye fell upon Alec, and the word Scotland reverberated.

"From Sco'land, did you say?" he exclaimed, in an accent of broad Scotch. "Lately? Ye don't say. My own mother, Mary Roberts, came from there in her day. Well, well, Sco'land, and Earl's own cousin. I think I may make an exception."

Ethna and Magna he admitted himself; but Alec chose to remain outside.

It was to live with Magna all her days, the sight of Earl, that large young man, lately so complacent, so swaggering. Now he lay face downward on a blanket spread on the bare floor. He was not moving, seemed not to be weeping; but he was not asleep, for he heard them.

"Now my lad, none of that," said the chief, though he did not say none of what. "Here's some of your folks to see you. Brace up, brace up."

Earl looked out at them, his face swollen and drawn. At once when Chief Curry had gone back down the passage and had locked the doors as he went, Earl began to talk loudly, his loose mouth moving about with his words. It was doubtful whether or not he knew that he was talking with Magna and her mother or later could have told who it was who had come to see him. His great need seemed to be to get something said:

"I can't understand this," he said thickly. "If anybody'd told me . . . I tell you, I can't take it in. Me—do you understand. Why, I always wanted to be a carpenter."

For a breath he contemplated the enormity of this difference, as if he thought of the safety and the commonplace of the trade of carpentry.

"And now look," he went on, like a little boy. "And Helga—why, my

God. I love her. I had no more idea of killing her than I had of killing myself. I couldn't keep away from her. When I took hold of her I wanted to crush her. I thought about her all the time. I waited for her. Then she came in with that ass—Art Mines it was—and she laughed at me, and I ordered him home, and he was afraid and went; and she cried and said she hated me. But I don't know how it happened. I was crazy about that girl—I was crazy about that girl."

He began to moan and whimper.

"Don't talk, don't try to talk," Magna had been saying.

"Don't say any of this to anybody, son," Ethna said heavily.

Ethna thought for a moment, as if she were trying to pack in one word all that might be said to him.

"Hard things come," she said finally.

"You either lie down under them or you climb up on top of them. Just those two."

She reached out and patted on the bars and turned away. Magna spoke to him, but he did not seem to hear her. Chief Curry was at the door saying, "If you please."

Back through the streets, and now the parade was passing again, that long line of men and women of Fortynine. Well, they had gone across the desert and the mountains, had buried their children by the way, and had laid down their own bones in the alkali of dead lands—and for what? For what? To make a carnival for the people in celebration of that history? To bring into the world men like Earl who snivelled out behind bars, "I was crazy about that girl?"

"Poor lad," said Ethna. "He got mad for love. Some are taken that way. There was a youth in our town . . ."

While the revelers jostled her and the horses trampled past, she talked monotonously of Ephraim Banks, and

he twenty years old some twenty-odd years before, and in his grave now these many years. He was a lad who had got it in his mind that to love and to die were the one as fine as the other, and so, though he and his sweetheart, Minna, were as happy as doves, didn't he kill her and himself, leaving a wrinkled-up note to say that they were married in death.

"Please hurry, please hurry," Magna cried and ran on before them. Only last night, she thought, everything was so peaceful, so sweet. And now their world had been broken about them.

At the shop their absence had been noted, and its cause suspected, and now they were beaten upon by the Pethner questioning. How did Earl seem, look, and above all, what had Earl said?

Ethna was the spokesman.

"Said nothing," she declared.

"But—nothing?"

"Not one word."

"How did he seem?"

"Same as ever."

"How did he look?"

"Same, same."

"It's impossible," Great-aunt Elizabeth burst out. "Earl must have said something. You needn't tell me . . ."

"Said not one word," said Ethna and folded her veined hands.

When she entered the shop Magna had scanned all the faces. Bolo was not there. She inquired for him, and her father told her with a scowl that he had not been there, had had the grace to stay away. She ran across the yard to the house, but no one had seen him. She called on the telephone, both the little hotel where he lived and his office. He was at neither place. He must have been summoned to some patient, she decided, but it was not like Bolo to send no word. She felt an intense relief, and yet she must tell him, tell him something.

If only all the Pethners would go home. In due time they did so, after once more reviewing all that they knew and speculating on all that they did not know.

"Just think," said Aunt Marty, "last night we were all together for a picnic. And to-night we are all together for a murder. At least . . ."

And though Great-aunt Elizabeth had recited to everyone all the facts at her command, now on leaving she suddenly turned to poor Aunt Faith's ear-trumpet, waving about so helplessly, with no one to take the trouble to talk into it; and Great-aunt Elizabeth seized on that, and into it told the whole story again, with many interruptions from Aunt Faith who, it developed, had thought all the time that it was Earl who had been murdered, and who brightened visibly when she learned the truth.

At last they all went away, Uncle Joel inquiring of his wife if she had remembered to buy yeast. And when he had been sharply rebuked for thinking of yeast at such a time, he observed audibly that there was no great loss but there was some small gain, and that if you had a murder in the family you could at least get out of setting bread. But Great-aunt Elizabeth pretended not to hear.

"I hope you folks'll all come in again when you need something," Andris said, his shop urbanity claiming him even in the teeth of family disgrace. "I'm getting in some nice early strawberries," he could not forbear to add.

When they had all gone, Magna and Alec went over to the house while Ethna and Andris locked the shop. The pageant was still going on, and now the rockets were blazing and spangling the sky.

"Last night," said Alec, "you and I didn't know—or did we know—how soon we should belong to each other."

"Last night," Magna said, "Earl told me about that girl—Helga."

She waited. "Last night," she thought, "Bolo thought that I . . ."

Where was Bolo? The shop was locked, Ethna and Andris came home. Ethna bustled out to the kitchen and brought in coffee and cake—as something real and abiding in a world of change. Now Alec took Magna in his arms and said to her parents:

"I couldn't wait a decent time. I told her to-day."

For the first time that evening the face of Andris broke into its old smile.

"Thank God," he said, "the whole world isn't sunk."

He had been withdrawn and morose all the evening, but now he kindled, drank coffee, ate cake, cut an awkward and laborious turkey-wing, and in his reaction from the strain, was even at his old trick of trying to make a joke. He pointed at Ethna.

"She's a good girl," he said. "She's fat too. A good many of her would weigh a ton."

He looked about with bright expectation. No one smiled. He sighed patiently. No one ever laughed at his jokes, but he never ceased to try for laughter.

At eleven o'clock Magna stood at a window. Bolo would not come now—she should not have to tell him until tomorrow. But it was as if the word had gone to him that he need not come to see her that evening, that he need never come there again. Yet he had done nothing but to be himself—gay and tender—and to love her. What would this mean to Bolo? She knew.

Alec came and stood beside her. The moment that he was near her the world changed. She thought, "I'm mad about him," and stopped there. That was what Earl had said of Helga Griffiths. In Alec's arms, as he said good-night, she was wrapped in her new spell and forgot them all.

When Alec had gone up, and Magna turned to say good-night to her mother, she saw that both her mother and father were waiting to say something to her. And though since Alec's word her father was in the best of spirits, Ethna was looking up at her with a certain air of unbearable wistfulness, as if she were asking her daughter's pardon.

Magna waited. The little room was very still. Outside, the last of the rockets were popping, and the tramp of the feet of the home-going revelers came from the pavement, together with the roll and honk of cars. The Descendants of Forty-niners had finished an evening of doing their way-faring ancestors proud.

Now Andris began stepping about the room, kicking his feet, moving the chairs, clearing his throat. He wound the clock, felt of the window catches, closed a door which might have stood open. Ethna sat patiently, her veined hands crossed; but at last her husband's antics became too much for her and she exclaimed crossly:

"Well, why not tell her then and have done?"

But first Andris must have his joke.

"When you were a little thing," he said to Magna, "you were very fond of your papa. And he was fond of you. You would tell him things. Well, now turn about is the game. He's going to tell you something."

He laughed pleasurably and looked for her smile. But Magna said wearily,

"Yes, yes, daddy. What?"

He stood before her and suddenly lifted and dropped his arms in one of the few un-American ways that he had kept.

"Magna," he said, "my father came to this country a poor man. He left me nothing. Well, I built me up a good little business—your mother and I, we built it up. You know that

yourself. And now in our fifties, what do we find? Ourselves—you—without anything. It is true—mother, isn't it true? Without anything. Not but just the dollars to clear ourselves—and after that nothing."

Magna said, "Dad—mother—is that true?" She remembered Great-aunt Elizabeth's words that morning. She was wrung for them—her father so bright-faced, so busy, her mother so patient, so really hard at work all day.

"Oh, darlings," she said, and then cried, "But you shouldn't have sent me to school. And I haven't been in a hurry about getting a job."

"You have done better than that," said her father. "Better than that."

She looked at him.

"Alec," he said, "your marriage with Alec. Don't you see what it means to us now?"

Her father had placed his hands on his waist and was smiling, bending forward from the waist like a little mountebank. She could have cried out against him, could have struck at him. But her mother merely looked at her with that air of incredible wistfulness.

"So that was why . . ." said Magna.

"That was why," cried her father. "I felt in desperation—I—that you must not marry this Bolo, who could give you nothing but a bad practice, and that not for years yet. And who could help us not at all."

"That was why."

"But for that," her mother put in timidly, "your father liked Bolo. And me—I liked him very well. I should never have said a word . . ."

She stopped, in a kind of loyalty to Andris, as if in whatever was being said by him she must bear her part and share his words. Andris went on:

"So then when this Alec was to come here—I knew well his father's standing, from the Pethners of Clyde I knew that. And I said to myself,

if only . . . you see? But I did not hope for such quick work," he added naively.

"That does not matter," cried Ethna swiftly.

"It is very encouraging," Andris insisted. "Why, it was only yesterday that you and Bolo came to me. . . . You are a good girl, Magna," he ended, wagging his head.

Magna buried her face in her hands. When she lifted her face, even before their exclamations and her mother's haste towards her, she was pale and dry-eyed.

"Don't think I blame you," she cried. "It is only I. You have done nothing. You never let me know of this—but I have done wrong by myself and by Alec—and by Bolo. I am not good enough for either of them. Oh, why did you tell me this—no! I'm glad that you told me. Oh," Magna cried, "I'm so miserable."

She had no habit of going to either her father or her mother for comfort. It did not occur to her to turn to either of them now. She threw herself down by the table and laid her head on her arms; and her mother came and smoothed and stroked at the linen tablecover near her. But her father stepped about the room, now here and now there, his face one blank of amazement.

"I don't understand," he kept crying, "I used no influence on you. You can't say that I did. I only told you now so that you can share our rejoicing."

"Andris," said Ethna, "I should think you could step upstairs to bed now. Magna's tired."

He went off, muttering and a little indignant. Ethna stood for a moment longer, smoothing at the linen tablecover near Magna's head.

"Go to bed, mother," Magna said.

Ethna stopped and whispered to her:

"You marry any man you please," she said. "Your father—is a good man," she ended abruptly and followed him upstairs.

Magna sat in the little room. How extraordinarily quickly one could change one's life, change everything. There was Earl last night at this time, and there was Earl now. There was Alec, last night, here, drinking coffee, and now there he was, upstairs, thinking of her in the new way. And she herself—how safe and familiar it had been in her room, as she lay there listening to Alec's voice. And Bolo—Bolo had been happy in the thought of her, and perhaps he was still happy, thinking that she belonged to him—oh, no, he must not think that. She must find him, must tell him the truth—that it was Alec now, that she had so suddenly chosen. . . . Had she chosen? Or had something chosen for her? The ancient sense of inevitability seemed about to give her refuge.

But to leave Bolo in his fool's paradise—that she must not do.

She went swiftly to the telephone and rang up the little hotel. Dr. Marks had not come in, had not been in the whole evening. There had been several calls for him. She rang his office number. No answer.

But as she listened to the recurrent ringing, knowing how it sounded and echoed in the snug little room, it seemed to her as if he must hear her calling him. Where was he? He could not possibly have gone away without leaving her some message. Something had happened. Something had happened!

Then, with fearful suddenness, the recurrent ringing at the other end ceased in a curious shattering sound, a tingling of a telephone bell, a crash of the instrument. Then silence.

She sprang up. She could not call her mother without her father's questioning, and certainly she could not

call him for Bolo. She slipped out of the house, in the warm night, and ran down the street.

Bolo's office was but a half dozen blocks away. The streets were not yet emptied, and the sight of Magna, in her reddish gown, her bright hair about her face, brought cries from a few revelers who thought her one of them. One or two knew her and called to her as she ran, but she made no answer. Her shortest way lay through the main street, and this way she took, regardless of the idlers who still hung about. She saw no one whom she could ask to go with her—there was no one whom she wanted to go with her. She ran through the lighted streets and reached the stairway to Bolo's office.

The stairway of this old building was dark and steep. She groped her way up. She had been there but once, on that day when she and Bolo had told their love by Bolo's desk—the

desk from which she was sure that the telephone had just gone crashing down.

She made her way up the hall—oh, what one in that interminable row of doors was his door? She felt her way along, tried a door when she thought she had reached his, found it locked, tried another.

Now she heard a sound, hoarse and querulous, a long rattle and ring, as a telephone is rung when the receiver is off the hook. Then it was as she had thought—the instrument had fallen or had been pushed. Guided by the sound she got to his door, and the latch yielded. She peered into the blackness.

The room was faintly lighted by the lamps in the street. Near the desk on the floor she thought that she could discern the hunched and crumpled figure of a man.

"Bolo!" she cried. "Bolo!"

Like a breath more than like a word, she heard someone answer.

(To be concluded)





ENGLISH AMATEURS AND AMERICAN PROFESSIONALS

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

IN 1929 an innocent Englishman abroad in America was apt to pain his American friends with a pessimism, which, they felt, should have been left on the other side of the Atlantic. In 1932 Englishman and American contemplate hand in hand the ruins of their ways of living and wonder what can be done about them. Sometimes in this new communion of spirit we may even go so far as to agree that our countries are making such a mess of things that only because we are trapped animals do we persist in them instead of migrating to countries like Spain and Mexico. For there at least, though comforts may not be omnipresent, we should be spared the consciousness that a growing proportion of our fellows are a prey to gnawing uncertainty. We should exchange our baths and telephones for freedom from bread lines and bank smashes.

But when an American says to me, "Oh, let's escape from the machine age into Spain or Mexico," I suspect that he is merely talking. For there is no real peace for the distracted American soul in that direction, although I believe that there is peace for the English soul. When Americans begin to emigrate they will go to Russia and leave us to go to Spain alone; that is inevitable, because of a fundamental difference in our national passions—a difference which can be traced throughout all the phases of our

daily lives and which lies at the bottom of our several failures in the face of modern scientific civilization.

In a sentence this difference is that the Englishman worships the cult of amateurism, he wants to like doing things; but the American worships the cult of professionalism, he wants to get things done. Even in habits of drinking you see the difference: the Englishman drinks slowly because he likes his liquor; the American gulps because he wants the effect. And whenever England has failed in modern life it can be shown to be because of amateurism in the wrong place, while in the case of America it can equally be shown to be because of professionalism in the wrong place. A very brief survey will prove the truth of this sweeping generalization.

In the first place the cult of the amateur has forced the Englishman to live in the maximum of discomfort and inconvenience. Amateurishness in England begins at home. The stately homes of England are monuments to it. To the tourist they are picturesque; but we should never forget that the picturesque is better to look at than to occupy, and of the English home it may be said that, as with the orthodox heaven, "*one day in thy courts is better than a thousand.*"

A little while ago a progressive school in England was building new boarding accommodations. The dietitian—American-trained, since we English, in

our amateurish way, still eat food rather than vitamins and calories—looked over the plans. She knew that for x children it would take y cubic feet for equipment to raise the necessary bath water to an appropriate temperature. She told the architect that although his Gothic features were sufficient, there was not enough room in the kitchen for essential heating apparatus. "If you want more hot water," he replied, "all you have to do is to get the servants up an hour earlier." No single sentence could have given contemporary England away more completely. In the old days the English home was an exquisite hybrid; the cult of the amateur pervaded the boudoir, the library, and the rose garden; the slaves were in the kitchen. You could live and be happy then. But conditions have changed, and the growing discomfort of the English home to-day is due to our having clung to the cult of the amateur after we have lost our slaves. We continue to build, to furnish, to cater with that thoughtlessness which is all very well when you can pay professionals to make the best of it and to gloss over our faults with their hard work, but this is apt to pall when it becomes a question of doing the work ourselves. We scorn to train our daughters to do the jobs they will have to do if they are to be homemakers; we neglect to learn about the slaves of the new world such as electricity, and we are so used to assuming that the bell will be answered that long after the race of servants has disappeared we keep on ringing for them metaphorically.

The age-long symbol of the home, the family hearth, is a symbol also of our national differences. In England the hearth is open and inefficient; there are very few architects who can build a fireplace which does not smoke. The orthodox procedure is to build your house and suffer a few weeks of as-

phyxia and then you call in an expert on smoky chimneys to remodel at great expense the aperture, the flue, and the chimney pot. Then you are at liberty to burn wood and coal in the most extravagant way known to man, to be an English gentleman, and to remain cold all the rest of your days. A by-product of the system is the notorious English complexion, due not so much to health as to frost bite. In America, on the other hand, professional heating has insured that no room shall be fit for anything but hot-house plants and a fauna used to dry desert air and wearing practically no underclothing to speak of. Again we have the by-product of the American complexion and an obsession with what seems according to the advertisements to be the American botanical study, the vagaries of the "intestinal flora."

The pity is that thanks to the cult of the amateur and the cult of the professional there is no third choice; you cannot be just comfortably warm unless you abandon civilization altogether and choose climate rather than companionship.

II

The cult of the amateur begins at home, but it does not stay there. It is to be found in the wrong places throughout English life. Take for example the English woman. At home she cannot make herself or her man comfortable because she scorns to be professional in anything. Instead of investigating labor-saving devices, she sighs for servants and leaves it at that. As to her own person, for the most part she regards the use of cosmetics, the proper care of the hair, the proper wearing of clothes as turning a woman into a professional in the most deplorable sense of the word. She runs her house and herself on the assumption that she must be an unsullied amateur first, last, and all the time. In con-

sequence one often feels that, whereas in France even the plainest women never give up, in England even the most potentially beautiful are as like as not never to begin.

Now it is quite possible that American women are too professional in their pursuit of the art of being and looking charming and that this accounts for the twelve-in-a-box feeling one sometimes has on the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue. It is certain that a lady hiker in rough tweed breeches, silk hose, thick walking shoes, and lipstick has an amphibious air, as she takes the train for an outing up the Hudson. It is also certain that the English woman knows better how to dress for certain practical purposes such as getting wet in the rain. But it is a thousand pities that her cult of misguided amateurism prevents her from taking the little trouble that would make her natural charms irresistible. Though she may not be as inveterate a gardener as Miss Ruth Draper would have us believe, she certainly knows better than to pretend that the prettiest flowers grow in a state of nature. Yet she is afraid, owing to her traditions, to be thought too professional if she cultivates the garden in her face where cherries and white lilies should grow.

But she has even less excuse for worshipping the amateur when she becomes a business woman. It is there that her cousin in America out-distances her completely. Compare the serving of a meal in any public restaurant in New York with the same thing at our popular London human filling stations. It is not only the absence of iced water and grapefruit that makes the American at breakfast in London a symbol of human despair; it is also the air of the typical English waitress. If you must be served with bad coffee and unwanted foods, at least they should not be conferred on you as a favor.

If the impartial observer may take an English waitress as a symbol of amateurishness in the wrong place, it is not difficult to find for America a companion symbol of professionalism in the wrong place. It is those middle-aged ladies, looking like past vice-presidents of the W. C. T. U. called, I believe, floor clerks, who beam at you as you make for your burrow in certain large American hotels. These ladies have the obviously unattractive job of superintending the keys for men who are seeking a night's lodging during the distressing circumstance of a business trip. Yet they act as beaming hostesses to willing guests and hold up your progress to and from your rest by sententious remarks intended to create the atmosphere of that unpalatable fiction, a home away from home. Here we have the American woman learning bad habits from her brother; for one of the worst features of professionalism in the wrong place is the "keep smiling" attitude in situations where neither smiles nor tears are required but mere stolid vacuity of expression. But though this is bad enough, it is not worse than the English waitress who never stops reminding you that she is really the merest amateur without any professional pride. "They also serve who only stand and wait" should be the motto of their trades union.

An Englishman is always impressed by the fervent loyalty of the American business woman to her employers. I have quarreled violently with a friend who worked in a big department store simply because I claimed to have bought an article cheaper elsewhere. This is the thing which does not exist at all in England, a loyalty to one's business like the loyalty of one's grandmother to her church. To the Englishman it seems to lead to a complete distortion of values, and he finds it hard to adjust himself to a community where everybody not only is a sales-

man, but is proud of being one; where a man sells baths in the same reverent spirit towards the bath as a missionary has towards the gospel he preaches to the heathen. It seems to lead directly towards the worship of things, the true idolatry which is the deadly sin.

III

We pass on to an example of how the cult of amateurishness deprives the Englishman not merely of his comfort but of his health. No one can be familiar with the two countries without marvelling at American teeth and English toothlessness. It is not a matter of calcium and diet, but of social attitudes. Because the Englishman must have the amateur in the wrong place and thereby sometimes excludes essential professionalism, he resembles a gift-horse in one important particular at least. I know of nothing more likely to astonish the American than the contrasted English attitudes to the dentist and the doctor.

The English doctor is an amateur of the very finest type; he occupies a position in society with the Anglican clergyman and the country squire. It is true he has a profession, but it is one which by its very nature he can profess *con amore*. His work, in the first place, is with people; and to the English that is most essential if you are to retain amateur status. Work with things such as stocks—if stocks are still to be called anything so tangible as a thing—money, or goods, or even art products, tends to degrade anyone below the level of him who works with personalities. It is worthwhile repeating perhaps that the English doctor knows people as well as their diseases; for one is told that elsewhere over-professionalism has changed this, as in the case of the lawyer. The Englishman's doctor and lawyer concern themselves as much

with his complete ego as if they were both his father confessors. And so the doctor can enjoy his work, and indeed he had better, since much of it has to be done for love—he gets as many “God-bless-yous” as paying patients. Since he enjoys his work, he is an amateur, a gentleman, respectable; his wife will be a leader of society in any country town; his children, could he afford to send them, would be admitted to the best schools.

Now look at the dentist. He does not deal with people but only with people's mouths, and unless he is abnormal he cannot possibly enjoy his work. And so his wife is not called on and he has some difficulty in getting into the best club. He is more or less on the same level from which the surgeon graduated when he ceased to be the barber. He takes it out on the doctor as best he can by earning more money and by insisting on his bills being paid; for whereas you pay your doctor last, your dentist is paid along with the grocer. Can we wonder that on the whole dentistry in England is on a lower level than any other branch of medicine, and teeth the most neglected of English tissues.

I know of a cultured American dentist married to an English woman, who wanted to send his children to a good English school. Fortunately it was not until later that the authorities discovered that his doctorate was of dentistry rather than of medicine, for otherwise they would not have admitted the daughters to a school designed for the daughters of gentlemen.

And for all this we English have to pay heavily through the teeth, while our health suffers that amateurishness may live. We are not merely uncomfortable, but ailing, in the cause of our cult.

I understand that a great deal can be said about the effect on health in America of professionalism in the wrong

place; but this is not the person or the place to dwell upon that subject, except by way of contrast. The Englishman, we may say in passing, can never reconcile himself to the fact that in America the last generation was the last to be born in homes, since all children who can afford it are born in hospitals to-day. He feels that there was something respectably amateur about the older habit, while it never seems to smack too much of mass production and hyperprofessionalism. This is probably mere prejudice—although the value of the new way has not yet been shown in mortality statistics—and in any case even England in this matter is becoming slowly Americanized. I know of a cultured English lady who succeeded in bringing forth a child alive with the help of two obstetricians, an anæsthetist, the family physician, with, in case of complications, a psycho-analyst in waiting in the next room; but even she preserved the home atmosphere.

Although the cult of the amateur in England has such deplorable results we must be willing to give it honor where honor is due. It is certainly of importance to human welfare that those whose business is with persons should retain as much as possible of the spirit of the amateur, for without it much that is essential will be lost. Thus the doctor, the lawyer, and the teacher enter into human relationships with their clients just as much as do husbands and wives, fathers and sons, brothers and sisters with one another. The basis of their contact is, or should be, emotional; they should feel affection, or their labors, whatever their technical qualifications, will be in vain. Substitute the clinic for the family physician, or the mechanical law firm for the family solicitor, and you are doing for those professions what intelligence tests and all the paraphernalia of grading and measurement have

done to education: you are degrading a profession which has to do with people to the level of those which have to do with things. It is the reverse process that is needed, the exaltation of the dentist, not the mechanization of the doctor.

In England the family doctor, to whom a lifetime of sympathy has given a true insight into ailing humanity, will tell you modestly that he is a bit of an amateur psychologist. America seems full of professional psychologists whose statistical study of behavior patterns, motivations, and the rest have not left them time to notice that persons exist. I have known several amateur psychologists stop people from suicide, often for poor reasons no doubt, but your professional psychologist tends to confine himself to explaining why people commit suicide when they have done so. If I am right in believing that there is more of the latter than of the former in America, is it not because of the fetish that such knowledge comes from "taking a course" rather than from living? Do we not need the love of a friend, of a beloved amateur physician, even more than the "transference" a psychological doctor can give us, just as another doctor can give us a counterirritant or blister?

IV

The cult of the amateur in the wrong place can be studied in another aspect by considering the English attitude towards games, and especially towards that national emanation, which is so English as to seem as pointless to an American as *Punch* itself, cricket. We have seen that the amateur is always regarded as socially, even morally, superior to the professional, with strange results; but in cricket you see it most clearly enunciated that a professional cannot possibly be a gentleman.

Cricket is played by mixed teams of amateurs and professionals, unlike football where the two types seldom meet on the same side or even in the same competitions. You might think that the little fact that one player makes sufficient money elsewhere in another business so that he does not have to demand payment for his share in the game, while another gives all his time to the game and must, therefore, get his subsistence from it, should make no difference if both are admitted to the same team. But you would be wrong. It makes very nearly all the difference.

To begin with, if an amateur and a professional chance to begin the innings together—in cricket there are two "batsmen" instead of one as in baseball—they will start their journey to the playing field from different doors of the players' pavilion. The professional must not use the fact that he is playing on the same team with the amateur to impose himself on his company when off the field of play; he must occupy separate quarters like a colored man on a Southern street car.

When next day the *Times* or *Morning Post* gives an account of the game with the full score, the distinction is rubbed well in. If you are an amateur your name will appear as Mr. W. Smith, but if a professional you will be Smith (W). The man who is so good at the game that he can make money by it is obviously not entitled to a prefix, while the bank clerk who plays "for the love of the game" is singled out by the mark which stands, in this particular, for a gentleman. At the end of the season a team captained by Mr. W. Smith meets another captained by Smith (W)—his only chance for leadership—and it will be called "Gentlemen versus Players."

There is in all this a suggestion that in some way or other it is not good form to be *too* good at anything, or at least

that nothing should be taken very seriously. It is in keeping with the fact that cricket, which after all involves a considerable amount of running, was until two generations ago played in top hats and is still played in long trousers, as if to prevent perfection by handcuffing the free movement of the performer. Moreover, the Englishman in America when he is honest must confess that the clothing of a football player is quite repulsive to him, savoring as it does of a professional efficiency more suitable for diving as a business or for the battlefield. It is probably the same national trait that laughs at the ponderousness of German scholarship. It is constantly cropping up in unexpected places; for instance we English are great gardeners, but nowhere in England could you find anyone capable of transplanting a large tree, as is done daily in America. Perhaps the amateur gardener would feel too much like a professional quarryman. In the same way the gentleman farmer refuses to have anything to do with the sort of co-operative methods which have made a success of the California citrus industry. It is as if he wants to know his cabbages personally and is afraid of having them mixed, as babies are said to be mixed in large lying-in hospitals. In this feeling for the individuality of products of industry we have indeed but another instance of this fundamental trait which distinguishes the English from the Americans. The English attitude to industrial products is that of William Morris, just as the American is that of Henry Ford, although so far neither nation follows its leader in practice except spasmodically and as often as not in the wrong context.

To return for a moment to sport. We can discern yet another of the obscure characteristics of this cult of the amateur in certain religious atti-

tudes. The only games which may be played widely and without protest in England on Sunday are those which are least associated with professionalism, notably golf and tennis. There are various reasons suggested for this, among them the most hypocritical is that professional games would force people to work on Sundays. Again we have the curious assumption that the amateur playing cricket for the love of it enjoys his afternoon though he fails to score, while the professional on the same side, who scores a century, must be miserable since he is paid to do it.

We cannot go deeply into the question of how the cult of the amateur affects religion. It is clear that the country parson of the Church of England is regarded as an amateur and a gentleman, whereas the minister of a non-conformist chapel, Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, is hardly a gentleman at all. It is possible that this is because the parson does not take his business of cure of souls very seriously, while the other often goes methodically to work to save his congregation. The two are really like Mr. W. Smith and Smith (W); they belong to the same team, but they go from different doors, and for the same reason.

I am told that the attitude towards sport in America is different, and one reads frequently that professionalism is a curse in colleges and elsewhere. The cult of the professional in the wrong place may very well do for American sport what the opposite cult does in England. But the danger to sport in America seems to me not so much that some people may be paid for their services to a team, but that inevitably hypocrisy will find a way round any defense that can be put to safeguard the amateur status. Surely the only safety for sport in the modern world is to abolish therein the very

idea of amateurism. To retain it is to court the same hypocrisy that comes from having the nations sign agreements not to use the most efficient weapons in wartime, but only to kill one another with out-of-date firing pieces and to maim with laughing gas rather than lethal. It is the cult of the amateur that makes sport crooked.

V

The cult of the amateur in the wrong place forces the Englishman to be uncomfortable, unhealthy, and even absurd in his sport and religion; because of it he takes not only his pleasures but his wife and home and God a little sadly. Farther than this, it affects his education, his business, and his political life.

In the last century the cult of the amateur was advantageous in all three activities: in education it preserved the timelessness of the Middle Ages amid the rapid change of the industrial revolution. Oxford and Cambridge, until the bombshell of August, 1914, were perfect places in which to let the hours go by. It is not surprising that post-war Americans, nauseated by the cult of professionalism, dream of transplanting Oxford to New England or Lake Michigan.

The amateur in business produced the Forsyte saga, a rigid combination of love of your work with business methods. The amateur in politics, with its happy warrior imperialists, its House of Commons as the best men's club in the world, its proconsuls and its philanthropist reformers, was in its way a very noble thing. It is perhaps regrettable that changing times have cast a gloom upon all three.

Take first of all the politician. Until the War, at least, England had nicely balanced the need for the amateur and the professional; statesmen and parliamentarians, who expected to gain

nothing at all financially from their labors were backed by professional but incorruptible civil servants, who worked just as well under a socialist as under a conservative government. The spirit of the disinterested amateur inspired legislation and the spirit of proud professionalism loyally administered it, whatever the private opinion of the administrator upon party political issues. Behind it all was the theory that if a man had been educated at the right school, Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and had gone to the right college at Oxford or Cambridge he was by that reason fitted for politics. Moreover "right" in this context was defined by a scale of social values and involved no technical training of any sort.

Strangely enough, the theory worked even in the most unlikely cases. You sent a young man out to Africa and gave him fifty thousand square miles of territory to administer with no other white man near him, and he did it admirably. The natives recognized his amateur status and trusted him as a bulwark against the unscrupulous trader. There in the midst of swamps and fevers he would remain obsessed by only two emotions, desire to do his job perfectly and homesickness. Kipling was his Homer.

But now all that is gone. At home socialist members of Parliament have come to Westminster seeking not a club but a judgment seat. In the opinion of Dean Inge—who represents in our time the England which Dr. Johnson represented in the eighteenth century—it is a change for the worse. Abroad the natives seem to want to take upon their own shoulders the burden once accepted by the English amateur. Meanwhile, instead of problems taking a generation to mature and permitting men to be stupid about them for years without destroying civilization, vital matters come up needing to be solved overnight and re-

quiring expert professional knowledge if they are to be solved aright. The amateur is distinctly out of place in the new politics; he can never get over the effect of his last great achievement, the Treaty of Versailles. Everybody agrees that the great political question of the day is the rival merits of a dictatorship of experts and a democracy of amateurs.

When we think that the cult of the amateur in politics has as its larger achievements the British Empire, the Balance of Power, the Entente Cordiale, and the Treaty of Versailles we are likely to be somewhat impatient of it. We shall do well, however, to remember that the cult of the professional in the wrong place in politics has done a good deal of harm in America and elsewhere.

I have been several times told by wealthy Americans that the reason why politics is corrupt in America is that "we are a young country and our men have been so busy building up the wealth of the country that they have not had time yet to turn to politics." There is in this, among other absurdities, the idea that politics is a job like selling bonds, only less lucrative and, therefore, to be left to less gifted men. That you should feel your politics much as you feel your being in love is not expected by the average American. Politicians are not supposed to be in politics for their health, and yet it might be better if everyone were in politics for his spiritual health. One feels sometimes, looking on from the outside, that at election time the electorate feel themselves voting for rival business firms which are expected to make money out of their job. Instead of voting for an attitude towards life, votes are cast as a contract might be given for delivering a million bathroom fittings.

It may seem curious that the cult of the amateur should have been allowed to play havoc with English business,

and yet it has certainly had its effect even here. We have seen that the English waitress insists upon defending her amateur status by rationing her civility, but we may be inclined to regard this as a phenomenon of feminism rather than of national business methods. British business was built up in the first instance on a foundation of amateurism; the foreign trader's strong card was his being a gentleman. Jones built up his family "house" on his character and handed it on to his son. Now the amateur is of course an individualist, since personal taste is his chief guide, and Jones and Son regarded their individuality as the most important thing about them. Jones and Son as a business was worthwhile chiefly because it was not Robinson and Son which dealt in precisely the same market and in precisely the same way. All the mutual interests of the two businesses were as nothing to the really important fact that Jones could not possibly be Robinson and vice versa. And then there came an age where changing conditions meant that if the two gentlemen and their two sons were to survive economically they must lose their separate identities; they must amalgamate; they must become Jones and Robinson or even, worse still, Smith and Co. But by doing this the mainspring, the spirit of the amateur, would be thrown on the scrap heap; the Forsyte tradition discarded; and what would it profit the participants if they gained all the business in the world and lost their own private souls? Thus the cult of the amateur has prevented the adoption of new methods of business organization and aggravated the harm done by other adverse factors which England has had to face.

Abroad we see the same thing: two generations ago the "you can take it or leave it" attitude of the amateur in business was successful because there

were few competitors and the things were good. To-day nobody wants such good things and the competitors are implacably professional. Take, for example, the German in Spain and the Englishman in Spain. Hardly had I settled into my little mountain village to be an amateur undisturbed, when there came to my door a Spanish workman sent from a factory fifteen miles away to consult me. They had bought some expensive and, I expect, excellent machinery from England, but they could not use it, as all the instructions for setting it up were in English. Knowing as I did, that the typical Englishman's idea of how to translate his language into a foreign language is to shout it louder, I was not surprised; but I could not but compare the amateurism with the German efficiency. A German wishing to trade in Spain settles down, learns the language, and imitates the habits of the natives. Rather than segregate himself with his fellow-expatriates in a club, he will as like as not marry a Spanish wife. How can England hope to compete against such thoroughness? She can merely revenge herself with the contempt of an amateur for a professional.

VI

The cult of the amateur in the wrong place in England and the cult of the professional in the wrong place in America have brought the two countries to a precarious position, and it is not surprising that quite a number of their inhabitants long for escape from the tedium which they have caused. Taking a long view, we can see in them the starting point of a new period of nomadism, for I doubt whether either England or America, as communities, will ever rid themselves of such fundamental characteristics. The only way for the discontented individual to save himself is to migrate. And English

and American will migrate in different directions. The Englishman wants to get back into the past where England was more amateur than she is now, the American to migrate into the future where professionalism, set on its legs again, will achieve even greater triumphs. And so the Englishman's escape from the machine age is to a country like Spain, which he will come to regard as simply a more amateur England; the American on the other hand will migrate to Russia where to-day one hundred per cent Americanism really flourishes. In Spain the Englishman will not have to do anything except what he likes doing; in Russia the American will find that nothing matters so long as you get it done.

At the moment we are suffering all the unpleasantness of a transition period wherein masses of people have reached a stage of discontent, but have not yet felt the intolerable urge to push on somewhere else. We try to stabilize ourselves at present by learning from the other; England murmurs gently about Ford and rationalization, America about Oxford and leisure and Mexico versus Middletown. But soon we shall come to ourselves, the rebel English will raise the standard of the amateur and push off into the past by way of Spain and such countries; the rebel Americans will return to the life of the frontier and the pioneer and re-

cross the Atlantic to their new geographical abode in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. When the rebels have gone, England and America will settle down in earnest to their curious pastime of imitating one another's vices and ignoring one another's virtues. The American will take from the amateur his polo and tall hats, his nonchalance and snobbery, and will retain his own professional politics and justice and his worship of work for work's sake. England will retain what America takes and take what America retains, and the result will be true hands across the sea and English-speaking unity.

It would, of course, be better for each country to accept the fact that it does certain things well and other things badly and to solve the problem by continuing to do what it does well and getting the other country to do the rest. Then we should have both the cult of the amateur and the cult of the professional, back in the right place; but the chance of this happening is remote. We are more likely to wake up suddenly and find that while we have been thinking of all this, millions of our fellow-men through our inefficiency are starving and insisting upon being fed. And out of the turmoil will come a community fit neither for amateurs nor professionals but only for machines.



ARE ALL MEN HUMAN?

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

IN AN essay called, "Why We Do Not Behave Like Human Beings," Mr. Ralph Adams Cram sets forth the thesis that the vast majority of us do not behave like human beings because we are not. The great nineteenth-century doctrine of progressive evolution, which makes *homo sapiens* the crowning glory of creation, is baseless; evolution does not work that way, but is catastrophic rather than progressive. *Homo sapiens* is a zoölogist's classification, not a psychologist's. From the latter's standpoint, most members of *homo sapiens* are not human beings at all; the human being is an occasional product, whereof the mass of *homo sapiens* is merely the raw physical material. Psychically, this mass is not differentiated in any essential respect from certain classes in what we call "the lower orders" of creation, and it has not undergone any essential change since the Neolithic Period. Except for certain camouflages, and certain proficiencies acquired chiefly in a mimetic way, it is precisely what it was ten thousand years ago. It is to-day, as it was then, merely the basic raw material out of which, by some process as yet undetermined, the occasional "human being" is formed as a species which is psychically distinct from that of his zoölogical fellows.

It may be said that while Mr. Cram is a great authority on architecture, he is not an authority on these matters, and is, therefore, not in a position to command overmuch serious attention

to what he says about them. This might all be very well if he stood alone, but he does not stand alone; other writers have lately put out the same idea independently. If true, it is the most important news that has come before the world since the Middle Ages. Are we, or are we not, right in accepting the purely zoölogical classification of human beings? Are we, or are we not, right in assuming that every member of *homo sapiens* is a Man? This is the question that I think should engage the profound consideration of anthropologists and psychologists, for the answer to it seems to me to go to the root of our entire system of values, moral, political and social.

A few months ago I published anonymously some diffident speculations about the nature of man, and this brought me from Dr. S. D. McConnell his remarkable book called *Immortality*. Doctor McConnell is one of the ablest men in America, and has put in an uncommonly long lifetime on the study of his subject. He has apparently trued up his work by every available kind of special authority, and so far as I can see, it is thoroughly scientific in spirit as well as in form. At the outset he lays down the exact fundamental thesis that Mr. Cram has laid down in his essay:

"It has been generally taken for granted that 'Man' occupies a unique and solitary place at the head of the ranks of living creatures, with an impassable chasm between him and them. For the naturalist this is

satisfactory, but for the psychologist it is wholly misleading. Psychic phenomena disregard it entirely. The classification is determined by physical data solely. The problem . . . has been hopelessly obscured by the traditional presumption that all those living creatures classed as Man on physical grounds are also Man on psychical grounds. . . . The broad lines of demarkation which mark off species from species as to physical structure and function, do not at all coincide with the path by which mental evolution has climbed. The point . . . will be found, not at that which separates man from brute, but at that which separates one kind of man from the rest."

Again, in another place Dr. McConnell says:

There are psychic relations between man and animal, even more intimate and real than the physical connection of man with man. Measured by psychic standards, the interval between the lowest man and the highest man is a hundredfold greater than that between the lowest man and the brute.

Meanwhile, three thousand miles away, the Spanish philosopher Ortega y Gasset writes a brilliant book called *The Revolt of the Masses*, which, to me at least, is quite unintelligible on any other assumption than that a portion of the human race is psychically a distinct species, answering only physically to the zoological classification of *homo sapiens*.

II

If the vast majority of what we call the human race are not human beings at all, then certainly a great many things that have always puzzled the moralist are fully accounted for; but they are accounted for in a way that must be far more disheartening to the moralist than his present way of accounting for them. Certain traits and instincts that we commonly speak of as belonging to "human nature" are put over into an entirely different category, but the worst of it is that when they are

put there they look a great deal more formidable and discouraging than they did before. If they really belong to brute nature, not to human nature, and if the poor brute *homo sapiens* has made no appreciable headway against them in ten thousand years, what prospect is there that at the end of another ten thousand he will have done any better? None that I can see. The moralist's hope that he will somehow progressively evolve himself across the chasm that separates his species from the generality of mankind, seems to be without foundation. There seems little chance that he will ever graduate himself into a life that is properly human. Like most intelligent animals, he can be to some extent domesticated, to some extent instructed, and so long as nothing too strongly moves him to forget his training, he will behave in a conventional accord with it; but that is about the best he can ever be counted on to do. Again, like the bee or the ant or the beaver, he can organize a society very efficiently for certain purposes, but those purposes will never be human purposes, nor will this society ever become a human society.

Here, apparently, we have an explanation of the anomalies that our so-called human society has always presented, and also an indication of the way that a thoughtful person should regard them—assuming, of course, that the explanation is valid. During the late war, for example, I had the instructive experience of seeing numbers of people who were well placed in civil society, acting like maddened apes. If you described their conduct to a man of science, he could not possibly tell you whether it was the conduct of "man" or "beast." If these people were human beings, they presented a disturbing anomaly, no doubt, and the reflective person would take note of it accordingly. But if they were not hu-

man beings, their conduct was regular enough, and it would make an entirely different impression on a reflective person's sensibilities.

There is only an apparent anomaly, too, in the phenomenon of a "human" society motivated by ruthless acquisitiveness. Professor Sakolski's recent book, *The Great American Land Bubble*, is the first attempt, as far as I know, at a history of land-speculation in America, and is correspondingly valuable. For us who have been bred to the notion that "human nature" is perfectible, or even measurably improvable, it is rather dispiriting reading, for it shows two hundred years of supposedly human society motivated precisely like Carlyle's "Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others," or as we ourselves have observed it in the days of the Florida land-boom or the "Coolidge market." But if our society is not, and never has been, preponderantly a human society, it has behaved quite as one would expect it to behave. It is characteristic of brute nature to take and keep all it can get, regardless of the needs of others of its kind, and also to exploit or capitalize those needs for its own benefit, when possible. If, therefore, the mass-man is not a human being, but purely a brute, there is no anomaly in his doing so, and no one should be surprised or particularly grieved at his behavior; and right here one makes the interesting observation that hardly any one *is* surprised or grieved. Most of his fellow-beings instinctively accept his behavior as natural, and think nothing of it; and possibly this instinctive acceptance might be held to have some evidential value in this matter of determining the mass-man's psychical status.

In fact, I do not at the moment recall a single apparent anomaly in the collective behavior of man that this idea does not resolve. It accounts for the curious

fact that a society will always take the short-time point of view on its own interests. Brutes do not look beyond the prospect of immediate benefit; it is this trait that enables trappers to victimize them. Similarly, a whole society will plunge headlong into a war or an election or any kind of mass-movement with no thought whatever of anything beyond an immediate interest, even though it may be clear that in the long run the movement will be ruinously unprofitable; and this trait enables the sagacity of demagogues to become effective. The mass-action of people is proverbially compared to the mass-action of sheep; and if in the main they are no more nearly human than sheep, the proverb merely transfers itself from the realm of allegory to the realm of fact.

If the human being is psychically a species distinct from *homo sapiens*, we should naturally expect the mass-man to be a great deal handier at a mechanical enterprise than at a moral enterprise; and so, in fact, he is. There is nothing more remarkable about him than the immense disparity between his mechanical proficiency and his moral proficiency. The mechanical wonders of the radio, or of stagecraft, or of printing and electrotyping are almost insignificant by comparison with the moral wonder of the uses to which they are most commonly put. Henry George once remarked how strange it was that human beings were smart enough to build the Brooklyn Bridge, but not smart enough to keep a lot of condemned wire from going into it. But if the promoters of this enterprise and the society behind them were alike preponderantly non-human, there is nothing strange about it. Engineers, I believe, are much venerated just now, so perhaps one risks punishment for *lèse-majesté* in saying that proficiency in engineering is not a human characteristic. Actually, however, it is not,

as anyone acquainted with the proficiency of the beaver or the brown rat will testify. A human being may be a good engineer, but that a good engineer is necessarily a human being is another question altogether. A non-human society may conceivably be glad to avail itself of a bridge, glad to use it for purposes that in general may be harmless and praiseworthy enough, but are essentially no more nearly human than a beaver's purposes, and be content to take the short-time point of view on the sort of material it is made of.

Again, if the race is preponderantly non-human, one would expect it to show a blank insensitiveness to moral considerations in all the more general problems affecting its collective life; and just so, we find, it does. It is notorious that the mass-man is very little interested in either the irrationality or the injustice of his social maladjustments; what interests him is their inconvenience, their unfavorable effect upon his personal concerns. The reformer finds to his chagrin that an appeal to reason or the moral sense does not get him very far, and that his cause is likely to languish unless and until some pressing sense of inconvenience arises to back him up. It was so in the case of the slave trade, for instance; moral considerations apparently had very little to do with England's abolition of the slave-trade. They seem also quite as ineffectual in the case of the traffic in drugs. Probably the influence of disinterested humanitarianism on improving the conditions of labor and the conditions of the poor, has been much exaggerated. One cannot be quite sure that it has much to do with the enormous outlay of public funds for the relief of destitute persons in England, Germany, and the United States, at the present time; at least, one notices that heretofore where there has not been, as there is now, some good collateral reason for buying

off discontent and turbulence, it has never been done in any large way.

In a non-human society, again, one would expect to find moral considerations especially uninfluential in politics, and one usually does find them so; under a republican form of government, like ours, or under a quasi-republican form, like England's, one invariably finds them so. John Bright said that the British Parliament had done some good things, but he had never known it to do one merely because it was a good thing. One must also remark with interest that in a republic every extension of the franchise has been accompanied by a deterioration in the character of politics and in the personnel of the public service; and this, too, is by hypothesis what one would look for. When England extended its franchise in the last century, Mr. Mill asked pathetically how it was possible to produce great men in a country where the test of a great mind was agreement with the opinions of small minds; and one can easily paraphrase this saying to suit the terms of our hypothesis. Allowing everything in reason for other contributing causes, there is at least a striking coincidence in the fact that the American public service, all over the land, became fully twofold more irresponsible, unscrupulous, and scandalously wasteful almost at the moment when the electorate was practically doubled by the extension of the suffrage to women.

If the truly human being is an occasional product, standing in a distinct species, one would expect him to be relatively ineffectual in the non-human society that surrounds him; and this seems always to have been the case, and never more clearly so than now. The Antonines were much respected, much beloved. After Marcus Aurelius died, it seems that almost every Roman household had a bust of him in its possession. Yet with all this, and with

all the power of autocracy behind their will, the moral force of the Antonines was relatively ineffectual in improving either the quality of the Roman mass-man or the direction of Roman public affairs. We see the same apparent anomaly everywhere. The mass-man may or may not give the human being's works and ways a tribute of conventional respect; whether he does so or not depends as a rule upon the human being's civil and social status. If Marcus Aurelius had been a private person, the mass-man would probably have disregarded him. In any case, however, the mass-man's practical choice is usually for some Barabbas; at the present time, for instance, it is a stock complaint that moral, social, and intellectual mediocrity reign supreme. But if the mass-man is not human, his choice is not anomalous, but quite natural and regular, and the existing state of society is exactly what one would expect it to be.

So one might go on throughout the long list of apparent anomalies that our society exhibits. May I say once more that I am not making out a case either for or against the hypothesis that the mass-man is not human? I am only trying to show how important it is that we should get the anthropologists and psychologists to tell us whether he is or not. Is the Akka human; the Australian blackfellow; the South African bushman? The men and women who make up the overwhelming bulk of our society to-day—are they human, or are they not? That is the question to be answered. The men of science need not trouble themselves about the logic of their answer. Let them simply establish the premise and the logical consequences of the premise will take care of themselves.

III

After reading Mr. Cram and Doctor McConnell and Señor Ortega y Gasset,

I said to myself, "Here is a fine kettle of fish. Is it possible that these people really see the drift of what they are saying?" For as a matter of fact, if their premise be true, then from the human point of view the whole organization of modern society, for over a century and a half, is a thundering blunder. On its political side, the eighteenth-century doctrine of republicanism, on which the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution are based, turns out to be utterly false and mischievous. This doctrine assumes that if the mass-men take control of politics, if sovereignty be lodged in "the people" and exercised directly by them, they will in time work out a true commonwealth, a political order established on principles of justice, as set forth in the Rights of Man. The ground of this assumption, obviously, is that the mass-man is human, and therefore capable of a degree of development competent for this purpose; and indeed, if this be true, the doctrine is probably sound enough, the only postulate being that of practically unlimited time.

At the time our republic was established, Alexander Hamilton was one of many who were strongly against this doctrine. He objected to the experiment of putting sovereignty in the hands of the mass-man, and he expressed himself about it in terms that are curiously anticipatory of the idea that we are discussing. "The people," he said, "are a great beast." Now, if the anthropologists should decide that Hamilton was right about this, if the mass-man be literally and actually not human, if he be essentially incapable of any such degree of development as our eighteenth-century political theory presupposes, then surely republicanism is about the worst system that could be devised, even for the mass-man himself; for, in practice, instead of promoting any such limited development as the

mass-man, in common with the other more teachable and imitative forms of animal life, is capable of making, it seems bound to reflect the very lowest common denominator of the mass-man's intelligence and character, and its tendency must be continuously to depress that denominator ever farther. Thus instead of improving and elevating the mass-man by means of political experience, republicanism serves merely to degrade him.

This appears to be what we see taking place. The candidate for political favor is sedulously careful to approach the mass-man on a plane of intelligence and character which is never above that of the mass-man's ordinary self. It is a commonplace of republican politics that he not only does so, but must do so. The issues and policies that he presents must be such only as are adjustable to a potential majority in a mass-electorate endowed with an unlimited franchise. Thus every republican campaign reminds one of nothing so much as the scene described by Plato, where a huge, sluggish, obscene monster is surrounded by people who are assiduously flattering it, pretending to understand its noises, and in every imaginable way courting its good-will. Hence, by a selective process almost automatic, the political organization of a republican society is bound to be in control of the mass-man who is gifted merely with a low type of sagacity somewhat in excess of his fellow-creatures; whereby he is able to exploit their lack of intelligence, their vagrant attention, their superficial spirit, their hot and cold fits, their superstitions, their tendency always to run to the short-time point of view—and worst of all, their occasional good impulses, their occasional good faith, their boundless credulity, their weak hopes and weaker fears.

All this is extremely bad for the mass-man. What it does in the long run is

to snarl up his society in a terrific tangle, wherein he is utterly helpless. Not only the financial genius of Hamilton but also the transcendent philosophical genius of Hegel foresaw this consequence. Hegel said, at the outset of republicanism, that it would culminate in an unexampled catastrophe; for, when all comes to all, republicanism puts upon the mass-man a burden of responsibility which he is not only unable to bear, but wholly incapable even of comprehending. This view has been inconclusively debated ever since the end of the seventeenth century, and its satisfactory conclusion on *a priori* grounds now seems as remote as it was then. In our own history we find John Adams on one side of the question, saying that the political struggles of the mass-man, left to his own devices, could end only in "a change of impostors." On the other side we are confronted by the great name of Mr. Jefferson, who believed that the mass-man was indefinitely improvable, that he was capable of learning by political experience, and of learning fast enough to enable him to hold his society together in some sort of working order while he was learning more.

Now, it strikes me that the only way to settle this question is by determining scientifically just what the mass-man is. If the mass-man be a human being, then Mr. Jefferson's faith in him is justifiable. He can learn indefinitely by political and social experimentation, and while his society may come a hard cropper every now and then, he can pull himself together and go on experimenting; one may always be hopeful about him, no matter how badly he be mired at any given time. But if he be psychically incapable of progress beyond, say, the level of an eight-year-old human child, he cannot learn anything worth knowing from his own history, he will keep on mismanaging things as

he has always done, repeating the same old mistakes, and will end in catastrophe and chaos; and the remarkable technology which he commands will only hasten his final downfall.

So much is obvious on the political side of his collective life; and on the social side we see again that the quality of the mass-man's future depends wholly upon what manner of being he is. On the one premise, his society may go at extremely loose ends for some time, but one may always count on his ability to straighten it out, and set it going in a better direction, with something, at least, learned from its calamitous experience. On the other premise, one can look only for a progressive essential degradation; a progressive reliance upon technology alone, a progressive contentment with a purely technological civilization; and in a practically direct ratio with this, a progressive coarsening and enfeeblement of culture, and a progressive atrophy of such moral sense as the anthropoid possesses in common with the human being.

IV

The political and social reformer, the educator and the preacher should join in this demand which I am making upon the anthropologists and psychologists, for it appears that the worth of their enterprises is absolutely conditioned by the answer to the question I am raising. In the present state of our own national politics, for instance, the reformer must surely see that this question is very pressing. Our politics is

actually and by intention the simon-pure, unalloyed politics of the mass-man. Well, then, if the mass-man be human and improvable, the reformer's enterprise is justified. He may take heart of grace, and redouble his strength. If apparently he accomplishes nothing at the moment, he has at least the sustaining consciousness that he is on the side of the future. But if the mass-man be not human and not appreciably improvable, the reformer is wasting his life, and might far better employ himself otherwise, for not only is the present against him, but the future also.

So too with the preacher and the educator. It is a noble and delightful undertaking to evangelize and educate a mass-society, if this society be by nature capable of being evangelized and educated. But surely no one would deem himself acting with the simplest of ordinary common sense if he set out to evangelize or educate a society of anthropoids. Nay, if on this premise he should set out to find the occasional human being, to seine him out of his surroundings, and evangelize or educate him, his prospects would be as little hopeful, because he would have to proceed under the handicap of conditions set by anthropoids; for the management of education and the management of organized Christianity are alike mass-management.

Let us have it out once for all with the anthropologists and psychologists; let us insist that they stand and deliver, for this question is by far the most important of all that are now before the world.



The Lion's Mouth



THIS EARLY-BIRD NONSENSE

BY PHILIP CURTISS

FOR several years and in a rather mystifying manner I have found myself toying with what might be called a Thoreau complex—a secret desire to build a hut and start life anew in some complete but not too remote wilderness. In my case this was, until recently, somewhat puzzling because I was already living in a spot almost as rural as Walden Pond and, furthermore, I had few of the talents of the naturalist or woodsman. I knew or cared little about the habits of thrushes and such-like, while my efforts with a frying pan were inept and ludicrous. It was not until I followed the teachings of the newer psychology and probed my soul for its basest motive that, eventually, I found the answer. Then I realized that I longed to abandon all humankind and set up housekeeping in the woods merely in order that I might be able to sleep as late as I liked every morning.

At first sight this also seemed to be without logic, for woodsmen, of all people, are popularly supposed to be up with the dawn, plunging into icy lakes and singing yodels, but, nevertheless, my instincts had argued truly. Experience had taught them that what interfered with a natural, human

desire to get one's due rest was not quietude or the lack of it but mere social tradition. Whether I lived in East Thirty-Fourth Street or on top of Mount Washington, so long as I had one living companion or one righteous neighbor I should have to contend with the whole crushing weight of public opinion. My own family, to be sure, I might occasionally convince by tremendous and spectacular bursts of work late at night; but unless every casual caller, every chance tradesman, every distant cousin of my wife's, who might come to our door at nine o'clock in the morning, could invariably find me up and rubbing my hands briskly, I knew that the word would immediately go around, "Poor Mrs. Curtiss! Look at her slaving her fingers to the bone while that lout of a husband lies in bed half the day!"

The result one can easily guess. I continue to get up as early as ever, but I still despise the practice. I am still convinced that all activity before noon is a disgusting and unnecessary imposition on civilized man, and at last I believe that the time has come to say so. The one cry in the world at the moment is "Overproduction." In other words, too many people have been getting up too early and catching too many worms. All right, then. Why not simply keep every office, store, factory, and school-house closed until noon. In two weeks not only would the problem of overproduction be solved but the world would find itself inhabited by the happiest, healthiest, most reasonable population since the invention of the alarm clock.

The origin of the popular belief that the hours just after daybreak are somehow sacred and much more noble than any other hours of the day is easy to understand. Like many other obsolete creeds, its beginnings were pastoral and agrarian but, also like many similar beliefs, it has persisted in the popular mind long after every real reason for it has disappeared. The sun rises and ripens the grain, we have always been taught. Therefore we must also rise and get in the harvest. The beasts of the field are astir and mooing with the first rays of dawn. Therefore man must do likewise. "And oh the delights," cry the poets, "of treading the meadows while the dew is still on the grass and the blade of the mower swishes musically through the crystal globules!"

As a matter of fact, most of this is to-day utter nonsense, as must be apparent to anyone who has spent three days on a modern farm. Early peoples were forced to utilize all the daylight hours simply because of slow, primitive methods and the lighting problem. Under modern conditions there is no reason whatever why a successful farm could not be run on the same hours as a night club—if one had the whim—and some chicken farmers are already doing it. In actual practice the very early hours are the poorest of the day for most farm work, as the farmers themselves loudly proclaimed when Daylight Saving was forced upon them, and as anyone else can discover by trying to mow a lawn while the grass is still wet. As for the poets, a sunrise is remarkable to most people simply because of its novelty. The average sunrise is a pale, feeble thing compared to the average sunset, and no sunrise over lake or ocean can even approach in majesty the rise of the moon over the same body of water.

Domestic animals stir about and moo shortly after daylight for the same

reason that I do, myself—because human tyrants have taught them that they won't get breakfast at any other time. Left to themselves, animals keep no hours at all. They eat when they are hungry and sleep when they please. I have seen horses lying sound asleep in a field long after daylight and heard the same horses munching the grass at midnight. I once knew a crippled farmer who milked his cows at half-past nine every morning without the least harm, and a herd of Holsteins which was fed and milked regularly at noon and midnight would come to the bars at precisely those hours in complete defiance of the poets and the moralists. Going closer to the teachings of nature, we find that the hours of the average wild creature are just about those of a boulevardier. The early morning, for example, is the best time to catch fish, not because they are just getting up but because they are just going to bed. As soon as the sage perch and pickerel really understand that the dull, drab morning has begun they stick their noses in the mud and stay there until the lengthening shadows of the afternoon signal that the cocktail hour is close at hand.

Human beings, on the contrary, having once been caught in a vicious system, cast around to find pious reasons for their own feeble slavery. The favorite one is contained in the familiar saying that, "The brain is clearer and the body is more alert in the early morning." But are they? Medical science has always taught that vitality is at its lowest ebb just before daybreak, and I myself do not believe that either brain or body gets into its true stride until well after noon. To be sure, if you yank a man out of his best hours of rest and immediately put him on a treadmill, his strength will naturally begin to flag about three o'clock in the afternoon;

but that is very far from saying what would have happened if you had let nature take its own course.

Consider, for example, the special professions which are traditionally associated with night work—such as morning journalism or the theater. Can any such *esprit de corps*, such enthusiasm and endurance, such hearty joy in the work for its own sake be found in any of the daylight professions? Where do all the riotous, sparkling stories of newspaper life, the glorious legends of journalism arise? Among the afternoon papers, where the reporters go grudgingly to work at eight in the morning and sneak off at three? They certainly do not. They are invariably found among the morning papers where men and women go to work in the afternoon and willingly stay as late at night as anyone wants them. In the theater a spirited *matinée* would be impossible, both for actors and audience, if the house were not deliberately darkened to simulate nightfall. Study even a factory when the night shift is working under glaring flood lights and you will find both an elation and a concentration that are totally missing during the daylight.

The plain fact is that a normal mind grows keener and clearer with each hour that the day advances—unless it has been cruelly driven and abused at those early hours when it should have been slowly finding itself. The same, I sincerely believe, is true of the body. Can you imagine, for instance, a Yale-Harvard football game just after breakfast—or a prizefight at six-thirty A.M.?

Let the reader consider in his own case some occasion on which, with a group of fellow workers, he has gone back to the office to carry some press of work far into the night. Did not the task move with a speed and spirit that were quite amazing? And for once did not the dingy old office seem a

friendly, fascinating place? When a man comes home and boasts, "Well, we worked until midnight, but at last we got it!" he believes that what has accomplished results has been the mere brute accumulation of hours. What has actually happened has been that under the cosy concentration of artificial light and the day's natural maturity the minds of those present have at last begun to function and have accomplished in a few hours what had seemed a hopeless puzzle during the dawdling, green periods of the day.

When do all the great deliberative bodies of the world meet to settle affairs of international moment? None of them before eleven o'clock and most of them much later. The most successful of them—the British parliament—seldom convenes before teatime and usually not until evening. Why does the stock exchange open at ten if minds are so much more efficient at seven?

Now to all this I can see some early bird listening with a patronizing smile and getting ready to launch his last crushing answer, "But don't you realize that if you get up and get your work done in the early morning, you will have so much more time, later, for whatever you wish—for golf, tennis, tiddledewinks, or your stamp collection?"

Yes, I realize it, and that answer displays the weakness of the whole early-bird creed. The daylight demons, the so-called efficiency kings, do not get up early because they love work—as they like to pretend—but because they actually hate it. They wish merely to get it over with, like any unpleasant pill, and instead of devoting to it their mature, thoughtful hours, they give it merely their driven, slavish first moments. The ripe hours of the day, when they should be at their best, they reserve for pure sensual indulgence.

Contrast with this the truer heroism,

the finer courage of the man who lingers in bed until eight, nine, or ten. Whether he likes work or not, he has time to contemplate exactly what faces him, to sift its delights or realize its stark horrors. And, if he is not sure which is which, he turns over in the sheets and gives another half hour to meditation. Thus, when he finally arises, his point of view is that of the mental aristocrat who coolly takes off his coat and dives deliberately into the whirlpool, as against the coarse grunt of the man who is merely pushed off the dock. For him there is held out no sop of long luncheon hours and golf after three. In the rapidly mounting hours of the day he knows that there can be, in his case, nothing but work, with possibly a little chat late at night with his fellows and equals, and then sleep again. But *what* a sleep!



HAPPY ENDING

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

(With grateful acknowledgment to Archibald Marshall, master and teacher of the technic.)

THERE was a very nice man named Sherman D. Atwater Ph.D. who was a professor of Greek at a state university I've forgotten which one. They had eight thousand students at the university and the president said he confidently expected next year's enrollment to be well over the nine-thousand mark. Not many of the students knew about Professor Atwater because they were all enrolled in the College of Business Administration so they didn't have to study Greek and they thought Plato was the name of a brand of silverware. Doctor Atwater had only three stu-

dents in his classes one in advanced and two in beginners' Greek and the trustees must have forgotten about him because his salary was still twelve hundred dollars just what it had been twenty years before and as his wife was an invalid what with doctors' bills and all he had a hard time in making both ends meet in fact they hadn't met in quite a long time.

Doctor Atwater had a friend named Isaac Moses who was professor of Biblical History at the university. His salary was small too but he seemed to live very comfortably on it although he had six children and his mother-in-law to provide for. One day Doctor Atwater said to him how do you manage to live so well on your salary Moses I have a very hard time living on mine. Oh I don't live on my salary Professor Moses said. I suppose you have a private income said Doctor Atwater. No I haven't an income said Professor Moses. Well I wish you'd tell me how you manage then said Doctor Atwater. I suppose you've heard about the chauffeurs' school in the university the one they call the College of Automotivation said Professor Moses. No I can't say I have replied Doctor Atwater the university has grown so that I can't keep track of all the departments. Well there is one Professor Moses replied so I enrolled in it and learned to be a chauffeur in my spare time. I haven't many students in my classes so I drive a taxi in the afternoons and I earn twice as much this way as I do teaching Biblical History. I wish I could do something like that said Doctor Atwater I really can't live on twelve hundred dollars a year. Why don't you be a barber asked Professor Moses. There is a College of Tonsorial Art connected with the university or you could enroll in the College of Morticians and learn to bury people they are always dying and you could be sure of having work to do and

you would also earn plenty of money. Oh I think I'd rather be a barber said Doctor Atwater. Well that is a profitable profession too said Professor Moses but you mustn't call yourself a barber remember you will be a Professor of Tonsorial Art when you receive your diploma.

So Doctor Atwater decided that he would have to be a barber or starve and as the classes for his three Greek students came in the morning he enrolled in the College of Tonsorial Art and studied there in the afternoons and he learned how to shave people and to do facial massage and in the class in Tonsorial Courtesy he learned how to say "something on the hair sir?" so that customers would be sure to reply why yes I will have something what do you suggest? He was quick to learn so he had his degree as Doctor of Tonsorial Art in six weeks and they gave him a fine engraved diploma. They didn't know he was professor of Greek so the employment department of the university got him a job as head barber at the College Inn. A great many students came to the College Inn barber-shop for shaves and hair-cuts and they gave good tips and pretty soon Doctor Atwater had paid off all the doctors' bills he owed and he bought his wife a nice wheel-chair so that he could take her out for an airing in the evenings.

One day the president of the university came into the College Inn barber-shop for a shave and as Doctor Atwater was lathering him the president said your face looks familiar to me haven't I seen you before somewhere? It is possible Doctor Atwater said I am professor of Greek at the university and I only do tonsorial art in the afternoons. Greek? said the President oh yes to be sure Greek yes quite so. He was silent after that but when he went back to the university office which was located in the College of Business Administra-

tion he said to Dean Graphlover see here Graphlover have we a Greek department? Oh no said the Dean. Well I met a man this afternoon who said he is our professor of Greek and he has so little to do that he is a barber in his spare time. Wait till I look it up in the card-index the Dean replied. So he looked it up and he found that there was a Greek department and the head of it was Sherman D. Atwater Ph.D. Oxford Litt.D. College de France. And he found that there were only three students one in advanced Greek and two in beginners'.

This won't do Graphlover said the President and the Dean said no of course not but Professor Atwater only receives twelve hundred dollars a year so it really doesn't matter our net profits from football this season were well over nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That is neither here nor there said the President we can't have any departments that are not paying a substantial return on capital investment please phone Professor Atwater and tell him I want to see him we will settle this matter of the Greek department at once.

So the Dean phoned Doctor Atwater at the College Inn and told him he was wanted immediately at the President's office and to take a taxi to save time. Professor Isaac Moses' taxi was waiting outside the College Inn so Doctor Atwater took that and as they were driving to the President's office he said Moses I'm in luck the President has just discovered that I have to be a barber to eke out my salary I think he is ashamed because they have neglected the Greek department for so long and now he means to do something about it. Well I wouldn't be too sure said Professor Moses he may be going to do something but very likely it isn't what you hope it will be. I'm afraid you're a pessimist Moses Doctor Atwater replied. Yes I suppose I am said

Professor Moses I've been a professor too long to be anything else well here we are good luck to you I won't charge you any fare.

The President and Dean Graphlover were waiting for him in the university office and the President said see here Atwater we must make our Greek department more efficient what do you suggest Greek is a dead language is it not? Yes I'm afraid it is Doctor Atwater replied. Well we can't have any dead languages here said the President could you teach modern Greek? Yes I could if required Dr. Atwater replied but I would much prefer . . . Graphlover interrupted the President turning to the Dean look up our charts and see whether there might not be a demand for modern Greek. I have already replied the Dean. There are four million two hundred and thirty-one thousand Greeks in the United States two million and eighty-six thousand in retail fruit and confectionery trade and two million one hundred and forty-five thousand running shoe-shining parlors only two and one-half per cent of them speak English. In nineteen-thirty America's export trade with Greece amounted to \$21,246,000 and the Secretary of Commerce in Bulletin 987-A says that the reason for this small volume of business is that so few representatives in Greece of American manufacturing firms speak the language of the country. There are only four

colleges and universities in the United States teaching modern Greek. I have letters in our files from the Shino Shoe-Polish Company asking whether we can furnish them with graduates speaking idiomatic Greek and the Wholesale Fruit-Growers' Association wish to know. . . .

That is enough said the President. Atwater, to-morrow you become head of our Modern Greek department at ten thousand dollars a year.

So they moved Doctor Atwater out of the basement of the old recitation hall built in 1886 and he was given a fine suite of rooms in the College of Business Administration and pretty soon he had so many students that he had to teach most of his classes by phonograph records. He wasn't very happy but of course there was nothing to be done about it and anyway he could live comfortably and sometimes he would go for a ride in Professor Moses' taxi and they would discuss Greek and Sanskrit literature in the original tongues. But one day when the President was in a great hurry to get to a Chamber of Commerce mid-week luncheon he happened to take Professor Moses' taxi and he found out that Doctor Moses was professor of Biblical History at the university so right after the luncheon he hurried back to see Dean Graphlover and they made Professor Moses head of the department of Christian Ethics in Business.



OUR TUSSLE WITH MACHINES

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

ELECTION being over and its wild cries stilled, what is now the big immediate job?

Undoubtedly to feed the hungry and carry them through the winter. There are means to do it and the will to use the means, but there is choice of methods and of instrumentalities of distribution.

One says that is the immediate job—this winter's job preëminently, for it promises to be, so far as personal and individual need is concerned, the worst winter of the depression. People have talked about the necessity of avoiding the dole. Call it what you like! The Legionnaires prefer to call it payment in cash of what is politely termed "the adjusted compensation," but what we know as the bonus. If the Legionnaires are hungry they must be fed, they must be tided over the hard places just as other needy citizens must be, but unless they were damaged in the War or because of active service, not any more than other citizens. The unemployed, to a very great extent, are victims of circumstances over which they had no control. They were simply caught in a world crisis that deprived them of the power to make a living in such ways as they were used to.

This work is like the calls of the War when everybody took hold as they could, but in many ways it is

more difficult because the way to participate usefully has not yet been made so clear. Besides relief to the unemployed, there is the great problem of unemployment itself to be dealt with, and about that the minds we are used to think of as best minds still grope considerably. It is a worldwide job calling for international co-operations which are difficult to obtain, and domestic regulation which is difficult to enforce even if one knows what it ought to be.

The Election went as it did with such a sweep and such great majorities that it gave new courage to many people. It betokened release from blocs and organized minor interests and a sufficient backing for the new administration to get something done. It went far in the direction of being a non-partisan victory and encouraged the hope that after twelve years of mucking the United States seemed to have got to the point where it would climb out of the bog.

But what is the bog? What is the matter with us that nations cannot pay their debts, that there is a vast glut of commodities of all sorts produced and a great dearth of customers to buy them; that the world is full of persons unemployed, and that things in general seem no longer to work together for good? What ails us? Nobody has seemed very confident that he knew.

There has been this theory and that theory derived from other depressions and still other theories and expectations based on the opinion that there never before was a depression quite like this one.

Mr. Scott's article, the opening one in this number of this magazine, discloses very interesting and impressive views on this question of what is the matter. He has been associated with the "Energy Survey of North America," as described elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine, and the gist of his disclosure is that we are trying to live under a fiscal system that worked when the chief source of energy was human beings but has now finally collapsed because of the enormous increase in available energy that has come since Watt and the first steam engine as the result of wonder-workers and their achievements in technology. Mr. Scott says the Price System has broken down. He explains what he thinks the Price System is and why it has broken down, and his article leaves one with the feeling that if "technocracy," as he calls it, is our chief ailment we have wasted a lot of time talking about something else.

The idea is that machinery can make certain commodities so fast, and that new machines are so constantly arriving which can make commodities so much faster, that our old means of distribution have gone out of date; that we cannot go on buying things with something we call money whether it is gold, iron, or wampum, and that machinery has got us in a hole and is quite likely to squeeze the life out of us if we don't find our way to survival.

Of course it has made and is making great changes and affects this matter of employment; for people driven out of factories and out of other labor by improved machines are not going to find new jobs right away. Mass production seems hardly constituted in

itself to make men resourceful. If they are to become so it will rather be in their spare time than in their wage-earning hours. Samuel Butler in *Erewhon* told how machinery threatened to win control over human beings and was abolished. That might be done in real life if necessary, but there is no prospect of it. On the whole we like the machines and on the whole they promise to be of vast benefit to mankind. But the important thing is not the development of technology but of human life; and after all it is not machines which are going to determine human destiny but human beings.

All the same, at this time there is unemployment due to mass production and marvelous improvements in machinery, and that unemployment will not be cured in short order. We might destroy the machines, but we won't. The alternative so far as they are concerned is to get to work on human beings and try to give them sound and adequate instruction and assistance about going on with life under new conditions.

FOR really our world is full of people sorely perplexed, "up against it" as we say, and with very little idea which way to turn. The people who have something to fall back on, a large majority, can wait until the working-out of whatever cure is coming. Some of them don't. Suicide, the rate of which has so much increased, is not always due to actual want, but a good part of it to fear, to distress of mind, to hopelessness, not actually to a pinch of hunger but in some cases to apprehension that it is coming; in other cases to fear of a loss of fortune that will put the losers back on the dead level of human effort. People who have been pampered and had a good many things—which means almost all Americans—do not like the idea of losing them. Oh, well, they

won't, on a large scale, or permanently. Things can be made, the distribution has been checked, but it will go on again.

They say that in the next life there are many mansions and that they are not hand-made by celestial labor, but made by thought—by the use of powers attainable on that plane. We still in this life are getting appreciably nearer to that condition, particularly the technologists. Of course, the great power in our world and all conceivable worlds is thought. Everything must be thought before it is done, and we are getting to think that anything which can be thought can be done. Perhaps not, but the idea is much less outlandish than it used to be. Lo, the Empire State Building, the George Washington Bridge, that towering new structure in Rockefeller Center, and such things on the material side, and the improved communication—telephone, radio, and all that; and in spiritual and mental things quite an impressive increase of toleration. Thought being at the bottom of everything, the great job ahead is to improve it. Commodities will never satisfy the heart of man. He may go after them hard, he may get a lot of them; they may be very fine. One of the most grateful commodities possible is hot water. A vast amount of it is distributed nowadays and used. Much appreciated as it is, it is only an incident of life. In itself it will not make you happy, even though it may cleanse the outside of you. It is the inside that most matters.

Life during the past twenty years has been razzle-dazzle—the Big War, the Big Boom, the Tribulation—events crowding one another all the time, old props knocked out from under us: what one thought to be the proprieties of life very much chased about; and out of all this medley has come this enormously increased facility and speed in making things which people have

been used to want. It has not been such a good time for thinking, but it has been an excellent time for setting thought free. Thought is very much more on the loose than it was in 1912. People not only think anything they like but they talk about it, they write about it. By no means all the current thought makes for edification or for wisdom, but the exercise of thinking is good.

How will the depression affect it? A great many people have more time to think than they used to have; but thought in this plane has to be fed and restored by sleep otherwise it gets rhapsodical and unbalanced. If we could employ the ten or twelve millions who are out of work to think out our national salvation it might be worth what it cost, and something like that is not unlikely to happen; for it was after the big fire and the big whirlwind had passed that the prophet heard the still small voice.

It would be nice if unemployment should work to restock the rural districts. Farming may not be profitable, but out of the ground one can usually get something to do and something to eat. There is always work to be done on a farm, and some of the things that can be raised by farming are about as good to eat as what you buy in cans at the grocery. The patrons of the groceries have been aware of this but have kept on at the chain stores because rural wages were so high that you could not afford to raise anything unless you raised it yourself. But if one has nothing more remunerative to do than to raise eggs, potatoes, and butter it may be excellent economy to do that. It can be said for technological development, including Henry Ford, that it has increased the possibilities of comfortable life in the country. The up-to-date farmhouse in these times has electric light and electric power and a car and a garage, and a

telephone and a radio either in it or in prospect or not far away. The problem now is to find money to retain and repair these luxuries.

THERE is already a drift from the cities back to the country, and that is very well so far as it has gone. What are good roads for, contrived on so vast an extent and at such expense, if not to aid that movement? Somehow the railroads must be helped to survive their competition and somehow travel on them must be made less costly in human life; but the roads do help the return to the country and they may be an instrumentality for its encouragement. There is much talk of the standardization of everything, much apprehension that people will all live too much alike and think too much alike. An increase in rural life may help to check that tendency.

Local newspapers are being swallowed up. The drop in advertising makes their maintenance more difficult, and chains of newspapers—like the Scripps chain and the Hearst chain—do seem to make for standardization of thought; but that is likely to correct itself in some measure.

It is profitable to thought about the present state of the world to know a little something about what has happened in this world heretofore—what troubles and sufferings human life has experienced. Perhaps it is the need of that knowledge which has helped to the enormous writing-up of all eminent historical characters and periods from the earliest times down to the present. There is a vast flood of such books and pretty good in quality. Biography is a palatable form of history and it was never so much read as now. Certainly there is an increase of knowledge about who we are and where we came from and through what tribulations. All of that kind of reading makes for the conviction that human life is hardy and

can survive shocking conditions and work out of them.

The Churches, meaning the general organization of religion, have a big job, though whether they will do it or whether it will be done rather by individual preachers and teachers is a question. Great religious movements generally start with individuals, and in due time organized religion gets the results and the benefit and retains and teaches what it gets. Organized religion reflects the standards of its time. It has been concerned in terrible doings like the Inquisition, but it has always included individuals who saw evil as it was and fought against it. A good many of the horrors of human life have come from entrusting the police power to the clergy. It is not their job to police the world and make it conform to their understanding of good and bad and the needs and congenital propensities of human life. Let them preach what they will, but keep the police power in secular hands. Spiritual things do not come by compulsion, not even temperance.

The great job of curing the depression is a world job. Mr. Baker in one of his speeches said we had declared economic war on all the world. That won't work and will pass away because events will compel it to. No nation is going to thrive by itself in its own corner. The peoples who do best for themselves will be those who do best for other people. This grows more evident with every new stride of technological development. The only cure for over-production of things in themselves good is an enormous improvement in distribution.

Man will have to play fair and love his neighbor. The price of peace on earth is what it always has been—Good Will to Men; and if as the technologists suggest, the Price System interferes with that, there will have to be some new thoughts on that subject.



J. J. Lankes - Imp.

BUFFALO HARBOR

By J. J. Lankes

Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries



Harpers Magazine

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

BY DREW PEARSON

IF YOU examine closely the whys and wherefores of Franklin Delano Roosevelt it is reasonably safe to conclude that without two tragic twists of fate, one in his own life and one in the life of the nation, he would not have been catapulted into the Presidency of the United States.

If, in the first place, he had not been stricken with one of the most terrible of all diseases after swimming in the icy waters of New Brunswick one summer, it is reasonably certain that he would not have developed the tremendous power of concentration which took him over all obstacles, physical and political, to the Democratic nomination for the presidency.

And if, in the second place, the country had not been stricken with the most intense of all economic diseases, there is reasonable doubt that Roosevelt or any Democrat could have succeeded in wresting political control from the Republican Party last November.

As it happened, almost nothing could have defeated Roosevelt. "He could have spent the entire fall and summer in Bermuda and been elected just the same," the bland Big Jim Farley remarked after it was all over. And Big Jim had reason to know. Twice during the closing stages of the campaign his towering hulk shook in its shoes and he wondered whether the colossal Democratic blunder so confidently predicted by the Republicans had not finally arrived.

The first time Big Jim trembled was when the *Montreal Star* reprinted a letter from Democratic headquarters soliciting funds from a Canadian shipping firm. Later he nearly turned somersaults when he discovered that a subordinate had written Charles M. Schwab and other shipping magnates, reminding them of the favors Governor Roosevelt had done for them when Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and implying that if the Democratic Na-

tional Committee had its palm crossed sufficiently he would do more.

Once before, in 1888, an apparently innocent letter written by a naïve British Minister, Lord Sackville-West, to a naturalized American citizen, suggesting that British interests would prosper through a vote for Grover Cleveland, had turned public opinion topsy-turvy and lost the election for the Democrats. But in the year 1932 nothing but the depression mattered. The British Ambassador could have flaunted a Roosevelt banner on the street corner; Mr. Roosevelt himself could have pledged a dozen cruiser contracts to the biggest shipping firms, and still he would have been elected. He would have been elected not because he was Franklin D. Roosevelt, but because he was the opponent of Herbert Clark Hoover. The tide of wrath against any man unfortunate enough to be in the White House was sufficient to have swept in almost any candidate. The campaign had no greater truism than "A vote for Roosevelt is a vote against Hoover."

Despite this depression protest, Governor Roosevelt conducted his campaign with a precision and skill equalled by few Presidential candidates. This takes us back to the first twist of fate which made Franklin D. Roosevelt the Democratic nominee only because he was stricken with infantile paralysis at the age of thirty-nine.

Consider his record up to that time:

He had led the life of an intelligent rich man's son. He spent his boyhood winters at Groton or Harvard, his vacations at the family home on the Hudson, his summers in Europe or New Brunswick. At Harvard he made the Hasty Pudding and the Fly Club, wrote editorial articles for the *Crimson*, and was a highly dogmatic, typical Harvard undergraduate. He moved in exactly the same rarefied atmosphere which once had nurtured his cousin

Theodore—with this addition: he was tremendously inspired by the hammer-and-tongs methods which his cousin Theodore was then applying to the presidency of the United States, and there is no doubt that old T. R. played a tremendous part in molding young Franklin's early youth. It was in emulation of T. R. that Roosevelt first decided upon a political career, announced himself for the New York State Senate at the age of twenty-eight, and was promptly rebuffed for making his first appearance dressed in knee boots and riding breeches.

As Assistant Secretary of the Navy three years later, young Roosevelt became an enthusiastic promoter of bigger and better battleships, played ball with the Admirals on many policies frowned upon by Josephus Daniels, made an enviable record as an administrator, and generally took himself seriously. His most stellar achievement, for which he has been given little credit, was blocking the stealing of the Navy's oil reserves, which was later accomplished, and even then attempted, by Sinclair and Doheny.

Later, Roosevelt was an equally enthusiastic and much less effectual running mate for James M. Cox in the shadow-boxing of the Democratic Party in its hopeless campaign against Warren G. Harding in 1920. He made more than one thousand speeches, all received with profound apathy, in one of them boasting that he had been responsible for writing the new constitution of Haiti, rammed down the throat of the Haitian Government by General Smedley D. Butler, U. S. M. C., after he had locked the doors of the Haitian Chamber of Deputies and decreed that they would not be unlocked until the constitution was passed.

But whether effectual or ineffectual, the one thing which distinguished the life of Franklin D. Roosevelt during those years was his tremendous energy.

There were few places he did not visit, little he did not do. When the submarine *F4* sank off Hawaii in 1915 with all hands aboard, Roosevelt went down in another submarine at the same spot. When the New York delegation refused to join the demonstration in honor of Woodrow Wilson at the San Francisco Convention in 1920, Roosevelt grabbed the standard from the bulky Jeremiah T. Mahoney, its bearer, and paraded it round the hall himself. In the 1920 campaign he made more speeches and traveled more miles than any other vice-presidential candidate in history. And in 1918 he had intended resigning his assistant secretaryship to put on a uniform, when the armistice suddenly was signed.

For a man of such restless energy to be stricken with paralysis one year after his vice-presidential campaign would ordinarily have meant complete surrender. For adults, infantile paralysis frequently is fatal. Their recovery is infinitely more difficult than that of children. Roosevelt was then thirty-nine. At first he could scarcely move. Most men at that age would have considered their active life ended. Roosevelt had squeezed into his thirty-nine years more than most men accomplish in sixty. He had wealth, social position, family—everything to tempt him to surrender to the life of an invalid. That he did not, is what made Roosevelt what he is to-day. For there is written on his face now something he did not have eleven years ago. The traces of suffering are there, and understanding—but under the smile which his political opponents say is worth a million dollars, there is steel, hardened by a crucible through which few people have ever passed.

II

The Roosevelt residence on East Sixty-fifth Street the morning after

election was no different from any of the other gray stone houses which line that block. A lone policeman stood outside but challenged no one. The New York State trooper standing inside even asked no questions when you pushed the door open without ringing. Inside all was confusion. Hats and coats littered the furniture. Cameras, movie apparatus, broadcasting equipment were piled promiscuously on the floor. Newspapermen and photographers had taken possession. The younger members of the Roosevelt family mingled with the crowd.

Upstairs, Roosevelt sat at a desk, surrounded by newspapermen. In Washington, White House press conferences are rigid affairs. Secret-service men and secretaries stand on three sides of the President. Here the President-elect was completely engulfed, shot questions and answers back and forth, called people by their first names, tilted an ivory cigarette-holder in one corner of his mouth, enjoyed himself immensely. At the other end of the room Professor Raymond Moley, Roosevelt adviser, dozed in an arm chair. With his chief, he had been up all night.

Roosevelt had come through a campaign which had aged his opponent perceptibly—but left him looking as if he were about to begin it. He had come through a campaign in which he had thrown to the winds the advice of his political experts and stumped the country, “if for no other reason than because I want to get acquainted with the people.” He had come through a campaign which he had directed with consummate political skill, in which he had let himself in for few rash promises, crawled out on few limbs. He had made many tepid speeches, side-stepped several issues, sometimes got on both sides of the fence. He had steered his campaign so carefully that he won all of the Hoover protest vote, alienated none of it.

And now, having won it, he faced the problem of holding it, the problem of holding millions of voters who had cast their ballots not because they believed in him but because they opposed someone else.

1932 was over, Roosevelt faced 1933 and the "new deal" he so faithfully promised.

Just how he will consummate that new deal, just how he will lead the country through the gravest crisis since the Civil War is to-day the chief question mark in the mind of the nation. What the answer is probably not even the President-elect himself can say; only certain landmarks pointing the general Roosevelt approach to the problems of the crisis can be indicated.

Roosevelt's basic principle is that of placing man before property. He does not, for instance, go along with the instruction handed down to the Federal Power Commission during the past three Republican administrations, that protection against watered public utility securities is up to the buying public, not the Commission. He does not, for instance, concur in the State Department's policy of giving a negative approval to foreign bond issues and then letting the buyer beware. He is opposed, for instance, to the "trickle down" policy of depression relief by advancing large sums to big corporations in the belief that the advantages permeate to the little fellow. He would look twice at the Shipping Board policy of selling government-built ships to private interests for a song and then turning around and lending the song to the ship-owner.

In all of these negative issues Roosevelt's views are concrete and definitely on the side of public protection. Negative issues, however, will not lift the nation out of the depression.

On the positive issues, Roosevelt is not so concrete, but his method of

attack is promising. Take the question of farm relief. The country, he argues, cannot be half boom and half broke. The various forces within it must be equalized. Factories to-day are idle because the farmers have suffered an unbroken period of depression ever since the post-war deflation. Our *laissez-faire* system is all right if it is *laissez-faire* for everyone. But it has been one of *laissez-faire* for the farmers and protection for industry. Theoretically, it might be wise to abolish tariffs all round, but the surgery would be too painful. Therefore, it is now necessary to give the farmers what industry has been getting—protection.

As to what form of protection the farms should have, Roosevelt reasons that this is up to the farmers. Industry in the past has written its own tariffs. The farmers now can write theirs. He is willing to push any program upon which they agree, whether it be the domestic allotment plan, the export debenture, or the equalization fee—his only requirement is that they agree.

On the question of unemployment, Roosevelt cites his efforts in New York State. There he called a conference of State governors, sociological and economic experts, advocated unemployment insurance, secured the passage of an old age pension act. In the national field he has in the back of his mind a conference of industrialists to whom he would pose such a problem as this: "Overproduction and accompanying unemployment must be solved. They are up to you. If you do not solve them the government will do it for you. The government does not want to take over industry. It is not organized to do so. But industry with its great gaps of unemployment has become a charge on the nation. Our haphazard system of hire and fire was all right when we were a growing country. But to-day with no more

free land, overproduction and unemployment mean a relief charge on the nation to compensate for the greed of private industry. The industrialist who is employing one hundred men, but scraps ninety, and buys new labor-saving machinery makes money. But the nation feeds the ninety. If, however, the industrialist pays for unemployment insurance, he thinks twice before he scraps his men."

Overproduction Roosevelt describes as "underconsumption." His key to the solution is the redistribution of wealth. And in the most significant speech of his campaign—that before the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco—he described the problem of his administration in these words: "Area after area has been pre-empted altogether by the great corporations and even in the fields which still have no great concerns, the small man starts under a handicap. The unfeeling statistics of the past three decades show that the independent business man is running a losing race. . . . Our task . . . is the soberer, less dramatic business of administering resources and plants already in hand, of seeking to re-establish foreign markets for our surplus production, of meeting the problem of underconsumption, of adjusting production to consumption, of distributing wealth and products more equitably, of adjusting existing economic organizations to the service of the people. The day of enlightened administration has come."

III

As a step toward enlightened administration Governor Roosevelt considered, early in his campaign, the formation of a super-planning commission. Its purpose was to balance the unequal economic forces in the nation; grapple with the fact that we have millions of bushels of wheat in storage,

while people starve; try to unscramble the paradox whereby the Departments of Agriculture and Commerce spend their time promoting American exports, the Tariff Commission barring foreign imports to pay for them, the State Department demanding war debt payments which can only be made over the barriers of tariffs and adverse exchange.

The idea, sold to Roosevelt by the famous "Brain Trust," was kept in the discreet background during the campaign. It was to be one of his big master-strokes after inauguration. Now that the election is over, however, some of the Brain Trust are wondering whether they shot beyond their mark, whether so drastic a measure aimed at the roots of the capitalist system will ever be carried out by a man who thinks primarily in terms of parties and politics.

The Brain Trust is a unique institution. Every man in public life has his ghost writer, but few have brought together such a soviet of brilliant thinkers as did Roosevelt during the past year. Fundamentally, Roosevelt is not a student. All his life before his illness was spent in doing, not in studying. Long hours of forced immobility during and since his illness have partially changed this—have made him an avid reader, given him the power of concentration which he exhibited to such marked degree during the Walker hearings. But even to-day, Roosevelt's most characteristic means of familiarizing himself with a subject is by oral argument. On all important issues before him at Albany he has listened painstakingly to every advocate on every side of the case. He is a good listener—perhaps too good a listener. For usually his callers come away with the impression that the cordiality of their reception and the interest shown in what they said meant Roosevelt's assent. Because of this he has made

some enemies and won the undeserved reputation of being chiefly influenced by the last man with whom he talks.

Possessing this type of mind, it was natural that Roosevelt should surround himself with a group of trusted friends, most of them experts, who could do research on the hundred and one subjects into which his active mind delved. The men who formed this group were Raymond A. Moley, Professor of Public Law at Columbia; R. G. Tugwell, Professor of Economics at the same institution; Adolph A. Berle, a former instructor at Columbia, now in private law practice; Sam Rosenman, a protégé of Belle Moskowitz, who served as Roosevelt's counsel in Albany and later was appointed to the Supreme Court of New York; and of course, the perpetually present Louis Howe, lifetime secretary to the Governor.

The system of co-operation they worked out with the man they were electing President was somewhat like this: There was a joint conference. Roosevelt outlined his ideas. They outlined theirs. Between this give-and-take they drew up a general line of thought. Then the Brain Trust prepared a rough draft, sometimes two drafts. This was submitted to Roosevelt. Sometimes there was another conference. Then from this material he dictated his final speech.

The reaction of these men to their candidate was diverse and varied, ranging from the blind idolatry of Louis Howe to the more aloof admiration of some of the Columbia professors. In general they found Roosevelt superbly informed on State issues, at first a little vague on national questions; his knowledge grew tremendously during the campaign. He had no fundamental grasp of economics, was essentially liberal in his point of view, had a quick and facile mind. Beneath his smile and his unflin-

good humor he realized the responsibility of his leadership, but perhaps did not fully appreciate the gravity of the years ahead.

Most of the ideas worked out by the Brain Trust were developed mutually and in complete agreement. On the tariff, however, there was trouble. Early in the campaign the Brain Trust won Roosevelt's support to the idea of a horizontal rate reduction, and then stayed at home while he went out on the firing line and listened to pleas from Democrats in Texas for an increase on hides, and to Democrats from Montana for an increase on copper, and to Democrats from Massachusetts for an increase on shoes, until in the end he found it expedient to soft-pedal the tariff *in toto*.

On the question of government economy the Brain Trust also let their field marshal get out on a limb—so far out that he may find himself completely sawed off once he gets in the White House. His mistake was to promise a cut in the federal budget of \$650,000,000, despite the fact that the entire civil government costs only \$500,000,000, which means either that Roosevelt will have to brave a cut in the veterans' appropriation—always politically hazardous—or else reduce the Army and Navy, a step which he, an enthusiast for "adequate" national defense, vigorously opposes.

IV

Franklin D. Roosevelt is a superb politician, which in a lumbering, side-sweeping piece of mechanism like the United States, is perhaps the most necessary qualification for an executive. As a twenty-eight-year-old aristocrat from Harvard he first learned politics when he bucked Tammany for the New York State Senate, and he has been steeped in politics ever since. He has not bucked Tammany

so hard in recent years—perhaps because he needed Tammany support for reelection in 1930 and again for the nomination at Chicago in 1932; and he has also shown a decided tendency since November 8 to play ball with the reactionary Garner-Swanson wing of the Democratic Party. It was the bushy-eyebrowed Speaker of the House, Mr. Jack Garner, who climbed aboard the Roosevelt special en route to the White House Conference and laid the groundwork for a policy of non-cooperation on war debts which may rob the debts of what little bargaining power they had left. It was the ponderous Senator from Virginia, Mr. Claude A. Swanson, who cautioned the candidate against any campaign commitment on the recognition of Soviet Russia. And it is Swanson and Garner, together with John McDuffie of Alabama, Sam Rayburn of Texas, Lindsay Warren of North Carolina, Tuck Milligan of Missouri, and their little band of operators who, the Brain Trust fears, may wean Roosevelt away from the super-planning commission and the principles of his "enlightened administration" laid down so carefully in his significant San Francisco speech.

Roosevelt will play ball with this faction, and also with the Progressives; for the man who began his political life as a flaming insurgent now stands out as the party's greatest force for harmony.

"Anything can be accomplished by friendly negotiation," Roosevelt says. "You can always trade advantages, and that's the only basis on which you can trade."

But keeping together a recalcitrant group of Democratic congressmen whose only common denominator during the campaign was defeating Herbert Hoover, is going to be a lot harder for the new President than his election strategy of being all things to all sections of the country. In the West he managed to be progressive.

In the South he managed to be dry. In the East he was conservative and not dry at all. But in the White House he will be subjected to the most unmerciful close-up scrutiny that ever plays on anyone anywhere—a scrutiny under which he must be one thing all the time or be lost.

Under that disarming amiability which so distinguishes Franklin Roosevelt, however, runs a vein of steel—steel hardened by years of suffering and years of victory over an almost incurable disease. The steel is inflexible. Sometimes Roosevelt is slow to make up his mind. He hears every side of the case. He assimilates all kinds of data. But once he makes a decision, it stands.

This is what happened in the case of Jimmie Walker. Roosevelt's friends said, "You can't afford to alienate Tammany," and they flocked to Albany with advice. Only Louis Howe, lifelong intimate, stayed behind. "The Governor has made up his mind," he said. "Nothing can change him now."

Eventually even the redoubtable Jimmie realized this and resigned.

A month or so later Tammany Boss John F. Curry went to the Democratic State Convention in Albany determined to prevent the nomination of Herbert H. Lehman as governor and to renominate Walker as mayor. The election of Lehman meant the continued influence of Tammany's chief rival, Ed Flynn, of the Bronx; which with the permanent shelving of Walker meant the waning of Curry's power. So to win the support of Al Smith, Curry proposed to send him to the Senate, replacing Senator Robert F. Wagner, who was to run for governor.

Calling Roosevelt to the telephone, Curry outlined his plan, then listened as the icy voice of the Governor came back over the wire:

"You can either nominate Lehman

as governor, or your own man and take the consequences."

The Lehman ticket went through.

V

Roosevelt will be a more interesting President than any we have had in some time. He will react better to the spotlight of publicity which exposes the President of the United States to more movie film than John Barrymore, more handshakes than Babe Ruth, which constantly reveals where he goes, what he eats, who his friends are. Roosevelt will smile more, he will be more informal, a little more pleasant to have round; his press relations will be better—although already he has offended some of the staid, stick-carrying deans of the press corps who resent the easy access which their colleagues from Albany have to the Governor's person.

And this may be indicative of what is in store for the next President of the United States. Newspapermen are with the President only so long as they are fed. Congress is with the President only so long as it is fed. And the country is with the President only so long as it is fed. They require different kinds of food—from news to patronage—but if they don't get it, the blame falls invariably on the White House doorstep.

In the case of the country, Roosevelt starts with one of the greatest handicaps in our history. At the time he enters office the United States proportionately and actually will have more unemployed than any other nation in the world. Three months after he comes into office he will face a governmental deficit of probably two billion dollars. Simultaneously the Treasury returns on income taxes will show profits dropping to increasingly low

levels. Sooner or later he must face the demand of the farmers for a moratorium on their mortgages—a demand which probably will be made stronger by the enforced example of war debt reduction for Europe. Eventually also he must face the question of either taking over the railroads which cannot repay their loans to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation or else making them an outright gift of the money.

Congress, he can keep fed for two years. As long as there is patronage and an approaching election, the House of Representatives will support the President. The Democratic Party is one of sectional coalitions, come together during an emergency, but Roosevelt will be able to keep them together for a two-year minimum just the same. He knows how to crack the whip. He has an unusual capacity for coupling fight with tact. He knows how to appeal to the country. He has handled a recalcitrant Republican legislature in Albany for four years and made remarkable progress. He will lead; and there will be a reasonable degree of unity and purpose in government.

This will help.

But with enough iron ore already on hand to last a year, with enough cotton in our warehouses to make next year's crop unnecessary and the manufacture of cotton substitutes increasing, with enough copper on hand to last two years, with enough rubber already imported to last fifteen months and its consumption at the lowest point in ten years, with a nation starving in the midst of plenty, it is going to take more than mere party leadership or the palliatives proposed by Franklin Roosevelt during the campaign to make good his oft-repeated promises of the New Deal.



A STUDENT IN ECONOMICS

A STORY

BY GEORGE MILBURN

ALL of the boys on the third floor of Mrs. Gooch's approved rooms for men had been posted to get Charlie Wingate up that afternoon. He had to go to see the Dean. Two or three of them forgot all about it and two or three of them had other things to do, but Eddie Barbour liked waking people up. Eddie stuck his weasel face in at Charlie's door just as the alarm clock was giving one last feeble tap. The clock stood on the bottom of a tin washpan that was set upside-down on a wooden chair beside the bed. The alarm had made a terrific din. Eddie had heard it far down the hall. The hands showed two o'clock. Pale needles from a December sun were piercing the limp green window shade in a hundred places.

Eddie Barbour yelled, "Aw right, Charlie! Snap out of it!" He came into the chilly room and stood for a moment staring vaguely at the ridge of quilts on the sagged iron bed. The only sound was the long, regular sough of Charlie Wingate's breathing. He hadn't heard a thing. Eddie made a sudden grab for the top of the covers, stripped them back and began jouncing the sleeper by the shoulders. Charlie grunted every time the bed springs creaked, but he nuzzled his pillow and went on sleeping. Eddie went over to the study table where a large, white-enamelled water pitcher stood and he came back to the bed with the water,

breathing giggles. He tipped the water pitcher a little and a few drops fell on the back of Charlie's neck without waking him. Eddie sloshed the icy water up over the pitcher's mouth. A whole cupful splashed on Charlie's head. Charlie sat up quickly, batting his arms about, and Eddie Barbour whinnied with laughter.

"Arise, my lord, for the day is here," he said, going across and ceremoniously raising the crooked window shade. Charlie sat straight up among the rumpled quilts with his head cocked on one side, staring dully. He had slept with his clothes on. He sat up in bed all dressed, in a soldier's brown uniform, all but his shoes and roll puttees.

"You got army to-day?" Eddie asked, putting the pitcher down.

Charlie looked at him for a moment and blinked. Then he said in a voice stuffy with sleep, "Naw. I had army yesterday. I got army make-up to-day." He worked his mouth, making clapping noises.

"What time you got army make-up, Charlie? When you come in from class you said get you up because you had to go see the Dean at two-thirty."

"Yeah, I do have to go see the Dean at two-thirty. But I got army make-up too. I got to make up drill cuts from three till six." All at once he flopped back down on the bed, sound asleep again.

"Hey!" Eddie cried, jumping for-

ward. "Come out of that! Wake up there, Charlie! You can't sleep no more if you got to see the Dean at two-thirty. You just about got time to make it." He jerked him back up in bed.

"Screw the Dean," Charlie said; "Two hours' sleep ain't enough."

"Is two hours all the sleep you got last night?"

"Where you get the 'last night'? I worked all night last night. I had classes till noon yesterday. Two hours' sleep was all I got to-day. And darn little more yesterday or the day before. When is Sunday? Sunday's the first day I'm due to get any real sleep. Two hours' sleep is not enough sleep for a man to get."

He plumped his stockinged feet onto the cold floor and got up stiffly. He went over to the washstand, where he picked up his tooth brush and tooth paste and a bar of soap and slowly took his face towel down from beside the warped looking-glass. He came back to where his shoes lay and stood looking at the toilet articles in his hands as if he had forgotten what he meant to do with them. He dumped them on the bed, took the pan with the alarm clock on it and set it on the floor. Then he sat down on the chair and picked up one of the heavy army shoes, held it and felt it and studied it carefully before he put it on. He put on the other shoe with equal deliberation and stood up without lacing either of them. He took his things up from the bed and started off for the bathroom, his loose shoes clogging. Eddie Barbour followed him down the drafty hall.

The creosote disinfectant that Mrs. Gooch used in her bathrooms gave off a strong odor. "Dag gum bathroom smells just like a hen coop," Charlie said thickly as he stood in front of the white-specked mirror twisting his face. He wouldn't need a shave for another day. He had a fairly good-looking

face, tan and thin, with ringlets of black hair tumbling down over his forehead. His large ears stuck straight out. He looked at his image with dark eyes made narrow by two purplish puffs under them, and he yawned widely.

Eddie Barbour stood leaning against the jamb of the bathroom door. He said, "You ought to try and get more sleep, Charlie."

"Are you telling *me*?" Charlie said, running water in the face bowl. Eddie Barbour was a freshman too.

Charlie Wingate came walking along University Boulevard toward the campus, hunched up in his army overcoat. The raw December wind whipped his face and made him feel wide awake. He passed a bunch of fraternity men pitching horseshoes in the drive beside the K.A. house. Two or three, sprucely dressed, gave him impersonal glances as he passed. They did not speak, and he walked past self-consciously, seeing them without looking toward them.

When he reached the business section opposite the campus he turned in at the white-tiled front of The Wigwam. The noon rush was over and Nick was not at the cash register. A few noon "dates" were still sitting in the booths along the wall. Charlie walked straight back along the white-tile counter and sat down on the end stool. Red Hibbert was standing by the coffee urns reading the sports section. When Charlie sat down Red folded his newspaper slowly and came over to wait on him. Charlie sat with his cheeks resting on the heels of his hands.

"How's it, Chollie, old boy, old boy?" Red Hibbert said.

"Not bad. Give me a cup of javy without and a couple of them Grandma's oatmeal cookies over there, Red. Where's Nick?"

Red scooted the plate with the cookies on it down the glassy white counter top and came along with the cup of black coffee. "This is Nick's day for Kiwanis," he said. "It looks to me like you'd stay home and get some sleep once in a while. You're dyin' on your feet."

"I am going to get some sleep Sunday, don't you never worry. I have to go see the Dean this afternoon. And I got make-up drill at three o'clock. I've got to make up some drill cuts."

"What you got to go see the Dean about?"

"I don't know what about; here's all it said." Charlie reached in his overcoat pocket and pulled out a jagged window envelope and a mimeographed postal card. He pushed the envelope across the counter along with the postal card. "I got that other in the morning mail too."

Red took the printed form from the Dean of Men's office out of the envelope and glanced at it. Then he picked up the postal card. It was headed,

FOURTH AND FINAL NOTICE

You are hereby summoned to appear before the chairman of the Student Senate Committee on Freshman Activities, Rm 204 Student Union Bldg., not later than 4 p.m., Friday afternoon. It will be to your advantage not to ignore this summons as you have three previous ones. This is positively the last opportunity you will be given to rectify your delinquency. Should you fail to appear this time, steps will be taken to bring you.

(signed) J. Aubrey Carson, Chrmn
Com. on Frshmn Actvts.

Red wagged the postal card. "What you going to do about this?"

"Tear it up like I did the others, I guess. I know what they want. They want to try and make me buy one of them damn' freshman caps."

"Take a tip from me, Charlie: I'd go see them. It won't hurt nothing,

and it might be a lot easier on you in the long run."

"Hell, what can they do?"

"Plenty. They could sick the D.D.M.C.'s onto you."

"Ah! The D.D.M.C.'s, that bunch of amateur ku kluckers!"

"Call 'em amateurs if you want to, Charlie, but it wasn't only but last Friday night they took that little Jew-boy, Sol Lewis, out of the rooming house where I stay. It look to me like they did a pretty professional job on him. They used the buckle-end of a belt on him. They claim he was a stool pigeon for the University."

"Stool pigeon! Ah, you know that guy wasn't a stool pigeon, Red."

"We-ell, I'm not saying one way or the other. Anyhow, that's what you're up against when you take to fooling with that Student Committee on Freshman Activities, Charlie."

"Prexy claimed in his opening address at the first of school that he had put a stop to these masked frats and all this hazing."

"Yeah, he said he had; but how's he going to put a stop to the D.D.M.C.'s? He can't kick out all the biggest shots in the University, can he? All the big shots on the campus are D.D.M.C.'s. Football stars and fellas like that. You won't see the President kicking guys like that out of the University."

"Maybe not, but—why, hell, that freshman cap business is nothing but a racket. That's all it is. Damn' if I let 'em scare me into paying a dollar for a little old sleazy green cloth cap!"

"O.K., Charlie; I guess you know what you want to do."

"Anyway, how could I get around to see that committee before four o'clock this afternoon, and see the Dean at two-thirty, and go to make-up drill from three till six? I'll be late to drill and get bawled out by the captain again. The captain's already about to flunk me for cuts. That's what's getting me

down—Military. It's this Military that's getting me down."

"Jees, I don't know, Charlie; seems like I get a bigger kick out of army than I do any other course I got. They sure learn you more in army than they do in anything else in this University."

"Yeow, you learn plenty in army, all right. But what I don't like is the compulsory part. I don't think they ought to be allowed to make it compulsory for freshmen and sophomores. That's just like they had it over in Germany before they got rid of the Kaiser."

The red-haired boy gave him a startled look. He frowned heavily. "Charlie," he exclaimed, "where are you getting all these radical ideas you been spouting around here lately?" Charlie peered at him. Red's face was set in earnestness.

"Why that's not a radical idea," Charlie said, pushing back his empty coffee cup. "That's just a plain historical fact, that's all that is. I don't see where they got any right to make Military Training compulsory. This is supposed to be a *free* country. That compulsory stuff is what Mussle-leany and birds like that pull."

"But, Charlie, it's all for your own benefit. The University is just looking out after your own interests.

"How do you figure they're looking out for *my* interests?"

"Well, for one thing, when the next war comes we'll all be officers, us fellas that got this training in college. We'll go right into the regular army as officers. There's where we'll have the edge on guys that never did take advantage of a college education. Person'ly, when the next war comes along, I'm not hankerin' after any front-line trenches. And you know darn' well they're not going to stick their college-trained officers into front-line trenches to get shot. So there's

where I figure us guys in R.O.T.C. will have a big advantage."

"Yeah, you might be right, at that, Red. But I'm not kicking about R.O.T.C. It's just the compulsory part I'm kicking against."

Red perked his head and scowled impatiently. "Charlie, they *got* to make it compulsory. If it wasn't compulsory, how many of the fellas would enroll in it? They have to make Military compulsory in order to give the fullest benefits. What good could they do if only a few of the fellas was taking it?"

"Anyway, I know some it's not compulsory for," Charlie said stubbornly. "Last night there was a Phi Gam pledge in here bragging about how he got out of Military. He told them at the first of school he didn't want to take Military. They told him he *had* to take it—required of all able-bodied freshmen. Couldn't get his degree without it. So he had to go buy his army shoes. Well, he got the shoe store to send the bill to his old man. His old man is one of these they call 'em pacifists. When his old man gets the bill for his kid's army shoes, maybe you think he don't get the President of this University on long distance and tell him where to head in at. And this kid didn't have to take Military, neither. His old man's a big shot lawyer in the City."

"Yeah, but you got to have pull to get away with that, Charlie."

"That's what I mean, Red. You can get away with plenty in this University if you got the pull."

Charlie Wingate loped up the steps of the Administration Building, hurried through the revolving doors, and walked past hissing steam radiators down the long hall to the Dean of Men's office. He was ten minutes late. Before he opened the frosted-glass door he took out a pair of amber-colored

spectacles and put them on. Then he went in and handed his summons to the secretary.

"The Dean will see you in a moment," she said. "Please take a chair."

Charlie sat down and gave an amber-hued glance about the outer office. Three dejected freshmen, holding their green caps, were waiting with him. He recognized none of them, so he picked up a week-old copy of the *Christian Science Monitor* and started to read it. But the room was warm and he immediately went to sleep. He had his head propped back against the wall. The newspaper slipped down into his lap. His amber-colored glasses hid his eyes and no one could see that they were closed. He was awakened by the secretary shaking him. She was smiling and the freshmen were all snickering.

"Wake up and pay for your bed, fella!" one of the freshmen called, and everyone laughed heartily.

"I sort of drowsed off. It's so nice and warm in here," Charlie said, apologizing to the pretty secretary.

The Dean of Men got up as he entered and, with his eyes on the slip bearing Charlie's name, said, "Ah, this is Charles Wingate, isn't it?" He grasped Charlie's hand as if it were an honor and pressed a button under the edge of his desk with his other hand. The secretary appeared at the door. "Miss Dunn, will you bring in Wingate's folder—Charles W-i-n-g-a-t-e. How do you like college by now, Wingate? Eyes troubling you?"

"Pretty well, sir. Yes, sir, a little. I wear these glasses."

The secretary came back with the folder and the Dean looked through it briefly. "Well, Wingate, I suppose you're anxious to know why I sent for you. The unpleasant truth is, Wingate, you don't seem to be doing so well in your college work. Your freshman

adviser conferred with you twice about this, and this week he turned your case over to me. My purpose, of course, is to help you. Now, to be quite frank, Wingate, you're on the verge of flunking out. Less than a third of the semester remains, and you have a failing grade in English 101, conditional grades in Psychology 51 and Military Training; three hours of F and four hours of D, almost half your total number of hours. On the other hand, you have an A average in Spanish 1 and a B in Economics 150. Wingate, how do you account for your failing English when you are an A student in Spanish?"

"To tell you the truth, sir, I got behind on my written work in English, and I've never been able to catch up. And I don't really have to study Spanish. My father is a railway section foreman in my home town, and he's always had a gang of Mexicans working for him. I've been speaking Mexican ever since I was a kid. It's not the pure, what they call Castilian, Spanish, but I probably know almost as much Spanish as my professor."

"How about this B in Economics? That's a fairly high grade."

"Yes, sir. Doctor Kenshaw—he's my Ec professor—doesn't give exams. Instead he gives everyone a B until he calls for our term papers. We don't recite in his class. We just listen to him lecture. And the grade you get on your term paper is your semester grade."

"Ah! What you students term a pipe course, eh, Wingate?"

"Not exactly, sir. We have to do a lot of outside reading for the term paper. But I'm counting on keeping that B in Ec."

"That's fine, Wingate. But it appears to me that it's high time you were getting busy on some of these other grades, too. Why can't you dig in and pull these D's up to B's, and this

F up to at least a C? You've got it in you. You made an unusually high grade on your entrance exams, your record shows. Graduated from high school with honors. What's the trouble, Wingate? Tell me!"

"I don't know, sir, except I work at night and—"

"Oh, I see it here on your enrollment card now. Where do you work?"

"I work nights for Nick Pappas, down at The Wigwam."

"How many hours a night do you work?"

"Ten hours, sir. From nine till seven. The Wigwam stays open all night. I eat and go to eight o'clock class when I get off."

"Very interesting, Wingate. But don't you suppose that it would be advisable to cut down a bit on this outside work and attend a little more closely to your college work? After all, that's what you're here for, primarily—to go to college, not work in a café."

"I couldn't work fewer hours and stay in school, sir. I just barely get by as it is. I get my board at The Wigwam, and I pay my room rent, and I've been paying out on a suit of clothes. That leaves only about a dollar a week for all the other things I have to have."

"Wingate, shouldn't you earn more than that, working ten hours?"

"I get the regular, first-year-man rate, sir. Twenty-five cents an hour. It's set by the University. Nick takes out for board."

"Can't you arrange for a little financial support from home?"

"No, sir, I'm afraid I couldn't. I have two brothers and two sisters at home younger than I am. It wouldn't be right for me to ask my father to send money out of what he makes."

"But surely you could get out and land something a little more lucrative than this all-night restaurant job, Wingate."

"No, sir. Twenty-five cents is the standard rate for working students, and I haven't found anything better. Nick says he has at least twenty men on the waiting list for this job I have."

"Well, there's this about it, Wingate. The University is here, supported by the taxpayers of this State, for the purpose of giving the young men and women of this State educational opportunities. The University is not here for the purpose of training young men to be waiters in all-night restaurants. And, so far as I can see, that's about all you are deriving from your University career. So it occurs to me that you should make a choice: either find some way to devote more attention to your college work or drop out of school altogether. We are very loath to encourage students who are *entirely* self-supporting. And yet, I will admit that I know any number of first-rate students who are entirely self-supporting. There's Aubery Carson, for example. Quarterback on the football team, delegate to the Olympics, president of the Student Senate, and he's a straight A student. Aubery Carson was telling me only last week that he hasn't had any financial assistance from home since he enrolled as a freshman. Aubery is a fine example of the working student."

"Yes, sir; but look at the job Carson has. He works for a big tobacco company, and all he has to do is hand out Treasure Trove cigarettes to other students. The tobacco company pays him a good salary for passing out samples of their cigarettes."

"Why, Wingate, you surely must be mistaken about that. I don't believe Aubery Carson smokes. In fact, I know he doesn't smoke. He's one of the finest all-round athletes in this country."

"No, sir; I don't say he smokes either. But that's the straight stuff about his job with the cigarette com-

pany. They figure it's a good advertisement to have a popular guy like Aubery Carson passing out Treasure Troves. Sort of an endorsement."

"All the same, Wingate, it doesn't reflect a very good attitude on your part, criticizing the way one of your fellow students earns his college expenses."

"Oh, I didn't mean to criticize him, sir. I was only saying—"

"Yes, yes, I know; but all this is beside the point. We're here to discuss the state of your grades, Wingate. The fact is, you are on probation right now. As you must know, any student who is passing in less than half his work is automatically suspended from the University and must return to his home. Now one F more and out you'll go, Wingate. That's just being frank with you."

"I'd hate to have to go back home like that, sir."

"Well, you'd have to. If you flunk out, the University authorities are obliged to see that you return to your home immediately."

"I'd hate that, sir. I'd hate to go back home and have to live off my family, and that's probably what I'd have to do. I had a letter from mother yesterday, and she says that nearly all the boys who graduated from high school with me are still there, loafing on the streets and living off their old folks. I don't like that idea. Mother's proud of me because I'm working my way through college. You know there are not many jobs to be had nowadays, sir, and I'd hate to have to go back home and loaf."

"It is a problem, I'll confess, Wingate. But what's the point in your coming to the University and working all night in a café and then flunking your class work? Moreover, your freshman adviser reports that you make a practice of sleeping in class. Is that true?"

"Well, yes, sir. I suppose I do drop off sometimes."

"Pretty impossible situation, isn't it, Wingate? Well, I've given you the best advice I can. Unless you can alter your circumstances I suggest that you withdraw from the University at once. We have six thousand other students here who need our attention, and the University has to be impartial and impersonal in dealing with these problems. Unless you can find some means to avoid flunking out I suggest withdrawing beforehand."

"Withdrawal would be a disgrace to me, sir. If I withdrew and went back home now, everyone at home would say that I had been expelled. You know how small towns are."

"Ah, now, Wingate, when you begin dealing with small-town gossip, I fear you're really getting outside my province. But I should think you'd prefer honorable withdrawal to flunking out."

"I believe I'll try to stick it through, sir. I'll try to remove the conditional grades, and maybe I can luck through on my finals."

"I hope you can, Wingate. As long as you feel that way about it, good luck to you." The Dean of Men stood up. Charlie stood up too. The Dean put out his hand and showed his teeth in a jovial smile and bore down hard on Charlie's knuckles. "I'm counting on you strong, old man," he said, encircling Charlie's shoulders with his left arm. "I know you have the stuff and that you'll come through with flying colors one of these days."

"Thank you, sir," Charlie said, grinning tearfully while the Dean gave his shoulder little pats. He edged toward the door as soon as the Dean released him, but when he reached it he hesitated and pulled the postal card out of his pocket. "Oh, pardon me, sir, but there's something I forgot to ask you. I got this in the mail to-day. I've

been a little bothered about what to do about it."

The Dean of Men took the mimeographed card and read it quickly. "Why, I should say that you ought to go see what they want, Wingate. You shouldn't ignore things of this sort, you know. It's all a part of the normal activities of college life. No reason for antagonizing your fellow-students by ignoring a request of this kind."

"All right, sir; I'll go see them."

"Why, to be sure, go see them! Always keep in mind that the University is a social as well as an educational institution, Wingate."

Room 204, Student Union Building, was a newly finished, rather barren office that smelled dankly of lime in the fresh plaster. It was fitted with a metal desk painted to imitate painted walnut, a large brass spittoon, a square metal waste-paper basket, a green metal filing cabinet, a large bank calendar, a huge pasteboard shipping case, and J. Aubery Carson, who had the freshman cap concession.

Charlie Wingate hesitantly opened the door and saw J. Aubery Carson tilted back in a chair, his feet on the metal walnut desk, reading a copy of *Ballyhoo*.

"Co-ome in! Co-ome in!" J. Aubery Carson called loudly without putting down his magazine. "All right, old timer. What's on your mind?"

Charlie held out the mimeographed card. Carson held his magazine a moment longer before accepting the card. He shoved his hat down over one eye, turning the card, looking first at the back, then at the name on the front. "Um-m-m," he grunted. He reached over to a drawer in the filing cabinet without taking his feet down and flipped through the cards. He looked at the name on the postal card again, pulled a card out of the file, and drew his thick lips up into a rosette.

He looked at the file card in silence.

"Wingate," he said at last in a severe tone, "you have been dilatory. Indeed, Wingate, I might even go so far as to say you have been remiss. At the beginning of this semester you applied for and received a refund on your student ticket fee. That signifies that you have not attended a single football game this season, and that you have no intention of honoring any of the University's athletic spectacles with your presence this season. Also, the record discloses that you did not register at the Y.M.C.A. freshman mixer. Neither did you respond to polite solicitation for a trifling monetary pledge to the Memorial Stadium Fund. And, most heinous offense of all, Wingate, we find that you have yet to pay in one dollar for your freshman cap, prescribed by your seniors and purveyed to you on a non-profit basis by the Student Committee on Freshman Activities. And yet, Wingate, I find you duly enrolled and attending classes in this here now University. Wingate, what possible excuse do you have for such gross neglect of University tradition? Speak up!"

Charlie said meekly, "Well, I work nights and it's hard for me to get here in the daytime, and I can't afford to buy a cap."

"What's this!" Carson exclaimed, jerking his legs down from the desk top and banging the desk with two flat hands. "Why, boy, this is treason! You mean you can't afford *not* to buy a freshman cap."

"No, I just came to tell you that a dollar has to go a long way with me and that I need every cent I earn to stay in school. So I wish you'd please excuse me from buying a freshman cap."

Carson's lean, florid face suddenly became rigid and he stuck his jaw out with his lower teeth showing and, in spite of his marcelled taffy pompadour and his creased tailored suit, he again

looked very much as he did in all the sporting section photographs. "See here, Wingate," he said, hard-lipped, "You're still a freshman at this University. You'll have to wait another year before you can start saying what you will do and won't do, see? Now we've been patient with you. You've been in school here three months without putting on a freshman cap. Do you realize that over eighty-five per cent of the freshman class came in here and bought their caps before the first week of school ended? Now who do you think *you* are, Wingate—Mr. God? You're going to get you a cap, and you're going to wear it. See? No ifs, ands, or buts about it. And if you don't leave this office with a green cap on your head then I don't mind telling you that we've got ways of getting one on you before another day passes."

"Well, if I buy one it's going to put me in a bad hole. All the money I've got is what I saved out to pay my room rent this week."

"Listen, fella, if we let horsefeathers like that go here, half the freshman class wouldn't be wearing freshman caps right now. Now I've said all I'm going to to you. Do you want your green cap now or will you wait till later? That's all I want to know. I don't aim to give you any high-pressure sales talk on something that's already been decided for you. Take it or leave it."

Carson reached over into the large pasteboard box, groped far down in it, and brought forth a small green monkey cap. He tossed it on the desk. Charlie Wingate stuck his forefinger in his watch pocket and pulled out a small pad of three carefully folded dollar bills. He unfolded them and laid one on the desk and picked up the cap. Carson put the dollar in his pocket and stood up.

Charlie stood holding his cap. He scuffed the cement floor with his shoe toe and began doggedly, "The only thing is—"

"Aw, that's O.K., Wingate, old man," Carson said suavely. "No hard feelings whatsoever." He held out a freshly opened pack of cigarettes. "Here, have a Treasure Trove on me before you go."

That night all the stools along the counter at The Wigwam were filled when Charlie Wingate came in, still dusty from the drill field. He got himself a set-up back of the counter and went into the kitchen. He moved about the steam-table, dishing up his dinner. He dragged a stool over to a zinc-covered kitchen table and sat down to eat. The kitchen was warm and steamy and the air was thick with the odors of sour chili grease and yellow soap melting in hot dishwater. Charlie's fork slipped through his fingers, and he began nodding over his plate.

Fat Kruger, the night dishwasher and short-order cook, yelled, "Hey, there, wake up and pay for your bed!" Charlie jerked his head up and looked at the ponderous, good-humored cook with half-lidded eyes. "Why'n't you try sleeping in bed once in a w'ile, Charlie?" Fat said in a friendly tone. "You're going to kill yourself if you don't watch out, trying to go without sleep."

"Don't worry, Fat. I can take it," Charlie said.

Almost two hours had to pass before it would be the hour for him to come on, but not time enough for him to walk back to his room and catch a nap, so he took the book on which he had to make an outside reading report in Economics 150 and went up to the last booth to study until nine o'clock. He fell asleep and he did not wake up until Red Hibbert, going off, shook him and told him that it was almost time for him to come on. He closed his book and went back to the washroom. The acrid stench of the mothballs that Nick used to deodorize the latrine cleared

his head. He took down his apron and tied it on over his army breeches. Then he slipped into a white coat.

The usual black-coffee addicts came dribbling in. When the telephone rang, Charlie answered it, jotting down short orders to go. The delivery boy came in and went out and banged off on his motorcycle with paper bags full of "red hots" and nickel hamburgers and coffee in paper cylinders. The Wigwam's white tile shone under the inverted alabaster urns. There was a pale pink reflection in the plate-glass window as the Neon sign outside spelled and re-spelled "Wigwam Eats. Open All Night." A party of drunken Betas came in at ten-thirty and seated themselves noisily in the last booth. They tossed Charlie's economics book out into the aisle with a whoop, and he came and picked it up and took their orders in silence while they kidded him about his flap ears and the grease on his white coat. At eleven o'clock the last whistle at the University power house blew for the closing hour, and a couple of lingering "dates" scurried out. Finally the drunks left, after one had been sick in a corner of the booth. The delivery boy came coasting up at midnight and checked in and roared away again on his motorcycle. The long small hours began inching past.

At one o'clock Charlie finished cleaning up the drunk's mess and he had cleared off the last of the tables. The Wigwam was empty, so he opened the book he must read for Ec 150. He had read a few lines when a bunch of girls from the Theta house down the street came charging in, giggling and talking in gasps and screams, their fur coats clutched over their sleeping pajamas. It was long after the closing hour, and they told Charlie to keep an eye out for the University night watchman. They took up the two back booths and they consulted The Wigwam's printed menu card without failing to read aloud the

lines "Nick (Pericles) Pappas," "We Employ Student Help Exclusively," and "Please Do Not Tip. A Smile Is Our Reward" with the customary shrieks. Nearly all ordered filet mignon and French fries, which were not on the menu, but two or three ordered pecan waffles and coffee, which were. When he had served their orders Charlie went back to his book again, but the low buzz of their talk and their sudden spurts of laughter disturbed him and he could not read. At a quarter of two they began peering round corners of their booths. They asked Charlie in stage-whispers if the coast were clear.

Charlie went to the door and looked out on the street and beckoned widely with his arm. They trooped out with their fur coats pulled tight, their fur-trimmed silken mules slapping their bare heels. Charlie went on back to clear away their dishes. They had left about thirty cents as a tip, all in cents and nickels. The coins were carefully imbedded in the cold steak grease and gluey syrup and putty-colored cigarette leavings on their plates. Charlie began stacking the plates without touching the money. He carried the dirty dishes back and set them through the opening in the kitchen wall. Fat Kruger came to the opening and Charlie went back to his book.

Fat called, "Hey, Charlie, you leavin' this tip again?"

"You're damn' right, I'm leaving it!" Charlie said. "I can get along without their tips. They leave it that way every time. I guess they think I'll grabble on their filthy plates to get a lousy thirty cents. It takes a woman to think up something like that."

"Charlie, you're too proud. I don't see where you can afford to be so proud. The way I figure it, thirty cents is thirty cents."

"Hell, I'm not proud, Fat. I just try to keep my self-respect. When those sorority sows come in and plant

their tips in the dirt and grease of their plates, damn' if I'll lower myself to grub it out."

He sat down on a counter stool with the economics book before him, trying to fix his mind on it. He read a page. The print became thin blurred parallels of black on the page. His eyelids kept drooping shut and he propped the muscles with his palms at his temples, trying to keep his eyes open. His head jerked forward and he caught it and began reading again. Soon his face lowered slowly through his hands and came to rest on the open book.

Fat Kruger came through the kitchen swinging door and tiptoed up front. Fat stood grinning, watching Charlie sleep. Cramped over with his head on the counter, Charlie snored softly. Fat gave his head a gentle shove, and Charlie started up to catch his balance.

"For God sakes, guy, you're *dead!*" Fat howled. "Don't you never get no sleep except like that?"

"What time is it?" Charlie said, yawning and arching his back.

"Half-past two."

"Jees, is that all?"

"Charlie, go back there and lay down on the kitchen table. I'll watch the front for you. Nobody'll be coming in for a while."

As he was talking old Uncle Jim Hudson ambled in, a bundle of sweaters, overcoats, and grizzled dewlaps, his black timeclock slung over one shoulder by a leather lanyard. Uncle Jim laid his long, nickeled flashlight carefully on the counter and eased himself onto a stool. He ordered a cup of black coffee and in a lecherous wheeze began telling dirty stories selected from his twenty years' experience as a campus night-watchman. Fat Kruger nickered loudly after each telling, and Charlie jerked his eyes open and smiled sleepily. It was three-

thirty when Uncle Jim left. Charlie opened his book again.

"Charlie, I wouldn't put my eyes out over that damn' book if I was you, when you're dyin' for sleep," Fat said.

"I've got to get it read, Fat. It's my outside reading in Economics and the whole semester grade depends on it. It's the hardest book to keep your mind on you ever saw. I've been reading on it for over a month and I'm only half through, and he's going to call for these reports any day now. If I flunk Ec I flunk out of school."

"Why mess with reading it? I know a guy over at the Masonic Dorm who'll read it and write your report for two bucks. He writes all my English themes for me, and I'm making a straight A in English. He only charges fifty cents for short themes and two bucks for term papers. You ought to try him."

"Hell, Fat, you get five dollars a week from home. Where am I going to get two dollars for hiring a guy to read this book?"

"Charlie, I just can't figure you out. You never do get any real sleep. You sure must want a college education bad. It don't look to me like you would figure it's worth it."

"Oh, it's worth it! It's a big satisfaction to my folks to have me in college. And where can a man without a college degree get nowadays? But I'll tell you the truth, I didn't know it was going to be like this when I came down here last Fall. I used to read *College Humor* in high school, and when fellows came home from University for the holidays, all dressed up in snappy clothes, talking about dates and football and dances, and using college slang—well, I had a notion I'd be like that when I got down here. The University publicity department sent me a little booklet showing how it was easy to work your way through college. So here I am. I haven't

had a date or been to a dance or seen a football game since I enrolled. And there are plenty of others just like me. I guess I'm getting a college education, all right—but the only collegiate thing I've been able to do is go to sleep in class."

"How you get by with sleeping in class, Charlie?"

"I wear those colored spectacles and prop myself, and the profs can't see I've got my eyes closed."

Fat wagged his heavy face mournfully. "Boy, it sure is tough when a man don't get his sleep."

"Yeah, it is," Charlie said, looking down at his book again. "I'll get a break pretty soon, though. I'd rather chop off a hand than to flunk out of University before I'd even finished one semester."

The tardiest of the hundred students enrolled in Dr. Sylvester C. O. Kenshaw's Economics 150 straggled into the lecture room and made their ways to alphabetically-assigned chairs with much scuffling and trampling of toes and mumbled apologies. Ec 150, renowned as a pipe course, was always crowded. Doctor Kenshaw was the celebrated author of seven textbooks on economics, five of which his students were required to buy each semester. Doctor Kenshaw's national reputation as an economist permitted him to be erratic about meeting his classes, but fame had never dimmed his fondness for student flattery. The only students who ever flunked Ec 150 were those who gave affront to Doctor Kenshaw by neglecting to buy his textbooks or by not laughing at his wit or by being outrageously inattentive to his lectures.

Doctor Kenshaw was late that morning. Charlie Wingate sat in his chair on the back row in an agony of waiting. He had on his amber glasses and he could fall asleep as soon as Doctor

Kenshaw opened his lecture. But he had to stay awake until then. There was a slow ache in the small of his back. The rest of his body was numb. He had not taken off his army shoes for twenty hours, and his feet were moist and swollen. Every time he shifted position his arms and legs were bathed in prickling fire. He kept his eyes open behind the amber lenses, watching the clock. Small noises of the classroom came to him as a low, far-off humming.

When the clock on the front wall showed nine after eleven the seated class began stirring as if it were mounted on some eccentric amusement-park device. Excited whispers eddied out on the warm air of the steam-heated lecture room. "He's giving us another cut!" "He's not meeting this class to-day!" "He's got one more minute to make it!" "Naw; six more! You have to wait fifteen minutes on department heads."

There was a seething argument on this point, but when the clock showed fourteen minutes after eleven a bold leader sprang up and said, "Come on, everybody!" All but five or six especially conscientious students rose and milled after him toward the door. Charlie Wingate followed, thoroughly awakened by the chance of getting to bed so soon. The leader yanked the door open and Doctor Kenshaw stumbled in, all out of breath, his eyeglasses steamed, his pointed gray beard quivering, a vain little man in a greenish-black overcoat.

"Go back to your seats!" Doctor Kenshaw commanded sternly as soon as he could get his breath. He marched over to his lecture table and planked down his leather brief case. He took off his overcoat and began wiping the steam from his eyeglasses while the students hurried back to their chairs. "It does seem to me," he said, his voice quavering with anger,

"that it would be no more than courteous for this class to await my arrival on those rare occasions when I am delayed. Day after day you come lagging into my classes, and I have always been extremely lenient in giving credit for attendance, no matter how tardy your arrival. Certainly it is no more than my privilege to ask that you wait for me occasionally."

A few students exchanged meaning glances. They meant, "Now we're in for it. The old boy has on one of his famous mads."

"To-day, I believe I shall forego delivering my prepared lecture," Doctor Kenshaw went on in a more even voice, but with elaborate sarcasm, "and let *you* do the talking. Perhaps it would be meet to hear a few outside reading reports this morning. All of you doubtless are aware that these reports were due last week, although I had not expected to call for them at once. I trust that I have impressed you sufficiently with the importance of these reports. They represent to me the final result of your semester's work in this course. The grades you receive on these reports will be your grades for the semester. Let us begin forthwith. When your name is called, you will rise and read your report to the class." He opened his roll book.

"Mr. Abbott!" he called. Mr. Abbott stammered an excuse. Doctor Kenshaw passed coldly on to Miss Adams, making no comment. All through the A's it was the same. But with the B's an ashen, spectacled Miss Ballentyne stood up and began reading in a droning voice her report on "The Economic Consequences of the Peace." Obviously Doctor Kenshaw was not listening to her. His hard little eyes under craggy brows were moving up one row and down the other, eager for a victim. On the back row, Charlie Wingate's propped legs had given way and he had slipped far down into his

seat, fast asleep. When Doctor Kenshaw's preying eyes reached Charlie they stopped moving. Someone tittered nervously and then was silent as Doctor Kenshaw jerked his head round in the direction of the noise. Miss Ballentyne droned on.

When she had finished, Doctor Kenshaw said dryly, "Very good, Miss Ballentyne, very good indeed. Er—ah—would someone be kind enough to arouse the recumbent young gentleman in the last row?"

There was a murmur of laughter while everyone turned to look at Milton Weismann nudging Charlie Wingate. Doctor Kenshaw was running down the list of names in his small record book. Milton Weismann gave Charlie another stiff poke in the ribs, and Charlie sprang up quickly. Everyone laughed loudly at that.

"Mr.—ah—*Wingate*, isn't it? Mr. Wingate, your report."

"Pardon me, sir?"

"Mr. Wingate, what was the title of the book assigned to you for report in this class?"

"*Theory of the Leisure Class* by Veblen, sir."

"Ah, then, that's the explanation. So you were assiduously engaged in evolving your own theory of the leisure class. Is that right, Mr. Wingate? You have evidently concluded that Economics 150 is the leisure class."

The class rocked with laughter. Doctor Kenshaw, pleased with his pun and flattered by the response to it, found it hard to keep his face straight. Suddenly he was back in good humor. "Mr. Wingate's theory is quite apparently one to which the majority of this class subscribes. Now I try to be lenient with students in this class. Surely no one could describe me as a hard taskmaster. But I resent your implication that I have been too easy-going. Now these reading reports

were assigned to you last September, and you have had ample time to prepare them. I'll not call for any more of them to-day, but at the next session of this class I expect every one of these papers in. As for you, Mr. Wingate, if you'll see me directly after class, I'll be glad to hear any explanation or apology that you may wish to make. I want most of all to be fair. I have always given every student the benefit of the doubt until a student deliberately flaunts me with his indifference. But I am capable of being quite ruthless, I assure you."

"Thank you, sir," Charlie mumbled. He entered a slow torture, trying to keep awake until the class bell rang. He rolled his hot, red-veined eyes up with drunken precision to see the clock. Fifteen minutes had to pass before the bell would ring.

When the bell rang the class arose quickly and began clumping out. Several co-eds and men, politickers and apple-polishers wangling for A's, crowded about the lecture table. Doctor Kenshaw always remained behind

after each class to accept their homage. But to-day he looked up over the heads of the eager group. He silenced their inane questions and flagrant compliments by placing his right forefinger against his thin, unsmiling lips. "Sh-h-h!" he said. The apple-polishers turned their heads in the direction of his gaze and then, giggling softly, tiptoed away. When the last had gone out, Doctor Kenshaw unscrewed his fountain pen and opened his roll book. He ran his finger down the list until he came to "Wingate, C." and in the space opposite under "Smstr Grd" he marked a precise little F.

A whiffling snore escaped Charlie Wingate in the back of the room. Doctor Kenshaw looked back across the varnished chair rows with a frown of annoyance. He took his overcoat from its hanger, slipped into it, and strapped up his brief case. He jammed on his hat and strode out of the lecture room, slamming the door. The noise made a hollow echo in the empty room, but it did not disturb Charlie Wingate. He slept on behind his amber glasses.





CONFIDENCE, CREDIT, AND CASH

SHALL WE GUARANTEE THEM IN OUR BANKS?

BY J. M. DAIGER

IT IS now more than three years since we in the United States began to talk about, and to watch and wait for, a restoration of confidence. During these three years the idea that loss or lack of confidence is among the main causes of our domestic crisis—or at least of its prolongation and intensity—has from time to time loomed large in public discussion and private conversation. And from time to time also during these three years our use of the phrase “restoration of confidence” has had a different and deepening significance; which is a way of saying that the phrase is not self-defining and that its meaning is altered by time and circumstances. In this fourth year of uncertainty, for example, we require in some pecuniary respects a great deal less, but in some moral and intellectual respects a great deal more, to bring us a feeling of self-assurance or security, of trust in our industrial and financial leaders, of reliance on our economic, political, and social institutions, than we did in 1929 after our stock-market panic; in 1930 after the onset of our domestic banking panic; in 1931 after the international banking panic, or last summer after our politico-journalistic financial panic. Nevertheless, all that is implied when we speak of a restoration of confidence is still the great desideratum in our individual and collective lives.

I purpose, therefore, to review what

I conceive to be the main and continuing cause of our loss of confidence, and to consider some of the measures by which that cause may be removed and our confidence at length restored. But before discussing these things I would deal briefly with confidence in the abstract; for, as Mr. Chesterton has somewhere observed, theories are highly practical things in times of business trouble, and the greater the practical difficulty the greater the probability that a theory is wanting. I may be misquoting the master of paradox, but the point is the same; and my own point is that in the present crisis certain troubled practical business men and bankers, for want of such a theory of confidence, have fallen into the easy political and journalistic habit of attributing to loss of confidence, lack of confidence, and the restoration of confidence a primary importance which these factors do not in fact possess.

The conception of confidence that I would advance is an antithesis of a familiar concept held by an old school of philosophy. In the latter the phenomenon that we call an object exists only so long as we perceive it; it has no existence apart from our senses. Reason tells us that the object—let us say a tree—does exist when we cease to contemplate it; but we have no way of demonstrating by any formula of logic that this is so. The great paradox of confidence, on the other hand, is that

confidence ceases to exist whenever and wherever its existence must be proved. If we become aware of it, so to say; if we ask ourselves whether we possess it and try to perceive it, we have already lost it. We may be able to prove by the logic of facts and events that the questioning impulse is unreasonable; that loss of confidence is not justified; that we ought to have confidence; yet reason tells us that this very resort to logical argument and common sense proves that confidence is not there.

Considered in its economic aspect as a phenomenon of mass psychology, neither the loss of confidence nor the restoration of confidence is a subjective process, a matter of will or desire or intention; it is merely an instinctive reaction to external things; specifically, to some compelling economic event, some change or sign of change in the economic order. It is founded on reasons, not reason; and those reasons may or may not be reasonable. A panic, for example, is invariably a belated realization by unmanageable numbers of people of a *fait accompli*. The loss of confidence and accession of fear following on the event may create a condition that for the time being is more critical than the event; precisely as, at the opposite extreme, overconfidence may create a condition that more than fulfills the buoyant expectations. But neither of these is ever a primary cause of the state of business.

Confidence in its economic sense is an acquisition of business, not an attribute; its rewards are stability and progress; but in no sense of the term is confidence an essential prerequisite of business—of risk or adventure or the desire for gain. We do not and cannot have confidence without business, without work and the material rewards of work beyond mere subsistence; but we can and do have business without confidence. In the spring of last year, when defeatism was the most con-

spicuous characteristic of the American business man and banker; when confidence among us seemed to have fallen never to rise again, a good deal of business was still going on. And because for millions of us, now in the second, third, or fourth winter of adversity, the purchase of shoes and clothing could no longer be deferred, even if they had to be paid for by private charity or the dole, a good deal larger volume of business, in what economists call the consumption-goods industries, has since gone on. So in some measure we shall continue to have business without confidence, and, if need be, without hope; for there is yet no sign that the longed-for restoration of confidence is at hand. But we shall not have confidence until business banishes confidence from our thoughts.

II

When we say, then, as so many of us do, that "the great task now is to restore confidence" what is it that we want to do? And by what means? And with what prospect of success?

What we mean to-day by this mutable phrase, I think—what we want to do—is not so much to restore confidence as to restore credit and cash; to restore credit to its seasonal and long-term function of financing industry and trade, thereby creating work, and to restore cash to its daily, weekly, and monthly function of paying for goods and services, thereby providing the material rewards of work. I put the emphasis on credit and cash because ours is a pecuniary economy and because our crisis is plainly a pecuniary crisis: to a degree not approached in any other country, the established processes of domestic exchange have ceased to function in the United States in the midst of material plenty and boundless productivity. As a result of this—one result among many, but the one from which the others necessarily follow—

cash, credit, and confidence have vanished as completely as a light that has gone out.

Hence the nature of our task is self-evident: it is a monetary and banking task; it is to make money and banks work in such a way that cash, credit, and confidence will not suddenly vanish in the midst of material plenty and boundless productivity. I do not mean to suggest that we have not many other important tasks, but simply that this one is fundamental unless our pecuniary economy is to be abandoned forthwith. For if the monetary and banking foundation of this economy has collapsed—as every business man and banker knows that it has—how can we confidently rebuild the superstructure of business, whether by private capital or by governmental subsidy, until the foundation has been repaired or replaced?

We shall apprehend the fundamental nature of this task if we recall the conditions that have governed our three-year national effort towards a restoration of confidence. We seem to have forgotten that the effort had a confident and apparently substantial beginning, and that we based our expectation of success on our confidence in the great strength of our banking resources and on the great easing of credit that was inaugurated by the Federal Reserve System in the autumn of 1929. The effort began on the memorable night of October 24, 1929, in a meeting in Wall Street, hitherto undisclosed, and a long-distance telephone call to the White House. The consensus of the best-informed banking opinion in New York that night was, first, that the New York member-banks of the Federal Reserve System, supported by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, were showing themselves fully capable of preventing the securities panic, which had begun that day, from developing into a money panic which would

put the screw on business credit; and, second, that the state of business, notwithstanding some recessions from the abnormal peak attained in June by certain capital-goods industries, notably motor cars and steel, was solid enough to withstand the drastic check to stock-market speculation and to warrant public reassurance to that effect by the head of the Government. On this practical ground President Hoover was asked to issue, and did issue, a reassuring statement. The substance of it was that the fundamental business of the country, the production and distribution of commodities, was on a sound and prosperous basis.

This idea became, in fact, a standard round which industrial, financial, and professional economic opinion rallied. On the strength of it high wage-scales were maintained, private and public construction projects were undertaken on a large scale, and Federal income taxes were reduced. It was not an original idea conceived by President Hoover; a thousand pages of so-called scientific argument and statistical support could be found for it in the study published earlier in 1929 by what Professor Hollander of Johns Hopkins has lately called "the most competent body of experts ever assembled in economic research." With extraordinary unanimity, leaders of American thought accepted the Wall Street crash as something of a blessing in disguise—as the relaxation of a terrific nervous strain; as an opportunity to redirect our long-misdirected energies; as a release from the state of popular overconfidence that had been, so we then believed, our greatest peril all along. Confidence did not, therefore, have a fatal fall in the United States in 1929; the aftermath of the Wall Street panic was not fear; it was an admixture of relief, quandary, and resolution.

Nor did the stock-market crash in the

United States deal a fatal blow to confidence abroad. On the contrary. The psychological effect in London, in the financial capitals on the Continent, and in trade centers throughout the world was one of immense relief, satisfaction, and encouragement. Even the resentment against our untimely and unsettling general tariff bill and the prospect of its ultimate passage was momentarily forgotten in the rejoicing over the release from a competition far more destructive to world trade and world prices than any tariff wall, wherever raised or however high. Capital knows no flag, and we have no tariff wall against its importation. During 1928-29 alone the banking and financial community of New York—undeterred, it is to be remarked, by complaisant central banks abroad—had been drawing on the capital of the world to finance our speculative boom. In that brief period some four billion dollars had come from foreign speculators to pay for American securities; and the effect of this had been to make money scarce and credit dear in countries where both were urgently needed, and to depress commodity prices, not in those countries only, but in international trade. There was thus good reason why business and financial communities elsewhere should gain confidence rather than lose it when the withdrawal of European funds from Wall Street, induced by the belated but portentous raising of the Bank of England rate to 6½ per cent, and given a great impetus by the coincident disclosure in London of Clarence Hatry's security frauds, precipitated the collapse of our securities boom and decisively relaxed the credit stringency abroad.

Within a few weeks after the Wall Street panic, the Bank of England lowered its discount rate three times, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York lowered its rate twice, and other credit-

easing operations were started by the Federal Reserve System as a whole. Sir Walter Layton's widely-read London *Economist* characterized this international easing of credit as "a turning point in monetary history," and declared that it "should assist trade recovery throughout the world." One question, however, the *Economist* naturally raised—the question that thoughtful persons everywhere were then asking: whether the business slump caused by the stock-market crash would extend its ramifications throughout our industry and produce unemployment. Our answer, given by many business men, bankers, and economists, and voiced officially by President Hoover in his message to Congress, was that the stock-market losses would necessarily cause some decrease in consumption, but that "the strong position of the banks had carried the whole credit system through the crisis without impairment," and unemployment would, therefore, be only temporary and confined largely to the luxury trades.

The noted editor of the *Economist* made a terse but prophetic comment. "The position of the banks," he said, "is without doubt the key to the situation."

III

What was the position of the banks?

Outwardly, and viewed as a whole, it was one of enormous size and impregnable strength. We had some twenty-five thousand State and National banks, and their resources aggregated more than seventy billion dollars. We had the twelve Federal Reserve Banks, whose cash reserves, aggregating more than three billion dollars, stood at a ratio of seventy per cent as compared with a legal requirement of forty. The reserve-bank mechanism itself was capable of expanding credit and currency indefinitely in proportion to the

non-speculative needs of business enterprise. And we had approximately half the monetary gold of the world as a basis for our currency and a means of meeting our international obligations. Our city banks, moreover, had just been through six or seven years of high earnings and two years of extremely high interest rates. Many had further increased their earnings through the operations of security companies, real estate companies, investment trusts, and other non-banking affiliates; many had greatly increased their capital by the sale of additional stock at high prices or by adding the bulk of their earnings to surplus instead of paying them out in dividends; many had consolidated their strength by mergers; and to banks generally the years of prosperity had brought a huge increase in so-called time or savings or thrift deposits.

All this seemed, at least, reasonable ground for confidence—ground for assuming that our banking and currency system would continue to function with relative smoothness; that the easing of credit projected by the Federal Reserve Banks and the Federal Reserve Board would be carried all the way down the line of industry and trade and agriculture; that undue pressure would not be put on borrowers for the premature liquidation of loans that are ordinarily renewed for seasonal purposes or periodically amortized; that responsible business men would not lack banking accommodation for their ordinary short-term needs; above all, that individual and corporate depositors would be able to go on meeting their obligations with the money they had on deposit, and that persons who found themselves out of employment, or forced to be idle by age or illness, would be able to fall back on their savings in the banks. But all these assumptions proved groundless. The position of the banks was not what it seemed.

In the first place, their "aggregate strength," except as to the twelve Federal Reserve Banks, was meaningless. As far as the ultimate interests of depositors and borrowers were concerned, each of the twenty-five thousand separate units was a banking and currency system in itself. The explanation of this is that our monetary mechanism, in which the bank check has almost entirely replaced other forms of money, is based on the unit bank. Ninety per cent or more of American currency in recent years has taken the bank-check form. The dollar in any given instance, therefore, is no better than the bank on which the check for it is drawn. This fact is perhaps obvious enough when thus simply stated; but the far-reaching practical implications of it were not obvious in the autumn of 1929, and only the events of 1930-32 that I shall presently refer to have caused leaders of banking thought to recognize it frankly as the most urgent of our national monetary problems.

In the second place, the inherent strength of the twenty-five thousand units was as varied as the banks were numerous. By and large the commercial banks, as distinguished from those engaged exclusively in a trust or savings business, were divided into two main groups. One was composed of the larger metropolitan banks from coast to coast that had fared richly in the years of prosperity and had made what might be accurately called permanent gains in addition to so-called paper profits. The other group contained, first, the thousands of country banks that had shown, in the main, only precariously small earnings or actual losses throughout the years following the post-war collapse of prices for farm lands and farm products; and, second, the thousands of city, suburban, and "neighborhood" banks whose increased earnings and assets

had come in large measure from loans made on high valuations during the nation-wide real estate and building boom that preceded the stock-market boom. Much of the credit of both classes of banks in the second group, therefore, rested immediately or ultimately on real estate; it was credit extended to individuals or corporations whose principal tangible asset was a house, farm, store, factory, hotel, apartment building, office building, theater, or other fixed property. The nominal maturity of the real estate notes or mortgages held by the banks as security ranged from one year to five years, but in practice presupposed a large renewal.

Besides their loans on real estate, all classes of commercial banks were carrying a large volume of brokers' and customers' loans on securities—chiefly stocks—and also a very large volume of securities—chiefly bonds—purchased by the banks for their own account and dubiously called "secondary reserves." There was a considerable disparity, however, in the quality of bond holdings among the several classes of banks. In the steady rise of bond prices and correspondingly diminishing yields, from the summer of 1920 to the spring of 1928, the country banks, and to a somewhat lesser extent the smaller city banks, had bought a relatively greater proportion of the lower-grade bonds, including particularly the high-yield industrial and foreign issues, than had the larger metropolitan banks. I should qualify this by saying that the records show many individual exceptions; and I can unhesitatingly state that some of the most cautious bond-buyers I know of are country bankers. The maturity of the bonds held by all classes of commercial banks ranged from the next year to the next century; the stocks, of course, had no maturity. And among all these securities only those

issued by the United States Government and held by Federal Reserve member-banks could be used to obtain advances from the Federal Reserve Banks. With few important exceptions, therefore, the security loans and investments of the banks, like the real estate loans and investments, were in practical effect frozen, and had been frozen even during the period of prosperity; for no large part of them could be liquidated under any circumstances without smashing the market and reacting on business generally.

As to commercial loans, the situation was far from ideal. Commercial loans are the so-called self-liquidating loans—to the farmer from seed-time to marketing, to the producer of raw materials from mining to shipment, to the manufacturer from purchase of raw materials to shipment of the finished product, to the merchant from wholesale purchase to retail sale. If these several classes of commercial loans are more or less apportioned among banks, or—put another way—if each bank has a well-balanced assortment of these loans in its portfolio, the risk is negligible under ordinary conditions and not large even under adverse conditions. The maturity ranges from less than thirty days to not more than six months, and there is thus a fairly steady flow of day-to-day payments. In the autumn of 1929, however, many of the country's larger corporations, the "best risks," needed no loans; they had obtained a great surplus of working capital at low cost by selling new securities at high prices in the bull market. Banks had deprived themselves of these important sources of current business by financing the stock-market boom through security loans to brokers and customers and "for account of others." And the available commercial borrowers were not apportioned in relation to the risk. The larger metropolitan banks had

most of the large prime borrowers; the smaller city banks had chiefly the smaller manufacturers and merchants; the country banks had the farmers and village tradesmen.

In brief, while the credit facilities of the country were enormous in the aggregate, and apparently equal to any conceivable emergency, the risks, on real estate, securities, and commercial loans alike, were to a large extent concentrated in the very banks least equipped to carry them in an emergency. This great maladjustment of credit facilities would itself have made difficult any widespread application of the easing of credit that the Federal Reserve System sought to bring about. As an additional and insurmountable obstacle, however, there existed a stubborn tradition among American bankers against giving any but large prime borrowers the benefit of a general (save the mark!) easing of credit.

What happened?

IV

With some two-thirds of our banking credit already frozen in securities—stocks, bonds, and mortgages—another securities boom was launched in New York in the winter of 1929–30 on the heels of the stock-market crash; and the large banks that possessed more money than they could find immediate outlet for in their communities financed it through both loans and purchases. I do not refer here to the thirty-point rebound of stock prices from November to April, but to the bidding up of the bond market and the consequent outpouring of new issues of bonds and preferred stocks. At the same time there began a steady transfer of brokers' loans from "others" to banks; for the non-banking lenders found that they could get a better rate of interest by depositing their great surpluses in "savings" or "thrift" accounts than

by leaving them in the Street at the lowered rates which banks now offered to brokers. Three classes of borrowers were thus made the principal beneficiaries of the "general" easing of credit: (1) bond houses and bank affiliates engaged in underwriting and distributing the new bond and preferred-stock issues; (2) the corporations issuing these securities; and (3) members of the New York Stock Exchange. The only other class to which the banks gave the benefit of the lower interest rates were prime commercial borrowers who were in a position to make banks compete for their loans. It is worth noting, parenthetically, that despite the energetic efforts of banks to bring down other important items in the cost of living—notably wages, salaries, tariffs, war debts, and taxes—the rates charged by banks to the rank and file of borrowers have in most cases remained unchanged, or have actually increased.

The abortive bond-boom of 1930, however, carried the instrument of its own destruction. It moved both ways at once. While the stronger banks were buying, the weaker banks were selling; while the high-grade issues were going up, the secondary issues were either static or dragging down. Despite the impassioned publicity and brief support given by the metropolitan banking community to the German reparation loan of that summer, economic and political conditions in Central Europe and South America were undermining one part of our high-yield banking assets. Once the banking syndicate pulled the peg from under the reparation loan, the foreign section of the bond market was done for. And, because the banks then in funds were not the ones that made new issues of secondary industrial bonds profitable, there was no bidding up of old secondary issues, and that section of the market became a dead weight.

Meanwhile an old and chronic malady, to which the country at large, and city bankers in particular, had given scant attention in 1928-29, was inexorably causing hundreds of small banks to force bonds, stocks, real estate, and commodities on the market for whatever they would bring. An epidemic of bank failures, confined largely to the agricultural areas, had begun just a decade earlier—152 failures in 1920, 501 in 1921, 354 in 1922, 648 in 1923, 776 in 1924, 612 in 1925, 956 in 1926, 662 in 1927, 491 in 1928, 642 in 1929. With the prop of prosperity removed, there was an ominous crumbling day after day in 1930 among more and more country banks, but unheeded by city bankers and depositors, who thought themselves immune from the banking troubles of our farmers. By autumn 747 banks had closed their doors. When the inevitable banking panic came in November, sweeping not only from the agricultural areas into the cities, but outward from the old National Bank of Kentucky in Louisville and the Bank of United States in New York, six hundred banks went down in sixty days. The total for the year was 1,345—and the task of liquidating still more of our congealed cash and credit was now plainly there for those who had eyes to see.

Confidence had a fatal fall in the United States in 1930; while in Europe, from which there was no news of failing banks, and where we had creditors as well as debtors, our shattered edifice of cash and credit was viewed with astonishment and concern.

V

And what, mainly, is the story of our effort towards a restoration of confidence since then?

In a word, frustration.

The story of both 1931 and 1932 is one of frightful domestic frustration—

in 1931 by bankers blindly seeking to escape the consequences of eleven years of banking folly; in 1932 by panicky statesmen and journalists preaching confidence in terms of the hell fire of fear. Persons who mistakenly call themselves international-minded, unmindful that internationalism, like charity, begins at home, distort as a foreign backwash of these last two years the peculiarly American phenomenon of bank failures. The inescapable fact, however, is that the main causes of our deepening depression lay in these failures, in the muddling, bickering, reckless delay of financial, political, and journalistic leaders in acknowledging the monetary collapse that was plainly before their eyes, and in their subsequent digression from a belated acknowledgment of it to a rash and unfounded impeachment of our national credit.

Instead of vigorously checking the currency deflation early in 1931, at its source in our frozen and failing banks, and at what soon became its most critical point, namely, our rightly alarmed solvent banks, they let currency deflation take its course, quarreled among themselves, and deluded both themselves and the more stupid part of the public. Inspired by the utterances of a few bankers in New York and Chicago, they opened the year with a campaign for a widespread reduction of wages as (of all things!) a measure to cope with the decline of prices and profits. They thus abandoned the last item, except interest and taxes, in the price levels that they were presumably trying to restore; and thereby brought, of course, a further contraction of purchasing power at the very base of the consumption-goods industries. Next, the American Bankers Association, irreconcilably divided in its own ranks on the vital and long-standing issues of branch banking and Federal Reserve membership, gave

wide publicity to a report, dated April 15, 1931, and signed by the several leading bankers who constituted the Economic Policy Commission, on "The Situation That Confronts Banking." Comparing the failure of 365 banks in January, February, and March with the 598 failures in November and December, the part of the report most prominently featured declared that the "drop" from December to March was "a very distinct change for the better. . . . It seems to justify," the report said, "the confidence that the worst is over and that banking has been relieved by this drastic process [1,710 failures in fifteen months] of the great bulk of its weak institutions."

It is with no lack of esteem for the Economic Policy Commission, and with no lack of respect for the hard common sense of the main body of its report, that I repeat, after nearly two years, that the conclusion with regard to bank failures was poorly reasoned. In the first place, it took no account of the fact that all classes of commercial banks had been persistently putting into long-term loans and investments the deposits which were payable on demand or short notice. This freezing had been going on for eleven years, had been the principal cause of the failure of more than seven thousand banks, and had "got by" in other thousands only because of the prosperity of our gilded decade, which itself had been financed chiefly by bank-credit inflation. In the second place, the comparison on which the conclusion was based had no statistical validity. The eleven-year evidence of 1920-30 inclusive showed plainly that the number of failures in one month or one year was not an indicator of the number in the next month or the next year.

In the month whose 89 bank failures gave these banking leaders "confidence that the worst is over" both the bond and stock markets began to decline

again, and in the month in which the report was published, April, 64 more of our banks failed.

On May 8 the Federal Reserve Bank of New York lowered its discount rate to the unprecedented level of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and on May 23 lowered its buying rate for bankers' acceptances—a nation-wide source of credit for banks—to $\frac{7}{8}$ of 1 per cent. The discount rate of the other reserve banks was variously $2\frac{1}{2}$ and 3 per cent. In other words, the Federal Reserve System was now voluntarily operating at a current loss in an effort to make credit easy for both banks and borrowers. But it was a vain gesture. Bank runs and currency-hoarding by panicky depositors, a scramble for liquidity by besieged or frightened banks, relentless pressure on borrowers to pay off their loans, a virtual embargo on new lending for current business, a continual decline in prices of commodities and securities, a constant deepening of our depression—this was the natural sequel to eleven years of freezing deposits and failing banks. And our only national effort to meet it was the Federal Reserve easy-credit that went begging.

On May 11th the run on the great Credit Anstalt of Vienna began, and European banking troubles were added to our own. During the three months of this Central European crisis, 351 of our banks failed. But they were not among those whose credits were now frozen to a "standstill" in Germany and Austria, for these latter were the big city banks, chiefly in New York; nor did the number of banks which went under compare unfavorably with 365 in the three months that had shown "a distinct change for the better." During the two succeeding months of the British financial crisis—in which Great Britain abandoned the gold standard—463 of our banks that had no sterling balances closed their doors. At the seat of the trouble abroad, not

one bank failed. Unquestionably our own situation was rendered much more acute by the developments abroad, but surely from the above facts it is evident that the continuation of our domestic banking crisis was not due to the European situation.

Meanwhile, in August, President Hoover had begun his conferences with American banking leaders in an effort to obtain a voluntary organization of bankers to shore up our own banking structure. The President's importunities, however, met little encouragement and much resistance; for taking over the frozen assets of weak banks was the last thing that those which had attained liquidity wanted to do. But after six weeks of private conferences, and on assurances that the Administration would sponsor a governmental agency to relieve them of their burden when Congress reconvened, the bankers yielded to the President, and the project of a National Credit Corporation was announced at a White House conference of Congressional leaders on the night of October 6th. Between then and the end of February, 1932, when the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was fairly launched, and a selective-guaranty of both State-bank and National-bank deposits was thereby established by the Federal Government, 1,518 more of our banks failed. The total for the fourteen months since 1930 stood at 2,761; since the stock-market crash, 4,226; since the beginning of the bank-failure epidemic, 9,900 by official count. Our vaunted banking structure had become a pitiful memorial to misguided thrift and misplaced confidence.

But the fundamental task before us was now finally acknowledged by our financial and political leaders. Though the majority of bankers, supported by the metropolitan press, were vigorously resisting the bank-reform

measures proposed by Senator Glass and his colleagues on the Glass Committee—measures designed primarily to curb the long-term lending and investment practices of banks, and to effect a wider distribution of credit facilities for business and farming by authorizing large banks to establish State-wide or trade-area branches—a series of temporary bank-aid measures was eagerly supported and expeditiously enacted. Unfortunately, however, this belated recognition of our monetary and banking collapse came in an election year. The emergency measures, useful in themselves and a fair start toward what must of necessity be an experimental attempt at so-called reflation, were sandwiched between the panicky discussions of national credit that began in January, continued until July, and were resumed when the Administration began its campaign of terror on the eve of the Maine election.

In January, with one eye on an unbalanced budget and the other on the forthcoming Presidential campaign; with the British experience fresh in mind, but without either the British excuse or the British capacity for candid analysis, statesmen and newspapers of both parties launched the disastrous balance-the-budget ballyhoo. It was based on the untenable and subsequently discredited assumption that the credit of the Federal Government had been impaired by a decline of 18 points in a recent Treasury issue, and that no increase in the national debt would be permitted after June 30th. The agitators disregarded the fact that the Treasury issue which caused the furor had been overpriced and forced on the market below the going rate for money; they disregarded the enormous oversubscription of issues preceding and following it; and they utterly failed to discern the enormous difference between the British and

American positions with respect to gold reserves, previous prosperity, ratio of national debt to national wealth and national income, unexplored sources of revenue, and similar vital elements of national credit.

Both prior to and coincident with this agitation there were other alarming outbursts of publicity. The *New York Commercial & Financial Chronicle*, our leading financial newspaper, and Dr. H. Parker Willis, the American correspondent of the *London Banker*, the *London Financial News*, and the *Paris Agence Economique et Financier*, were excitedly decrying the emergency measures of the Federal Reserve System and the "inflationary" bank-aid measures adopted by Congress. From the White House and other Administration sources came premature announcements of an abatement of hoarding and of bank failures, emblazoned on the front pages of the newspapers, only to be discredited by later items on the financial pages; from Mr. Coolidge came an *American Magazine* article, widely quoted by the daily press, to the effect that fear of banks was unpatriotic and that persons who withdrew their savings were slackers; an anti-hoarding and "Baby Bond" campaign was begun with a great fanfare of publicity, but fortunately arrested through discreet intervention by persons who had a better understanding of publicity than the volunteer publicity men.

The result of the political and journalistic hue and cry was what might have been expected: a "raid on the dollar" from abroad, a flight of some American capitalists from the dollar to sterling (capital, as I remarked before, knows no flag), a heavy outflow of gold from New York—and a frantic descent on Congress of influential manufacturers, merchants, bankers, and publishers, whose sole and importunate plea was, "Balance the budget

but don't tax me!" During the four months in which the alarm was at its raucous worst 355 of our banks failed. And since then, to bring these depressing mortality statistics to a close, about 500 more have failed, with each new day adding to the toll. That the total in 1932 was materially less than the 2,298 in 1931 is of course due to the partial guaranty of deposits granted by the Federal Government to several thousand banks—closed ones as well as open ones—together with the knowledge of bank officers and depositors generally that the same guaranty is available to them.

VI

My concluding argument with regard to the underlying and continuing cause of our loss and lack of confidence is not for a restoration of confidence by way of a total guaranty of bank deposits by the Federal Government, or even for legislation to make permanent the partial guaranty now temporarily afforded by the Government. I hold no brief for such a subsidy of poor management in banks; besides, I am persuaded that the inevitable consequence of a permanent governmental guaranty of deposits would be—and, because of the guaranty, ought to be—the passing of banking from private to public operation in the manner advocated by Mr. Norman Thomas, Mr. Henry Ford, and other champions of state socialism and state capitalism. It happens that my own self-interest, which is with the banks and bankers, does not lead in that direction; and, perhaps in part because of this self-interest, my financial thinking does not run that way either.

At the same time, however, as one among the many thousands of men who had a direct and undiscerning part in some of the long-standing abuses which I have here criticized, I freely

concede that a governmental guaranty of all bank deposits would have been a small price to pay for the preservation of our banking system. For the direct losses suffered by several million depositors has indeed become, ironically enough, but a small item in the final reckoning. As willingly I grant also that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, to which we have been driven by this banking collapse, is the most effective instrument that the government has devised to deal with our domestic depression at its source. Even this temporary and partial *Federal* guaranty of deposits, however, is irrational; it is tenable only because the alternatives would be fatal in this crisis.

No one, I believe, would seriously contend that the Federal Government should continue beyond this emergency to underwrite the mistakes of the forty-eight State systems of banking, which in so many instances differ widely from, and through "liberal" charters and laws compete with, the more strictly regulated and circumscribed National banking system. Some five out of every six failures occur under the State systems; and the numerous failures of State banks are of course the principal incitement to dangerous runs on other State banks and National banks alike. Furthermore—and this is the serious structural weakness of what bankers erroneously refer to as our "dual" system of banking—the utter lack of either uniformity or co-operation among the forty-eight State systems renders impossible (1) a decisive raising of banking standards, (2) an effective operation of the Federal Reserve System, and (3) a sound national monetary policy.

Yet these three improvements over the existing "system" must be rendered possible if we are to have safe banks and sound money and thereby attain a secure foundation on which to rebuild the superstructure of busi-

ness. We need to recognize frankly that we have done more to make money unsound, and business or agriculture unsafe, in each year of our bank-failure epidemic than we should probably do in the next ten years if we resorted to the fiat-money inflation of such a scheme as the bonus bill that was sensibly rejected last summer. And we need also to recognize frankly that we should put an end to bank failures, and to the disastrous deflation that results from them, not by the negative palliative of a governmental guaranty of deposits, but by the positive remedy of putting the aggregate strength of all our commercial banks—the banks that issue most of our national currency—into a uniform system that shall be powerful enough to render a governmental guaranty superfluous, and that shall itself establish either an efficient guaranty or its practical equivalent.

For the direction in which we have been moving under the spur of necessity is not forward to radical innovations but back to first principles, the most elementary of which—so elementary that even educated business men and bankers sometimes overlook it—is that money is, in a pecuniary economy, the one and only thing presumed to be riskless. The failure of a single bank-check-currency institution, the loss by its depositors of a single dollar, are anachronisms that no business man, banker, or statesman could successfully defend. That the purchasing power of money will fluctuate, yes; but that "money in bank" should vanish overnight, and thus violently diminish purchasing power—no: no nation's economy can survive it.

The historic characteristics that differentiate our system of commercial banking from the system of countries in which bank failures are rare are the multifarious and mutually competitive systems of State and Federal charter, the State and Federal restrictions on

branch banking, and the legalized practice of carrying real-estate mortgages, bonds, stocks, and other long-term investments as security for demand and short-term commercial deposits. It has been demonstrated to us all, not during the last three years only, but during the last thirteen years (unless we rashly exclude the farmer from our social and economic reckoning), that these three survivals of our frontier economy are dangerous and even fatal under the conditions of modern inter-related business.

The first and second we can eliminate by requiring all commercial banks that are not members of the Federal Reserve System to become members, if they are strong enough to meet the requirements of membership; or, if they are not eligible, either to become branches of member banks, or to liquidate while the aid of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is still available to them, or to discontinue the interstate circulation of bank-check currency. This is the substance of the unification and branch-banking proposals that during the last few years have been urged by practical-minded leaders of banking thought, and that will be more widely discussed when banking legislation, under Senator Glass's leadership, again occupies the center of the banking stage in Washington. The third serious defect of our present system, the long-term-investment accumulations of commercial banks, cannot of course be drastically eliminated without making the cure worse than the disease; it will have to be remedied gradually by such means as Senator Glass and the Federal Reserve Board advocated last year, when the effort towards permanent banking reform was suspended to make way for the revenue, unemployment-relief, and construction measures.

In the final analysis, the method by which we shall remedy the collapse of our banking and currency system is for

the determination, not of bankers only, but of depositors and borrowers also, and specifically of the President and Congress, who under our Constitution are the final arbiters of who shall "coin money" that in this day is largely in the form of bank-check currency. It is, therefore, a matter to be determined by political action; and in the United States banking legislation is, as the late Paul M. Warburg accurately observed, "shot through with politics." The unification and branch-banking measures advocated by Senator Glass, Governor Meyer of the Federal Reserve Board, Governor Harrison of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, Mr. John W. Pole (former Comptroller of the Currency), Mr. Owen D. Young, Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, and other banking leaders, have already met with tremendous political opposition, which has behind it the active support of the great majority of the country's bankers. They are opposing these measures as vigorously and vehemently as they opposed the Federal Reserve legislation twenty years ago. Two-thirds of the country's commercial banks—which hold, however, only one-third the total deposits in all commercial banks—have remained outside the Federal Reserve System because they are either unable or unwilling to qualify for membership under the system's standards; standards that, to good advantage, could be stricter than they are, if the "liberal" banking laws of many States were not a competitive drag on our Federal banking laws.

While political opposition to great banking reforms is not insurmountable, as the passage of the Glass-Owen bill in 1913 demonstrated, it is not to be lightly regarded. I bring forward the suggestion, therefore, that we be prepared to pay a political price for prompt action in order to restore cash, credit, and confidence in our banks.

The suggestion is that we offer an inducement that banking politics could not successfully resist; namely, that the Federal Government pay the "trifling price" of all the bank failures, State and National, of this last thirteen-year epidemic—pay to the depositors of chartered banks that failed the net amount of the deposits they lost, and thus restore this money to active circulation. The total amount of deposits involved in the failures was approximately five billions of dollars. The recovery by depositors has been, or will be, probably half this sum. Most of this they have already received, either through the receivers of the closed banks, or through advances from other banks, or, more recently, through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. We should require, then, a bond issue of approximately two and a half billion dollars to cover the net losses.

Whether by a bond issue for this purpose or for some other purpose, we shall certainly have, before this year is out, "reflation" or, as I prefer to call it frankly, inflation. The political current, not to say the economic necessity, is obviously too strong to be resisted; and I believe that there is not, among banking leaders and economists, any desire to resist it, but rather a desire for it, if the probable result is not a futile one, and if the method of inflation

is "controllable," as a Federal bond-issue is. As between a bond issue for public works—public works not yet determined and necessarily slow in the planning and execution, and in the filtering of money from the top of large construction companies through the channels of employment and trade; as between such a bond issue and one to restore hard-earned and thriftily-saved money to its millions of agricultural, commercial, and individual sources in closed banks, the latter would have, it seems to me at least, a greater efficacy where purchasing power is urgently needed, and a more natural and more widely diffused result in reviving business generally.

What I advance, however, is not a purported panacea, but a suggestion for consideration by trained economists, practical business men and bankers, and the men who in the new Administration and Congress will speak for a new deal in money and banking. If it is feasible, the price is not great for the decisive economic events in view—the prompt passage of legislation that will give us sound money in safe banks, and the prompt restoration of purchasing power that will give a vigorous fillip to business. And are these not the only events that can bring, to capitalist and worker alike, to creditor and debtor alike, a restoration of confidence?



WINGS OF AN ANGEL

BY MORRIS MARKEY

THE express from Moscow was late getting into Berlin. I wanted to go to Paris as quickly as possible, since Paris is the only proper antidote for Moscow, so I took a taxicab directly from the railroad station to the Tempelhof airdrome. It was still rather early in the morning when I reached the airdrome, and the girl at the ticket desk said there was plenty of room in the Paris plane.

I went out to put my baggage through the customs, but before I reached the customs room I heard people laughing—that shy, well-mannered laughter of Germans who have to deal with foreigners. Most of them cling to the idea that foreigners still hate them because of the War, and in all of them you can see a discreet, mournful yearning to be liked again. These Germans were laughing softly in the customs room, standing around the automatic scales where they weigh you before you take ship. And they were looking at the biggest man I ever saw.

He was not big like an elephant. He had the solid immensity of a Percheron stallion. An enormous quantity of black hair, streaked with gray round the temples, took the place of a hat above his enormous face. He had on an old black sweater and a pair of corduroy pants and a pair of black patent-leather shoes. He was standing grimly on one foot, and with the other foot he was making stiff circles—up, and over the back of a chair, and down to the floor again—and he was say-

ing, "See there? Look! See? You couldn't do that. Not you dumb Dutchmen." The baggage boys and the clerks and a mannerly German customs officer in a light-green coat with scarlet facings grinned and nodded.

He saw me and came weaving toward me on his toes, his vast hands making short piston strokes out from his chest, and his head bobbing. He was muttering, "Like this, see? Me and Maxie. Understand? Maxie, you Dutchman! The old punch. . . ." His right fist brushed like a feather across my chin and I said, "What the hell?"

"God!" he said. "It's an American!" And his hands fell down against his sides. His face was very close, and it was plain enough that he was at the end of a tremendous night. His eyes were puffed and red. There were lines under them and the muscles of his cheeks sagged until they lay in slack rolls. But there was nothing slack or soft about the hand he thrust at me. "Mickey Ryan," he said. "A dirty Irishman. Going to Paris?"

I said that I was, and he leaned close to whisper in my ear. "I'm this way—get it?" His hand made a turning movement beside his ear as if he were cranking a machine. "It's the drink. But don't let the Dutchmen know. You have to make 'em respect you."

He caught me by the arm and led me out to the terrace café. There were hundreds of brightly colored little

tables in the sunshine, and airplanes were rolling lazily about the sky. He said, "One last little mug of that Pilsner beer. One or two last little mugs. You can't get it, boy, where we're going." We ordered the beer.

"Whom did you ever fight?" I asked.

"What difference does it make?" he answered. "They all knocked me out. I always get knocked out. Anybody that hears he's matched with me gives three cheers and quits training." He drew two or three German bank notes from his pocket to pay for the beers, and would have no protests. "Maxie gave me the paper," he said. "Five hundred marks. I've bought my ticket and I've got twenty marks left." He swallowed the beer. "Poor Maxie. He's too generous for his own good, that kid. But you can't help loving him." He pointed to the gray at his temples. "See that?" he asked. "Well, that ain't worry. That's license."

I said, "How much do you weigh?"

"About two twenty-nine, now," he said. "I ought not to weigh over two ten." He stared at his body and shook his head sadly. "Big," he said. "Too big. Ain't it the shame the way people always pick on big guys like you and me?" The slim cashier girl had been watching him and now, for the first time, he became aware of her. He stood up, and faced her, and he was altogether formidable to see. But he said nothing. Very slowly he bent forward to lay the palms of his hands against the ground—flat against the ground. His knees were stiff and his legs looked like trees. He came slowly erect again and without smiling he resumed his chair.

"Yes," he said, "they always pick on the big guys. You take last night in that bar. One guy kept worrying another guy, arguing with him and insulting him in Dutch talk.

But you could see he didn't really care about bothering the little guy. He just wanted to aggravate me so I would do something. He got his wish, brother. I couldn't stand to hear him going on like that, and so I said, 'Why don't you pick out somebody your size?' He spoke some lousy American at me, like 'Oh, you just talk.' So I let him have it. He asked for it, didn't he?"

I said, "He certainly asked for it."

"Well, it took ten minutes to bring him round, and most of his front teeth were gone. Look there where his teeth cut my hand up." There was a row of small red wounds across his left fist. "Then the cops came in. Everybody explained to the cops exactly how it happened, and so when they got that boob to come round they took him off to jail somewhere. I tried to buy those cops a drink but they turned me down."

"You should have seen the little kid. It was a pleasure to see anybody as grateful as that. He said, 'I'm going home and pray for you.' He said it in Dutch. He didn't understand our language, but that ain't his fault. I said to him, 'Keep your prayers for your mother, kid.' I told him that because you can't pray too much for your mother."

"Have you been over long?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I came over from New York to the Eucharistic Congress at Dublin. I wanted to see it, you know. I saw it, and then I went down to see the old mother in Galway. I was born in Galway. I says to her, just walking up to the cottage door, 'Well, old girl, here I am.' Then after a day or two I headed this way. I thought maybe I could get a fight in Berlin but I couldn't. Couldn't talk the lingo. Had to borrow enough from Maxie to get back to Paris."

He drank another beer and we

watched a big four-engined Handley-Page take off for London. "If we ever get to Paris," he said, "I'll send the old girl a telegram. Know what I'll say? '*O.K. Mickey.*' That's all. But she'll read nineteen volumes in that. A mother could read nineteen volumes in just that: *O.K. Mickey.*"

He stared at the cashier girl, who stared back at him, utterly expressionless. "You know," he said, "the only way you can ever understand a woman or a man is to live with 'em. The old girl told me that, and she ought to know."

I said, "That's right."

With dark solemnity he stood up, faced the girl, and did his floor-touching trick again. When he sat down he sighed and shook his head. "I ain't in no shape," he said.

An attendant came for us to weigh in and get our customs receipts. The Farman was already warming up at the edge of the apron and two or three more passengers had arrived. While we were getting our passports stamped there was a stir at the taxi entrance, and a young American came hurrying in. There were two porters with him, each carrying a heavy parcel. The boy was obviously excited and he talked continuously. He would say to the porters, "Look out there! Say, that's delicate stuff! For God's sake, be careful!" And then he would call out, "Where do I go? Who speaks English around here? Somebody take care of this stuff."

My friend went up to him. "You're American, ain't you?" he asked. The boy nodded. "Well, keep quiet then. I'll take care of everything. What have you got in these packages?" The boy was quite overwhelmed by Mickey Ryan's vastness. He looked about, a little furtively, and said, "Clocks. Expensive clocks." He shivered with apprehension as the porters put the parcels on the scale, and cried

out, "Good Lord! Be a little careful, can't you?"

Mickey patted him on the shoulder. "You just forget all about it, son," he said. "I'm here, ain't I? You can depend on me, can't you?" The boy seemed a little doubtful, but the porters were waiting to be tipped, and Mickey said, "Here, let's see what money you've got." The boy pulled out a handful of change and began to sort the pfennigs, but Mickey discouraged him. "Let me do it," he said. "You don't know anything about this Dutch money. You just leave everything in my hands." He selected some coins, gave them to the porters with a stiff bow, and patted the boy on the shoulder again. "See there?" he asked. "It's simple when you know the ropes. Leave it to me, kid. I've been places."

But the boy was still nervous. He said in a low voice, "Listen. That isn't clocks I've got. It's medical equipment, worth a barrel of money. I'm ruined if they break it."

While Mickey was reassuring him I had to go off and pay my excess baggage charges. There was a good deal of confusion because the Koenigsburg ship had just come in and two Finns who arrived with it were demanding a great deal of attention. But finally a polite attendant came up and said I could get aboard the plane now. On the way down the apron, under the awning, with the ship's motors sighing their slow idle beat, I felt Mickey's heavy arm come around my shoulder. "It's up to you and me, brother," he said. "We've got to take care of that kid. He don't know how to handle himself among all these foreigners."

I said, "He does look a little worried."

"Sure he's worried. Some doctor sent him all the way from Boston to get that machinery, and the kid is

scared to death he'll break it or get it taken away from him at the customs. And this is his first ride in an airplane, too."

"Your first flight?" I asked.

"You wouldn't kid me, would you?" he said. "Listen, fellow. I'm a pilot. Licensed pilot. I taught Harry Greb how to handle the stick."

I said, "Poor old Harry. Gone now."

"Yep," he said. "Another good boy gone home. I've taken many a sock from Harry. We used to train together round Pittsburgh."

They were putting our baggage in, and the boy from Boston was hovering over his two packages, yelling at the porters who lifted them. He seemed unhappy enough to cry.

"Yes, sir," said Mickey, "I'm a pilot. And if these frog babies in this ship don't fly it to suit me I'll just take over the controls myself. Fly it in to the big town. You don't think I could do it, do you?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I know you could do it."

We got settled down in our chairs, and while they were latching the door from the outside Mickey drew a bottle of German cognac out of his bag. He asked me and the boy and the other passenger—one of the Finns who was going on to Paris—for a corkscrew. None of us had one, and so he went up the aisle and banged on the cockpit door. The pilot and the mechanic opened the door and pretended to listen to him above the noise of the engines. They shook their heads, slammed the door, and the pilot opened all three throttles full out.

All the time we were making the run for the take-off; all the time we were making the first bumpy climb for altitude, banking around with Berlin cuddled under one wing and the Brandenburg lakes glittering ahead in the sunlight, Mickey stood there in

the aisle opening his bottle of cognac with a nail file. He got it open all right. He spilled some of the cognac on the Finn's coat and fell on the Finn when he leaned over to apologize—for we kept hitting sharp little bumps. After that the Finn refused to share a drink with him.

The Boston boy was white, holding leather and staring grimly at his two precious bundles. He refused, too, when Mickey offered him a drink. So Mickey fell into a chair just ahead of me and shoved the bottle into my face. At the same time he leaned back and yelled in my ear, "If you don't take a drink I'll have to slog you one." So I took a drink.

He took one then. A very long one. And he leaned over to take off his shoes and get comfortable. I gave him some cotton to stuff in his ears.

We were levelled out for the run to Cologne, a thousand meters up and just under a lazy roll of clouds. It was fine down below. There were lakes full of pleasure boats and with little white pavilions all along their shores. I wanted to look at the scenery, and so when Mickey leaned over to yell at me again and push the bottle into my hands I frowned and shook my head and pushed him back into his seat. His face assumed an exaggerated air of resignation. He stared with mock intentness at each of his fellow-passengers, shook his head as if dismayed at the assay of them, and settled back in his chair.

During all the run to Cologne he got up only three or four times: to lean over the boy and shout that everything was all right, or to make a face at the Finn, or just to stumble his way up and down the aisle out of sheer restlessness. I glanced at the boy once or twice. He was quiet. He was holding a copy of *Film Fun* in his hand—not reading it but apparently feeling well enough. The air was all smoothed out.

We came in for a landing over the Cologne cathedral. Our altitude dwarfed the spires and made them seem inconsequential. I felt sorry about that, for I had never seen the cathedral before, and the pictures of it were very beautiful. We levelled off over the green turf and the pilot laid us down like a feather.

When we got out of the ship Mickey was carrying the boy's parcels—to clear them through the German export control. The boy was full of nervous questions: Would the Germans open the packages? Did the French have a customs authority here? Would it do any good to offer a bribe? Mickey knew all the answers. He summed them up. "Listen, kid. You don't know nothing and you don't say nothing. You leave everything to me and don't worry me. I've been around, and you haven't. Shut up worrying and go in that canteen and order me up some beer."

The boy obeyed meekly. The French had no control there. The Germans had no interest in exports and opened nothing. Mickey was sure that he was wholly responsible for our easy time with the officials. He had an old pair of black-and-white sport shoes tied to the outside of his valise. Obviously, he had changed from them to the new patent leathers, and now he untied the sport shoes, bowed ceremoniously, and with the utmost blandness presented them to the customs chief, a dapper fellow with gold-rimmed spectacles and two bad war scars. The customs chief took them gravely in his fingertips and Mickey turned to hurry into the café. He said to me, "That was a good pair of shoes, but what the hell? You have to give 'em something, haven't you, when they're easy on you? And they appreciate things like shoes even more than money. They can't get stuff like that over here."

He said to the boy, "It's O.K., kid.

Worries over. Just leave everything to Mickey Ryan." He swallowed three seidels of beer and went through a long series of setting-up exercises for the benefit of the old waiter and the customs people, who could see through the open door. Then he bought three loaves of bread—long, ponderous loaves—presenting one to the boy and one to me. "You'll need a little something on your stomach," he said.

We had to run for the ship, waving the long loaves in our hands.

We took off into a freshening east wind, and there were gray clouds scudding over the fields. We had hardly got into the air before the bumps began to hit us, and presently we were wallowing along through heavy mists that streamed in shadowed bursts through the propellers, under the heaving wings, against the windows of the cabin. Now and then we were quite blind for long minutes at a time and once or twice we came out of the clouds with the ship cocked at a bad angle, already half skidding toward a spin. The treetops were not more than two or three hundred feet down.

As it began to get really bad, the boy began to forget about his parcels. He had more intimate concerns, for he was white and sick and terribly afraid. With all the gentleness of a Sister of Charity, Mickey laid him out. He lowered the back of one seat until it rested on the cushion of the next seat aft (he had to move the grumbling Finn and all the Finn's luggage to accomplish this) and he stretched the boy from Boston flat on his back. It was all he could do to keep his balance in the swaying aisle, but he did, loosening the boy's collar and belt and screaming encouragement into his ear over the long, shivering whine of the propellers.

He came back to my seat grinning. "Reminds me," he said, "of when I was on ambulance during the War."

That seemed to give him an idea,

for he hurried back to the boy and began yelling something, glancing back at me and pointing toward me. Then he came aft. "Look," he said. "You're the doctor, see? You're a doc." He winked. "Go up and talk to the kid, hunh? And this"—he jerked the bottle of cognac from his pocket—"this is the medicine, see? He won't listen to me."

So I went up where the kid was lying—the Finn cursed me when I fell against him in a bad lurch—and bent over with a grave professional air. "What is hurting?" I asked. He looked at me as if he thought me the most complete fool in the world. But when I said nothing more he beckoned me to lean closer and he croaked into my ear, "Can't you do something, doc? Can't you make 'em come down?"

Mickey was gouging his thumb into my ribs. I said to the boy, "What you need is a little drink to steady you."

He took it. It nearly killed him. But he got it down and it did seem to make him feel better. I went back and sat down and Mickey came with me. "He's inexperienced," Mickey roared into my ear. "We've got to be gentlemen, ain't we? We got to give him a helping hand, ain't we?" I nodded.

Mickey's constant weaving up and down the length of the cabin, shifting all that immense weight back and forth, made it hard for the pilot. I could feel him yanking at the flippers while he fought for level flight in that bad wind and two or three times he turned to glare back through the cockpit window, shaking his head and making signs for me to keep Mickey still. I tried, but it did no good. He was having too much fun nursing the boy, and he had to creep back into the lavatory every five or ten minutes for a puff at a cigarette—forbidden and dangerous.

At last the pilot became exasperated. He looked back at me and frowned heavily and made that curious Gallic fling of the head which indicated as clearly as words, "All right, you *cochons*, I'll make you sit down."

He nosed the ship over into a hard dive, and jerked it out at the bottom, and zoomed bang into a mass of black clouds that looked solid as a wooden wall.

I was looking for it, and still it was bad. The Finn and the boy and Mickey weren't looking for it. The Finn yelled. I could hear him yell. Then he crumpled down in his chair, holding his stomach tight and shutting his eyes. The boy came up from his couch. He came straight up, as if he might have been shot with a spring, and he stood in the aisle gasping and reaching for something to hold on to and moaning. I could not hear him moaning, but that was the expression on his face. It is a marvel he did not faint.

Mickey turned the cognac bottle up and drank deep. He leaned down over me, pushing the bottle into my hands. He yelled, "I told you these frogs don't know how to fly. Even Harry Greb, the way I taught him, would miss a bump that bad." I nodded. "Look what it did to the kid," he said.

The boy was kneeling in the aisle now, his arms and head buried in a seat cushion. He was terribly, terribly sick.

We got through with the rough weather above Soissons, perhaps a little to the west of it. And it was smooth enough on into Paris, sunny and very beautiful, for the forests of Compiègne were spread out down below, straight roads and white old castles and finally the oval racetrack at Chantilly. It was so calm after the recent uproar that the boy began to feel better. He felt well enough, at last, to begin worry about his packages

again. He got up, tied on his necktie, buttoned his vest, and felt the packages carefully, pressing their sides and bending his ear down as if to listen for the clink of broken metal.

Mickey, for the moment, had drawn within himself. He sat far back in the cabin, munching his long loaf of bread and mopping his head. The boy came slowly back to my chair. He shouted, "Know anything about French customs?"

I was no Christian like Mickey. I was getting tired of the boy. I put on a long face and said "Bad," shaking my head. He went back to his parcels and sat down to regard them with great sadness.

We landed at Le Bourget. Mickey's meal of bread put the spirits back into him. He lifted the parcels carefully and we all got out. "It's the first time for me in Paris since the War," he said. "But if you're a gentleman you can get by anywhere, eh? Whether you know the lingo or not."

I said, "Sure."

He said, "We've got to take care of the kid. This junk has got him down, all right." He looked, not without affection, at the two bundles he was carrying.

They were efficient at the customs desk. Mickey said, "This junk is mine, see? You don't have to open it. Just a lot of clocks and junk like that."

The customs officer said, "Open, please."

The boy gave a low bleat and his hands trembled as he began working at the knots. He said, "There's a heavy duty on this stuff. I know it. I was thinking maybe I could slip by. Oh, Lord."

Mickey tried to take charge again, but the French were cool toward him. Within a few minutes Mickey and the Finn and I were being shoved into the bus, and the doors were closed on us and we were off for Paris.

"Where is our other passenger?" I shouted to the attendant.

"The young man?" he answered. "He will be for an hour at the *douane*. The bus has to go on schedule." Mickey wanted to get out and go back and demolish the customs authority, but I dissuaded him.

"Gee," he said, "but that makes you feel tough. That poor kid. I was afraid something like that would happen. All the way from the ship to the customs desk I was breathing a Hail Mary for him, but it didn't do any good."

We were on the Paris road.

"Where do you go in Paris?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "where do the boxing guys hang out? That promoter at the Palais des Sports—you know—that crowd. Where could a guy come up with them?"

I said, "Harry's Bar, I think."

"I guess I could find it," he said, "even if I don't talk the lingo."

I told him that when we changed from the bus to a taxicab I would drop him at Harry's.

"That'll be mighty nice," he said. "I thought I could find a place there to police up. I've got a pretty good blue suit in the bag there. I don't look so much like a bum when I'm policed up."

I said, "You've got some money, haven't you?"

"A buck or two in those Dutch marks," he said. "But I'm worrying about that poor kid. Maybe he never will get away from out there. They couldn't put him in jail, could they?"

I said, "But you will have to have some money."

He said, "Old heads like you and me have to look out for the greenhorns, eh? You have to be a gentleman and help the greenhorns. Money? Me? Say, don't worry about Mickey Ryan. I get along."

We changed to the cab. Mickey

said, "I want to see if you and me agree on one thing. I say, no matter where you are or what you do, be a gentleman. Be a gentleman to a poor dumb kid like that, even the ones that ought never to leave home."

I said, "Sure, Mickey."

"Shake," he said. We shook.

Then he laughed, a tremendous, merry bellow that rose above the piping horns of Paris traffic. "Maybe I don't know so much myself," he said. "I don't know none of the big words, and I'm the lousiest heavyweight boxing fighter in the world. But I never regretted a nickel I ever spent. How about it?"

I said, "Sure, Mickey."

We turned down the rue Daunou and pulled up at Harry's Bar. I was not getting out. I tried to lend him a little money, but he would not take it. He got out, ponderously, with his big black bag. He stood for a moment, holding my hand in the great heft of meat that grew from his wrist. He said good-by. Then he laughed.

"Paris, Berlin, London, New York. . . . You and me, brother. But what the hell? Travel and brag. Travel and brag. Ain't that about it?"

Before I could answer he had shut the door of the cab and flung his bag fairly through the swinging doors. The cab drew off. Looking back, I saw his huge person disappear.





MANCHURIA: A WARNING TO AMERICA

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

A YEAR has passed since Japan's absorption of Manchuria presented the most serious threat to world peace since 1918 and the first concrete test of all the hopes, plans, and devices contrived for the prevention of war. It is time to take a reckoning.

Two items stand out in such a reckoning.

First: America, while clinging to the fiction of isolation from Europe, has become definitely, alarmingly, and perhaps inextricably involved in Asia.

Second: The promise of control of war by international machinery has proved illusive. For despite the concurrent ceremonials of League of Nations meetings, international commissions, invocations of peace pacts, and "the technic of peace by conference," Japan has acted as it would have acted before 1914. It wanted Manchuria and has taken it. The League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact might as well not have been.

It is not my intention here to discuss questions of Far Eastern international politics or the Manchurian controversy. They have been sufficiently aired, and the issue has now passed far beyond their intrinsic importance. Nor do I wish to labor the obvious point that the League has failed. For the point is not so much that the League has failed as that it never had a chance to succeed. And in this point lies the innermost truth of the Manchurian controversy, of the whole Far Eastern

question, and of all international relations, for that matter. The larger significance of the Manchurian episode and its aftermath is just this, that it is the perfect laboratory specimen of how international conflicts are made, how not to attempt to unmake them, and also how they might be averted if we were willing to pay the price. What it shows is that peace cannot be achieved through mechanisms, that there can be no peace so long as the causes of war remain—that is, so long as nations strive for objects which can be attained only by the use of armed force.

This truth, platitudinous and commonly ignored, has never been more completely ignored than in the last year. Underlying all the organized efforts to deal with the Manchurian affair—and never before has so conscious and systematic an effort been made to deal with an international dispute—has been the premise that this was a "crisis," to be "settled" by bringing about a cessation of fighting and a compromise between the disputants, after which peace would be secure. There has been no disposition to face the conditions in the Far East which produce conflicts like this one, which have produced them before, and will do so again unless they are changed.

The Manchurian affair has been treated as an event isolated in time and space, as beginning in 1931, restricted to a region north of the Great Wall of China, and concerning only

Japan and China, whereas in fact it has roots running back almost a hundred years and extending to Europe and North America. It is the latest phase of an old struggle and can be understood only in its setting.

This struggle has two aspects, which are interrelated. The first is between China and all the Powers which have appropriated parts of its territory, acquired special privileges on its soil, and otherwise nullified its sovereignty. The issue is whether China will regain its independence or remain the spoils of high politics. The second is among those Powers for the exclusive right to dominate China. The stake is the profits from China's material development.

The first is of recent origin, dating only from the advent of nationalism in the East as one of the by-products of the World War. Seven years ago China was aiming at England mainly, and in less degree at the other Western Powers. Three years ago it was directing its efforts against Russia and more recently against Japan; for Japan had Manchuria, the most serious derogation on China's sovereignty. Inflamed by the new fires of nationalism, China sought to recover Manchuria. To Japan Manchuria is the fruit of its growth since it came to power, a source of future economic expansion, an investment of a billion dollars, and a symbol of imperial grandeur; and it means to retain it. Furthermore, Manchuria is its piece in the game of world politics. And though the American State Department, the League Assembly, and the Lytton report may forget the second aspect of the struggle in the Far East, Japan does not. The immediate issue is whether China's nationalism is to succeed. Either the great Powers must yield their fruits of aggression, as Mr. Stimson described them when talking only of Japan, or they must suppress China by force. The issue is

clear and cannot be evaded whenever China presses it. Japan elected to use force, hence the conflict of 1932. So did Soviet Russia in 1929, when it used force to recover the Chinese Eastern railway in North Manchuria, which China had sought to restore to its own sovereignty. The Western Powers have not been in a position since 1918 to levy force on the other side of the world. To Japan this issue is subordinate. It is not thinking of China and Manchuria alone. It is thinking of Great Britain and France and Russia and the United States—mainly of the United States.

For Japan the question is not so simple as whether it shall keep Manchuria or China shall have it back. It is whether Japan shall keep Manchuria or China shall have it back or some other Power shall take it. The Japanese came to their second maturity in the harsh and ugly world of the end of the nineteenth century, a world in which the strong took what they could wherever they could. Japan was itself for a generation the victim of the same process to which China was subjected, and if it escaped China's fate, the explanation is partly in its own miraculous effort but mainly in the happy accident that it was near China and China was the bigger prize. To the rival aspirants for Eastern empire Japan was by comparison small pickings. Moreover, Japan watched the relentless approach of the dismemberment of China—until given pause by the outbreak of the World War—knowing that whatever Power appropriated the largest share would have a weapon against Japan itself. Out of the fear begotten by that threat it had to fight Russia in 1904. A definite psychology was formed in the mind of the Japanese. They cannot believe that relinquishment of Manchuria necessarily means its retention by China. They cannot believe that

1914 was more than an interruption. And they may be right. It may be that a new international ethic was born of the lessons of the War and that the race for empire has been abandoned in the East; and it may be that the great Powers are only winded and that when they recover their wind the race will be resumed, each spurred now by the redoubled need for foreign markets. If the latter be true, then obviously it would be fatal for Japan not to take advantage of their exhaustion and consolidate its position of mastery when it can. And thus may be explained the motives of Japan's aggressive policy since the Twenty-one Demands of 1915 and its obduracy before world opinion since 1931. Thus may be explained the failure of the League's intervention into the Manchurian conflict and Japan's rejection of the Lytton report.

The League did not fail, however. It did not try. From the first hastily convoked meeting of the Council to the formal debates on the Lytton report it never took cognizance of considerations such as have just been outlined. And without facing them any attempt to deal with the Far East was unreal. It did not touch the root causes of the conflict it was trying to stop. It dealt only with effects. To have gone to the underlying causes might have been unpleasant, since it would have put others besides Japan on the defensive; but without doing so there was no hope of restoring peace in the Far East. The conflict could not be prevented or stopped, because it had been set by the operation of the causes. At the best this particular incident could be arrested, and the basic conflict left to be resumed by a similar incident later. As it happened, not even the incident was arrested. Japan proceeded according to plan, absorbed Manchuria, and set up a fictive state called Manchukuo as

a transition to eventual annexation. The incident could be called closed except for the entrance of one factor—the American government. The United States intervened.

II

When the balance of all the forces working on history in the Far East is taken, the resultant will be found to be the definitive entry of the United States into the East. The United States has not only intervened but made unequivocal commitments and thereby, with or without deliberate intent, moved to a new position in world affairs. The pronouncements of the American government with reference to Manchuria, so glibly hailed by liberals, will constitute, unless revoked, a pledge and policy no less binding than the Monroe Doctrine but infinitely harder to effectuate. They will embroil us in the most inflammable area in the world; make us the protagonist of the *status quo* in a region where the *status quo* is inherently unstable; enroll us as a partisan in a congeries of crusty international feuds, and, unless revoked, will have a more positive influence on the course of our history than the Monroe Doctrine, since they concern a part of the world more contested than South America and state a position less easy to defend. And of this fact the American people remain singularly unaware and wholly uncritical.

Mr. Stimson, as Secretary of State, has formally announced, not once but twice, that the American government does not recognize what has taken place in Manchuria. He has said that the American government will not recognize political changes brought about by force in contravention of the Kellogg Pact, and by more than inference has so classified the changes in Manchuria. In his studied words be-

fore the Council on Foreign Relations in New York he explicitly characterized the formation of the new state of Manchukuo under the ægis of Japan as "fruits of aggression." Mr. Stimson has not said, however, how the American government will implement its declaration.

Unfortunately the occasion will arise when this will have to be determined. It cannot be evaded. Either all the events since September, 1931, are nullified and Manchuria returns to the status it then occupied or Manchuria remains Manchukuo, a fiction for Japanese hegemony. The American government says Manchuria is still a part of China; Japan says it is Manchukuo, an independent state under Japanese advisers. There is no possibility of evasion or compromise. It must be one or the other, and the concrete test will come. There will be questions of trade rights, railway rights, tariffs, taxation, consular jurisdiction, rights of foreign residents, military defense. To what authority shall consular representatives be accredited? Suppose new tariffs are introduced penalizing American products, or new railway regulations established giving virtually monopolistic preference to Japanese shipments, or restrictions laid on foreign business to the disadvantage of all except the Japanese. Either of these is in accordance with Japanese practice in territories which come under Japan's control. There need be no illusion on one score. If there is to be an Open Door in Manchuria henceforth it will be open to Japan only. Or, suppose there is a personal clash between Japanese and Americans in Manchuria and a settlement is to be adjudicated. By whom will it be? There will be friction, at the best; there will be incidents, and the concrete test will come. Then either Japan will yield or America will yield or they will go to war.

Saving only the possibility of an economic catastrophe, Japan will not yield. That can be said with dogmatic certainty. Since Japan won South Manchuria from Russia there has been no time when it has not stood ready to fight to extinction to defend its position. On that point there is no division within Japan. There are no Japanese who would not support the government on Manchuria. The so-called Japanese liberals, of whom so much is made by certain elements in America, are a creation of the imagination of finely tempered but innocent Americans who go junketing about the world on good-will tours and believe what they hear at banquets and stage-set laymen's conferences. As we understand the word liberal, there are few Japanese liberals, if any. Such as are liberal are without influence. Those commonly designated as liberal are semi-official apologists. The Japanese people will support their government on Manchuria. Against the United States they will support it on anything.

For the United States it will be awkward to yield. For one thing, its prestige is now engaged. More important, the American government has not acted out of caprice or impulse. It has brought into the open a tendency latent for a generation, though but dimly felt and to the American people unknown. With Europe, with which we have racial kinship, cultural affinity, common historical origins and evolution, and economic relations so close that a bank failure on the Danube causes shoe factories in Missouri to go into bankruptcy—with Europe we will not be "involved." But we leap to defiance over the Manchurian plains of Asia, straight into "entanglement" in an area which has produced more wars in the last hundred years than Europe. Our trade there is trifling, our vested interest negligible,

our residents there could be housed in a hotel of moderate size. Why, then? It is not our present material stake that draws us. What is it? Nor is this entirely new. For a generation we have been moving in the same direction. For twenty years we have stood squarely in the way of Japan's aggrandizement. Where Japan has been obstructed, as it has been in China, in Manchuria, and in Siberia, the obstruction has been of American making. Whether or not Japan's grandiose dreams imperil world security is another matter. They do, of course, but that is irrelevant in this connection. The point is that America, four thousand miles away and without any tangible interest at stake, takes upon itself the burden of the defense of the *status quo*, deliberately giving the challenge to a militant, determined Power. Why?

Can it be that America has a manifest destiny? Is there some mystic drive that impels us ever westward? As soon as the first settlements had been cleared we started toward the Pacific, reached it, leaped half across to the Hawaiian Islands, and then all the way across to the Philippines. Immediately then our interest in China lifted, and Secretary Hay spoke for the Open Door. Is there in the restless American spirit the unexpressed, inarticulate conviction that Asia is our oyster, ours to open and ours to pluck the pearl? Is that what motivates the otherwise unexplainable determination of our government in the Far East? Have we a destiny, and incidentally do the American people know it, and are they prepared to pay the price that national destinies exact?

These are the questions that are being asked in the Far East and elsewhere, everywhere, in fact, more than in America. Most of all they are being asked in Japan. The cardinal point of reference for Japan's foreign policy is

America. China is its theater of action, but toward America is its polarization. When Japanese who think of the political future of their country look out on their world they face America: *voilà l'ennemi*. It is not the attempted restraint by the League of Nations that has aroused Japanese resentment since the beginning of the Manchurian affair; it is the succession of pronouncements by the American government. It is not the League that is held to blame for the strictures on Japan emanating from Geneva, but America for having goaded the League to action. And in that position there is some reason, for Great Britain and France plainly have come as reluctant judges and more reluctant prosecutors.

America and Japan stand at deadlock on Manchuria. Japan will not yield. If America yields it will be for the first time on any important measure of foreign policy on which it has taken a positive stand, and it will be on something, moreover, that lies deeper than prestige or present material interest. What then? By every historical analogy, by all political precedent, Japan and America are to-day where England and Germany were in, say, 1907. If they drift, if the forces now making are allowed to gather, then by every precedent they will come to the same culmination. If we really are concerned about world peace we shall not worry ourselves about machinery and treaties and conferences and commissions. We shall face this fact and deal with it in time.

III

Concretely, there are two possible courses of action. One is for the American people—not one in five of whom can place Manchuria on a map without search—to ask themselves whether Manchuria means enough to them to risk their fortunes, their future, and the

lives of their sons on its disposition. And more is involved than a single war. America would then be caught in a welter of rivalries in what would be worse than the Balkans and from which a succession of wars would result. For no one can be so credulous as to believe that if America should go to war with Japan over Manchuria and win—as it will, by reason of greater economic resources, though only after a long war—it will then return Manchuria to China as before 1931. Instead, it will keep hegemony over Manchuria itself. It will have to; and it will want to. And it will inherit all the resentments, jealousies, and hostilities now Japan's. If the American people believe that Manchuria means enough for them to be willing to face this prospect, they will let their government proceed on its course and stand behind it, as the Japanese people do theirs. If not, they will consolidate public opinion to bring pressure on their government to withdraw from positions which expose them to risks they are unwilling to take. But this is a counsel of perfection—or of despair. There is no instrument by which democracies can control their foreign affairs. The public does not initiate or deliberate and then give its government mandates for action. Men in governments make commitments, and then it is a point of honor as well as duty to stand by the government. None asks then whether the individuals or groups in office made their commitments with wisdom and with the consent of the governed. By then the hostage of patriotism has been given.

The second course of action is to do as the League of Nations did not attempt to do. That is for the great Powers to face the causes of conflict in the Far East and eradicate them. Fundamentally there is no other course. To deal with individual incidents like the present one in Man-

churia is futile, even if successful, for there will be others like it. Manchuria is only one phase of a disorder in the Far East so deep-seated as to be organic. That disorder has been produced by at least fifty years of competitive aggression on China by the great nations. In the lust for imperial power which intoxicated the Western world in the second half of the nineteenth century and plunged it into orgies of conquest in Africa and Asia, China was marked out for spoliation. But there were many rivals for the spoils and they could neither agree on a division nor eliminate one another. All the great Powers sparred, and Russia and Japan fought it out. Later the fighting was transferred to the arena of Europe, and the rivalry in the Far East became somewhat subdued, although with Japan and the United States feeling each other out and Russia keeping watchful scrutiny. More recently the struggle has taken the form of China's aggression against the aggressors to recover its independence. Japan and China have just fought over that issue, Russia and China fought in 1929, and Great Britain and France and the United States and the other great Powers still have territory and privileges which China challenges. The Far East must be, then, a breeding ground of wars. There must be a succession of major and minor wars to determine once for all whether or not China is to be independent or, if not, to which country it shall be subject.

There can be no peace in the Far East so long as there are rival ambitions for mastery of China. There can be no peace unless those ambitions are slaked or renounced. The first can come only as the consummation of a succession of wars. There is no alternative but the second. What we can do constructively is not wait for the next eruption and then attempt to deal with it isolated from the conditions which gave

rise to it, but act in advance by way of prevention. If our desire for peace is truthfully measured by the implications of the Covenant of the League and the Kellogg Pact, the Powers will formally meet and lay down the foundations of peace in the Far East by first tearing down the international system built up since relations were established with China in 1842. They will do more than indite amiable generalities of self-denying ordinances as they did at the Washington Conference. They will implement them. They will give tokens of good faith. The conflict in the Far East turns on China's struggle against the Powers to regain its independence and the existence in China of rival nationalistic outposts of aggression. Each nation wants as much as any other; none will yield anything lest it handicap itself against the others. The whole conflict in both its phases can be ended only by removing the outposts, by giving up fruits of aggression: not just the fruits of aggression since 1931, since that is to penalize Japan alone, but all since 1842. The relations of the great Powers with China will thereafter be exclusively those of trading nations, the relations between England and France or between America and Italy. Such wealth as is to inure to the strong and efficient in dealing with China will come from trade with China on the basis of normal competition. In short, China will be eliminated as a spoils-ground, as an arena for the diplomatic fencing which is a prelude to the larger maneuvers of armies. This will not be for China's sake. It will have no reference to China's advantage or disadvantage. It will be a measure of self-protection, a measure to avert self-destruction in wars by removing the grounds on which each must take the offensive in defense.

Is this impractical? It may be;

but if so, then peace is impractical, then it is useless to go through the mummerly of League Assemblies and the solemnities of exchanging anti-war treaties and the rhetoric of disarmament meetings. Then it is useless to discuss disarmament; it is foolish even, because if it is impractical to uproot the conditions which must inevitably produce wars then it is the most rudimentary caution to be prepared for defense. If it is impractical, because to give up our concessions, rights, and privileges in China would cause at least a temporary loss of trade, as indeed it would, how much is the loss from wars? Are wars less costly?

It will be said that Japan cannot be induced to renounce anything, least of all now, when it has at last closed its grip on the prize which it has sought for twenty-five years. That is true. But at any rate Japan's primary motive for aggrandizement on the Asiatic continent, its fear that others will entrench themselves, will be left groundless, an indispensable condition to moderating Japan's aggressiveness. Then we can weaken the case of the Japanese military clique in its appeal to the Japanese people for support. It will not be able to plead self-defense so convincingly. We shall be in a position to bring pressure to bear on Japan with greater chance of success. At least we shall give evidence of good faith. The attitude of the Western Powers now is that of invoking the moral law against Japan alone. Other nations may keep what they were able to take. Japan is skeptical, and with reason. If it was obdurate at Geneva, that was because it is moved by a profound skepticism of the motives of other nations, also with reason. It has heard lofty enunciations of the new era; it has seen no signs. Why should it willingly offer itself as the first to make renunciation? The psychology of fear must first be

bred out of Japan—the psychology of fear and the aggressiveness which fear begets. Japan's state of mind is that of a small nation which miraculously escaped destruction and now must flaunt its might, if only for its own satisfaction. The fear is still justified. The burden of proof is on the Western Powers. Japan cannot be moved until first it is convinced that other Powers have no ambitions in the Far East. Even then a long time will be required, but a beginning will have been made.

A long time will be required in any case. A situation generations in the making cannot be unmade by resolving. But it will take equally long no matter when we begin. Had we honestly faced the causes of international rancors in the Far East at the Washington Conference in 1921 we might have prevented the outbreak in 1931. If we start now, we may not attain the consummation of our hopes until 1951. If we wait until 1941, we shall not

attain it until 1961—provided there is not war in the meantime. A long time will be required; also it will be costly. From that, too, there is no escape. The choice is only between loss voluntarily accepted and the loss imposed by the destruction of war. The rampages of the nineteenth-century conquerors must be paid for. Before there can be a new international society there must be a drastic writing off of old social losses.

There is no easy road to peace. The liberal reliance on treaties and international machinery is part of the deep-seated American faith in mechanical contrivances in all human situations. Peace cannot be had by wishing. If we want peace we must pay for it. We may not get it then. The momentum for war in the East, long gathered, is swift and powerful. But if we get peace at all, it will be only by paying. For America just now the stake is big and worth a risk.





SIZE SIXTEEN

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

SOME day there will be a history of women during this period when a climax, or change equal in importance to the War, clips it off at the other end, and the years are gathered up into coherence and given their final cognomen and rating. The history will have all the proper chapter heads: Women in Industry, Women in Education, Women in the Arts, Women in Business. But will there be, I wonder, as much as a chapter about thousands of women who expressed the average ideal and created the norm of accomplishment? Listed, no doubt, will be the first woman railroad president, the greatest woman poet, the actress, if any, whose art survives Hollywood. But if posterity is deeply curious it may even then remain unsatisfied. It may wonder what all other women are doing and thinking, what was the common, popular interest among less notable ones.

This may be a little embarrassing for history. There will be no record of general devotion to domestic life or of constant childbearing. The traditional woman of this time cannot be shown with a spindle or a cradle. No, if she has any symbol, I suppose it will be the scales, not a balance to hold aloft but one to stand upon. I can imagine some child of to-day asking her aging mother—just as the English war-recruiting posters used to warn parents they would one day be severely catechized by their children—"Mother, what did you do after the War? After they

gave you suffrage and all those rights? What did you do?" And many a mother, thinking back, will no doubt answer, "My darling, I took off twenty pounds."

It will be a fair answer. She believed it was a career. Indeed, it must have been, for what is a career except some course of action to which a person devotes the best of his thought, into which he plunges his energies, to which time, strength, and emotions are all made subsidiary—some pursuit which is at once the goal and hound of ambition?

You have only to listen to the intonation of many voices about you to understand and believe this.

"You mean that you really wear a size sixteen? You look just like a girl. Isn't that wonderful?"

There is true envy and admiration in the tone. There is a grave note of approval. Serious recognition of a shared ideal is indicated. You may laugh. But when many women feel no comedy in such intensity, I suggest that it is no longer comedy. When great numbers of women take youth, take "size sixteen" as a standard of physical perfection, something must happen to them. It happens not only to their figures but to their emotions, not only to their activities but to their minds. The result may be to keep their minds as thin as their bodies. If we are to idealize the size-sixteen woman physically—if we make that the wholly enviable age and develop-

ment—are we not letting ourselves in for too many size-sixteen morals and minds?

For a long time I have been secretly wondering whether it is really a compliment to tell a woman over thirty-five years of age that she looks like a young girl, or whether women are not suffering from a curious delusion when they accept that as flattery. A national depreciation of woman's maturity has gone on unchecked, now and again touching new lows. Its value is not half what it is in other countries to-day or nearly what it used to be in this country. The results seem apparent to me not only in the deliberately arrested development of many women's minds but in an actual weakening of emotional fiber.

We are rapidly becoming a nation in which love, even among adult men and women, is based on the desires, habits—and markedly the constancy—of adolescents. The half-grown emotional capacities of youth set the standards, and most of us accept them. To be "popular," to be "attractive to men," to be a "knockout," or even a "cute number"—these are the gauges by which a woman's power to excite and maintain feeling are tested. There is no suggestion in these High School phrases of the strong, secret, often irrevocable power of love. We hear a constant complaint that there are no love stories being written in this country. But why should we expect any? There seem to be only two outstanding formulas for most of the passionate incidents in contemporary literature. One deals with those young girls who grab rather rudely at every sensation within reach, whether it is offered to them or not, and the other with older women who humorously or bitterly admit that when youth is gone nothing much is left for the emotions to do except go out of business. At least they admit it by the end of the story.

And how very dreary and self-conscious these middle-aged women of fiction are! They eat the withered fruits of life and make wry faces at their public. Their utter lack of pride in maturity would be astonishing if we did not know how accurately it reflects a situation in real life. There are such women who frankly accept their age, but they do it cynically and as if it had a sting which only irony can assuage. Many other women, thank heaven, are much too busy to be conscious of their age or to bother much about maturity except when it lends them strength and judgment. Then there are all the rest, those women who do not want either to acknowledge their years or to lean upon them. Their resource is natural. They claim that they still wear a size sixteen. They say that they have hardly changed at all since they were girls. Nor do they mean to change.

But is there a size sixteen that is really suitable for age thirty-five? I question it. I believe that it is part of the hokum of shops and beauty parlors, a harmless enough cajolery in the beginning and even based to some extent on diet and healthy exercise, but now invading fields in which it has no proper rights, gradually robbing a nation of too many women who should be grown up.

II

Even a discussion is sometimes the better for illustrations. So let me sketch (only in outline) the day of a woman who might be called a professional size sixteen because so much of her thought centers on maintaining her youth. She is a composite, as I show her, but typical in each incident of the day and, to deal in round numbers, I shall make her thirty-five years old.

She consecrates her day to her ideal, not on her knees but on her head. She stands on her head when she gets

up or else she does vigorous hip and waist exercises. Perhaps both. By the time she is ready for breakfast she has a good appetite. Whether her breakfast is brought to her bedroom on a tray spread with French linen or served by butler or maid in her dining room or prepared by herself for her husband and children or bought in the nearest tearoom is beside the point. The point is that she is hungry. But her breakfast is, of course, severely limited in quantity. She uses no cream in her coffee, permits no marmalade on her toast, and allows herself only two thin slices of toast.

We may just as well imagine that this particular day is an important one in the world. There are so many such just now that we can choose one at random. Perhaps a Cabinet falls in France, shaking the diplomatic relations of the world. An American statesman makes a definite demand for cheaper money. A great invention is announced in the press. The frightening statistics about the number of women out of employment in the United States in November are analyzed and given to the public. Any of these things, or all of them, are headlined in the morning paper and they are of great importance to this lady whose income is no more certain than that of most of us. Moreover, she is really no fool. She used to do very well in school. But she does not concentrate on the news, even though she looks over the paper. You see, she cannot concentrate, for her mind's attention is completely focused on whether it will be right to eat another piece of toast this morning. She weighs pros and cons. The matter looms up as tremendously important to this hungry woman. That piece of toast means more to her than the fall of the French Cabinet or the depreciation of the dollar, which hardly penetrate her thought.

Part of her morning is devoted to

shopping, so let us glance at her as she appears in the shops. She is about to buy a dress, and various saleswomen display gowns before her. They say again and again, "This is such a young-looking dress." "This has very youthful lines." They encourage her, "Why, it isn't a bit too young for you, not with madam's figure!" Price is discussed of course, but there is less talk of beauty of fabric than of its modishness, and none at all of beauty by itself. And when at length the lady, having selected a dress, is having it altered, she is pleased chiefly by the achievement of having found a dress labelled "size sixteen" that promises to make her look like a young girl. Perhaps it has to be "let out" a little over the hips; but look at the juvenile shoulder line.

The same kind of talk prevails in the beauty parlor which she visits later. Here too the accent is less on beauty than on youth, or else it assumes that the words are synonymous. Everything in the shop is designed to efface, as far as is possible, the pattern of living on women's faces. I admit willingly that there are shops which are exceptions and beauty operators who know better. But they are rare and usually very expensive. This lady doesn't frequent them. She likes to have her operator give her hair a certain twist and say, "This is the new way all the girls are wearing their hair—with the curls turned up. Isn't that just lovely on you! So youthful!"

The day of my heroine is crowded and not all spent on self-decoration. She takes care of her household, more or less competently, her competence usually being dependent on the amount of service she controls. She may possibly go to a club meeting that afternoon to hear a talk, but she is depressed by the number of stodgy old women who don't "keep themselves up" whom she sees there, and she is so

busy determining never to be like them that she gets very little information about O'Neill and Hemingway, the subjects of the lecture. Or perhaps she plays bridge, pausing now and then between the deals to open the lid of her compact and see how her face is getting along. Perhaps she goes to a motion picture and sits there absorbed in envy of some adolescent passion or steeped in pity at what women who are no longer young suffer in losing a husband or two.

I doubt whether she is free from parental problems. At thirty-five we may assume that she has a couple of children, perhaps a daughter of fourteen and a son slightly younger. She worries about the girl. Of course she wants the child to be well chaperoned and to behave herself, but on the other hand she doesn't want her daughter to get a "complex" so that she won't be popular when she grows up. This involves many things, the hours the child may keep, the schools she may attend, the height of her heels. There is sometimes a lurking competition with this child. The question repeats itself as to how far expenditures on her behalf should be allowed to interfere with the cost of her mother's luxuries. The boy is not so frequently a problem in this way, but there are matters of his conduct to be considered. Sometimes he too is a worry. But here rises a tremendous query: "Should a woman make herself old worrying about her children? Is that the thing to do nowadays? Shouldn't a mother just let the children find themselves and try to be a kind of older sister to them?" These experiments of relationship are discussed by the lady at a friend's house, where she has stopped for tea. Facing the offered sandwiches and pastries, she finds herself as hungry as a wolf. But "No thanks," she says, "just clear tea and a cigarette."

Before dinner, when she has her

household and maternal problems either solved or shelved, she lies down for twenty minutes. She has heard that this is really what keeps a woman young, complete relaxation. Consider. These twenty minutes are not taken from her hurried, patchwork day for contemplation, for solitude, for ordering her thought or measuring herself against life and eternity. Not at all. They are a prescription for youth, for not "looking like a hag." She is much concerned about this, for the vital hours of her day are still ahead. Like many women she is usually thinking of the next party, and there is one to-night. She is a reputable married woman but she has her men admirers and one of them is sure to be in attendance to-night.

The hour arrives. Bending to her ear the man says, "You're the prettiest girl here to-night! You look about twenty."

So the day reaches its peak. This is what she has been waiting for all day long. This is why she stood on her head and shopped for a new dress and had her eyebrows arched and lay down before dinner. She is not only being treated like a girl but assured that she looks like one. Yet not a word of the gentleman's statement is true, even if he is warm with wine and does mean it. She is not a girl. She does not look about twenty years old. Both things are impossible. But she goes out on the balcony with the gentleman and they play their game of adolescence, though probably neither of them should be in a draught.

I wonder if I am misunderstood. I should like to add enough footnotes to make it clear that I have no quarrel with this lady's athleticism or diet or clothes or flirtations. These are all very good things to indulge in if they are timely and suitable and do not obscure more important business. But I revert to her breakfast. That piece

of toast stood between my heroine and the world, blotting out great events. It was a piece of toast exaggerated out of all proportion.

To be sure, women and men ought to diet. That is one of the few bits of control this generation has acquired, even as it let so much other restraint slip. A woman who lets her figure get beyond the bounds of health or beauty or dignity is usually ill or slovenly in nature. In a time which was less scientific about food values this was possibly excusable. But hardly now. My criticism is that with so many women the matter of diet is one of hysteria. They think that an extra pound or two on their bodies is important, but with all due respect to them, it isn't. I should have had much more respect for my heroine if she had absentmindedly eaten that piece of toast while she was trying to figure out what the depreciation of the dollar would mean to her family and her country.

It happens that I have had my own personal experience in this matter of slenderness, and there was a certain humor in it. Some years ago I was living in the country for a few months, very deep both in work and worry. When I came back to the city, to dress-makers and accurate scales, which I happened to lack in the country, I discovered that I had lost almost sixteen pounds. This had been unpremeditated. A change in climate had probably contributed somewhat and long hours of work and mental indecision had done the rest, I suppose. Naturally I was delighted. I had always meant to get thinner but had never put my mind on it. Having lost the sixteen pounds, I saw no reason to regain them; and that is not difficult for one who knows anything about the caloric content of foods.

The amusing part of the story is that nobody believes me. I have been

asked again and again what terrific discipline I went through to get thin. I have been suspected of witchlike baths, of deliberate starvation. The immense seriousness with which that loss of flesh was taken astonished me. The thing that annoyed me was that hardly any woman friend asked what I had written during those months, but only how I had grown so much thinner.

In middle age it is important and gratifying to be as handsome as possible, and certainly no one should be willing to be ugly or monstrous without putting up a battle. But the matter of diet should be a quiet, ascetic, personal business, just one more habit of living. It should not be the controlling force of a life, and it would not be if other ideals were not all out of whack. But I am coming to that.

Going back first to review the matter of the shopping and the beauty parlor, no one can claim that the lady should not have the gowns and the hair-dressing that please her. But it seems to me that a woman of that age should be thinking of the beauty to which she can honestly assert claim, not youth, which, after all, is no longer rightfully hers. She should have an eye for lovely fabric, for line, for distinguishing grace. She cheats herself. The subtle coloring of a gown, the arrangement of hair to suit best a maturing face—these may well be her concern. With her children her concern should be with the delicacy and fragility and individuality of their minds and bodies. She should not be training them for minor social habits which, please God, will be happily done away with in a reconstructed world.

I say she cheats herself of beauty of fabric and line that belong to her. But what of emotion? This desire to be an "older sister" to her children, this desire to have a lover, who is no lover but usually a neighbor paying

cocktail compliments, are worse offences toward herself. If she were in love with the man, willing to take a chance on ecstasy as well as suffering, she would have dignity, whether the feeling were within or without her marriage. It would be adult. There would then be a profundity in her emotion that no young girl could possibly understand. It would bring youth to her maturity, instead of stunting maturity to the size of youth. But that is not what she is after.

III

What always brings one up short is the reflection that this condition is not general. Thousands of women are not in the least like this size-sixteen lady. They are not so trivial. They are good citizens, good wives, good mothers, good business women. Look at them on the street cars. Watch them in restaurants. See their ample bodies and dowdy clothes and you wonder if I exaggerate.

I do not think so, for two reasons. These size-sixteen women whose type I have sketched do two important things. In the first place they control enough of the buying power of this country to make trade cater to them and fashion swing to their decisions. They control the ideal of beauty, so that people are beginning to confuse the words leanness and loveliness. The emphasis of design is on clothes for the immature. We often hear the cry that "curves are coming back." Let them try. Let them remember what happened to Napoleon!

Further, and more important, these size-sixteens set the fashion of morals and thought; and in this country the line between an ideal and a fashion is sometimes invisible. That is why I do not think that these women are negligible or that one is wise to let the matter slide with a look of contempt

and the statement that such people do not really matter. They do matter. They affect even the standards of those who profess to such contempt. A little of it gets in the blood of all of us. We feel the constant pressure of size-sixteen morals. They are unformed morals, usually not vicious, childishly subject to certain disciplines and in revolt from others. It is a morality that is not experienced enough to be valuable socially, impetuous, crude, naturally selfish. Emotionally it has little constancy, which is as it must be, because at sixteen one is experimenting with many feelings. But when we see such emotions prolonged into adult life the inevitable result is a morality which is dangerous not because of lapses from convention but because both its lapses and its adherences mean so little. We cannot escape the seeping of such thin morality into the body of social life any more than we can escape the intellectual depression of being surrounded by size-sixteen minds, scattering their attention, shockingly uninformed, unaware of ignorance, and bringing down the level of maturity's rating.

There is a wide space between common and universal, and the space in this case is filled in by women who do not forget what life is for, who are not abashed by middle-age, who have vigorous interests. But I believe that there are enough of these size-sixteens, either in effect or in intention, to inflict upon us all a very insubstantial ideal. Those who are not thin and young-appearing are just a little ashamed because they are not.

As is inevitable, it strikes at the middle class. I have often said that there are three escapes from fashion—to be very rich, to be very poor, or to be very original. The rich are always willing to seek and able to pay for individuality. Though one finds much too often among the wealthy those

ironical middle-aged women I have spoken of above, one does not frequently see in their faces this pretence of youth. Their beauty operators are much too clever. So are their dress-makers. They can always demand the custom-made, the special design. They can fly from their dislike of age to a hundred resources, rubies, trips, gigolos, endowments. They know that the world will not neglect them whether they are old or middle-aged so long as they are rich. But they do not manage to make a beautiful thing out of maturity very often, even with all their money. They too have a sour consciousness of lost youth.

The poor know that the world will neglect them anyhow and they cannot afford the pretensions of keeping young. Possibly because they are forced closer to suffering and sacrifice, one often finds more strength and even charm in their worn faces and more vigor in their emotions. One of the most amazing love stories that has come under my eye for years is that of a destitute woman who could get no "county help" as long as she was living with a man who was not her husband. They were terribly battered people, worn and unsightly, cold and hungry. But she would not leave him. She was in love at thirty-nine, and it was no feeling dependent upon dress-makers' trimmings or "facials." It was a full-size adult emotion.

IV

I came upon a sentence the other day in Charles Morgan's *The Fountain* which, though it had nothing to do with the theme of the book, impressed me. It was only a comment on a character: "It was astonishing how, in keeping young, she had preserved everything but youth itself."

That puts futility plainly and also opens up new channels of thought.

What can women preserve as the years slip by? What do they have to relinquish, whether they are willing or not? And does the preservation of one thing entail the loss of another?

Each woman must answer these questions for herself. One cannot smother human beings with generalizations. Still there are points worth digging for, even though false pride has tried to bury them. It is entirely possible to preserve a slender figure, a good skin, lustrous hair, and sometimes one can do all this without much artifice or aid. A reasonable diet, sufficient exercise, reliable scales will take care of the figure. The trouble is that the desire becomes an end in itself. Emaciation becomes the goal when slenderness is achieved. There should be some kind of law against allowing women in good financial circumstances and with credit at the grocery to starve. With their frayed nerves and their exhausted bodies they become a menace to their families and their friends. One does not even have to be sure that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost to resent seriously what some women do to their bodies in the name of keeping young. Diet should be an energizing and not an enervating business. It should be kept in its place and properly snubbed every once in a while. An extra piece of toast or a good big potato makes no real difference.

It is not hard to get thin and keep thin, and it is possible to do it without becoming a public nuisance. It is not so very hard, given any luck, to keep attractive. The size-sixteen dress is not out of range for many people. But even with the beauty parlor, and the diet—is the size sixteen (I mean the bona fide sixteen-year-old fashion) suitable for thirty-five?

I do not think so. Many things are gone permanently from a woman at that age. One kind of grace has disap-

peared. Some eagerness has certainly passed. One kind of joyousness and quick reaction to happiness and pain has gone. They should be gone, and, what is more, they should be replaced. By the time a woman reaches maturity she should have a different kind of grace, a reaction to feeling which may be less impetuous but far more sensitive, sympathetic, and deeply emotional. A normally attractive and healthy woman of middle-age has borne children. That need not deform her but it will alter her figure, and not to its detriment unless her ideals and ours are all cramped and false. The beauty of middle-age should be respected and admired, and it would be if mature women insisted on it.

One comes upon a trickiness that is revolting. "From the side" that woman looks like a young girl. Another can fool you "from the back." But these are only illusions. There is a trickiness in shops too. These size sixteen dresses and coats that are shown to women of thirty-five with a few inevitable bulges are not really girls' clothes. The size sixteen becomes a flattering trade name. I am sure of it. The size sixteens shown to girls are not the ones shown to older women. Or, if they are, they lack suitability in nine cases out of ten.

But if the trickiness is unpleasant in outlines and clothes, how does it look emotionally? The competition with other women to be popular at parties, light flirtation, irresponsibility of family devotion—how does all this look in people who should have reached the height of their life's feelings? What chance has a love story? None. I believe that one fundamental thing wrong with this country now is the lightness and triviality of emotions.

You cannot build strong human relations on coquetry or on the belief that when a man or a woman tires of the other each should start out looking for

a new girl or a new fellow! Women of middle-age should not only know about the weariness of love but about its possibilities of renewal, of deeper springs than were first discovered. Nor should they be surprised or shocked or over-impatient with the faults and misdemeanors of the body, as girls are apt to be. All those things should have been revealed to women and by that time accepted, making them capable in handling life.

Men usually admire the women other men admire. They dance with women with whom other men are seen dancing. But they love only under great compulsion of body and mind. If one could see any growth in feeling in men after all this thinning down and dressing up for them, after all this shopping round for juvenile emotions, there might be some justification in it. But nothing of the sort appears. It is still true that the best luck a man can hope for is sooner or later to love one woman thoroughly, and to do that he has to choose or be chosen by a woman who is willing to grow up.

It is impossible to have a mature nation when maturity is at such a discount. Without grown-up women we can have no homes, for it takes the patience of the truly mature to maintain a home. We can have few great love stories and few ennobling passions on which to model lesser feelings. Juliet was not the world's greatest lover. But the United States is full not only of girls but of middle-aged women whose idea of love is to be courted on a balcony—and no Country Club is complete without a balcony running its length.

V

And still I have to mention the two final aspects of this question which seem to me most serious. The first is that women who during middle-age

stay at size sixteen in mood and appearance come upon old age with no preparation.

We know that "skipping a grade" in school, while it may look very clever, carries with it definite penalties. The child is usually badly adjusted socially thereafter. Moreover, he is apt never to be as well trained as he should be in some subjects. I skipped a grade in childhood and never have really found out about the geography of South America and certain vital points about fractions. I know a child who skipped a grade a year ago and, while he is able to carry the mental work of the class ahead, he is at a social disadvantage already. The others are all older than he.

The parallel is simple. What must it mean to skip such an important thing as maturity? What does it mean to go from youth or a pretence at youth straight into age? We see it done all about us. The nerve hospitals are full of women who found the adjustment too much for them, who could not keep young any longer, suddenly found they were old and never had been mature. We see them (if we can bear to look), women of skinny figures, slipping into Debutante Departments even yet! They have missed their maturity as completely as if the train they had agreed to take had pulled out of the station on schedule without them. The period of capability, of building up impersonal resources, of major passions is lost to them. Yet they will have to take a later train. They still have an appointment with the breakdown of the body which must be kept.

You may say that at least they have had more fun than the average. Perhaps they would do it all over again, have the prolongation of youth and then the imitation of youth, rather than accept the burdens of middle-age. I've had women tell me so. It was no

use trying to explain what values and pleasures I thought they had missed. They did not believe me. To them the real thing in life still was the competition at the dancing party, getting the big chrysanthemum to wear at the football game. They sighed over the passing of that phase but they clung as long as they could.

I will not excuse them even if they excuse themselves. If it meant merely that this generation of women was playing its own game and stunting itself, that might be bad but not tragic. But this depreciation of maturity does not only exist for the middle-aged. Everyone sees it. It is quite apparent to the young. It is establishing the value which children of to-day will place on middle-age.

Most young people have a definite horror of it. There are exceptions but not nearly enough. Few children of to-day see anything in middle-age to covet, little to tempt them toward maturity, shockingly little to respect or honor. When their mothers complain of being middle-aged and take every precaution to avoid it, why should not children hate the thought of it?

It is not entirely the fault of the size-sixteens, of course. Other contributing sources, such as bad alcohol and too many men out of work, put no premium on growing up. But the lack of dignity and bravery and balance with which many of the troubles of the generation are carried traces back to our juvenile trend of mind. The lack of respect children have for grown-ups is really because they see so few genuine adults. They see fading and withering adolescents instead.

This is no fancy. I know enough young people to be sure of my ground. I know that they think many middle-aged people act very silly. It's all in that sentence. Of course the young are not fooled for a minute by any slenderness of waist or mascara on the eyelash.

They know when a person is young and when she isn't. Of course they are a cool lot and pity does not come naturally to them, or they might pity the pretences of their elders. Instead they come to a direct conclusion—that it must be simply awful to get middle-aged.

They are quite right. But it is wrong that so many children have no proper ideal of maturity. A young girl may look with shock, even revulsion, at a pregnant woman. But she has a stir of interest, a vague anticipation even if dread about the pregnancy. She may not like to think of herself as the burdened mother of a household. But she respects such a woman. A child may not want to be as serious-minded as her High School teacher. But there is a touch of awe in her regard of that woman's knowledge. But show me the girl who looks at some well-preserved woman of forty who has nothing but her preservation to her credit, and I'm sure I shall hear the child say, "I'd rather be dead than be like that."

We diminish the future for the young. That is the sin. Not only are these size-sixteens scrapping their own maturity but they are insidiously passing on wrong values. For the children

will forget some things as they grow older and in turn they may fall prey to the illusion that youth can be preserved. They may become the fighting size-sixteens.

One is always afraid of overdoing an argument. Fine women leaders come to mind as a reproach, teachers in school and college, thoughtful and devoted mothers. I do not under-count any of them. But sometimes they seem outnumbered by these others, these women in shops and beauty parlors, these women eternally whispering about diets and flirtations, these women who pointblank refuse to be women.

A nation, without making any laws about it, relies on the maturity of its women. It has to. Perhaps then it must insist on more maturity. Perhaps it must come to the point of showing these women, in some definite way, that the world is in too dire a state to get along without their help. At the rate things are going, everybody may have to pitch in and work before long, even the size-sixteens.

I wonder what would happen to them. There may be more steel in them than I think. They would probably decide that work is good for the figure.



OVER THE BRIDGE IN THE BRONX

A STORY

BY ALBERT HALPER

THE men from the marshal's office came walking up the quiet street with a firm and heavy tread. They knew that the block was thickly inhabited by Ulster Protestants from the north of Ireland and were prepared for trouble; but the sight of empty sidewalks convinced them that they could carry out their business in peace. Turning into the second tenement from the corner, they hammered on the door and, when Mrs. Mahoney opened it, they brushed past her and began carting out her household goods.

At first the woman stood there with a white face, but finally, the blood rushing to her head, she gripped a heavy leather chair in the hands of one of the men and held on grimly. With a deft wrench, he whirled it from her grasp and walked out with it, puffing. The chair, rather cumbersome and smoky brown in color, was worn smooth by many years of usage, and he struck it against the door jamb.

The beds were knocked apart and the men took them outside also. Then they went for the oaken dressers. Mrs. Mahoney, growing desperate, placed herself in the doorway, but the men from the marshal's office brushed her firmly aside. There were three of them, all big and heavy looking, with big, gloomy faces, and they worked in silence. As they bent down they grunted, and when one of them bumped his head against the door,

another said, "We've got to work fast, there's one more in this block, and I want to pay a visit to O'Malley's before twelve o'clock."

The others nodded. O'Malley ran a speakeasy on East 138th Street and was noted far and wide for his mock-turtle soup. His bottled goods were also pretty fair, considering the times and the prices he charged.

Carrying out the household goods, the men from the marshal's office were thankful that Mrs. Mahoney lived on the first floor. They did not like going down narrow tortuous hallways with a heavy load on their shoulders; you earned your money then. Besides, there was always a chance of a bitter-hearted neighbor throwing a pot of hot water on your head just as you reached the vestibule. And as the torrent was always accompanied by the quick slam of a door, you couldn't find out who had done it.

After the dressers were carried from the flat they started on the tables. They worked fast and pretty soon were sweating. In ten minutes a group of neighbors gathered outside upon the sidewalk, most of them women and children, but after a while a sprinkling of men appeared. The men, standing gloomily, watched the proceedings with deadened eyes, while the women, for the first time, could satisfy their curiosity by taking an inventory of just what and what not

Mrs. Mahoney owned. The children stood about silently, their glances very much alive, and took in everything. The sun was shining. It was cold in the shade, however.

Down the block the bells of Mount Olivet Church began to toll; ten o'clock. Mrs. Mahoney, inside the flat, stood about, her body rigid, and watched the three heavy men going in and out her door. She watched them as they bent down to pick up the goods and saw their cheeks quiver and the cloth of their jackets strain across their meaty shoulders as they stooped.

"You can't do it, you can't do it," she muttered, but the men did not bother to answer her. A middle-sized, sturdy woman in her early fifties, with iron-gray hair, she did not interest them. Poverty and woe was stamped upon her countenance. Her husband was dead and her oldest son was in jail. She did not know where her two other boys were; they had left home early in the spring and had written only once, from California. One was seventeen and the other was fifteen, but the fifteen-year-old was the leader.

In fifteen minutes the heavy old-fashioned furniture was out upon the sidewalk, but the flat was still full of small items, worthless knickknacks accumulated over a long period of time. After holding a conference, one of the three men went up the block to a chain store and returned with some big paper packing-cases. They dumped the small items in. The rugs on the floor, worn halfway through and faded, were easy to roll up. The fellow who stood on a chair to take the heavy musty curtains down almost fell. The others cautioned him.

"Careful, John, you'll break your neck yet," one of them said.

The man on the chair gave a short, humorless laugh.

By this time the group upon the

sidewalk had grown in size, and after the removal of the curtains everybody could look into the rooms of the flat from the street. The three men, finishing up, trudged heavily in and out like a trio of pachyderms, while the floor trembled beneath their stolid tread.

Mrs. Mahoney, glancing toward the windows, noticed the neighbors for the first time and, staring past them up the street, saw the slight, hurrying figure of Pastor Curry coming from Mount Olivet's. The minister was on his way to pay a visit to Mrs. Ryan, who had been bedridden for six weeks, and as he walked his dark Oxford-gray topcoat was fluttered by the October wind. Under medium height, slender and of a meek appearance, the pastor carried his head tilted sensitively to one side, as if in a half-dream.

When Mrs. Mahoney, a devout Ulster Protestant, saw that it was Pastor Curry, she opened a front window and shouted out at him. He was just turning into the building across the street where Mrs. Ryan lived and did not hear her at first. Mrs. Mahoney shouted louder. Her voice was strong and, as the neighbors on the sidewalk stood quiet, it carried. Pastor Curry, glancing at the group and seeing furniture at the curbing, took in the situation at once. He quickened his pace and hurried into the dark hallway without looking back. Lately there had been a lot of evictions in the neighborhood, and this troubled him. Some of his flock had begun to grumble, but he told them there was really nothing he could do. He told them that after Detective Sergeant James Connelley had paid him a visit, asking for co-operation. Sergeant Connelley had held a long discourse with Pastor Curry and had talked a good deal about the Communists, although the neighborhood had never seen an agitator.

When Mrs. Mahoney saw that the minister had apparently not heard her voice she stood in the empty parlor, shaking with wrath. She had lived in these rooms for twelve years, and the sudden bareness of the place horrified her. Where a picture had been taken down the wallpaper showed a lighter color. Her lower lip began to quiver.

Outside on the sidewalk a few children from another street began jeering the men from the marshal's office. They shouted, "Great big bums! Great big bums! Who are your fathers, great big bums?"

The marshal's men didn't like it. Yesterday morning the same children had shouted the same phrases in a block farther south, and the men had gone over to O'Malley's to pacify themselves later with a luncheon and some drinks. O'Malley himself had opened up a bottle and, coming over genially, had inquired how the world was going. The men had grumbled in answer. Being called great big bums by small children had rankled them. They had stared away. From the rear windows the supports of the Third Avenue bridge could be seen and beyond the bridge loomed the tall towers of Manhattan. They could not see the river. O'Malley sat down and began discoursing like a philosopher. He knew they hated their jobs. But he told them that if they didn't carry out the stuff according to orders, other men would; so what was there to say about it? He clinked glasses with them. In the back of his head was the thought that should the men grow disgusted and quit he would probably lose three good customers. He clapped one on the back. "The next is on the house!" he announced and poured the whiskey into the glasses, but this time did not fill them quite up to the top.

Now, as the marshal's men were removing the last of Mrs. Mahoney's

belongings they remembered O'Malley's words. O'Malley had spoken the truth; if they quit, other men could be got for the jobs. Staring straight ahead, they did not answer the taunting words, though the children chanted away.

In a few more minutes the job was finished; the stuff was piled up upon the sidewalk in a huge heap, the wind flapping a bed-sheet with a rent in the center. One of the marshal's men placed a frying pan on it and the sheet stopped flapping.

Then the biggest fellow went inside and asked Mrs. Mahoney for the key. She answered that she had lost it. Three times the man asked for it and three times she gave him back the same answer, her voice rising all the while. The crowd on the sidewalk could hear it, and the men and women, looking on, stirred as they stood. The children began to chant again.

The big fellow looked at his two companions, but they couldn't help him out. All of their faces were moist and steamy from their labor. The refusal of the woman to hand over the key irritated them, but they saw she was determined to stand her ground; so at last one of them went up the street to the grocery store again and a few minutes later returned with a hammer and a huge nail.

Then, pushing, they finally got Mrs. Mahoney out of the flat and drove the nail through the door and into the framework. The wood was old and dry; it cracked as the spike was driven in, but to test it one of the men leaned his bulk against the door, felt that it was firm, and the others were satisfied. After that they went away.

They walked up the block and made a second call, but this time they ran into a piece of luck. A small moving van was drawn up to the curbing and all they had to do was to carry the stuff out. The tenant, who had already

rented another flat in the neighborhood, opened the door to them without any fuss whatsoever. From the seat of the van, the driver, a little skinny man with a pipe in his mouth, looked on, contented. It was all right with him because the marshal's men were doing the dirty work, and all he'd have to do would be to lift the stuff into the truck. He sat there on the seat, watching the big fellows trudging in and out, an amiable gleam in his eye.

The marshal's men worked fast, finishing the job just as the bells of Mount Olivet's struck the quarter hour at fifteen minutes after eleven. One of them, listening, told the others that they could make O'Malley's in plenty of time. They liked to reach the speak-easy before the noontime rush, because then the mock-turtle soup had not yet been thinned out by adding water in case O'Malley had had a run on his specialty. The bells ceased tolling.

From across the street the children came over to watch, but the men and women remained in front of the first eviction.

Mrs. Mahoney was talking heatedly. She cursed the marshal's office in her strong North Ireland accent and reinforced her language with defiant gestures. The women in the crowd forgave her profanity because she was a widow. She stood there shouting for a long time.

Across the street Pastor Curry, at Mrs. Ryan's bedside, heard every word and lowered his tone as he spoke to the sick woman. He was reading a passage from St. Luke, and his gentle voice rose and fell like wavelets running and receding along a shore of sand. The effect upon the sick woman was very soothing.

"Is that something I hear?" she asked the minister, but Pastor Curry merely frowned and did not interrupt his reading. A minute later he went to the window and drew the blinds,

which muffled the sounds of the street effectively. This darkened the room, however, so he had to stop reading. He could have put on the lamp, but he did not like harsh light; his voice sounded best in the gloom.

After he stopped reading the clergyman conversed with the sick woman. He spoke quietly of many things, soothing her with his gentle voice. Under the quilt old Mrs. Ryan lay small and bony with her knees, slightly hunched, making a sharp peak in the center of the bed. Her daughter-in-law, who had answered the doorbell for the minister, had gone back to the kitchen to her ironing and did not come into the bedroom any more. She was a young, healthy woman, and the clergyman, hearing her moving about, glanced toward the kitchen once or twice. Then he pitched his voice lower. He inquired of old Mrs. Ryan if her daughter-in-law, who was childless, liked children. Mrs. Ryan answered that the marriage was only a year old. After that Pastor Curry grew meditatively silent and sat there with his gentle head tilted slightly to the side. He was finished with his call but did not get up from the chair; Mrs. Mahoney was still shouting out on the sidewalk.

Five minutes passed. Finally Pastor Curry, conscience-stricken, inquired of his own heart and began to feel that he should get up and go out to brave the wrangle on the street. After all, most of the people there were of his flock. But though his heart urged him to get up and leave, he continued to sit in the darkened room. Mrs. Ryan in a weak voice began talking about her son Charley. She told Pastor Curry that Charley's pay had been cut again. There was no trace of bitterness in her voice, only a strain of hurt puzzlement. She told the pastor she couldn't understand the things that were going on in the world. Every-

thing was upside down, she said. "It gives me a headache to think of it," she added. Then her tired voice died down.

The minister, to soothe her further, opened up the book in his lap and began reading a chapter from St. John, even though the light was very poor. His low-pitched voice, taking on a note of firmness, reechoed resonantly in the quiet room. Mrs. Ryan felt better and closed her eyes. Pastor Curry, finishing, sat in silence, looking at her. The old woman's lips were dry, and from a small mole under her chin he saw a long silvery hair sticking out like the sensitive feeler of some strange insect. By this time his eyes were accustomed to the gloom.

He sat in silence for quite a while. Then he started. Straightening in the chair, he listened attentively, but he heard no street noises. Everything was quiet. Closing his book, he rose, buttoned his coat, and glanced at Mrs. Ryan, whose eyes were shut as if in sleep. As soon as he rose, however, she opened them and gave him a small smile. He saw that her teeth were bad.

"Thank you, thank you for coming over," she said and sighed.

He told her he would leave her now. "I'll be around to-morrow," he said and began walking to the door.

The hallway leading from the flat toward the entrance of the building was long and dark. As he neared the end of it, coming toward the daylight, he stopped astonished. A half dozen men were carrying Mrs. Mahoney's furniture in again. Someone must have smashed in the door or extracted the nail. Mrs. Mahoney herself was directing operations and was smiling grimly. The street had grown shady because the morning had suddenly turned cloudy, so the clergyman did not recognize all the men. Maybe it was his glasses, he told himself; he intended to change them soon.

He did not go out upon the street but receded a few paces deeper into the hallway, thankful for the dark. One of the men he recognized as Steve Gallery who lived in Willis Avenue—Gallery who had not been to church for three months now. Last week the pastor had called at the Gallery flat, and Steve had answered curtly. The clergyman had departed as Steve's voice had begun to rise. "Can the church give me a job?" Steve had shouted down the hallway as the minister had left. "Answer me that, pastor, can the church give me a job?" Pastor Curry had left displeased and a trifle hurt. Young Gallery had been too caustic he had felt.

Now he saw Steve grinning and joking as he assisted the other fellows with Mrs. Mahoney's furniture. Cutting a caper, Steve dropped a big dinner plate, but Mrs. Mahoney, glad to get a roof over her head again, laughed, pushed him playfully, and told him to forget it. It was cracked anyway she said.

In a short time the sidewalk was cleared and a few children carried in the smaller items. Five or six women went inside the flat to help Mrs. Mahoney to arrange her furniture, while the men stood round for a few minutes with nothing more to do. Finally, tired of watching, they left. They left with Mrs. Mahoney's loudly spoken thanks ringing after them.

Across the street, out of sight in the hallway, the clergyman stood watching. Once or twice he made as if to leave the building, but hesitated. The women helping Mrs. Mahoney had not yet rehung the curtains, and if he left, he would be seen immediately from the flat. He stood there thinking, trying to remember if another member of his flock lived in the building.

At last he went back deeper into the hall and began climbing the stairs. He climbed the stairs even though he

knew that Mr. Simon Healy was not in. Healy, a conductor on the Third Avenue elevated, came home at four-thirty; he was a bachelor in his late forties and a steady church-goer, a quiet man. Pastor Curry, reaching the top floor, paused to get his breath, then he knocked. No one answered. He knocked again, knowing Simon Healy was working, but this time the door swung gently open at his rapping. He started. Then his surprise wore off; it was evident that Simon had forgotten to slam it shut.

The pastor, staring through his glasses at the empty rooms, had a strange sensation of hollowness in his body, the place was so quiet. Before he knew what he was doing, he found himself walking into the flat. The furnishings were old and a trifle shabby, and a stale odor of unbeaten rugs and closed rooms hung in the place.

"Are you here, Simon?" the clergyman called softly. "Simon, are you anywhere about?"

Then he closed the door and sat down quietly; he knew that no one had heard him; if anyone knocked he would open the door and explain that he was waiting for Mr. Healy. He would say that he had come up to talk to Mr. Healy about the forthcoming bazaar at the church. Yes, that was it. Now that he remembered it he had really intended to speak to Simon about the matter. He sat in the chair with more firmness. The chair was near the window.

Four floors below, the street, stretching gray and quiet, was empty. The children had gone away. Pastor Curry, leaning forward in the chair, saw that Mrs. Mahoney had not yet rehung her curtains. Then he saw something else.

Looking from behind Simon Healy's heavy, musty curtains, the pastor caught sight of the agent of Mrs. Mahoney's building walking briskly

up the street—a tall man, lean and well dressed, with a white mustache. His name was Mr. Fleming and he had been a rent collector for many years.

At a glance the agent took in the situation. He did not go into the house but, instead, walked back up the street, entered a drugstore, and 'phoned the marshal's office. He spoke crisply into the mouthpiece, listened for his answer, then hung up.

Fifteen minutes later two other men, also heavy fellows from the marshal's office, came from the neighborhood police station on Alexander Avenue. They were accompanied by an officer in uniform. The policeman, walking at their side, swung his club idly in the air and from his other hand there dangled a lock and chain.

When the three men entered the flat the half-dozen women became dead quiet. The uniform of the officer silenced them. Mrs. Mahoney, when she saw the two heavy fellows get down to business immediately and start dragging out her furniture, made as if to speak, but could not get her mouth open. On her face was a look as if someone had given her a cruel and unexpected blow from behind. A small vein began throbbing in her neck.

The policeman in the parlor stood by with a blank face, and the lock swung slowly from its short length of chain. It was a black, heavy, iron lock and twirled around to the left, then the right, unwinding. When it became almost stationary, the policeman touched it with his little finger so that it started twirling slowly all over again.

He stood by, taking it easy as the two big men from the marshal's office went in and out, making many trips. He did not give them a hand, as he had been detailed merely to fix the lock on the door. The men began to sweat. But they, too, were thankful that Mrs.

Mahoney lived on the first floor. In a blunt though inoffensive voice the officer requested the other women to go out on the street. They went. A minute later the children came back, but, seeing the policeman inside the flat, they did not start their chanting. The men, who had gone off to the Mott Haven Pool Hall down the street, did not return because they were unaware that more marshal's men had shown up. Without Steve Gallery and his friends, the women and children watching on the sidewalk had a moody and disconsolate look.

From the top floor of the building across the street, holding the curtain back, the minister was watching. In his heart was genuine sympathy for Mrs. Mahoney and he forgave her her shouting and swearing, but he felt there was nothing he could do to help. His thoughts took on a troubled hue and trailed off uneasily. Changing his clasp upon his leather book from left to right hand, he was aware that his palms were damp.

The bells of Mount Olivet's tolled again, a quarter after twelve.

By this time most of Mrs. Mahoney's worldly possessions again stood out upon the sidewalk. The men from the marshal's office, though only two in number, were hard workers and went after things with a more scientific swing than their fellows who had been detailed to the job earlier in the morning.

Finally the job was finished, everything was outside again. Mrs. Mahoney, her face contracted as if a nerve in her jaw was stabbing her, stood by with her mouth opened slightly, half-sucking in the air. From her gray face it was evident that she was torn between anger and anguish, and also bereft of her power of speech.

At the top windows across the street the minister, glancing above the rooftops, became apprehensive because the sky was darkening ominously. It

became so overcast and cloudy that one thought for a moment dusk had fallen.

He leaned forward as he heard hammer blows, then understood. The policeman was nailing the lock upon the door. A minute later he saw the officer leave the tenement, accompanied by the pair from the marshal's office. Then he saw Mrs. Mahoney sit upon a chair near the curb under the open sky and begin to weep.

The minister, steeling himself, went from the windows, walked through the silent house and left the flat. He saw his duty clearly. He descended the flights and when he reached the hallway on the bottom floor he strode firmly toward the entrance, resolved to cross the street and comfort Mrs. Mahoney.

As he reached the street he felt the first few scattered drops of rain. The sky had lightened. The drops struck his hat little glancing blows, and one cold drop slashed his cheek. Then he hesitated. Mrs. Mahoney, seeing him, had whirled about and was motioning at him not to approach her. Her face, distorted with anguish, was also filled with rage and hopelessness. But her jaw was firm and she motioned vigorously.

Pastor Curry, nevertheless, felt it was his duty to comfort her. He came over, his right hand gripping his bible tighter, but no sooner had he spoken a few words than Mrs. Mahoney, regaining her power of speech, began shouting at him. She cried that she had no use for him. Her tone was so vehement that the half dozen women at her side walked hurriedly away, lowering their glances.

A few more drops of rain fell. In a patient voice Pastor Curry argued, but, to counteract this, Mrs. Mahoney's pitch grew shriller. When Mrs. Mahoney became really angered she lost control of her saliva, and the sight of surplus spittle overrunning the woman's lips caused the clergyman to feel

a bit frightened. He stuck to his guns, however, talking soothingly.

Finally Mrs. Mahoney, driven to desperation by his control and coolness, snatched up a small stool and brandished it; and there was something so starkly primitive in the gesture that the minister, aghast, jumped back three feet.

"If you act like that, I can't help you, Mrs. Mahoney," he said and turned away.

"Leave me, leave me be!" the woman screamed. "In the good name of Christ, leave me be!"

He started walking. The wind blew his dark coat out, but he made the distance to the church before the rain grew heavier.

At the curb Mrs. Mahoney, sobbing brokenly, set the stool upon the sidewalk and sat down exhausted in a chair. With a quick, drumming sound, the rain hurried up the street. There was a loud clap of thunder, followed by a sudden, cold, lashing downpour.

In a few minutes all the goods were dripping wet. Mrs. Mahoney, looking up to heaven with the rain driving in

her face, wailed out her woe and sorrow and, with her clothes sticking to her beaten, middle-aged back, started rocking from side to side, moaning. Her hair became plastered to her scalp, while from both her ear lobes drops of water, like quivering beads of pearl, hung for a moment, then fell toward her dripping shoulders.

A little later the tall spare figure of Steve Gallery, dressed in an old raincoat, was seen walking up the street toward her. He tried to get her to come into a hallway out of the rain, but she sat there rocking and moaning and would not budge. Finally he started moving the heavier pieces of furniture toward the wall of the building where the sidewalk was dry, and after a while, rising wearily, she helped. A minute later a few other men joined Steve and when they were finished, the soaked household goods were strung out in a long crooked line close against the tenement.

Across the way, at the windows of all the houses up and down the street, were the silent, crowded, watchful faces of women and men and children.





THE MODERN MIDAS

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

THE story of King Midas and the golden touch is familiar to all who were brought up on Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*. This worthy king, being abnormally fond of gold, was granted by a god the privilege that everything he touched should turn to gold. At first he was delighted, but when he found that the food he wished to eat became solid metal before he could swallow it he began to feel worried; and when his daughter became petrified as he kissed her he was aghast and begged the god to take his gift away again. From this moment he realized that gold is not the only thing of value.

This is a simple story, but its moral is one that the world finds very hard to learn. When the Spaniards, in the sixteenth century, acquired the gold of Peru, they thought it desirable to retain it in their own hands, and put all sorts of obstacles in the way of the export of the precious metals. The consequence was that the gold merely raised prices throughout the Spanish dominions, without making Spain any richer than before in actual goods. It might be a satisfaction to a man's pride to feel that he had twice as much money as before; but if each doubloon purchased only half what it used to purchase, the gain was purely metaphysical, and did not enable him to have more food or drink or a better house or any other tangible advantage. The English and Dutch, being less powerful than the Spaniards, were obliged to content themselves with what is now

the Eastern United States, a region that was despised because it contained no gold. But as a source of wealth this region has proved immensely more productive than the gold-producing parts of the New World which all nations coveted in the time of Elizabeth.

Although, as a matter of history, this has become a commonplace, its application to present-day problems seems to be beyond the mental capacity of governments. The subject of economics has always been viewed in a topsy-turvy way, and even more so now than at any previous time. What happened at the end of the War in this respect is so absurd that it is difficult to believe that the governments were composed of grown-up men not in lunatic asylums. They wanted to punish Germany, and the time-honored way of doing this was to impose an indemnity. So they imposed an indemnity. So far, so good. But the amount that they wished Germany to pay was enormously greater than all the gold in Germany, or even in the world. It was, therefore, mathematically impossible for the Germans to pay except in goods: they had to pay in goods or not at all.

At this point the governments suddenly remembered that they had the habit of measuring a nation's prosperity by the excess of exports over imports. When a country exports more than it imports it is said to have a favorable balance of trade; in the contrary case the balance is said to be unfavorable.

But in imposing on Germany an indemnity greater than could be paid in gold they had decreed that in trade with the Allies Germany was to have a favorable balance of trade and the Allies were to have an unfavorable balance. To their horror, they found that they had unintentionally been doing Germany what they considered a benefit by stimulating her export trade. To this general argument, others more specific were added. Germany produces nothing that cannot be produced by the Allies, and the threat of German competition was everywhere resented. The English did not want German coal when their own coal-mining industry was depressed. The French did not want German iron and steel manufactures when they were engaged in increasing their own iron and steel production by the help of the newly acquired Lorraine ore. And so on. The Allies, therefore, while remaining determined to punish Germany by making her pay, were equally determined not to let her make the payment in any particular form.

To this lunatic situation a lunatic solution was found. It was decided to lend Germany whatever Germany had to pay. The Allies said in effect, "We cannot let you off the indemnity, because it is a just punishment for your wickedness. On the other hand, we cannot let you pay it, because that would ruin our industries; so we will lend you the money, and you shall pay us back what we lend. In that way the principle will be safeguarded without harm to ourselves. As for the harm to you, we hope that that is only postponed."

But this solution, obviously, could only be temporary. The subscribers to German loans wanted their interest, and there was the same dilemma about paying the interest as there had been about paying the indemnity. The Germans could not pay the interest in

gold, and the Allied nations did not wish them to pay in goods. So it became necessary to lend them the money to pay the interest. It is obvious that, sooner or later, people were bound to get tired of this game. When people are tired of lending to a country without getting any return, the country's credit is said to be no longer good. When this happens people begin to demand the actual payment of what is due to them. But, as we have seen, this was impossible for the Germans. Hence many bankruptcies, first in Germany, then among those to whom bankrupt Germans owed money, then among those to whom these people owed money, and so on. Result, universal depression, misery, starvation, ruin, and the whole train of disasters from which the world has been suffering.

I do not mean to suggest that German indemnities were the sole cause of our troubles. The debts of the Allies to America contributed, and so, in a lesser degree, did all debts, private or public, where debtor and creditor were separated by a high tariff wall, so that payment in goods was difficult. The German indemnity, while by no means the whole source of the trouble, is, however, one of the clearest instances of the confusion of thought which has made the trouble so difficult to deal with.

The confusion of thought from which our misfortunes have arisen is the confusion between the standpoint of the consumer and that of the producer, or, more correctly, of the producer under a competitive system. When the indemnities were imposed, the Allies regarded themselves as consumers: they considered that it would be pleasant to have the Germans work for them as temporary slaves, and to be able themselves to consume, without labor, what the Germans had produced. Then, after the Treaty of Versailles had been concluded, they

suddenly remembered that they were also producers, and that the influx of German goods which they had been demanding would ruin their industries. They were so puzzled that they started scratching their heads, but that did no good, even when they all did it together and called it an International Conference. The plain fact is that the governing classes of the world are too ignorant and stupid to be able to think through such a problem, and too conceited to ask the advice of those who might help them.

To simplify our problem, let us suppose that one of the Allied nations consisted of a single individual, a Robinson Crusoe living on a desert island. The Germans would be obliged, under the Treaty of Versailles, to offer him all the necessities of life for nothing. But if he behaved as the Powers have behaved, he would say, "No, do not bring me coal because it will ruin my wood-gathering industry; do not bring me bread because it will ruin my agriculture and my ingenious though primitive milling apparatus; do not bring me clothes because I have an infant industry of making clothes out of the skins of beasts. I do not mind if you bring me gold, because that can do me no harm. I will put it in a cave and make no use of it whatever. But on no account will I accept payment in any form that I could make use of." If our imaginary Robinson Crusoe said this, we should think that solitude had deprived him of his wits. Yet this is exactly what all the leading nations have said to Germany. When a nation, instead of an individual, is seized with lunacy, it is thought to be showing remarkable industrial wisdom.

The only relevant difference between Robinson Crusoe and a whole nation is that Robinson Crusoe organizes his time sensibly and a nation does not. If an individual gets his clothes for nothing he does not spend his time

making clothes. But nations think that they ought to produce everything that they need, except when there is some natural obstacle such as climate. If nations had sense, they would arrange, by international agreement, which nation was to produce what, and would no more attempt to produce everything than individuals do. No individual tries to make his own clothes, his own shoes, his own food, his own house, and so on; he knows quite well that if he did he would have to be content with a very low level of comfort. But nations do not yet understand the principle of division of labor. If they did they could have let Germany pay in certain classes of goods which they would have ceased to make themselves. The men who would have been thrown out of work could have been taught another trade at the public expense. But this would have required organization of production, which is contrary to business orthodoxy.

II

Superstitions about gold are curiously deep-seated, not only in those who profit by them, but even in those to whom they bring misfortune. In the autumn of 1931, when the French forced the English to abandon the gold standard, they imagined that they were doing the English an injury; and the English, for the most part, agreed with them. A sort of shame, a feeling as of national humiliation, swept over England. Yet all the best economists had long been urging abandonment of the gold standard, and subsequent experience has proved that they were right. So ignorant are the men in practical control of banking that the British Government had to be compelled by force to do what was best for British interests, and only French unfriendliness led France to confer this unintended benefit upon England.

Of all reputedly useful occupations about the most absurd is gold-mining. Gold is dug out of the earth in South Africa and is conveyed, with infinite precautions against theft and accident, to London or Paris or New York, where it is again placed underground in the vaults of banks. It might just as well have been left underground in South Africa. There was, possibly, some utility in bank reserves so long as it was held that on occasion they might be used; but as soon as the policy was adopted of never letting them sink below a certain minimum, that amount was rendered as good as non-existent. If I say I will put by a hundred pounds against a rainy day, I may be wise. But if I say that, however poor I may become, I will not spend the hundred pounds, it ceases to be an effective part of my fortune, and I might just as well have given it away. This is exactly the situation as regards bank reserves if they are not to be spent in any circumstances whatever. It is, of course, merely a relic of barbarism that any part of national credit should still be based upon actual gold. In private transactions within a country the use of gold has died out. Before the War it was still used for small sums, but people who have grown up since the War hardly know the look of a gold coin. Nevertheless, it is still supposed that, by some mysterious hocus-pocus, everybody's financial stability depends upon a hoard of gold in the central bank of his country. During the War, when submarines made it dangerous to transport gold, the fiction was carried still farther. Of the gold that was mined in South Africa some was deemed to be in the United States, some in England, some in France, and so on; but in fact it all stayed in South Africa. Why not carry the fiction yet a stage farther, and deem that the gold has been mined, while leaving it quietly in the ground?

The advantage of gold in theory is that it affords a safeguard against the dishonesty of governments. This would be all very well if there were any way of forcing governments to adhere to gold in a crisis; but in fact they abandon gold whenever it suits them to do so. All the European countries that took part in the late war depreciated their currencies, and in so doing repudiated a part of their debts. Germany and Austria repudiated the whole of their internal debt by inflation. France reduced the franc to a fifth of its former value, thereby repudiating four-fifths of all government debts that were reckoned in francs. The pound sterling is worth only about three-quarters of its former value in gold. The Russians frankly said that they would not pay their debts, but this was thought wicked: respectable repudiation demands a certain etiquette.

The fact is that governments, like individuals, pay their debts if it is to their interest to do so, but not otherwise. A purely legal guarantee such as the gold standard is useless in times of stress and unnecessary at other times. A private individual finds it profitable to be honest so long as he is likely to wish to borrow again and to be able to do so; but when he has exhausted his credit he may find it more advantageous to abscond. A government is in a different position towards its own subjects from that in which it finds itself towards other countries. Its own subjects are at its mercy, and it, therefore, has no motive for honesty towards them except desire to borrow again. When, as happened in Germany after the War, there is no longer any prospect of internal borrowing, it pays a country to let its currency become worthless, and thus wipe out the whole internal debt. But external debt is another matter. The Russians, when they repudiated their debts to other countries, had to face war against the whole

civilized world, combined with a ferocious hostile propaganda. Most nations are not in a position to face this sort of thing, and are, therefore, cautious as regards external debt. It is this, not the gold standard, that affords what security exists in lending money to governments. The security is poor, but cannot be made better until there is an international government.

The extent to which economic transactions depend upon armed forces is not usually realized. Ownership of wealth is acquired, in part, by means of skill in business, but such skill is possible only within a framework of military or naval prowess. It was by the use of armed force that New York was taken by the English from the Dutch, and by the Americans from the English. When oil was found in the United States, it belonged to American citizens; but when oil is found in some less powerful country, the ownership of it comes, by hook or by crook, to the citizens of some one or other of the Great Powers. The process by which this is effected is usually disguised, but in the background is the threat of war, and it is this latent threat which clinches negotiations.

What applies to oil applies equally to currency and debt. When it is to the interest of a government to debase its currency or repudiate its debts it does so. Some nations, it is true, make a great fuss about the moral importance of paying one's debts, but they are creditor nations. In so far as they are listened to by debtor nations, it is because of their strength, not because they are ethically convincing. There is, therefore, only one way of securing a stable currency, and that is to have, in fact if not in form, a single world government, possessed of the sole effective armed forces. Such a government would have an interest in a stable currency and could decree a currency with a constant purchasing power in terms

of the average of commodities. This is the only true stability, and gold does not possess it. Nor will sovereign nations adhere even to gold in times of stress. The argument that gold secures a stable currency is, therefore, from every point of view fallacious.

I have been informed frequently, by persons who considered themselves hard-headed realists, that men in business normally desire to grow rich. Observation has convinced me that the persons who gave me this assurance, so far from being realists, were sentimental idealists, totally blind to the most patent facts of the world in which they live. If business men really desired to grow rich more ardently than they desire to keep others poor, the world would quickly become a paradise. Banking and currency afford an admirable example. It is obviously to the general interest of the business community as a whole to have a stable currency and security of credit. To secure these two desiderata it is obviously necessary to have only one central bank in the world, and only one currency, which must be a paper currency so managed as to keep average prices as nearly constant as possible. Such a currency will not need to be based upon a gold reserve, but upon the credit of the world government of which the one central bank is the financial organ. All this is so obvious that any child can see it. Yet nothing of the sort is advocated by business men. One reason for this is nationalism; that is to say that, unconsciously, they are more anxious to keep foreigners poor than to grow rich themselves.

Another reason is the psychology of the producer. It seems like a truism that money is useful only because it can be exchanged for goods, and yet there are few people to whom this is true emotionally as well as rationally. In almost every transaction the seller is more pleased than the buyer. If

you buy a pair of shoes the whole apparatus of salesmanship is brought to bear on you, and the seller of the shoes feels as if he had won a little victory. You, on the other hand, do not say to yourself, "How nice to have got rid of those nasty dirty bits of paper, which I could neither eat nor use as clothing, and to have got instead a lovely new pair of shoes." We regard our buying as unimportant in comparison with our selling. The only exceptions are cases in which the supply is limited. A man who buys an Old Master is more pleased than the man who sells it; but when the Old Master was alive, he was no doubt more pleased to sell pictures than his patrons were to buy them. The ultimate psychological source of our preference for selling over buying is that we prefer power to pleasure. This is not a universal characteristic: there are spendthrifts who like a short life and a merry one. But it is a characteristic of the energetic, successful individuals who give the tone to a competitive age. When most wealth was inherited, the psychology of the producer was less dominant than it is now. It is the psychology of the producer that makes men more anxious to sell than to buy and that causes governments to engage in the laughable attempt to create a world in which every nation sells and no nation buys.

III

There is another circumstance that distinguishes economic relations from most others. If you produce some commodity there are two classes of mankind who are specially important to you, namely, your competitors and your customers. Your competitors harm you and your customers benefit you. Your competitors are obvious and comparatively few, whereas your customers are diffused and for the most part unknown. You tend, therefore,

to be more conscious of your competitors than of your customers. This may not be the case within your own group, but it is almost sure to be the case where an alien group is concerned, so that alien groups come to be regarded as having economic interests adverse to our own. The belief in protective tariffs is derived from this source. Foreign nations are regarded rather as competitors in production than as possible customers, so that men are willing to lose foreign markets to avoid foreign competition.

There was once a butcher in a small town who was infuriated by the other butchers who took away his custom. In order to ruin them, he converted the whole town to vegetarianism, and was surprised to find that as a result he was ruined too. The folly of this seems incredible, yet it is no greater than that of all the Powers. All have observed that foreign trade enriches other nations, and all have erected tariffs to destroy foreign trade. All have been astonished to find that they were as much injured as their competitors. Not one has remembered that trade is reciprocal, and that a foreign nation which sells to one's own nation also buys from it either directly or indirectly. The reason that they have not remembered this is that hatred of foreign nations has made them incapable of clear thinking where foreign trade is concerned.

In Great Britain the conflict between rich and poor, which has been the basis of party divisions ever since the end of the War, has made most industrialists incapable of understanding questions of currency. Since finance represents wealth, there is a tendency for all the rich to follow the lead of the bankers and financiers. But in fact the interests of bankers have been opposed to the interests of industrialists: deflation suited the bankers, but paralyzed British industry.

I do not doubt that, if wage-earners had not had votes, British politics since the War would have consisted of a bitter struggle between financiers and industrialists. As things were, however, financiers and industrialists combined against wage-earners, the industrialists supported the financiers, and the country was brought to the verge of ruin. It was saved only by the fact that the financiers were defeated by the French.

Throughout the world, not only in Great Britain, the interests of finance in recent years have been opposed to the interests of the general public. This state of affairs is not likely to change of itself. A modern community is not likely to be prosperous if its financial affairs are conducted solely with a view to the interests of financiers, and without regard to the effect upon the rest of the population. When this is the case it is unwise to leave financiers to the unfettered pursuit of their private profit. One might as well run a museum for the profit of the curator, leaving him at liberty to sell the contents whenever he happened to be offered a good price. There are some activities in which the motive of private profit leads on the whole to the promotion of the general interest, and others in which this is not so. Finance is now definitely in the latter class, whatever it may have been in the past. The result is an increasing need of governmental interference with finance. It will be necessary to consider finance and industry as forming a single whole, and to aim at maximizing the profits of the whole, not of the financial part separately. Finance is more powerful than industry when both are independent; but the interests of industry more nearly coincide with those of the community than do the interests of finance. This is the reason that the world has been brought to such a pass by the excessive power of finance.

Wherever the few have acquired power over the many, they have been assisted by some superstition which dominated the many. Ancient Egyptian priests discovered how to predict eclipses, which were still viewed with terror by the populace; in this way they were able to extort gifts and powers which they could not otherwise have obtained. Kings were supposed to be divine beings, and Cromwell was thought guilty of sacrilege when he cut off Charles I's head. In our day, financiers depend upon the superstitious reverence for gold. The ordinary citizen is struck dumb with awe when he is told about gold reserves, note issues, inflation, deflation, reflation, and all the rest of the jargon. He feels that anyone who can converse glibly about such matters must be very wise, and he does not dare to question what he is told. He does not realize what a small part gold really plays in modern transactions, though he would be quite at a loss to explain what its functions are. He feels vaguely that his country is likely to be safer if it contains a great deal of gold, so that he is glad when the gold reserve increases and sorry when it diminishes.

This condition of unintelligent respect on the part of the general public is exactly what the financier needs in order to remain unfettered by the democracy. He has, of course, many other advantages in dealing with opinion. Being immensely rich, he can endow universities, and secure that the most influential part of academic opinion shall be subservient to him. Being at the head of the plutocracy, he is the natural leader of all whose political thought is dominated by fear of communism. Being the possessor of economic power, he can distribute prosperity or ruin whole nations as he chooses. But I doubt whether all these weapons would suffice without the aid of superstition. It is a remarkable

fact that, in spite of the importance of economics to every man, woman, and child, the subject is never taught in schools, and even in universities is learned by a minority. Moreover, that minority do not learn the subject as it would be learned if no political interests were at stake. There are a few institutions which teach it without plutocratic bias, but they are very few; as a rule, it is taught so as to glorify the status quo. All this, I fancy, is connected with the fact that superstition and mystery are useful to the holders of financial power.

Finance, like war, suffers from the fact that almost all those who have technical competence have also a bias which is contrary to the interests of the community. When Disarmament Conferences take place, the naval and military experts are the chief obstacle to their success. It is not that these men are dishonest, but that their habitual preoccupations prevent them from seeing questions concerning armaments in their proper perspective. Exactly the same thing applies to finance. Hardly anybody knows about it in detail except those who are en-

gaged in making money out of the present system, who naturally cannot take wholly impartial views. It will be necessary, if this state of affairs is to be remedied, to make the democracies of the world aware of the importance of finance, and to find ways of simplifying the principles of finance so that they can be widely understood. It must be admitted that this is not easy, but I do not believe that it is impossible.

One of the impediments to successful democracy in our age is the complexity of the modern world, which makes it increasingly difficult for ordinary men and women to form an intelligent opinion on political questions, or even to decide whose expert judgment deserves the most respect. The cure for this trouble is to improve education, and to find ways of explaining the structure of society which are easier to understand than those at present in vogue. Every believer in effective democracy must be in favor of this reform. But perhaps there are no believers in democracy left except in Siam and the remoter parts of Mongolia.





THE BOHEMIANS OF PARIS

BY THOMAS CRAVEN

THERE is something of Madame Bovary in every French woman," said Taine. There is something of the gypsy in every artist. To these two human frailties, in conjunction, we owe the existence of Bohemia; and to Bohemia we may attribute the popularity of Paris, the ascendancy of French culture, and the tragedy of modern art.

Paris is youth! How often have we heard that enchanting cry! It echoes in the hearts of young and old in every corner of the globe. It is accepted as a universal truth. Bohemia is the artificial prolongation of youth—youth extended beyond its brief romantic span, youth corrupted by that dreadful infirmity of mind which consents to no development and no maturity. The history of Paris is the history of the struggles to preserve the spirit of youth.

If one must go to Paris, it is well to go when one is young and susceptible to the fabricated glamour of a prearranged setting. To remain there is a confession of indolence or incapacity; to acknowledge no laws of growth and development; to prolong the gasconading antics of youth into a fixed state of routine pretension.

The genius with which Paris has promulgated and made permanent a certain attitude towards life—a *joie de vivre* distinctly and uniquely her own—is one of the world's great wonders. Historically, Paris, the self-contained metropolis in the most self-contained of

nations, is one of the oldest of modern cities. More than eight centuries ago Paris was the seat of learning for all Europe, with an established polity and a well-defined culture, when the average Englishman was Gurth, the swineherd. According to the Spenglerian system of mutations, she should long ago have been a graveyard. Yet here she is, in the year 1933, up to her old tricks again, and with only a handful of roving Americans to be fleeced and fed, enjoying life in the grand manner, rehabilitating her time-honored cafés, exhibiting her mannikins of fashion and of art, manufacturing limousines for her choicest cocottes, and valorously preparing for war.

The face of the city has been altered a dozen times, but the temper of the people remains unchanged and unchangeable. Even the oldest structures, which seem to be ancient scars and wrinkles on the face of the newer Paris, are rendered picturesque and inviting by the addition of a cabaret, or shop, and the presence of accessible girls. Even the oldest and most degenerate of vices are rendered tantalizing to youth when practiced by youth in quaint surroundings. Paris is always refurbishing her gaudy charms, scattering perfume on decaying flowers, applying the cosmetics of culture to every form of activity. Against these gay and patriotic rituals I have nothing to say; nor have I anything to say against the morals of Paris, or of France. That France, as Balzac wrote,

"should be so jealous and proud of the blood of her sons, but should care nothing for the honor and integrity of her daughters" is not my affair. That France should have survived centuries of turmoil and suffering, that she should stand to-day as the most solidly based of nations is sufficient proof that she knows what is best for her. No one can honestly say that she has forfeited her old qualities of courage and foresight, her high spirits and clear intellect, her instinct for decoration, and her hankering for glory and power. My chief concern is with her art and those essentially French characteristics which have identified art with Bohemianism.

Paris owes her supremacy among French cities to a number of causes: her geographical position; the early foundation of the University, with its affiliated unit, the Sorbonne, in the heart of the Capital; her industrial and political life which, after the Revolution had made her the absolute mistress of France, reinforced her leadership in art and learning; her traditional authority in matters of taste and breeding; her women, and her inimitable spirit. Paris is the head of France not only by right of intellect but by right of commerce, a condition which concentrates there the brains and energy of the whole country.

Paris owes her position as the international center of enlightenment to her cultural tradition; her polished, but at the same time, realistic and businesslike, ministration to the sensational cravings and romantic fevers of man; her women; and her Bohemia, nourished with profound knowledge of human weaknesses, advertised by sons and lovers the world over. The elements composing the dual supremacy of Paris—the national and international, the economic and cultural, the mercenary and Bohemian—cannot be categorically divided; they mingle and

overlap, forming, in the aggregate, the distinct and seductive organism on the Seine. But from Louis XIV onward, the culture of Paris was gradually withdrawn from works of art—from the objective achievements which normally produce culture—and in the course of time, became a thing apart—a nationalistic religion, an economic asset, a tool for self-glorification. And since the time of Delacroix certain propensities of France, deeply rooted and productive of her noblest works, have been polluted by Bohemianism, diverted into anti-social channels, debauched by raffish malcontents and wastrels living, for art's sake, in segregated districts of Paris. Before considering the Bohemian incubus, let us glance at the characteristics which do great honor to Paris and the French civilization.

II

In the infancy of Paris the café appeared, a form of public life destined to become the most popular and influential of French institutions. The café is the great, the indefeasible blessing of Paris. From the time of Abelard, cafés, or their equivalents, have abounded: first, the taverns—there were four thousand in Villon's day; in the seventeenth century, taverns and cafés; in the eighteenth, cafés and salons; in the nineteenth, cafés, salons, and cabarets; in the twentieth, cafés, night-clubs, bars, and "dancings." There are to-day, and have always been, cafés for all classes of people: for dilettantes and fashionable loafers, for cosmopolites and expatriates, for scholars and poets, artists and authors, politicians and prostitutes, bourgeois families, crooks, mechanics, jockeys, and scavengers. The effect of these innumerable haunts is to give Paris a color and tone, a unique atmosphere of charm and relaxation, and more: to create within all classes a high degree

of sociability, a sense of public spirit and superior civic decency.

Thus the Parisian, molded by public life, sharing from childhood the surprises and enchantments of the café and boulevard, loves his city and takes care that her magnetic brilliancy shall not be tarnished. Thus is propagated a pride that knows no equal, a pride so great that it impels the Parisian, as an Italian visitor remarked, "even to hate with commiseration, to consider his enemies sufficiently punished by the fate which caused them to be born where they were." Maintaining, from her foundation, her countless centers of public life, Paris, in all justice, is entitled to her acknowledged eminence as the most civilized of cities. Her eminence in this particular field or that may well be contested, but in those attributes which distinguish man, the sensitive, social animal, from the dull-witted rustic, in all those things which come from urbanity and appeal to urbanity, she is still the mistress of the world. In original ideas, Paris has never excelled; but in borrowing, tailoring, garnishing, and adapting: in receptivity to the ideas of others she has had no rivals. Everything that passes through her fingers bears the stamp of taste and culture, the transmuting touches of inventive magic, the unmistakable trademark of delicacy and distinction. The principal business of Paris is living, not laying up treasures in heaven. And to the adornment of living she transfers the creative fervor reserved by other peoples for the arts alone. In fact, the fine arts in Paris are adjuncts of fine living, and are practiced as seriously and with the same intensity as the arts of fashion, cookery, and prostitution. All things work together for the enthronement of reason and the civilized gratification of desire. The spirit of Paris, I believe, is the fruit of a highly organized social life in which men and

women assemble in public to exchange ideas, to exhibit and compare and discuss achievements, to observe human tastes and needs; in which friends and families of high and low degree drink and dine in public places, and are encouraged to adopt a more civilized decorum, to discard the toothpick, and to relieve the tension of their sordid homes.

Masterpieces of art are conceived and executed in solitude, but the materials composing them are gathered from human relationships. Art is essentially a social phenomenon, urban generally, communal always; and it would be hard to name a French painter of any merit who has not profited by his social excursions. The salon, originally an aristocratic affair, became in the nineteenth century an important factor in the appreciation of art. Under the direction of clever and charming women, the salon was the meeting ground of the artist and an intelligent public, according the artist the social recognition denied him by stupid bureaucrats. And every painter and writer was known by the café he frequented. Even old Daudet, by nature a solitary, would wander, after a debauch of toil, to a café to drink a bock with a few cronies. Degas, a confirmed recluse whose studio was impregnable, found the old cafés of Montmartre soothing to his wretched nerves. And Manet, a Parisian of the old school who lived with the most rigid propriety in a house furnished in the Empire style, walked the boulevards daily and was a familiar figure at Tortoni's. The traditional spirit of Paris, her color and charm, her frank acceptance of all good things, and the freedom of social intercourse as promoted by her cafés—these together have brought into French art and letters a celebration of the physical world—a worship of *le monde visible*—unexampled since the Venetians; have

produced such masterpieces of paganism and of simple gaiety as Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin" and Renoir's "Le Moulin de la Galette."

III

Bohemianism in art is a perversion of the spirit of Paris. In its remote beginnings it was only a means to an end, and as such, a healthy manifestation of social instincts. In its restricted sense it is an end in itself, and thus flourishing from the time of Murger may be held responsible for the disintegration of French art. Bohemianism is a disease indigenous to the Latin Quarter, a term originally meaning only the precincts of the old University entered by the Rue Galande, the ancient Roman road from Paris to Lyons. In the Second Empire the Quarter suffered severe dislocations by the building of the Boulevard St. Michel and the Boulevard St-Germain, and to-day, roughly speaking, may be said to extend from the Seine to the Boulevard du Montparnasse, from the Halle aux Vins to the Beaux Arts. The Quarter in its early history was called the Pays Latin for the reason that Latin was the language of the classroom—not the pure idiom of Cicero, but an easy colloquial jargon—and remained the official language until the close of the reign of Henry IV. To-day the Quarter is a babel of voices, a mixture of all the tongues of the world—except Latin.

At the opening of the twelfth century Peter Abelard, magnificent in address and in the exposition of his dialectic, attracted the youth of all Europe to the cloisters of Notre Dame. The Cité overflowing, schools and students migrated to the mainland on the left bank; and in 1215, by a consolidation of forces, the University of Paris was founded, and the Latin Quarter became a teeming reality. During the

thirteenth century students of all nations swarmed the Rue St. Jacques and the Rue de la Harpe, drawn to Paris by the great schoolmen of the University and the Sorbonne. Those ancient quarters, which seem so quaint and picturesque to modern artists, were not regarded with romantic levity by their first inhabitants. The streets were undrained and unlighted; the houses filthy and disreputable. The students were poverty-stricken and ill-fed; many of them begged for bread, starved, or froze to death in the winter—a form of death threatening most modern Parisians. But they were all inflamed by a common purpose—a zeal for learning—and were willing to endure any privation to attain that end. They made shift to drown their hardships in various diversions. There were fierce rivalries and nationalistic clashes, the French lads being stigmatized as "proud, soft, and womanish"—adjectives not altogether inapplicable to-day to a large and increasing sect of Parisian males, when contrasted with the strapping matron behind the cash box. They wore berets, roistered in the streets, drank and danced in the taverns. They consorted with harlots, those of more fortunate estate keeping mistresses. Already the dominion of *la femme* was beginning, and we have the wails of students writing home "of being seduced into pleasure."

With Villon the Middle Ages may be said to have ended. Paris, bled by wars, was desolated, the prey of wolves, plagues, and famines. Tavern life, however, was not diminished; and the University, despite the evil times, boasted of forty-two colleges and twenty-five hundred members—tatterdemalion starvelings from France and afar. One of the members, François Villon, has been crowned and toasted by each succeeding generation of pretenders as the King of the Bohe-

mians, an insult, I am prepared to say, to his tough masculinity and his poetic powers. If to gamble, drink, and ravish girls are Bohemian pastimes; if to enter the lowest of occupations, that of the pimp, and to brag about it in verse; and to spend one's time between the hovel and the tavern, and the brothel and the prison—if these are the credentials of the Bohemian, then Villon is the foremost of the confraternity. He was the first Frenchman to win immortality by pursuing, from instinct and choice, the path of crime, and I may add, the last. He was not playing at life, not living by precedent; he was an independent and imaginative rascal with a rapacious insight into the bitterness of hard facts.

The taverns he favored—the Fleur-de-Lys, the Swallow, the Golden Lion, and the Scarlet Hat—despite their poetic signboards, were dens of obscenity. He did not pretend that they were romantic or essential to his art. The girls with their pretty names, Margot, Denise, and Rose, were not fairer than their modern analogues of Montparnasse, Gaby, Kiki, and Sporty, who prefer to be whores to artists rather than registered peddlers. He did not pretend that they enhanced his spiritual freedom; he took what he could get from them, knowing that “into the night go one and all.” He took and gave, crying cynically, “*Tout aux tavernes et aux filles.*” He saw before him, as the consequence of his actions, not a life fallen into desuetude—not the bleak futility awaiting those who live for art's sake—but the gibbet of Montfaucon.

In the fifteenth century the taverns associated with the University began to tempt outside talent—free-lance artists and writers; by the middle of the sixteenth, the taverns had multiplied beyond enumeration, spreading from the Latin Quarter to the right bank and to all parts of Paris. In 1635

a group of unattached poets christened their favorite rendez-vous—a hillock crowned with inns and windmills—Montparnasse; in 1685, the Procope, the first established café, opened its doors opposite the old Comédie Française. The dirty tavern which drove Erasmus to Flanders with the remark, “I carried nothing but a body infested with disease and a plentiful supply of vermin,” gave way to the less pestilent café, and the café was never superseded. The Pomme de Pin, known to Villon and Rabelais, was host to Boileau, Molière, and Racine.

One could write much of the history of Paris round the old Procope: the erratic Rousseau came there, and Diderot, the preacher; Voltaire, at eighty-two, attending rehearsals of “*Irène*,” sipped a new beverage called coffee; the leaders of the Revolution foregathered in its dark rooms—Marat, Robespierre, Danton, Desmoulins, and Napoleon Bonaparte; in the next century, Balzac, snatching a few moments from his volcanic labors, discussed chastity with Gautier; then the giant Flaubert with his pupil Maupassant; then Taine, Turgenev, Jules de Goncourt, and Renan; in the Nineties, Verlaine, sprawling in Voltaire's chair, drank his wormwood liqueur, and minor Symbolistes droned their bloodless versicles.

In the nineteenth century, from 1830 to 1860, we enter the golden age of the Latin Quarter. The completion of the École des Beaux-Arts in 1839; the prosperity of the University (in 1838 the School of Medicine alone enrolled four thousand students, and an American traveler wrote home that “carts arrived daily, pouring out a dozen or so of naked men and women, as you do a cord of wood, upon the pavement”) and the name and fame of Murger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohême*; these, in collaboration, put the Latin Quarter on the map, as we say—the map of

Paris. But the most potent agency was Henri Murger, a garret-dweller and journalist of the left bank. Murger's novel and play, extolling the fabulous and romantic aspects of the Quarter—largely imaginary—fixed the name, Bohemia, and its physical background, once for all, and spread far and wide the contagion of gypsy indolence and childish masquerade so captivating to unformed art students. About 1860 European outsiders came to taste the poison, and in the early Seventies, the first Americans. Whereupon, the more estimable French painters, old conservatives resenting foreigners, declared it was time to get out. "The Latin Quarter," they avowed, "is all right for amateurs and costumed idiots and rabble students, but serious men must work in peace." So they fitted out studios atop and around Montmartre and for many years lived in peace, substantiating their existence by good works.

IV

At present, Montmartre is a pustule on the organism of Paris, but striking and picturesque in its virulent decay. Rich in memories, the Hill has seen a motley procession pass down its zig-zag slopes into history: monks and priests, kings and soldiers, shepherds and husbandmen, poets, artists and assassins, and talented derelicts. Hospitable to spiritual and bestial dissipations alike, it has found room, among its nefarious caverns, for the *Sacré-Cœur*, a bastard Roman pile exceeding, in pretentiousness, all modern basilicas with the possible exception of Saint John the Divine, in New York. Its most lucrative industry is catering to the worst appetites of the spendthrift sons and daughters of the Prohibition Republic.

When the separating walls were torn down and Montmartre was incorporated with the city, artists, as I have

said, found the streets leading to the Butte an invigorating contrast to the hoodlum romance of the Latin Quarter. They were not, let it be understood at once, Bohemians. There was never a painter less Bohemian than Renoir, never a man more firmly anchored to the sterling simplicities of French life. In his canvases all that is finest in a ripe civilization has its radiant embodiment: the voluptuous woman, undraped and unashamed; the charm of unspoilt children; the sap of the grape and the flesh. And crabbed old Cézanne, awkward in all company, resentful and shrinking, tempered his spiritual rancours in the society of the intelligent men. They were hard workers, the first men of Montmartre, and at the *Café Guerbois*, in the Avenue de Clichy, they met to talk things over. Far from being Bohemians, they were so sober and conventional that Cézanne, who joined them only occasionally, complained that they took themselves too seriously and "dressed like a pack of lawyers." Manet dominated the group which included, besides the painters Pissaro, Degas, Puvis de Chavannes, Fantin-Latour, Forain, Monet, and Signac, the composer Berlioz, and the novelists Hugo and Zola. After the Franco-Prussian War the *Guerbois* was abandoned for the *Nouvelle Athènes*, the renown of which is described by a distinguished writer, then a young and sensual Irishman who tried so hard to be a Frenchman and a painter, and failed in both.

The seeds of Bohemianism were planted in Montmartre in 1881, the year of the founding of the *Chat Noir* by Rudolph Salis. The expansive Salis undoubtedly had a warm regard for the arts, but he was at heart a showman, and showmanship in art leads to Bohemia. The *Chat Noir* was followed by the *Rat Mort* (a dead rat in the beer pump suggested the

name), L'Ane Rouge, and other cafés of sinister titles. In its first period the Chat Noir—the name was taken from Poe's tale, or more likely, from the little beast in Manet's picture of odious memory—was a closed circle of artists and writers, some famous, some on the make; but in a few years it was soliciting its clientele from the fashionable world. Bernhardt acted all over the place; Catulle Mendès exhibited his empty elegance, and Verlaine unwittingly lent his incorrigible thirst to the prestige of the shop. Poor Verlaine! Everybody pitied him, yet none would have had him otherwise than he was, an inspired sot. The French are not reformers.

By the end of the next decade Montmartre was beyond redemption. The Moulin de la Galette, now a low-class dance hall for soldiers, working men, shopgirls, and laundresses—the girls in waists and skirts, hatless, and all under twenty, the men in caps and tight trousers—appealed to dissolute painters on the hunt for color and the coarser forms of sexual commerce. The other Moulin, the Red Mill, was in the heyday of its glory, already the center of lesbianism, as young Will Rothenstein discovered to his horror. Among the habitués was a descendant of one of the most ancient families of the French noblesse, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, of whom we shall have more to say hereafter. The Chahut dancers, Jane Avril, La Goulue, and Nini Patte-en-l'Air, split themselves asunder to the applause of artists, homosexuals, and sedate fathers out to escape the boredom of home and family. Close by, in his own crowded cabaret, Aristide Bruant, the first of the performing stage apaches, dressed in black velvet with top-boots and a red shirt, shrieked his low songs of the underworld. One of the singers at the Moulin Rouge rose to fame overnight. She was very young, pale and slender, with the

breasts of a boy and the chaste, wondering eyes of a child. Her name was Yvette Guilbert, and her songs were lewd and witty. She was a sensation. How the French love the spectacle of children executing salacious dances or piping the double entente!

No better proof of the decadence is needed than the jealousy which Montmartre began to arouse among the partisans of the left bank. For a while the rivalry was active and none too polite. Numerically, the Latin Quarter was incalculably superior, but the Butte had a stronger flavor and artists of unquestionable distinction. There was nothing on the left bank to compare with the Moulin Rouge, and every spring the students of the southern Quarter trooped across the city to the Mill for their annual Quat'z' Arts orgy. The old guard fought a losing fight. The Hill was doomed to Bohemian ruin. In 1913 the last fête was held, and demi-mondaines, grisettes, women of fashion, artists, writers, musicians, and tradesmen lamented the collapse of the "Independent Republic of Montmartre." During the War the night life was temporarily checked, but before the armistice was signed the Place du Tertre was overrun with British and American soldiers; and every aged Frenchman not in uniform opened a wine shop.

To-day Montmartre means the Place Pigalle and the Place Blanche, Zelli's—with gigolettes expectantly guarding unopened bottles of poor and costly champagne, and Madame Zelli guarding the cash—and dives for the gratification of every form of iniquitous desire. The last place on earth, we need hardly say, for the cultivation of art. The attitude of the French towards a quarter they had commercialized and debased long before the War is summarized in the following notice taken from a newspaper:

"Two more shiploads of savages

arrived at Cherbourg to-day. Make Ready, Montmartre."

V

We have reserved for the last the effect of Bohemianism on art. The relation of the true convivial spirit of Paris to its by-product, the infatuate lawlessness of the Latin Quarter, we have shown; the origin, fame, and continued fascination of the Latin Quarter, we have also shown; and we have surveyed the growth of a rival Bohemia on the historic slopes of Montmartre. It now remains to analyze the conditions which forced art into the gutter, or more graciously, which encouraged artists into a way of living least conducive to the health and vitality of the creative mind.

The romantic movement of 1830, headed in France by Delacroix, was part of the worldwide revolt of youth against official tyranny in government and in art. The French Romantics in art and letters—the exponents of free speech embattled against conservatives fighting desperately for academic authority—drew their fire from many sources: from Scott, Byron, Constant, and Bonington; from Goethe, Schiller, and Beethoven, and from Goya. They were not Bohemians; they were men with a program and a generous philosophy; they were taking the last stand for art—the rights of the individual against political jobbers. But most of them, and three in particular, Byron, Goya, and Delacroix, were spectacular figures whose weaknesses were of the sort which inferior minds seize upon as the criteria of artistic behavior.

It was by no means an accident that Murger's book should have appeared at this dramatic moment. His work is a reflection of the attitude of the small-fry, or Bohemian artists, toward the bourgeoisie whom the big and

great men had charged upon without quarter or compunction. For the eternal enemy of art in France is the bourgeois mind—this, in spite of the fact that most of her worthy artists are of middle-class origins. In asserting the organic rights of free men, their temperament, and I may add, their genuine sensitivity, the Romantics had attacked the dullness, the porcine complacency—the whole social structure—of the middle classes. It is not hard to see how this gospel of emancipation was welcomed by the artists of the Latin Quarter, little men, but not totally devoid of sensitivity, and eager to uphold the position of intellectual aristocracy attained by Delacroix and the leaders.

The sum and substance of the philosophy of these lesser artists was to insult the conventions of the bourgeoisie. That was a sign of superiority. Lacking convictions, they affected idiosyncrasies; lacking courage, they shirked the burden of hard constructive toil for the ignominious ease of the mendicant. In short, they became parasites, or Bohemians, using art as an excuse for laziness and incompetence, as a means to pursue the grosser pleasures. And then an ironical thing occurred: the academic painters, the boys from the Beaux-Arts and the schools, succumbed to the Bohemian way of living; and in the course of time, Bohemianism permeated all forms of art and was esteemed by students—and teachers—everywhere as the most essential factor in the training of the artist. At the end of the nineteenth century the most dissolute and reckless, the softest and most affected of the apprentices of the Quarter were the pupils of Gérôme and Bouguereau, and that old fraud, Julian.

Hence it came about that when painting lost its social function, the artist, thrown entirely upon his own

irresponsibility, retired to the world of Bohemia where he might flaunt his individual conceits to his heart's content, and sport a mode of living every detail of which was calculated to affront the bourgeois society that had cast him out. In the Latin Quarter the field was already prepared, the stage was set. The Quarter was steeped in legends of the old hallowed days when idealists lived together amicably; and the quaint and disorderly surroundings were congenial to the singularities which the artist fancied his profession demanded. The Bohemia of Murger was probably a gayer world than Montparnasse of the present time: there were not so many outsiders, and the game was newer. The more romantic joys and the lovely grisettes existed only in Murger's imagination, but the irresponsibility of the artist and his contempt for the working classes were faithfully recorded.

One of the most persuasive champions of the world of make-believe was that arrant American, Whistler. He was the ambassador from Bohemia to the Anglo Saxons. In his student days in Paris he was a typical Bohemian: at night he caroused and argued, during the day he loafed and argued, worked fitfully and made himself conspicuous; he kept a mistress, dressed like a fairy, and behaved, in short, as Degas once said to his face, "as if he had no talent whatever." Growing older and perceiving, after it was too late, that he had diligently avoided most of the difficulties of drawing and composition, he went to London where he won inordinate notoriety by his eccentricities and his controversial brilliancy. There was no one in London to take him down, and he caught Ruskin when the old warrior was addled and bedfast from overwork. Whistler had a piercing intelligence, make no mistake about that—as a

press agent he was fifty years ahead of his time—and he had, in a certain small way, his own conception of art. But it was a Bohemian art, a thing of compilations, without guts or substance.

As a defense for his limitations Whistler erected one of the most ingenious philosophies ever put forth by a painter, and confirmed his theories by his outrageous behavior. With mutilating wit and disarming cleverness, he exalted, not the free artist, but the snob artist. He pleaded for the expatriate, denied the existence of any national art, abused the British and Americans alike, and placed the artist apart from, and above, the social codes governing ordinary mortals. His pictures have faded into indistinguishable delicacies of tone, but his personality is still vividly alive. He set the standard among Anglo Saxons for the Bohemian artist, the scintillant tramp, the rootless aristocrat of the world, bound by no laws, exempt from human knowledge and human decencies. His example has endured. Practically all artists feel the necessity of proclaiming their business by singularities in dress and by flouting social conformities. So solid a man as Epstein, not content to let his sculptures signalize his individuality, must wear a beret to separate himself from Philistines and shopkeepers who have admitted from the first, with no small anxiety, that he is neither of them nor like them.

"Paris," Elie Faure publicly confessed, "is no longer the center of art, she is the center of the painting industry"—an astonishing statement from a Frenchman, astonishing because it was made in America and aimed at a rich monopoly that Americans have largely supported. To-day, in these troubled times, there are forty thousand artists in Paris. Not all, of course, live in the Latin Quarter: some maintain show studios in Montmartre,

and a few live in fashionable suburbs and drink at the Ritz Bar. Others, living in the Quarter, waste their time at the old academic charnel houses or at Lhote's new academy where American girls are taught to draw in the modern manner—that is, to map out the planes of the back and buttocks of a female nude or to rearrange a French sailor into a little mannikin. But the tone and tendency of modern international art are dictated by the leaders of the left bank, or more specifically, by the colony in Montparnasse. It is plain that Americans do not go to Paris to see the most significant and original manifestations of contemporary art—if such were their objective they would go to Mexico. It is equally plain that they do not go to study. They sometimes think they do, but most of them are too young to understand the psychological forces relating technic, a form, to experience and environment; and those who remain never mature. They are lured by the magic spell of Bohemia, by glittering legends of gaiety and romance; in other words, they are lured by the prospect of loose living in a special world created by Paris in the name of art and spiritual freedom, and fostered as a source of revenue.

VI

Life in this world would be insupportable without the women. The cardinal tenet of the Bohemian creed is that men and women should participate in life on the basis of absolute equality: that sexual freedom, or promiscuity, is not only a biological necessity, but a pleasurable stimulus to good work; that only the Puritan is inhibited and the Puritan produces no art; that the artist, being, *per se*, a more sensitive man, needs a woman as a constant companion to share his sorrows, intensify his moments of ecstasy, whet his desires, and complete his social

function; that in a community where the companionship of women is traditional and axiomatic, where all things conspire to the release of his creative energy, the artist begins his career under the most propitious circumstances—unhampered by bourgeois restraints and regulations, a free agent in body and soul. Theoretically, this is fine and sound; in practice it does not work, does not produce art.

I have no moral objections to the system of compulsory cohabitation existing among the artists of Paris: the system is thoroughly democratic and without hypocrisy; it is certainly better and more honorable than the covert habits of the shamefaced artist of New York who, if he keeps a girl, conceals her from his friends and the world in a private brothel, after the fashion of the cheating husband and his stenographer, or the banker and his chorus girl. But as it pertains to art, the effect of the system is to amuse and divert the painter, not to ennoble him; to debase his better impulses; to make him totally dependent on women, and to hold women in cynical disesteem.

The girls of Paris have long been famous. Villon penned a ballade to them, and down the centuries, in song and story, their charms have been exposed and magnified. So great is their prestige that men everywhere have a secret hankering for the Parisienne whom they credit with a unique talent for the more mischievous and poignant arts of love. It is not my intention to dispute her charms; I only wish to point out that the fame of the French girl as an accessory to the fine arts is fictional and operative. It is not beyond belief that in times past she may have been more philanthropic than the modern practitioners of love and selfless devotion. Murger's mistresses, it seems, were content to eat and to run out to Versailles for the day; but their influence on the artists of the

time was none the less pernicious—always on the side of frivolity, always in the direction of laziness, cheapness, and vulgarity.

The grisette, the delicious little moron, ready for any man's love and any man's bed, whom legend has honored with so prominent a role in the lives of artists, has lately been discredited. Indeed, I am sorry to say, French traducers have gone so far as to swear that she was evolved from the libido of sentimentalists like Pastor Sterne, or from the ink-pots of half-starved romancers paid to invest commonplace intrigues with the charm and excitement of devotional naughtiness. The traditional grisette caught the American eye as far back as 1840. "I have seen," wrote our American traveler, "multitudes of bouncing demoiselles, with nymphlike faces, caps for bonnets, and baskets in their hands, running briskly to their work in the morning, and strolling slowly homeward towards evening, with a smile for every gentleman that passes. These are the grisettes. They are very pretty and have the laudable little custom of falling in love with one. A grisette in the Latin Quarter is a branch of education. If a student is ill, she nurses him and cures him; if he is destitute, she works for him; and if he dies, she dies with him." This pretty conception, I find, still animates the fantasies of American students who have never seen Paris.

In the present century, shortly after the old habitués had abandoned Montmartre, the raconteur Bayard circulated a questionnaire among the most celebrated Bohemians of Paris for the purpose of gathering historical material on the grisettes. The results were disappointing. The verdict against the grisettes was unanimous. "I have heard of such creatures," was the answer, "but on my honor, I have never seen or known one." From this

we are not to conclude that the girls of Paris are incapable of true comradeship, that they have never shown a disposition to suffer, starve, or die for their men. Francis Carco, the best informed of living Bohemians and the most truthful, relates many tragic stories of the insane loyalty of women to poets and painters who were not worth saving. In the low brasseries of the Rue Lepic, with their damp walls, greasy counters, and slippery floors, the girls were good sports—they always asked for the cheapest wine and drank it. Sometimes there was but a single room for the whole company and, drinking deeply of bad liquor, they piled into one bed, as many as eight of them, men and women together, to forget their miseries in a drunken stupor. He also describes the end of some of the martyrs in "low, leaky rooms by the Seine, where coughing women, holding dressing gowns tight around them, waited for sailors and sewer cleaners." Carco does not romanticize the life. Nor does he uphold and recommend it. He admits frankly to certain vicious tastes which he satisfied at a frightful price. But the most heroic example of self-immolation was Modigliani's mistress, the Kidney Bean, whose loyalty bordered on dementia and ended in suicide. Such cases are exceptional, but if they were the rule, and every girl on the left bank a paragon of devotion, my original contention that the system of cohabitation contributes nothing to art would not be impaired.

There are all sorts of girls in the art quarters of Paris: girls from all nations; students, models, and wild Americans—very young and asserting their advanced ideas by running from one man or woman to another; and a sprinkling of demoralized expatriates who hang around artists and sometimes write about them. The French girls, as we should expect, constitute the great

majority. They are no better and no worse than girls of the same station in other countries: better companions in indolence, possibly; better harlots, certainly—they have the advantages of traditional culture and training.

These girls, with their irregular faces and irregular lives, "have never," the French tell us, "the stamp of the proletariat—they are always aristocrats." We grant it. They sedulously avoid work; and their keepers, the intellectual aristocrats, follow their example, persuaded that the world owes the artist a living. It is much more comfortable to sit in a café with one's girl and to talk about art than to hold one's self to the grinding labor without which no art ever came into being. The girls know this, and craftily they play upon the romantic weaknesses of the artist, relying upon his feeble will to hold him to a way of living, and a profession, that he can neither relinquish nor conquer. The French girls have no greater love for art than other prostitutes, but they give a more convincing imitation of it. Their affectionate prattle is a sham, an incantation; their high spirits a pose, a matter of business. Their main purpose is to lead a lazy, animal existence among more generous and indulgent and playful clients than they could hope to snare, with their nondescript charms, in other quarters of Paris. There are exceptions, of course. Some have an eye to respectability—to a safe marriage and two legitimate children—and occasionally are successful in their ambitions. A few, like the insuppressible Kiki, develop unusual talents and become the pets of celebrities. But the rank and file follow the way of all bartered flesh.

The effect of the Parisian system, in summary, is this:

Woman is the curse of the artist. She no longer inspires, she dominates him. The artist, being weak, impres-

sionable, and incapable of self-discipline—in other words, Bohemian—inevitably acquires the tone and characteristics of the stronger personality, the prostitute.

The artist is losing his masculinity. The tendency of the Parisian system is to disestablish sexual characteristics, to merge the two sexes in an androgynous third containing all that is offensive in both. If you doubt the growing effeminacy of the artist, you have only to examine the performances of the modern *École de Paris*. The school is fundamentally sexless, from Picasso to Laurencin and Dufy. In exteriors it often appears harsh and brutal, but the harshness is factitious—the acid face and dominating toughness of the professional woman. In essence it is an emasculated art, an art of fashions, styles, and ambiguous patterns.

VII

That the romantic spirit of youth should have its fling is only natural; that artists, struggling in a world which neither cares for their works nor condones their follies, should band together to discuss their aims and difficulties is healthy and sensible; that artists are entitled to their fun and to a measure of eccentricity is taken for granted. But the first has dwindled into a spirit of incurable childishness and sentimentality; the second into an obsessional horror of loneliness and sedentary application, and into everlasting café chatter; the last into hideous license and rabid freakishness. The War did not shake the Bohemian nonsense out of the artists; it served to make them beggars of life more intent than ever before on the prosecution of their whims. And it brought to the art colonies an influx of outsiders, nominally artists and writers, actually the dregs and misfits of disorganized America, whose presence has aggra-

vated the Bohemian pestilence. We know them well. Not their own art but the art of Hemingway has made them famous. The ancient mother of the tribe has called them "a lost generation." They have also been called "the children of lost illusions." They are lost beyond reclamation; they will never be anything but children; but they have not lost their illusions. Their sustaining belief is that art is self-generating; that it is produced by art; that it lives and flourishes and flowers in an environment destructive to the sensibilities of the creator.

They are all alike, these Bohemians; they all gang together in a common effort to get rid of emptiness and boredom, to escape the hopeless uniformity and dullness of their transplanted lives. Appendages to the French cultural tradition, wheedling votaries of French art, they strive to mix art with gaiety and convivial rapture. Their so-called gaiety is a misnomer, a forced and pitiable levity, the mask of sadness and defeat.

Once they contract *la vérole Montparnasse*—the pox of the Quarter—they are proof against regeneration. Their nerves must be violently shaken, their senses unduly agitated. They crave more spectacular excitements; they become jaded and perverse and, famishing for new stimulants, advance into abnormal lecheries. Eventually they lose all sense of values; and their lives and their art, if distinguished by any one thing, are distinguished by the total absence of good sense. They are now ready for Gertrude Stein, Surrealism, and the infinite subdivisions of abstract art. What used to be sensational or shocking in their art is now only silly; what used to be the innocent fondling of French styles is naïve no longer—it is babyish.

Their art having no voice, they are obliged to speak for it over the café tables and in the printed word. Their

writings are chuckling tributes to the higher freedom or meaningless descriptions of their states of mind, never intelligible comments or objective facts. They found magazines in which their insecurity is attested by the continual insulting of America—the cosmopolitan touch—and their originality by incoherent nastiness, hymns to homosexuality, and pleas for miscegenation. There is no evidence that the experiences of many of them are worth mentioning. An immense and vicious sentimentality lies at the bottom of their lives. They profess to be above normal experiences; they are not concerned with the joys and sorrows of humanity. Instead, they exploit, in paint, stolen patterns and futile hypotheses; and in print, their private grievances, envies, grudges, and debaucheries. They are avid of French approval, treasuring the venal praise of critics who have never held a brush. In this they are typically French. For all the French, Daumier excepted, have coveted official decorations. Even Verlaine sought election to the Academy; and foolish Paul de Kock, the favorite of the masses, at seventy-four, weeping over his disappointment, wrote twenty pages to prove that he was not hurt because he had been turned down for the Legion of Honor.

I do not advocate a return to respectability nor a truce with the bourgeoisie. France is controlled by the bourgeoisie, and the bulk of her art—all that is cheap and prurient and trivial—is the reflection of the tastes of the petty merchant. Every French artist of merit has been the enemy of the bourgeoisie, and Daumier, forswearing his youthful illusions of popular, or mercantile, sovereignty, smote them hip and thigh with his satire. Nor do I advocate the high-toned life of the fashionable faubourgs, a form of social smartness playing into the hands of the dealers and politicians.

My point is that the artist, having affirmed his individuality and published his contempt for grubbing merchants, should have the courage of his convictions. If he is truly an individual, as Rembrandt was, and Hogarth, Daumier, Degas, Manet, Cézanne, and many others, he should stand alone, capable of social adjustments which would enable him to have his say without sacrificing a single belief.

Bohemia has had artists, numbers of them, but they are small and unimportant. The lyric cry of Verlaine is clear and genuine, but most appealing to self-conscious sinners. Verlaine, a truly religious man, was always repenting, always making fresh starts in life, longing for some sylvan, visionary nook in which he might dream of nymphs and sing the virelays of old France. But he was utterly wanting in force of will, and Bohemia was the swiftest road to destruction. The greatest, by far, is Toulouse-Lautrec, whom the misfortune of physical deformity converted to a sadistic philosophy. This sinister figure believed in the innate depravity of the human race, a bitter faith in any man, and only possible to the artist whose life is spent in certain quarters of Bohemia. Lautrec's mature life and art were confined to the dens and cabarets of Montmartre; and the depravity of that small, convulsive world which he loved with satanic conviction he transferred to all mankind. There is no compassion in his art, no posing, no moral sop. It excludes the noble in man, and it excludes the tragic. It deals only with the decayed.

VIII

Leaving aside the main body of pretenders and cosmopolitan roisterers, what shall we say of the serious students who are neither dissolute nor

lazy, who work day after day, generally under the greatest hardships, faithfully concocting ineffectual studies in the belief that they are making art, or at least learning how art should be made? We shall say that they too are lost, they too are tarred by the Bohemian brush. However earnest and talented they may be, soon or late they lose their identity. The odds against them are too heavy. They all fall in line, adopt the culture of the Quarter, get themselves in that morbid state of mind which holds them forever to the most useless expenditure of time and talent that has ever been devised—the attempt to make art out of other art. They are all doomed. With the best of intentions, with appalling fixity of purpose, they resign themselves to the lifelong occupation of manufacturing pictures that have no reason for existence, no connection with realities, and no connection with anything save the sources from which they are compounded. The left bank is cluttered with the living tragedies of forlorn souls who can neither make art nor leave it.

The most deadly curse of Bohemia is that it transforms the artist into the stereotype. Instead of being a stage in the development of the artist, it is an end in itself, a career, an isolated world in which men and women are prisoners of art, not conquerors. Living in a vitiating atmosphere of art, breathing and talking art from morning till night to the exclusion of healthy experiences, looking at French art for years, the Bohemian cannot look realities in the face. His habits, in truth, are more conventional than those of the despised bourgeoisie. In Paris he does the expected thing: paints like this man or that, picks up a set of painting tools, becomes a painting machine; nowadays, a modernist machine. There are perceptible variations in the painting habits of the

Bohemians, but they are largely mechanical. Schools are founded on these variations—vanity, as well as youth, must be served. Schools are founded also on incompetence. It is said that a young student, having difficulty in learning to paint like someone else, asked this of Picasso: "I do not seem to know how to draw. Should I go to school?" "No," answered the master, "you should not go to school; the thing for you to do is to found a school." The Spaniard had tried both.

It is this sort of life that transmits modern art to the rest of the world. Every new idea, to gain the allegiance of artists, collectors, critics, and dealers, must be ground through the Bohemian mills of Paris. Even Cézanne who loathed Bohemia, whose art is a mighty protest against Bohemia, has been ground into harmless patterns, sterilized and softened for universal

consumption, by the mills of Paris. It is this sort of life that captures American youth and emasculates American art.

Paris is youth, Bohemia the artificial prolongation of youth. There is nothing on earth more pathetic than the behavior of artists who persist in being young, unless it is the bleat of expatriates too proud to return home.

It has been said by one of them that the artists of Paris are willing to sacrifice their lives for spiritual freedom, to die for their ideals. It is remarkable that no signs of this mysterious freedom have appeared in their art! It is hard indeed to be a martyr to one's own ideals, but to be a martyr to second-hand ideals, to sacrifice one's life to borrowed habits, is the crowning humiliation imposed by Bohemia on the prisoners of art.

"Bohemia," Murger said, "exists and is possible only in Paris."

CORONACH FOR STRIFE

BY JOHN ATLEE KOUWENHOVEN

I *WITHDREW from the weeping
Of nations mourning for a faith that was shattered.
Oh! I was sick and sorry to be keeping
Vigil over withered dreams;
And nothing mattered
But the mist-covered hills and the lifting of pasture bars,
And sleek, black water deepening into pools
That cradled the stars.*



MAGNA

A STORY IN THREE PARTS

BY ZONA GALE

PART III

AFTER an interminable time she found the wall switch. Bolo was lying near his desk. His eyes were opened and he smiled at her. She ran to him, stooped to him, heard him say, "Sorry to be so . . ." and he said no more. She brought water and bathed his face, all the time murmuring his name and asking nothing. Then she took up the telephone, which was still chattering angrily, and called the old physician whom she knew to be Bolo's friend. She sat on the floor beside Bolo, drew his head into her lap. His hand found hers and clung to it.

"He doesn't know about me yet," she thought, "or he wouldn't do that."

So they waited in the still little room, with the stray shouts of merrymakers below and an occasional rocket blazing across the blackness of the window. She had no conjectures as to what had happened. She merely sat there with him, in a dull misery of her own which seemed to have nothing to do with him.

At length she heard a car stop, and the old doctor's feet on the stairs. He came in, a ruddy man with heavy white hair and with black eyebrows so arched that they followed the curve of his black-rimmed glasses.

"What have you done to him, young woman?" he demanded. "Oh, it's Magna. Well now, we'll see."

After he had examined him and had

given him a restorative, he lifted him to the leather couch. When in a little while Bolo could speak, it was to Magna that he explained, rather than to Doctor Barrows.

"I went off the road on some loose gravel," he said, "and banged my head. Things went round considerably all the way into town, but I came up here, and I sat writing a prescription—and that's all I remember, till the telephone rang. I couldn't answer . . . but I managed to knock the thing onto the floor and I must have dropped, myself. Then Magna came."

He smiled at her and stretched out his hand.

"You may as well know about us," he said to Doctor Barrows.

Magna sat silent while Doctor Barrows burst out with surprise and congratulation. She said nothing, did not look up, and Bolo said:

"Poor child. I've frightened her almost to death. What are you going to do with me, Doctor?"

"Hospital," said Doctor Barrows. "Short order. We'll have to look you over. Don't worry—I'll look after your practice." He grinned at Magna. "You young people start out with nothing but an office," he said, "and I honor you for it. Build up things together."

He talked on about the beginnings of his own practice. Lucy had been

wonderful. She had made ends meet somehow. A doctor's wife had none the best of it—a good many lonely nights.

"But you'll have a fine young husband there," he said to Magna. "You'll not regret your choice."

At length he gave Bolo an arm down to his own car, put Magna in, and drove to the hospital. When they arrived, he went in to arrange for a room and left them in his car together.

"I expect you won't object to these few minutes," he said, "so I'll not apologize."

When they were alone Bolo said nothing. He put his arms about her, and for a moment she slipped into the peace that his presence always gave her. Everything fell away, the unrest, the fever, the pain, and the joy of that day, nothing remained of all that she had called ecstasy or misery. The old quiet, the old rest wrapped her round.

"You came to me," he said. "Magna, it was you. It will always be you when I need you. And if you need me I'll always be there."

She said, "There's peace with you, Bolo. Nothing but peace."

"And love?"

"Is love peace?" she asked him.

In the dimness of the car he searched her face.

"Don't you know that?" he asked.

She was silent, and he seemed content. She thought, "This is another world from Alec's world." Then the ache of her new wretchedness returned, and the peace that Bolo's presence had for her was gone. Now Doctor Barrows was coming back, and there was nothing but to kiss Bolo and to reassure him that she was quite all right.

"You'll come first thing in the morning?" he asked.

She promised.

She noted how heavily Bolo leaned on the Doctor's arm as they went up

the steps. Suppose Bolo were to be very ill. Suppose he were to die.

She amazed herself by bursting into passionate weeping. But this, she thought, was because she had done Bolo such wrong. Regret was the greatest part of grief—regret for wrongs, wounds, injustices. Bolo had done nothing. He had come to her with open hands.

"Well, well," Doctor Barrows said, as he opened the car door, "it's not so bad as all that, you know. At least I think not. There are some things that I don't like about it, but he'll have a night's rest—I've seen to that—and in the morning we'll X-ray him."

"But he'll be all right?"

"Let's think so. He charged me again to ask you to come early. You'll not mind waiting about—I really think you'd better come. You own one whole man there, I see."

She was silent, too miserable to answer. Doctor Barrows said no more of Bolo. On the drive home he made only one observation, but this too pierced her:

"About three thousand houses in this suburb," he said, "and a family getting along in every one of them. Nice, isn't it?"

Sentimental old man, she thought; and then wondered why a statement of fact was so sentimental.

"Early to-morrow," he said as he left her, "but don't get there before Bolo has his breakfast, mind!"

She crept upstairs. She lay in bed with the inevitable wish to tell someone, to talk to someone of her situation. Who would this be? She had friends of her own age, but they would enjoy this tangle, call it an adventure and "great." One or two would understand, but they would say, "That's a thing you have to settle on your own"; and it was. It was so that she had always settled things. Her father and mother—sometimes lately she had ex-

perimented by asking them for suggestions, but always her father would lecture her for her ways, lay down the law as to her whole future, and conclude by wondering what this generation was coming to. As for her mother, she seemed so fearfully grown up. She would advise actions well-suited to a woman of fifty, but not so practicable for a girl of twenty. No matter how sweetly talk with her father or mother began, it always ended in storm. She knew that they loved her, but that was a fact which she had to take for granted when they were advising her, for her father did not fail to grow impatient and her mother to be too philosophic, too adult. Especially now, with her father's prepossession in favor of Alec, Andris was as remote as a mountain.

She went over the list of the others: Great-aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Marty, Aunt Taffy—well, just possibly Aunt Taffy. She felt that Uncle Jasper might have something for her if she could bring herself to talk with him. Uncle Sven would just assure her that everything would be all right, and Uncle Joel would laugh. A useful lot, these relatives, she thought. Her thought went back to her mother. If Ethna had not been her mother she would have liked her as a person. It was only the attitude of criticism, the mother-power of admonition, which stood in the way.

Yet when she found Ethna moving about the dining room in the morning, she tried it. Magna said:

"Mother, when you were in love . . ."

She stopped. This seemed not quite the right approach to one who presumably was in love with her lord, and had been so for nearly thirty years.

"When one is in love," Magna went on, but she had no idea what to say. Not "Is one peaceful, or excited?" That wasn't it. Not "Is it just a

great contentment to be with one person, or is it a terrible excitement and almost a suffering?" No, that was not a thing one could ask.

Her mother repeated her words.

"When one is in love," said Ethna, "well, one is very foolish—I know that." She set some dishes on the table and went out of the room. So Magna said no more.

Ethna and Andris had finished breakfast and had gone over to the shop when Alec came down. Magna was sitting over her coffee. Alec entered, kissed her, sat down beside her. His hands were strong and veined, and when he picked up an object one feared that he would crush it. He took hold of her chair arm and sat looking at her broodingly, his brows a little drawn.

"How much right have I to ask you questions?" he demanded.

"As much as you choose to take, I suppose," Magna answered.

She did not meet his eyes, but again she was seized with a trembling, with some terror which still was joy.

"I couldn't sleep last night," he said. "I was at the window when you went out alone. I was there when a car brought you back."

"Well?" said Magna.

"Well, of course I wondered. All this is so new that it seems queer, asking you. But—I did wonder. If you'd rather not—well, Magna, I did wonder."

"You'll have to know," she said and she told him what had happened.

"You see, Alec," she ended, "Bolo didn't come here last night, and I knew there was something wrong. Suppose I hadn't called . . ."

"Of course, of course," Alec said absently.

She thought, "Then he doesn't care."

He caught his breath and clenched his hands.

"You'll have to go to see him to-day at the hospital?"

"Yes. Yes, of course."

"And he doesn't know?"

"No."

"Magna!" Alec cried. "He thinks you're engaged to him!"

She looked down, saying, "Well, I am engaged to him, Alec."

"Good heavens, I suppose you are," Alec said.

He stood up and began pacing about the floor, his breakfast untouched.

"You must tell him at once—at once!" he cried.

"But I can't tell him now," Magna said. "He's ill—we don't know yet how ill. I can't go there to him with such a message as that!"

"Then you'll sit by him and talk with him—and let him think—Oh, Magna, you'll have to answer the things he says to you so that he'll keep on thinking you love him!"

She cried, "Alec—Alec! I've loved him enough to be engaged to him. Do you imagine that I can unlove him all in one minute? What would you think of me if I could?"

"But, my God," said Alec, "then do you love us both, or what?"

She stood with her hands at the throat of her reddish dress, not looking at Alec as she spoke, but beyond him, to the window shrouded in green.

"When I'm with you," she said, "I feel as I've never felt in my life—alive and happy and *more*. You frighten me—and every word that you say shakes me to pieces—and yet I love it, and I want you to go on and I want never, never to leave you. Is that love?"

"You know that that's love," said Alec. "What else . . ."

She put out her hand. "Shall we live like that always?" she asked. "Who ever did live like that always? And when that was gone—whatever it is—what should we have left? I don't know you—you don't know me."

"But think of the joy of finding each other out," he exclaimed. "What if it *didn't* last? We should have had our thrill."

"Is that what love is?" Magna asked.

"It's this—it's this!" Alec cried and had her in his arms.

But then he moved away from her and said in a tone strange to her:

"Is that what you feel for him, Magna? For this—Bolo?"

"Oh, no," she cried, and now the look in her face was one strange to him. "When I'm with him I feel so still."

"But you're happy with me?"

"Of course. But with you I'm frightened—and I want to be frightened."

"Look here," said Alec, "most people never feel anything except what you feel for Bolo—a tame, pleased feeling that passes for love. You and I have the real thing. Magna—surely you know that."

She said nothing. He said roughly:

"My way would be for you to go to him with the truth. He'll guess it anyway—you're too fine to pretend to him. Tell him the truth."

She shook her head, and then, seeing him look at his watch, and knowing that he was hurrying off to see about bail for Earl, who had been taken to the county jail that morning, she cried:

"How good you are to us, Alec!"

"I'm not," he told her. "It's only that I'd like to pull out anybody that you want to help." He looked back and growled, "Even this Bolo. But I'm just saying that to make you love me more," and left her.

While she was hurrying to the hospital she thought:

"It's never like this. They always love either the 'bad' man or the 'good' man. These men are both 'good'—they're both wonderful."

She ran through the streets and she was thinking:

"If a woman loves her husband the way I could love Alec would she ever leave him for the kind of love I have for Bolo? But if it were the other way round . . ."

She did not finish that.

At the hospital she found Doctor Barrows with Bolo, and she waited below until the Doctor joined her.

"Don't be so worried," he said. "You look positively ill yourself. That won't do. Why, yes, Bolo's puzzled us some. It was a nasty blow that he gave himself on the head; it's going to bear watching for some days yet. How the Lord ever let him get into town last night, I don't know. He might have pitched into the steering-wheel and gone to pieces for fair. But he managed to get to his office."

He peered at her.

"If you hadn't called him, and if he had lain there all night," he said, "I wouldn't answer for what would have happened."

Magna said nothing.

"You can go in there now," he said. "He's in twenty-two." She did not move, and the kindly doctor said, "Don't be afraid. You'll find him all right. I guess what he needs the most now is to see you."

He went off down the corridor, smiling in his belief that a lovely chapter of romance was about to be enacted in twenty-two.

Bolo looked as if he thought so too when Magna tapped on his door and entered his room. From his bed he stretched out his hand to her. He said nothing, but lay looking at her, as if to see her were enough. She stooped and kissed him, saying desultory and unimportant words.

"Magna, Magna, Magna," he said at last, and his eyes were filled with tears. At this she was terribly alarmed, fearing that someone had been there already and had told him. But soon

she saw that it was only that he had so wanted her to be there.

It was strange, since he lay here so nearly helpless, but even now there was nothing about Bolo which would permit one to feel sorry for him. He was one of those who seemed never to need or to allow sympathy. He lay there tall, brown, alert, good-looking, and no one could say "I'm sorry." Instead he almost made one say "You'll be quite all right, you know." His vigor and poise seemed really to be admitting this first.

Magna had brought a book, hoping that she might read to him and avoid the talking she dreaded. But Bolo wanted to talk.

"Don't read yet," he pleaded. "Tell me about yesterday. Where did you go?"

Magna tried to tell him where they had driven. She found herself saying what she could about the beauty of the day, the country, the flowers. She told of those whom they had met and talked with, of the orchards, the roads—of anything, it seemed, but that for which he was waiting.

At length he said:

"Alec seems rather fine."

This she admitted.

"Is he interesting?" Bolo proceeded.

Yes, he was interesting.

"What did you and he find to talk about?" he wanted to know next.

Well, the Hebrides. Magna had learned much about the Hebrides, about the mountains of Harris, where Alec had lived as a little boy, and about the interesting geology of the islands.

Bolo grew restless under this. "Didn't *you* say anything?" he demanded.

"Nothing worth repeating," she told him faintly.

"Did you—did you stay all day? Where did you lunch?"

She told him about "Grandmother's,"

dwelling at length on the antiques in the place.

Well, but what had they seen? Hadn't she taken him into the town, shown him the parks and the library?

"Oh, deliver me from the park systems of all towns," she said laughing. "No—we looked at the country."

"I might have met you," said Bolo. "I was in the country all day myself." She was silent.

"I kept thinking," Bolo went on, "'There she is going about with a chap younger than I am—clever, with fine manners, and Europe sticking out all over him. He's got an established business and money. Magna'll fall in love with him,' I thought."

"You absurd thing," said Magna. She began to turn the leaves of her book.

"If only you had waited, Magna," he went on, "and not got engaged to me. You see? Here comes along this fascinating chap."

"I've seen lots of fascinating chaps," Magna said, still turning the leaves of her book. "They're as common as stars."

"I was thinking all that and hustling back to town to get to your house, when I ran off the road."

"Oh, Bolo."

"It was to get to your house that I struggled into the car and kept on to town—fortunately my car seemed all right. And then, you darling, you called me. I thought it was you. I got my head up off my arms and tried to answer—darling, you were right there when I needed you—and you always will be."

"We were hurrying back into town, when we heard the newsboys crying out about Earl," said Magna.

"What about Earl?"

She had meant to keep this from him, but now she rushed into the story, thankful to have something to turn the talk. She told of seeing Earl at

the station, wrung from Earl's story all that she could of news. She even told what Earl had said when they saw him.

At first Bolo was silent. Then, "It makes love seem terrible," he said.

"It is terrible," said Magna.

"No, not love," Bolo said, and his face kindled in a way that she knew. "How does it go?—'Love watcheth . . . when weary it is not tired, when frightened it is not disturbed. When put upon it returneth love.' What's that to do with madness?"

"Bolo," said Magna, "say that again—that about love."

He repeated the old lines. She listened, looking in his face. And what had that to do with terror and anguish and a power that shook and devastated?

She kept on looking at him so strangely, so deeply that he cried, "Magna—what is it? We know all about that. What is it?"

"Nothing," she said, and at that moment, absurdly enough, remembered Great-aunt Elizabeth. She went into a rollicking account of the previous day's visit there, of the defiance of Uncle Joel, and of Great-aunt Elizabeth's, "I don't love him. I'm used to him." "Does love get like that, Bolo?" she asked.

"Not ours," he said.

Now she told him resolutely that he mustn't talk any more or they wouldn't let her stay, and she opened her book.

She spent the morning there, reading, or sitting quietly when she thought that he was asleep. But he slept little, for he would open his eyes often and lie looking at her with such tenderness that she could have cried out. It was fearful to think that the word that she could speak would quench all that light in his face.

A doctor from the city was to arrive that afternoon, but she promised to return towards dinnertime. When she came back, two or three physicians

were with him, and she would have gone away if Doctor Barrows had not insisted that she wait.

"He won't sleep if you don't come and say good-night to him," he said, "and he needs sleep. What do they think about him? You wouldn't understand, and it's my belief that neither do they. But he was mighty close to a concussion."

She slipped in to say good-night. Bolo drew her down, kissed her, and touched her face.

"Magna," he said, "I love you with my whole soul."

He looked at her wistfully, but she did not speak, so he said, "Couldn't you say that for me?"

She repeated it, "Bolo, I love you with my whole soul."

In the corridor, as she walked to the outside door, she was weeping. A woman in a blue bathrobe, who had often passed Bolo's door, now said to her:

"My dear, is it hopeless?"

"No, no," said Magna. "Not that."

"My case is hopeless," said the woman. "My husband came to-day and they told him. I didn't mind for myself—but he never could stand things that were a hurt to me. I don't know what he'll do."

"You have been married long?" Magna asked.

"Twenty-four years," the woman said, "and we've never had enough of each other. It's terrible when it ends."

"Yes," said Magna, "it's terrible when it ends."

"I'm glad for you that that needn't be," the woman said and walked on.

At home the dining room was bright with cheer. Ethna had ready a delicious dinner, and Andris was in his highest spirits. Here was Alec all but in the family, and Andris had had an exceptionally good day of trade. Besides, Alec was back from having

arranged bail for Earl if he was to be admitted to bail. Even Earl's case seemed to Andris not so very black.

The four sat about the table. The lamp hung low and centered its light upon these savory dishes. Magna was glad to be away from the depression of the day, the odor of the hospital, the ceaseless ting-ting of the signal bell for the staff. Alec was done with hours of disagreeable duty, and Andris and Ethna, in the shadow of bankruptcy, were gayest of all. These things were put away, there remained but the hour and the food. The dinner table became a little isle in the midst of dark waters.

"I'm not worth the sawdust to stuff me with—eh?" said Andris, apropos of nothing. He laughed inordinately and tried to make the others laugh—and even succeeded. "A good meal," he cried. "I will not sell my wife so cheap as I had planned." He looked so hopefully from one to another that they all smiled, and Ethna said, "Andris would like to be a cut-up if only he could find out how."

Then as they all sat together later in the evening, Great-aunt Elizabeth came in.

"I came to congratulate you two young folks," she said. "Your father telephoned me the news, Magna. I must say, I think it's a sensible thing. And what more can I say than that?"

"So I say, so I say," said Andris.

"It's the best thing that ever has happened to me," said Alec. "I feel sorry for all the rest of the world."

"Yes," said Great-aunt Elizabeth, "Yes. I was just coming by the hospital and I couldn't resist looking in to see how Bolo took it."

"You did that," said Magna. "Oh, but he doesn't know."

"Well, he does now," said Great-aunt Elizabeth. "I didn't know that he didn't know before. He never let on when I told him."

Apparently with no impression made

upon her by this that she had done, this woman went on:

"Lydia came down the road to my house this afternoon, telling everybody again that Jute is coming home to-night. Him twenty years in his grave, mind you! Don't it beat all how love can last?"

Early next morning, before the household was stirring, Magna slipped out. She would not be admitted to the hospital yet, but she could wait in the grounds, and so avoid her family and Alec and their questioning.

"It was the best way, sweetheart," Alec had said, the night before. "It is best that he should know at once. You can send him a letter telling him the rest."

No one could be more magnanimous than Alec over a fallen rival.

She passed the ugly building occupied by human misery and thought of the night just passed and its hours of suffering—and of Bolo, whose suffering was at her hands. She thought of the woman in the blue bathrobe and of her husband who knew that this was the end of the life together of which they had not had enough. That husband's suffering could not be so deep as Bolo's. How that woman would despise her if she knew. And Doctor Barrows—and everyone save Andris and Ethna and Alec, and the sort of friends who would say, "Wow, what a mix-up! This is the life."

At the little hospital the hour for visitors was flexible. She went through the office without question and up to Bolo's door. The door bore a white card: "No Visitors Please."

She was standing with frightened eyes in the corridor when Doctor Barrows came. He greeted her kindly—evidently he knew nothing of Great-aunt Elizabeth's visit or of her news. But he looked grave.

"Bolo is much worse," he said.

"There's been some change—all his resistance has left him. No—I couldn't let you go in, Magna." He hesitated. "I expect you ought to know the truth," he told her. "Bolo has asked that nobody should come to see him—nobody. Not even you."

"Did he say that—not even me?"

"He said that—yes, my dear."

She turned and stared at the closed door.

"There's no accounting for the vagaries of a sick person," he said. "Often they turn against those who love them best. Don't look like that, my child, or we'll have you in here too."

She went back to the house, and there was Alec, waiting for her. It was all over now. She had made her choice, and Bolo intended to abide by it. No more effort to decide, no more speculation about the matter—nothing but Alec and the future with him and the satisfaction of her father and mother.

Very tender of her, silent, even absenting himself, Alec tried in every way to soften for her the time. Her father, determined to pass over the whole matter as desirable, took his awkward means to "liven her up," talking to her incessantly, even making his jokes for her. But Ethna said little. "There's some puddings that fingers don't flavor so good," she said only.

Earl's trial had been hurried on, with a speed greater because of the indignation of the people. In a measure, as they had predicted, all the Pethners suffered displeasure because of Earl. But of this Magna was hardly aware. She knew, however, that Alec had thrown himself into the situation "as if he had been a regular local Pethner," Uncle Joel said to all.

On the day of the trial, in the week following, all the Pethners save the young children went to the county-seat to attend. Magna drove over with

Alec. She was touched by his care of her. When she was with him all that had happened seemed inevitable, but when she was away from him her misery held her.

"Magna," he said, "you're not the way you were when I first met you."

"How am I different?"

"You're more silent. I believe this fellow Bolo was more to you than you know."

She said, "Perhaps I'm wondering how you can feel sure of me. A girl who will leave one man she's engaged to will leave another."

"A woman who has the courage to drop the man she doesn't love and take the one she does . . ."

She thought, "It's Bolo now who has dropped me, it seems."

Every morning she had telephoned to Doctor Barrows and had had the same report:

"Not much change. Still keeping him quiet. No, no visitors. No, Magna, he hasn't asked for you—just be patient," kind Doctor Barrows insisted.

When they reached the courtroom they found it crowded, but seats had been kept for them by the family. Andris was there, turning about, scanning everybody and whispering from behind his hand. Ethna had refused to go. "I heard lots of things in my life that I didn't want to hear, without running after them," she said.

Earl stood up abjectly, head and arms hanging limply. His great loose mouth moved as he made his replies, but his face was inert. He had none of the bravado of the courtroom hero, but was like a man who has given himself up for lost. The whole sordid story came out, and the only words that could be heard clearly over the room were Earl's reiterated defense:

"I loved her. I was crazy about her, I tell you. I didn't want her out of my sight."

The lawyer for the prosecution had a score of tales of those who had been mad for love and had killed the object of their devotion. This man, nasal, sneering and with a scanty beard, stood with his back inordinately straight, and declaimed:

"Love is a madness. A man in love is beside himself—does not act normally or sanely. A larger percentage of murders are committed for jealous love than for any other cause save only greed. Love is a greed—a greed for possession. Gentlemen of the jury . . ."

Magna listened. "Love a madness, love a fever."

"Do you believe that?" she asked Alec, at the recess.

"Anybody who loves deeply knows it," said Alec. "Isn't that true, Magna?"

She was silent. She was hearing in another voice:

"Love watcheth . . . when weary it is not tired, when frightened it is not disturbed, when put upon it giveth for distresses only love."

All through the night these words beat upon her brain. Out of the fever and the fog of the last days came Bolo's face, and the silence that was his, and the peace that was for her when she was with him, these were upon her like his hands.

"I have been mad," she thought, "I have been as mad as Earl."

The next day she went once more to the hospital. The "No Visitors" sign was gone from number twenty-two. She tapped and pushed open the door. The clean bare room was empty, its white spread drawn tautly over the unoccupied bed. Doctor Barrows was not about, but at the hospital office they told her that Doctor Marks had been gone for three days. She hurried to Bolo's office and found it locked. At his hotel they said that Doctor Marks was absent and had left no address.

At length she found Doctor Barrows. He was all consideration, but he said:

"I've promised him not to say one word of his whereabouts. He is better—I see him—but he doesn't want to see anyone."

"But Doctor Barrows . . ."

"Now see here," he said, "you look like a ghost. Go and see your Aunt Taffy Pethner. She was here to see him the day he went away."

"He saw her!"

Doctor Barrows flushed. "The course of true love—" he began.

Magna wanted to say "Pish-wish-wish," as her mother so often said.

"But he must be better," she insisted, "or he couldn't have left the hospital."

"He left whether or not, and with or without his doctor's orders," said Doctor Barrows. "Bolo was never one to take orders from anybody. The truth is, he shouldn't have left yet—he's by no means on the safe side, and he knows that. But he would go. Magna!"

Doctor Barrows hesitated.

"It's a kind of professional secret," he said, "and I shouldn't tell you. But after the No Visitors sign was put up he never took his eyes off the door. I think he hoped you'd disobey the sign and come in. But when I asked him if he wanted to see you, he always said no. You all beat all," he concluded. "Well, your Aunt Taffy may know something."

In Aunt Taffy's little living room, Magna sat, looking about her. The shabby room of a lonely person—what was more pathetic? And what secret did Aunt Taffy hide away? Was it true that years ago her father had pushed her down those stairs because she had wanted to go on the stage?

Little Aunt Taffy came limping in, her bright make-up put on in too great haste, her too-yellow hair in its young

fluff about her worn face. She sat down, her head held high between her too-high shoulders, and the over-large hands of the cripple twisted awkwardly about her crutch.

"What's the matter, Magna?" she said instantly. "You don't look like the happy engaged girl I expected to see. What is it?"

Magna said, "Aunt Taffy. Do you know where Bolo is?"

"Bolo! Aren't you engaged to Alec?"

"But do you know where Bolo is?"

Aunt Taffy spread her large hand over her forehead and closed her eyes.

"I knew it," she said. "That Hebrides man swept you off your feet. I know his kind—I know his kind."

"I must find Bolo."

Aunt Taffy spread her large hand over her mouth—she seemed to talk with those hands.

"You're mighty lucky," she said, "to get free—to get free. I never did."

"I'm not free," said Magna. Then Aunt Taffy's last words arrested her. "You never did get free, Taffy?" she said. Now she dropped the "aunt" and called her Taffy, as if there were no years between them.

"When I saw him coming across the Oak Opening that night," said Taffy, "I knew the kind of man he is. Oh, fine and honorable enough, you know—but with something about him that makes all women follow after him. And Lord help them that he goes after—if they love somebody else. 'There,' I said to myself when I saw him, on the night of the picnic, 'is Eric Burns, to the life.'"

Magna was silent.

"You've heard, likely enough," Taffy went on, "that my father pushed me off a high place to save me from going on the stage. Yes, but I was going away to be on the stage only to get to Eric Burns. He was one of the men that all women follow, like

your Hebrides man. I was mad about him, as they say. Yet it's not he that I've gone all my life regretting, but David Mason, that I was engaged to at the time."

Taffy was silent, remembering David Mason.

"Do I know where Bolo is?" she repeated. "How should I know?"

"Tell me," said Magna only. "I've no pride, now. I haven't thought things out, Taffy. I don't know—anything. I only know that I must see him."

"What if I promised him that I wouldn't tell where he is?"

"Oh, Taffy," said Magna. "I'm so miserable. And it may mean my whole life."

"And his," said Taffy thoughtfully. "Though I'm not so sure. He's got a powerful strong chin, and when that kind get stubborn, they'll sometimes stand in their own light to the end."

Taffy considered and said:

"As it happens, I didn't promise Bolo anything. But I think he trusted me not to tell. I won't tell. I'll just go with you where I think he is. Mind, he may not be there. Can you go as you are?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Without a bag? We'll be gone a night."

"Put in some things for me."

"Well," said Taffy, "you're in earnest. Magna, have you broken with Alec?"

"I've run away!"

Taffy said no more but went to make ready. Magna sat looking about the room. David Mason. Eric Burns. Then the old Calvinist who was Taffy's father had "embraced his perdition" not alone because of a distaste for dramatic art, but because of Eric Burns. Yet to have gone with Eric Burns, even into suffering, wasn't that better for Taffy than to have lived here, lonely, disfigured, down the

years? But what of David Mason and that home with its "never-lighted fire"?

She sat at Taffy's desk and wrote:

Dear Alec,

This that we have is not love as I want love to be. I may never find it again, but I shall take nothing less. Good-by, Alec.

Magna

When she saw her post the letter Taffy said, "I wanted to tell you that our trip would be of no use unless you had burned your bridges first."

"It may be of no use anyway," Magna said.

As they left the house poor Aunt Lydia Pethner was just arriving.

"I came to tell you," she said affably, "that Jute is coming home to-night. He's been away for a long time—some say for twenty years, but I don't *think* it can be that long. It was only the other day that we had our two babies. Now he's coming back, and he won't go away any more."

She went on, smiling, into the house. She had come to stay with Taffy now.

"Many waters cannot quench love," said Taffy. "Aunt Elizabeth would say it's habit—but she knows better. By the way, Joel is pretty sick. Let's take time to ask about him."

They stopped at Great-aunt Elizabeth's door and, since no one came to answer their ring, they entered, in the Pethner way. On the couch in the sunroom little Joel lay, and his vast wife was sitting beside him and lifted a wan face to the visitors.

"He's a little mite better," she said, "I haven't left him all night. When he's sick he's so patient he nearly kills me." She followed them to the door when they left. "He thinks the world and all of me," she said, "and I do of him, if he is hateful sometimes."

"Oh, you're just used to him, Aunt Elizabeth," said Taffy.

"I never said such a thing!" cried Great-aunt Elizabeth.

The town to which Taffy bought their tickets was not fifty miles from Farway, a resort town, much frequented. They inquired at the post office, where addresses were given out as freely as mail, and they went up the little river to a hotel not far from that one which the office named. Doctor Marks, Taffy learned, had already gone to the grounds where an Indian pow-wow was held nightly.

"I can't go there with my crutch," said Aunt Taffy, "but I shall not find a mite of fault if you go."

The night was gray, with a white moon lighting the clouds. The boat that ran up to the pow-wow quenched its lamps on moonlight nights, and it did so to-night, running between high green river-banks. Magna sat on the boat alone, completely surrounded by family units and lover units. An Indian in the full-feathered costume of a chief stood with folded arms in the prow of the boat, and his baritone rolled over the water in the Winnebago love songs. This was to be, evidently, a pow-wow built up for the tourists; but it would have been all the same to Magna now if she had been directed to a volcanic eruption at which to meet Bolo.

When she reached the grounds, the performance had already begun. It was enacted in a natural amphitheater among the rocks. The slopes were lighted with torches and set with rows of rude benches, and on the low stage Indians of various tribes were dancing to monotonous music. Magna found a rock a little way above the benches and began her search along the rows of faces for Bolo.

Lighted clearly by the torches, by the great bonfire blazing on the stage, and by the flares of red fire set off among the rocks, all the people were clearly visible to her. Seen so, intent

on the spectacle beneath them, these men and women seemed singularly childlike and simple, people of good faith and of good will. All types were there, humanity cast in its role of audience. All but one. The thin, brown, eager face of Bolo eluded her.

Again and again her look went round the benches; and then, at the farther end of the oval, seated alone, in the topmost row, she thought that she saw him.

She made her way among the rocks, as fearful as any prowling Indian of loosening a stone which should fall clattering, or of cracking dead branches. As she went she heard the voice of the announcer explaining the action taking place on the stage.

"Minne-waha, the Indian maiden, who for love of a white man left her tribe and her kind and went to live in the far north. Thereafter she was called by her tribe the Mad-woman."

"Perhaps all those in love are a little mad, after all," Magna thought, footing it over the rough ground in the dark. "But at least there are different kinds of madness."

She had reached a point above the uppermost row of the benches. Now she could look directly down on Bolo, seated alone. He had chosen a place in the shadow, at not a very good vantage point, and thus he was seated at a little distance from the others. Magna's heart was beating so that she thought Bolo might hear and turn inquiringly. She thought, "Where is all this peace and quiet that I have felt when I'm with him?" She began the slow descent to the place where he sat, and she thought:

"What if he should look at me and say not a word."

She stepped safely down among the rocks, holding to the saplings as she made her way to that topmost bench. Then she stepped over the plank that was the bench and sat down beside Bolo.

He turned and looked at her, looked deeply and as if he could not believe what he saw. He looked back into the dark and returned to her face.

"Hello, Bolo," she said.

He said, "Magna . . ." and looked about her, and half rose. "Who is with you?" he stammered.

She said, "No one. I came alone. To find you."

Now his look searched her through and through. He wasted no words.

"Where's Alec?" he asked.

She answered, "I haven't an idea."

"But he's here—here with you?"

"No, he isn't," said Magna. "I'm here alone. I came to find you," she repeated.

Down on the stage they were dancing, a slow rhythmic motion, to the low monotony of music. Magna leaned to Bolo, answered the look in his eyes, and said:

"It's you that I want, Bolo. Keep me with you."

Still he was silent, searching her face.

"Unless you don't want me," said Magna.

He answered that. "Want you?" he said. "Oh my God, Magna."

Now she reminded him miserably, "No Visitors Please."

"But I'd heard—you know what I'd heard," he told her. "From someone whom I thought you must have sent. You had spent that whole day with me—out of pity—when that chap . . ."

She looked at him bravely. She said:

"My dear, it's you that I love and it's you that I want. Is that enough?"

Afterward she remembered that he had said nothing at all, but that merely he had drawn a deep breath, as if he had reached the end of a journey.

They sat watching the stage, where the dance was going on—Indian braves snarling and bounding about and then squatting before their chosen ones, shouting and becoming drunken with their shouts and with their tom-toms.

There was love that was madness, that was fever and fear and distraction and storm; and there was love that was like the warmth and peace of the sun. Once more she felt the quiet and the haven of being with Bolo. "Love watcheth . . . when weary it is not tired, when frightened it is not disturbed, when put upon it giveth love."

Pethner came to the door of his shop and looked up the street. June, and everything in his shop of a freshness unequalled, and yet not enough people would come to buy.

"The people of this town," he said to Ethna, who was arranging one of the windows, "do not deserve a first-class shop, such as mine."

"But we give it to them in any case, you and I," said Ethna, laying out candy bars in formation.

Pethner lounged in the doorway, languidly watching her.

"It is Alec who has saved us," he said. "I've been thinking: since Earl is to go to prison, we shall have all the more help from Alec, likely."

"Alec has not yet said how much he will let us have," Ethna reminded him.

"All we need," cried Pethner. "One thousand—two thousand. Have I not told you that he said so last night as he was leaving our house? And a man who will say that with Magna turning her back on him like a maniac—he is a prince of the first water, Ethna."

"You mean a prince of the blood," said Ethna.

"Water or blood, it is all one if the money comes in," said Pethner. "But that Magna . . ."

He turned back to the street, a hand twisting in the awning ropes; and there were Magna and Bolo, walking towards the shop.

"Yah!" said Pethner.

As she looked on her father and mother it came to Magna for the first time that now she could not help them

to provide for the shop as they had hoped. But this seemed like the matter of a dream and of no real importance in any case.

"Will you come with Bolo and me to-morrow to be married?" she asked.

"Yes," said Ethna instantly.

Pethner struggled, but his longing to make a joke overcame him.

"Me go to a wedding," he said. "I would not go to marry your own mother there."

He smiled at Ethna, and she smiled at him, and showed a dimple, in complete understanding.

"Bolo," said Magna, "even when we get very used to being together, I shall love you."

(The End)

THIS YEAR OF OUR LORD

BY GILBERT MAXWELL

I AM sick in my soul of the poets who sing
Of the star in the sky and the bird on the wing,
While Life lies down in a filthy shroud
And cannot be spoken about aloud.

*I am weary of women with perilous eyes
Who cover their lust with a fat disguise
And prate from a bounteous fireside
Of a vision lost and a dream denied*

*While chaos is thundering under the earth
And laborers beggared of right and of worth,
Standing in line for a meager crust,
Humbly entreat the mercy of dust.*

*A canker is gnawing the roots of my heart
That such as these can shiver and smart
Under the thorn of mock despair
While children suffer for light and air. . . .*

*Better oblivion breaking the mind
And the blood run dry and the soul gone blind
Than this—to sob and snivel above
The little anguished body of Love!*



CHILDREN OF THE RACKETEER AGE

BY ZELDA F. POPKIN

TOM and Ted have a new game. They play it whenever they drive downtown in their father's motor car. The game is counting speakeasies. The boy who calls out the largest number of speakeasies in a given area wins.

The boys used to play a similar game in which pawnshops were counted, but that proved to be too simple. The three balls told them at once and even half a block away that they were approaching a pawnbroker's, and winning was just a matter of who saw it first.

The speakeasy game is much harder. It takes quick thinking and some experience to differentiate at a single glance between an inoffensive soda fountain and a contraband cordial shoppe, a steak-selling grill and a beer-selling one, to locate, over the elongating distances and from a moving car, the tiny peephole in the barred door to a brownstone basement. Curtains and screens give some help, but on many streets the stores with closely covered windows are so numerous that a fellow has to look sharp and count pretty fast. Sometimes the boys do miss one or two, but that shouldn't be held against them. Only a policeman could possibly know the location of every speakeasy.

I doubt whether many adults could do as well at this game as Tom and Ted. Children of a modern city, they start out with an advantage over their elders in this regard: they grew up with

the speakeasies. It is as much a part of their background as skyscrapers, radios, subways, and airplanes are. The chances are that they have never entered a speakeasy (albeit I have encountered youngsters in Tony's and Joe's at the dinner hour, dining *en famille* beside the bar), but they have of a certainty been aware of its existence, exactly as they have been aware of planes although they have not yet gone up in one.

None the less, their bland acceptance of the speakeasy and the things it stands for, amazes us, who grew up before prohibition. People who once sang with gusto "I'm a Temperance Injun, one, two, three, and the Brewer's Big Hosses can't run over me," and who were quite sure, when they were young, that the saloon was as evil as it was omnipresent, are surprised that their children ask so few questions about the modern drinking resort. They seem to have no curiosity about its curtained windows and screened doorways, about its elaborate and intriguing panoply of secrecy. Even the speakeasy's singularly descriptive name piques them not at all. It is and, such as it is, has taken root in their background, their social attitudes, their speech, and their games.

Betty, who sits across the aisle from Tom at the local public school, is the daughter of a bootlegger. Betty told him that her father sells whiskey and beer. All the children in the class know it and make no bones about the

information. One of them has an uncle who owns a still, another a grandmother who makes wine, a third a brother who is a bartender in a speakeasy, and the parents of quite a few are customers of Betty's father. Tom himself has given a great deal of serious thought to the possibilities of becoming a bootlegger when he grows up. "You make the most money at it" he tells his parents earnestly.

It has never entered Tom's mind that there is anything sinister about the occupation by which Betty's father earns the money for her shoes and malted milk. Betty's father, he knows, is a pleasant-faced, mild-mannered person who lives in an attractive house and drives a good car. He answers the telephone and delivers neatly wrapped packages, and there's certainly nothing vicious about that. It is probable that he is completely aware that Betty's father is performing an illegal act, but illegal isn't criminal. To Tom, breaking a law and committing a crime are two quite different things. You can't fool Tom. He knows that if Betty's father were a criminal he'd have a wicked leer, carry a gun or two, live in a hideaway with steel shutters and secret doors, and have machine-gun battles with the police. He has read about rum runners, beer wars, hijackers, and raids; and has seen them in the movies, but by no stretch of his lively imagination does he find it possible to associate the more spectacular aspects of the liquor traffic with a mild quiet person like Betty's father. After all, is a gentle cow grazing in grassy pasture to be confounded with a thundering herd on the Wyoming plains?

It would be pretty hard, and perhaps impossible to convince Tom and Ted that Betty's father is a criminal because he is breaking a Federal statute and violating the Constitution. It might be even more difficult to make them

understand that the speakeasies where their parents and their adult friends dine and drink are illegal resorts whose operation constitutes a crime, that grownups whom they know and respect are, by patronizing these resorts and buying the bootlegger's merchandise, conniving at law-breaking, and that because of their disregard of the national prohibition law, gangsters and gang crime, racketeers and nation-wide racketeering have been enabled to flourish and grow powerful. As a matter of fact, it might be actually unwise to try to bring this home to the children. They probably wouldn't comprehend the fine distinctions which their parents draw. Besides, awareness of the lawlessness of the adult world might be disastrous to the morale of our young and ruinous to whatever vestige of respect they still have for us. The sleeping dogs had best be left alone.

II

But try as we will to dismiss the troublesome situation with a wisecrack, Tom's and Ted's and Betty's attitude and that of their generation toward liquor-law violation and toward the whole contemporary crime situation troubles thoughtful parents. We are really in quite a moral muddle about those children. Enlightened, progressive, we wanted to do things for the generation in our care which had never been done for childhood. We wanted to help our children to be free, and ready for life. But when we laid down our fine theories we hadn't figured on the influences of the racketeer age. The prohibition law may be altered within the twelvemonth, but by that time the attitudes of our adolescents may be fixed in perpetuity.

Optimistically, we assure ourselves that, barring economic or psychiatric catastrophe, our children are going to be on the side of law and order when they

grow up. But if the things they do and say and feel to-day are any index at all, we can have no doubt as to the nature of their partisanship. Nor can we fail to be impressed and more than a little alarmed at the reports of court and prison officials the country over who bear testimony to a sensational increase in the perpetration of major crimes by boys and girls between sixteen and twenty-one.

Born after the War and the Volstead Act, these boys and girls were thrust into the custody of a generation which had taken to gin as if it were weaned on it. Drunkenness had ceased to be a reprehensible pastime of the "lower classes" and had become almost a social asset. More than that, this post-war world, which had flung off traditions and restraints and had begun to live high, wide, and handsome, had become the golden age of gangster and racketeer. Thieves and murderers, grown incredibly rich and powerful, sat on top of the world, not only tolerated, but actually catered to by many members of the so-called better classes. Sin, in the sense that we knew the word when we were children, disappeared entirely from the domestic vocabulary. The children of this day encountered it only in the titles of sex novels and movies.

It was obviously impossible to get very far toward teaching the children the difference between right and wrong when their elders, too, could no longer get their ethics untangled. The Honorable James J. Walker, former Mayor of New York and erstwhile popular idol of several millions of his fellow-townsmen, spoke not only for himself but for his times when he squirmed and stuttered in the witness chair at Albany in an effort to elucidate his moral code and that of his contemporaries and produced only such evasions as "What is wrong is bad," "If it's illegal it's unethical." His was by no means a

personal attitude. It was the point of view of a good part of his generation, which in the decade and a half now ending had acted as though all that happened were merely humorous material for revue skits; the wisecrack was the answer to every problem, and only the naïve ever grew indignant.

If we had stopped to think about it we might have been genuinely appalled at the perils of child raising in the racketeer age. But most Americans were too busy trying to make money and to spend it to pay much attention to statistics of juvenile or adolescent crime, or to wonder what games the children were playing with their toy guns and what on earth that horrible rattling noise they made with the backs of their throats meant and how much they were absorbing of all the contemporary talk and writing and enactment of the activities of gangsters and gunmen.

True enough, for several years child-study groups and child psychologists have been making a mild fuss over the sensation-pandering tabloids and the movies which smeared lust and murder before the wide-open eyes of the very young. But about the larger and much more serious field of responsibility—the contemporary adult attitude which winked at racketeering, gorged itself on reports of crime, and looked upon murder almost as a form of civic entertainment—they have had far too little to say. Perhaps this was because lawbreaking had become commonplace in the best of families, and was a pastime which the children shared.

Peter and Michael, in the back seat of the family car, were instructed to watch out for traffic cops while daddy stepped on the gas. Jimmy's parents were in a speakeasy when it was raided, and he shared the family's great indignation over the effrontery of Federal officers. Marian's aunt brought her an

exquisite Parisian party dress which she had smuggled with other things past the Customs, and the Jones children helped their father to secrete six bottles of Canadian whiskey in the tool box under the back seat of the car, and sat directly over them as they drove across the bridge at Niagara. Barbara and Donald, whose father is in a business which has to pay tribute to gangsters or else defy them, knew exactly what their mother meant when she greeted him at the door with "You're home at last. I was so worried. I thought you had been taken for a ride."

The racketeer age certainly withheld no secrets from the young. With the gang guns literally thundering all about them ever since they poked their infant noses above their kiddie kooops, it was quite inevitable that the babes should be fully aware of what was going on. The nurse who took them to the park had her tabloid under her arm, and the talk they heard was of the nine lives of Legs Diamond rather than of Winnie the Pooh. Older children in the parks and on the pavements taught them to hi-jack toy trucks and kiddie cars, to play "stick 'em up" with a rattle. And despite the efforts and agitation of educators and socially minded parents, despite an abundance of carefully planned and attractive toys, the small boys of this generation chose to play with pistols and guns.

Past my window as I write, run two of these prococious, well-armed infants, racing toward a small boy on a kiddie car. They are plump, rosy, golden-haired, redolent of talcum and cod liver oil. Their suits are of the button-on variety and their sweaters embroidered with yellow chicks. In each hand each infant carries a lead pistol. "We won't really hurt him," says one anxiously. "Sure," the other answers boldly, "we'll give him the works."

The older boys and girls, of course, use the argot of the underworld with much greater facility than these babes in button-on pants and their knowledge is infinitely more detailed. Tom and Ted, for instance, might qualify as experts in gangster technic. When the boys cross the school yard and meet Jimmy, Tom is apt to say to Ted, "There goes that double-crosser. Shall I give him the works?" To which Ted makes reply, "Put him on the spot, big shot." Tom advances boldly with pointing finger. "Stick 'em up," he orders. Jimmy obediently throws up his arms. "That's what I get for going without my mob and leaving my rod home," he complains. Tom makes a noise with the back of his throat that sounds like the whirr of a machine gun, and Jimmy drops to the ground. "You rat!" he cries as he falls. "I gave him the works," Tom announces proudly. "O. K. pal," Ted answers. The next time the boys meet, Jimmy puts Tom or Ted or Bud or some other boy on the spot. Sometimes they try it on girls but not often. Girls aren't good at games like this. They giggle or pretend to be afraid or tattle to teacher. They don't seem to realize that it's all in fun, merely make-believe.

Playing at crime is, however, the favorite pastime of thousands of boys and girls of the racketeer age. Forty years ago, little boys and girls played stagecoach robbery; twenty years ago, when the movies were young, they amused themselves with battles between cowboys and Indians; and between nineteen fifteen and nineteen eighteen they carried broomsticks on their shoulders and shot down tens of thousands of Huns. But when Tom and Ted and their pals play at being gangsters and stick-up men to-day it isn't quite the same thing as were the Wild West games of our generation. The stagecoach robberies and the cowboy and Indian raids were part of the

subjugation of a remote and romantic Western frontier. Their reenactment by imaginative children living in peaceful sheltered homes thousands of miles away seldom had a feeling of actuality. Moreover, these were games of defense. The boy who made the redskin bite the dust was protecting home and country. The child who plays the modern version of "cops and robbers" on the city pavements is emulating a ghastly and omnipresent reality, and an anti-social fact. All of the life that surrounds him is full of actual encounters between the crooks and the law. He may walk down a familiar street directly into the hail of machine-gun bullets; his father may have been forced to familiarity, even friendship, with men known to be gangsters in order to prevent laundry trucks from being smashed, merchandise from being sprayed with acid, valuable scientific instruments from being broken. Buddy's mother once taught Two-Gun Crowley in her class at public school; and in Jimmy's class there was a boy whose brother was electrocuted. We, in our day, never saw a stagecoach robber and weren't quite sure that the James boys were real.

It might be argued, too, that the crime games which young America plays are merely an expression of its thirst for adventure and excitement. In that report by Messrs. Shaw and McKay, entitled *Social Forces in Juvenile Delinquency*, which makes up a valuable part of the recent study of the Wickersham Commission on Crime and Law Enforcement, there are a large number of case histories. These are autobiographical—young delinquents telling in their own words what happened and why. So often that the repetition becomes appalling, the young criminal boasts that his career started as fun. One lad got a great thrill out of walking along the elevated tracks beside the third rail; another a kick out

of being hoisted over transoms to rob tills; a third out of pilfering the five and ten; a fourth out of "jack rolling" drunks; another out of stealing a car and driving it dizzily through crowded thoroughfares. These lads who made case history robbed and destroyed in order to have a good time as well as to show the pimply adolescents who were already in the big money rackets that they too were men and to be trusted with really important crimes. A short term in a reformatory was fun, too, and it gave a young delinquent standing when he came back to the block.

III

By far the most serious effect of the juvenile preoccupation with lawlessness is that the boys and girls have learned to look up to the crooks. One can say with as much assurance as one quotes the multiplication table that gangsters are heroes to to-day's children. If corroboration of eye- and ear-witness testimony were necessary, there is the Shaw-McKay report again. Adulation of gangsters runs through its case histories like a theme song. Case number 20, for instance, asks: "How would you feel toward the King of England or the President of the U. S. A.? Well, the young crook feels the same way toward the big shot." The big shot is the ideal—the ultimate hope of every forward looking criminal. So he is held in awe and respect. Case 22 reflects the attitude of the boy in the street when he declares: "Every boy has some ideal that he looks up to and admires. His ideal may be Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey; or Al Capone or some other crook. His ideal is what he wants to be like when he grows up and becomes a man. When I was twelve years old, we moved into a neighborhood where there lived a mob of gangsters and big crooks. They were all swell dressers and had

big cars and carried gats. Us kids saw these swell guys and mingled with them in the cigar store on the corner. Jack Gurnsey was the one in the mob that I had a fancy to. He used to take my sister out and that way I saw him often. He was in the stick-up racket before he was in the beer racket and was a swell dresser and had lots of dough. He was a nervy guy and went in for the big stuff. He was looked up to as the leader of his mob and anybody would be glad to be in his place. He never talked to me about crime, but I secretly looked up to him for his daring and courage. He was what a fellow would call a big hit with me."

Jimmy isn't a delinquent and possibly he never will be, but he is second to none in his admiration of the "big shots." He was only six when the police and fire departments of New York, combining all their forces, effected the capture of a weak-chinned pretty-faced young thug who enjoyed the glamorous designation of "Two-Gun" Crowley. Jimmy couldn't read the papers and he was too young to see the news reels, but none the less he knew all about Crowley and thought about him much. As his mother tucked him into bed, he said wistfully, "I wish I knew how Two-Gun Crowley got to be so popular."

Crowley to Jimmy and his contemporaries seemed just a dauntless young hero who single-handed had fought off battalions of police, whose capture had required a siege unequaled in Wild West fiction. The James Brothers were by comparison white-livered, yellow-bellied pikers. That man, thought the children, had guts. Yet this Crowley who posthumously enjoys fame, glory, and sentimentalization even greater than was lavished on him before he walked the last mile was, according to those who took the time to study him before they electrocuted him, the perfect product of the racketeer age

—a weak-willed youngster whose first misdemeanors were no more than swashbuckling in emulation of the "big shots," whose destiny was shaped first by his own admiration of widely publicized gunmen and then by personal desire for page one.

It is instructive to note that this boy who was not inherently bad or powerful, whose very weakness and sense of inferiority led him to murder, has been the hero of heroes to modern youth. Outside of Illinois, Al Capone has never rated high with the children. Perhaps avoirdupois had something to do with this. The "big shot" of Chicago never cut a sufficiently romantic figure. Nor did he make enough personal appearances on the firing line to satisfy blood-thirsty modern youth. Too conservative, probably, and settled in his ways. Just another big business man. Two-Gun Crowley, Legs Diamond, and Vincent Coll conformed more closely to the youthful ideal. They were young, dashing, and quick on the trigger.

Because Jimmy and Tommy and Ted are worshippers of gangster heroes, it does not, of course, follow that they themselves are going to be gunmen. Probably only in those congested districts which Messrs. Shaw and McKay point out as breeding places of crime will the Jimmies and Tommies get close enough to the young racketeers to learn their ways and follow after them. There seems to be a widely accepted theory that poverty has something to do with the urge toward crime. The statistics help the theory. But it may well be that the statistics, through no fault of their own, may lie. The child whose birthspoon was silver or gold may just be lucky enough to escape going on the records, lucky because his parents possess wealth and influence enough to keep him off. The head of the forgery department of one of the major surety companies is quoted as maintaining that ninety per cent of the

population of the United States are potential crooks; and this calculation makes no reservation for restricted residential neighborhoods. Metropolitan department stores are constantly vexed by the pilferings of well-dressed, well-born young women, who possess social connections and even charge accounts and who steal because it is more fun to take than to buy.

For a half dozen Jimmies or Toms who are caught stealing in the Five and Ten and get off because they whimper that it is a first offense and won't be repeated, there is at least one who will return to the home block, brag about getting away with petty larceny, and come out of the episode a bigger man in the eyes of his contemporaries. Alongside of Abie, who alternates between shining shoes and studying science, who dreams as he polishes of going to college and lifting his family out of poverty, is Angelo, who at twelve is already a racketeer, exacting tribute of a penny a shine from every other bootblack in the park, smashing the heads and boxes of those who won't come across. There may not be a hair-line between emulating a gangster and becoming one. Somewhere in the school yard there may be a child who will like the game of cops and robbers so well that he will decide to carve out his career with a portable machine gun. Poverty may have something to do with his decision and again it may not. The motivation may just as easily be that of admiration of the gangster and his achievements.

IV

But assuming, as in all fairness we should, that Tom and Ted and Jimmy will elect to follow the more orthodox professions—will decide to be doctors, lawyers, merchants, rather than thieves—none the less we are not so lightly rid of the effects of the racketeer age.

These boys and girls who are growing up with the belief that the gangster is glamorous, rich, and powerful, and that it is easy to get away with crime in this country, who have absorbed the cynical adult attitude that the law is a joke, are going to be, theoretically at any rate, the guardians of society, the upholders of law and order when they grow up. The way they feel about crime and criminals now is largely going to determine the sort of society they are going to live in, and in their times, as well as in ours, there may be a great many things they won't be able to laugh off. Therefore, despite our immediate distress that some children playing to-day at cops and robbers are going to grow up to be pickpockets, shoplifters, or hold-up men, it becomes a matter of far greater concern that millions of other children are growing up with admiration and amusement toward lawlessness.

I think that young America's behavior during the recent tragic Lindbergh kidnapping was most illuminating and a fair example of what our times have done to our children. The Lindbergh kidnapping had in it a great many elements that were of especial interest to youth: it affected a man who was one of their great heroes; it involved a child. Moreover, the man hunt which followed was more thrilling than any detective story ever written. Teletype, radio, bloodhounds, fingerprint experts, underworld leaders, detectives, state troopers, ransom money, secret meetings in cemeteries, searches on land and sea and by air, all figured in the amazing tale. No Edgar Wallace thriller was ever as generous. At home, at school, on the streets, children talked of nothing else but the Lindbergh kidnapping.

Three weeks after the crime, Herbert Agar wrote for the London *Statesman and Nation* an article entitled "Cynicism and Sentimentality in America"

in which he said: "The one hopeful thing about the Lindbergh tragedy is that *not even young America can laugh at it.*"

That line was impressive. I thought about it with approval as I walked with the magazine in my hand into the subway. Outside the subway kiosk stood a man. A crowd was gathered about him.

"Here y'are folks," the man was shouting. "Take 'em home to the children. Newest novelty toy. Press the lever and watch the baby jump on the ladder. Get your Lindy baby here."

Mr. Agar was wrong. Young America was laughing.

But the children did not really need the toy. They already had made a game out of the most atrocious crime of our decade. They were playing "Lindy Kidnapping," setting real or make-believe ladders against walls, pretending "You be the baby, we'll be the kidnappers, and the rest will just be cops and robbers."

It was, I am happy to report, a short-lived pastime. They say that it was difficult to get volunteers to play baby, and even hard-boiled infant America lost its stomach for the game after a pathetic little skeleton was found on the Sourland hillside. But although they no longer play this game, the boys and girls will not soon forget the crime. The sensitive and timid youngsters who slept badly because of it will carry the fear of kidnapping all their lives. However, the publicity given to this atrocity had another and even more serious effect on the so-called normal children of our day. They were made unforgettably aware of the tremendous power of the criminal. Here were the Lindberghs, exemplifying the noblest type of American citizenry, in their distress calling upon the underworld for help, appointing racketeers as their emissaries, offering immunity as well as

cash for the return of their child. And all this, the children must remember, served no purpose. Unless the kidnappers and murderers of the Lindbergh child are caught and justly punished, young America will always be able to remember that criminals were in this land able to execute a frightful crime on the family of this country's most conspicuous citizen and *get away with it.* The crooks were bigger than the law. They won again. We cannot easily laugh that off.

Ten or twenty years hence when these children who made a game of the Lindbergh kidnapping and thrilled to the ingenuity of the criminals sit in the seats of power or go to the ballot box to maintain someone else in power, America may reap a whirlwind. It is difficult to be a long-range prophet, but certainly we may have an electorate reared in cynicism, calloused to crime, and not giving a damn. Even now, the boys and girls know a very great deal about the alliance between crooks and crooked politicians and care little. From their elders they have found out that the proper gesture toward civic corruption is a shrug of the shoulders and winking your left eye. The boy or girl who reads in the newspapers of the impoverishment of the great municipality of Chicago, of the trades in judgeships, of Joseph V. McKee coming into New York's City Hall like a young St. George and then quickly disarmed and rendered powerless, must become cynical if he does not become indignant. And that indignation must get its first enkindling from some adult who is not amused.

For one child who will receive that spark, there are thousands of children who are already convinced that the forces in power are very much all right. The politicians have taken care of that. They have a way with them. That way is May parties, boat rides, June walks, Thanksgiving turkeys, and a

Christmas tree. Every Saturday in May or June you may see in Central Park in New York City thousands of boys and girls grouped under the standard of a district leader, drinking his lemonade, eating his ice cream, and telling one another what a great guy he is. When a few weeks later an investigation, instigated by a sporadic flare-up of the public conscience, finds that politician to have been a crook and mayhap removes him from office, the children instinctively side with the wrongdoer. A man who gives May parties just can't be bad.

Such an outing took place in Central Park a few days before James J. Walker appeared before the Hofstadter Legislative Committee. While the whole nation awaited with deepest concern the results of this examination of the stewardship of the greatest city's chief executive, the debonair Mayor jested with thousands of children at one of Uncle Robert's parties on the Mall, shook hands, chucked chins, wise-cracked, and heard himself eulogized and cheered. Whatever the morrow's investigation might reveal, those children were convinced that Jimmy was a great guy—and a great guy can do no wrong.

This sort of very active propaganda makes the sober parent's and educator's job difficult; for moral issues get all mixed up with pink lemonade and ice cream cones. It prepares a growing generation to accept political corruption as a matter of course, just as it looks upon seventy-story skyscrapers without awe and wonder because it never knew a town in which the trees were higher than the houses.

Something must be done about this, not only to emphasize to children the importance of honesty in government, but to strip crime of glamour, to show admiring youth that the gunman he idolizes is only a bum. It is not enough to hope that the lesson may be taught

by the press, the motion pictures, the radio—by all the powerful propaganda agencies; the greatest part of the job will have to be done in the home, whose day-to-day attitude is, all things considered, inevitably the most potent influence in the child's life. And that's where the trouble begins. For the home too belongs to the racketeer age and it does not know what to do about all this.

V

Some measure of blame must, of necessity, go to the professional child-raisers who have during the last two decades been trying to tell us how to bring up our children. From them has come an attitude toward contemporary crime that is as shocking as it is anomalous. They deplore, in meeting and publication, the prevalence of gang crime and racketeering, yet when they are with the children they are stricken dumb. They rail against the newspapers for their exploitation of lust and bloodshed. They would see every newspaper a *Christian Science Monitor*, ignoring an evil that fills the very air. They would keep children away from the crime movies. They throw the weight of their wrath against the blood-and-thunder fiction to which the youth of our time, like the youth of all time, is addicted, and from which, in truth, it gets whatever of moral guidance it to-day receives. They even inveigh against the funny papers and blame brick-throwing Mutt and Jeff and the impish Katzenjammers for the sadistic tendencies of a generation reared on the actualities of theft and murder. But they are using their heavy artillery on sparrows, for the causes of children's almost universal interest in crime and criminals lie deeper than the movies and the tabloids. These sources are rooted in society's own callousness, of which this panic-stricken silence with the children is no small part.

Moreover, eager to free the child from the moral impedimenta of the ages, the new child-raisers tacitly or outspokenly encouraged the inhibition of moral guidance, the diminution of religious training that once offered hell fire as alternative to the Ten Commandments, and they failed to provide adequate substitute devices for teaching the children of the new freedom the difference between right and wrong. Parents were left in very much the same pitiable plight as was the earnest young mother whom I encountered one day in the living room of the mothers' dormitory of the Institute of Euthenics at Vassar, where university women learn to be good wives and mothers. My companion had brought into the room a lively two-and-a-half-year-old, and as we sat talking he climbed upon a window seat and reached toward a beautiful yellow bowl. His mother grew pale and visibly agitated. "What'll I do?" she wailed. "He's going to grab that bowl. He might break it. And I don't know how to stop him. I've forgotten the words they taught me to say."

It is extraordinary, too, that a generation of supposedly intelligent, sophisticated adults which has had no compunction about stripping the veil from all the mysteries of life should be strangely silent with its children on the matter of lawlessness. Modern parents told the babes about sex before they asked, before they were capable of understanding; went to great pains to tell them all about the world they live in—important things like how the city gets its water supply, why tears are salt, of what Portland cement is made, and why Darwin shook their faith in Genesis. Facing reality, preparation for life, they called it. It was the very creed and cornerstone of modern education.

But they ignored utterly the fact that organized crime has become one of

the realities of the world their children live in. Here a taboo still prevails, like that which, a generation before, decreed shamefaced silence about the origin of species and the operation of the lower end of the intestinal tract. While the machine guns of gangsters clatter all around us they say, "hush, hush," and change the subject when the children come into the room. Talking to them about crime might overstimulate them, and besides they wouldn't understand. It is better to fill their minds with pure and beautiful things, teach them art and music, put into their hands only the good books. If one did not mention gangsters the children would never know about them. But of course they know, just as they knew all about sex before the bees and flowers were mentioned. Gutters recognize neither taboos nor inhibitions.

While the educators preferred to bite their tongues rather than mention the name of Al Capone, they continued to teach the children pretty little songs and poems about the great robber of Sherwood Forest. I, for one, have never been able to understand why it has been proper to make a children's hero out of Robin Hood and a boggy man of Al Capone. Lapse of time probably makes it all right. Even Jesse James is almost respectable now that the West is no longer wild. In school the boys and girls read about the outlaw of Sherwood Forest, sing songs about him, act in plays that designate his "mob" as "merry men," that tell how he robbed the rich and helped the poor, and how noble and highminded his motives were all the time. Maybe they were and maybe they weren't. It's pretty hard to check up on the facts in the Robin Hood case at this late date.

A few centuries hence it will be possible to make a schoolboy's plaster saint out of the master mind of Chicago. There is good material to work on: Al

Capone was generous to his family, took his son to baseball games, gave his sister a wedding as resplendent as any Hollywood star's. He was reputed to have connived at wholesale murder, but if he did, he killed only thugs, crooks, gangsters, and such others as the state was glad to get rid of anyway. And he maintained soup kitchens to feed the unemployed and offered to find the Lindbergh baby.

Certainly, before anything that is constructive is achieved toward diminishing the stature of the gunman and subsequently reducing young America's admiration for him, this inconsistency will have to be cleared up. Right and wrong will have to be redefined and right set up so high that might cannot drag it down.

VI

But that sounds as general and hyperbolic as a regulation reformer's peroration. It might be more helpful to get down to the ground again, and look for guidance among the few practical and intelligent things that are being done at this time—the bureaus for child guidance and psychiatric care that have come into being during the last few years—and notably the bureau for Crime Prevention which has been functioning in New York City for two years.

The Crime Prevention Bureau is especially important because it deals with all children, and not just problem children or delinquents, because its scope is as large as the world's largest city, and it can draw on all the resources of that city, and because it is a part of the police department of the city, to which crime is a reality and not a thing in the papers. It came into being when social and police agencies finally took cognizance of the fact that despite the efforts of Big Brothers, Big Sisters, settlements, and other welfare agencies,

to cut down the statistics on juvenile delinquency by keeping would-be wayward children away from courts and reformatories, nearly half of the felonies—the major crimes—committed in New York City were done by boys and girls between sixteen and twenty-one.

Employing a large staff, some of whom are uniformed policemen and police-women, and others competent social workers, headed by Henrietta Additon, a social worker of considerable prestige and a former college instructor, the Crime Prevention Bureau tries to keep an eye on all the children—the good ones and the bad. Its officers work with the patrolmen on the beat in spotting and breaking up embryonic gangs, in closing up poolrooms where juveniles congregate, in safeguarding all children. Mothers bring to the Crime Prevention Bureau the girl who hangs around all hours with boys on the corner; fathers ask them to see what they can do about the boy who keeps trying to run away; neighbors telephone in about the hoodlums who are breaking street lamps and scattering ashes on the sidewalks; store detectives turn over to them youngsters under twelve who are caught pilfering the Five and Ten; young girls terrified at the discovery that a fleeting romance is bearing fruit come there. To all these problems and to the infinite variety of others that a great city's foot-loose youth presents, they offer an honest attempt at understanding, a scientific modern attitude, and they make available the co-ordinated efforts of all of the city's agencies—hospitals, recreational facilities, psychiatric guidance, vocational training, jobs, and sometimes punishment. They try hard to get at causes, and to do something about them.

Out of this new attitude toward the delinquent and prospective delinquent has come another highly important social experiment. It is the Adoles-

cents' Court, at this writing only two months old. Experimenting, feeling its way, the court meets in a magistrate's chambers in the Criminal Courts building next to the Tombs. The Court is headed by Judge Jonah J. Goldstein, a social worker of wide experience, principally in settlement and Big Brother work, who was a prominent criminal lawyer before he went on the bench, who likes children, has faith in them, and besides enjoys the rare gifts of common sense and an uncluttered mind. Social workers, probation officers, Crime Prevention Bureau aides, representatives of religious faiths, psychologists crowd the little room. The press and the children stay away. Cases are sent here which ordinarily would be disposed of in the magistrates' courts with the superficial punishments prescribed by law or the judge's caprice—the girl whose mother calls her a wayward minor, the boy vagrant, the children who steal and try to "beat the rap." Each case submitted to the court is discussed as freely, informally, and as interestedly as though the family were gathered in the parlor trying to decide what to do about little Joey who is traveling with a bad crowd. The court is interested in two things: in causes of adolescent crime and in saving the children.

For your child and mine, who, we are so smugly certain, are not going the way of the gangster, the Crime Prevention Bureau has its eye out too. Whether we will or no, they want those children to be on the side of the law. For this, they have begun to go into the

schools to do the thing we hesitate, not knowing how, to do: talk frankly to the children about crooks and strip the gangster of his halo. They are striving to help the boys to know the cops as well as the robbers and like them too. Athletics is their medium here—baseball, football, basketball. In every precinct in New York City the police department has organized baseball teams, laid out or procured diamonds. The precinct station house becomes a clubhouse, players are recruited from schools and playgrounds, and any boy may come and play. They call this the Police Junior Athletic League, but on the sweatshirts that the players wear are only the letters PAL.

On a sweltering day at the end of this summer the championship team of the PALS played at the Polo Grounds against a team sent up by the "Industrial School" in Baltimore which once had sheltered Babe Ruth. Fifty thousand children came to see the game. They came from every corner of New York, most of them in private buses chartered by and watched over by policemen. One of those children helped to make me optimistic over the venture. He was small, dark, freckled, and visibly hot. He sat in the front seat of the bus, and he had one arm around the neck of a warm and sheepish policeman. As the bus rounded the corner away from the Polo Grounds he leaned suddenly out of the window and waved his free hand toward the traffic officer on the corner.

"Bye, Pal," he shouted, and a beatific smile spread over his face.



The Lion's Mouth



ALICE IN WONDERLAND

BY HELEN EVERITT

LARRY SIMS had known the children before they were born. As godfather he had sat in on every conference about their character and spiritual development. They were modern children from whom the pincers of science were extracting all inhibition, all excess, all baby talk. They were little social human beings as bare of cant as their skins were bare of clothes. Larry was conscientious and remembered all the phrases which Gloria, the children's mother, had used in the first year when she had talked about it. He had always been a comfort to her because he had never married and was too sympathetic to rough-house with the children. He never minded being put into little Alice's room if there were other guests. Alice moved into the nursery with her small sister.

Larry awakened on Sunday morning in Alice's room. But he turned over, knowing that his host and hostess wouldn't show up for hours. Something kept him from going back to sleep. It might be the ticking of his watch. He put it carefully under the covers at his feet. The disturbance persisted. Larry was out of sorts.

After all, they had drunk a lot of gin and sat up late the night before.

"I want to come in. I'm knocking," said Alice in a small voice at the door.

"I'm sleeping," said Larry.

"Then I'll just lie quietly beside you," said Alice. She came into the room in a crisp sun suit, her eyes still slanting from sleep. She climbed on to the bed. "Or we could have a talk."

"Let's have a talk!" said Larry, captivated.

"All right. How are all *your* children?"

"I have no children."

"Why not?"

"Oh, well, I just haven't."

"It's not necessary," said Alice kindly. "What have you been doing lately?"

"Drinking."

"Not good for little girls—only orange juice."

"It's not very good for anyone," Larry commented.

"Well," said Alice, "I guess you had better get up now. I came to see you have a shower."

Larry felt a tightening along his spine.

"I hadn't really thought whether I should take one this morning or not," he said.

"Oh, but you *have* to take a shower. Men always take showers and women lie down in the tub."

"Women have more time for things," Larry suggested.

"Is that why?" said Alice. "I thought it was something else." She looked speculative while Larry thought—Gloria wants us to be honest with

them. Gloria doesn't want the difference in sexes to mix them up in their minds. Gloria says to be natural.

"Well, I guess I had better take a shower. Let's get about it," said Larry grimly, climbing out of bed.

"I think blue or green pajamas are nicer," said Alice. "You won't pull the shower curtain, will you?"

"Of course not. Why should I?" Larry gulped. They went into the bathroom. Alice made no comment as she solemnly stared, holding Larry's towel. He turned off the taps at last.

"You could wash your hair too. You have plenty of time on Sunday," Alice suggested.

"I just had it washed before I came here."

"Oh," said Alice. "Don't splash me when you dry yourself, will you?"

She held each of Larry's garments while he dressed. He found he loathed his underwear and had just resolved to scrap the lot of it when Alice said:

"My father wears panties and a shirt. I do too except when I have a sun suit on. I'll show you how I haven't any on to-day. See? You aren't looking!"

Larry tied his tie with a feeling of satisfaction. Alice seemed to have another interest.

"Well, that's that," he said, combing his hair.

"Listen," said Alice, "don't you hear it?"

"Hear what?" Escape was in sight. Gloria would be pleased. He had been a drop in the great river of truth-building.

Alice's face was like April sunshine.

"Come on," she said pulling Larry by the hand. "It's Mummy. I hear her bath running. We'll go and watch her take it."

"You go without me and tell her I am already down!" said Larry brightly. His stomach curdled with fear before Alice's intent gaze. (Gloria wants

them untrammelled with sex. Gloria says self-consciousness is a barrier. God give me strength and wisdom.)

"It will be nicer if you come," Alice decided. "Mummy likes having people."

Larry felt for a cigarette while Alice propelled him through the hall. She tried her mother's bathroom door. Larry's heart stopped. She was saying:

"Mummy, open the door! It's Larry. He came to see you have a bath."

"Larry?" Gloria called.

"Good morning," said Larry.

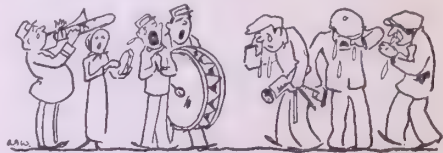
"What are you doing there, Larry?"

"I came to see you have a bath."

There was a pause.

"Really, Larry, I could make allowances if you are drunk." Gloria's voice trembled with fury. "But I think it's a bit too thick going around putting horrid notions in the children's heads, when I have always had such confidence in you."

Larry sighed. Alice went downstairs to give the cat her breakfast.



CAPTAIN NICKLEMAGNET AND THE GANGSTERS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

THERE was a man I've forgotten his name I think it was Medley-cott I'll call him that anyway who was waiting for a train at Terre Haute Indiana. He was a furniture dealer by trade but he wrote songs in his spare time and as waiting for a train is spare time he thought he might as well write a new song. So he got out his notebook and his eversharp pencil and by the time the train had come he was going to Chicago he had the first stanza and the chorus written. It was

about a man who had lived a wicked life but his mother was in heaven and he wanted her to know that he was going to reform and go there too when the time came and the chorus was tell mother I'll be there in answer to her prayer oh tell my darling mother I'll be there.

It was such a moving song sweet and at the same time sad that it made Mr. Medleycott cry although he was not a bad man at all and his mother wasn't dead and he had seen her eating a plate of liver and bacon not half an hour before he left Terre Haute. He had the second stanza finished before the train passed Danville and by that time the tears were streaming down his face so that he could hardly see to write. He reached in his pocket for his handkerchief but his mother who was rather careless had forgotten to put one in for him that morning. That's the way with mother he said to himself I wish she remembered things better.

Then he saw a Salvation Army captain across the aisle he was crying too but he had a handkerchief and Mr. Medleycott said my friend can I borrow your handkerchief for a minute I forgot to bring mine. Oh yes the Salvation Army captain replied are you in trouble I'm a Christian and maybe I could help you in some way. No I'm not in any particular trouble Mr. Medleycott replied I've just been writing the words for a song and it's very sad. That's strange the Salvation Army captain replied I've been composing the music for a song and it's very sad too only I haven't any words for it could I see yours? So Mr. Medleycott showed him the words and they were just right for the tune the Salvation Army captain had composed and when he sang them they both broke down and they were still crying when the train reached Chicago.

Then the Salvation Army captain whose name was Nicklemagnet said

brother this song would be a splendid one for our religious services and if you will let me have your words I will be grateful to you for the rest of my life in doing so you may be the means of saving thousands of souls. You can have them and welcome Mr. Medleycott replied I'm a furniture dealer by trade and I only write songs in my spare time. Captain Nicklemagnet thanked him and they said good-by and that's all about Mr. Medleycott he passes out of our story.

That evening Captain Nicklemagnet held an open-air meeting on Clark Street I think it was either that or Van Buren. They sang tell mother I'll be there with a trombone and guitar accompaniment and people cried so that the pavement was as wet as though it had been raining. While they were singing a big gray car came along but it had to stop because of the traffic lights and when the lights turned green instead of going on the car drew up at the curb and four men with eight Thompson sub-machine guns got out. They were gangsters but they didn't shoot anybody they were all crying and they laid their machine-guns down beside Captain Nicklemagnet's drum and listened sobbing into their blood-stained handkerchiefs while the Salvation Army sang the third stanza of tell mother I'll be there. All the gangsters' mothers were dead they had been shot by accident perhaps in the gangsters' wars.

When they had finished the song Captain Nicklemagnet said to one of the gangsters aren't you the man they call the Riddler because he is always riddling people with machine-gun bullets? And the man said yes he was. Please don't riddle us begged Captain Nicklemagnet in a trembling voice we are only harmless Salvation Army people and all the money we have is just what you see on the drum. Oh I won't riddle you said the Riddler I've

lived a wicked life but I'm going to reform and not be a riddler any more and so are my men. And the men said yes that was so and they would like to join the Salvation Army if Captain Nicklemagnet would have them. And he said I'll be proud to have you would you like to join to-night? Yes have you some extra Salvation Army uniforms asked the Riddler. I'm sorry I haven't any with me here but our headquarters are only three blocks over and if you will go there they will give you some uniforms and you can come back and join the service.

So the gangsters left their car and their machine-guns by the drum and they were hurrying over to the Salvation Army headquarters when a big limousine stopped in front of them with a screaming of brakes and six men with twelve Thompson sub-machine guns got out. Hello Riddler exclaimed one who seemed to be the leader in a taunting voice I guess you and your friends had better come with us for a ride. Well the Riddler and his men got into the limousine they had to because the man who invited them was Butch Polenta the rival and mortal enemy of the Riddler's gang.

I know that you are going to kill us Butch said the Riddler but before you do I have one last request to make it isn't much. What is it asked Butch Polenta. The Salvation Army are holding a service two blocks from here I would like to listen to it for a few minutes and prepare for death. Well I'll let you listen for just three minutes and that's all said Butch Polenta. Anyway I need a little time to think of the best way of killing you and I'll make up my mind while you are listening to the preacher.

So they drove to the corner where the Salvation Army was and drew up at the curb and Butch Polenta brought out his armorplated watch. He was in quite a good humor because he was go-

ing to kill the Riddler and the three principal men of his gang and he said listen fast Riddler and get all the religion you can in three minutes it's too bad you didn't start earlier. Just then Captain Nicklemagnet who had been praying took up his guitar and the first and second lieutenants and privates took up their trombones and tambourines and they sang tell mother I'll be there for the third time that evening.

Before they reached the chorus the first time Butch Polenta's face began to work and the faces of all his men were working as well and when the chorus came they all burst out in bitter sobbing and Butch Polenta said Riddler I'm not going to kill you after all I'm going to be a good man and join the Salvation Army. Then turning to his henchmen what do you say men will you follow me and they all wanted to. And the Riddler and Butch Polenta put their arms around each other like brothers and the Riddler said I and my men have already joined see there are our machine-guns by the drum we were just going to get our uniforms when you caught us.

So they all got out of the car and Butch Polenta asked Captain Nicklemagnet if he and his men could join too and Captain Nicklemagnet said he'd be glad to have them. Then the Riddler's men and Butch Polenta and his men went to the Salvation Army headquarters for their uniforms and after that they were all good men and they got all the other members of their gangs to join the Salvation Army and they finally persuaded the policemen and their friends the judges and even the mayor to turn over a new leaf. They stopped all the rackets and after that everything was so quiet in Chicago that you could stand on Michigan Avenue near the Art Museum and hear a pin dropped as far away as the La Salle Street railway station.



THE PIONEER MOTHER

BY MCCREADY HUSTON

AT THIS spot, my boy, your mother and I parked our limousine one night and made our way nineteen blocks through the snow to the Paradise Picture Palace. We had driven round and round for an hour and couldn't find anything nearer; every square parked solid. That gives you an idea of what your parents endured."

"Tell me some more about those old times, daddy!"

"Well, son, that same night we stood in line for another hour before we could get to the ticket window. I remember your poor mother was so tired she could hardly stand up in her silk slippers after we got inside. In those days you didn't even expect to get a seat.

"I tell you, women had to be strong and brave then; it was a hard life they led. But your mother never complained. She was always cheerful. She used to say she had married me for better or for worse and she would face any luxury with a smile.

"I shall never forget how courageous she was on the long journeys we were compelled to take in the car when the

roads were packed with other cars. Sometimes we would drive half the night to reach the proper resort hotel. She would fall into bed totally exhausted with pleasure. But she was always up and ready to push on the next day.

"You see, son, four hundred miles a day was the standard for what we used to call touring; and your mother knew that if I got back home without averaging that distance I should be humiliated by other drivers I met at the club. So she stuck by me.

"But she paid a penalty. I have always thought that the luxuries she endured then have kept her from enjoying life to-day."

"Was it awfully hard, daddy?"

"Son, you have never stayed at one of those expensive resort hotels that everybody had to go to when your mother and I were young, so you can't picture what we went through. But as I say, like most of the fine American women of the times, she stood by. I never knew any woman who could endure as much recreation as she could without flinching.

"Fortunately she was spared to see her family happily established among their privations. She said to me just the other day, 'James, it makes me so happy to know that by holding on as we did in those long rich years we were able to live to watch every one of the children enjoying poverty.'

"You have a mother to be proud of, son."



Editor's Easy Chair

“SYSTEMATIZED ANARCHY”

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IN A book, *Tolerance*, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, arguing that the great evils cannot be cured over night even by the best of men, observes: “How many of our citizens who have ever given the matter an hour’s thought fail to see that a democratic instead of a representative form of government (as intended by the founders of the Republic) must eventually lead to systematized anarchy?

“And yet, what can they do about it?”

“Systematized anarchy.” What would that mean? Would it be so bad? Systematized! But would it be anarchy if it were systematized? Perhaps we have got it already. Not unlikely! Walter Lippmann, noted political astrologer, declares on this day of writing that there are just now two American governments situated at two ends of Pennsylvania Avenue, and that the job of saving the world is likely to fall between them because there is no American agency capable at present of discussing debts and postponement with foreign governments. At the moment international concerns are discouraging, and those are most hopeful who can accept the attitude of the Methodist lady, who being asked what she was doing to save the world, answered, “Nothing; it *is* saved.” If one can feel that way about it he can take courage and go on. If he thinks that

human endeavor is going to pull us out of our present mess there are plenty who will dispute his opinion. Should we be better off, as Van Loon suggests, if we had a representative government and Presidents were chosen by selected electors? Is the wisdom of the wise so good? Is the judgment of the Haves always sounder than that of the Have-nots? But what about this systematized anarchy? Is that so bad? Is that what we now enjoy?

For example: Mr. Hearst, who puts in large type in his newspapers his feelings that Uncle Sam should by all means collect what is due him from Europe, feels that it might be conducive to that end to have a law passed “that no loans by American banking or other business institutions to foreign enterprises can be made without the knowledge and consent of the government of the United States and that no loans can be made to foreign governments until the war debts owed by those nations to the whole people of the United States have been paid.”

Well, that would be a law restraining free will in uses of money that have heretofore been considered legitimate. If you wanted to help Europe in some practical way with what funds you could spare it would be harder to do it. If Mr. Hearst’s law were passed it would be a law in restraint of power and, of course, we have such laws al-

ready; and if we have to have this new one, why not also decree that no man shall own more than two newspapers? If the legislation which might limit the ability of Morgan's bank to help out Europe should also limit the power of Hearst to wave his bloody shirt over debt concessions it might not be so bad.

Somebody has been saying that the great sin in this world is the love of power; and in human life there seems to be a natural conflict between the power of money and the power of printer's ink. Hearst, of course, has both. Morgan's bank does not keep a newspaper; Jay Gould used to own one but it was not useful to him and he sold it.

PEOPLE, a great many people, are very funny about the War debts. Money seems to be sacred to them, something to do reverence to. When Calvin Coolidge said "They hired the money, didn't they?" that was liturgical, a little piece out of the order of worship. With all those people who say Europe must pay that cry is simply an expression of a fundamental belief. You cannot expect them to shed it off-hand. They have to sink a couple of times and come up again before they give up a fundamental.

Of course it is not vitally important whether we ever get that money back or not. What is important, economically speaking, is to get the wheels of trade turning again, to get the inhabitants of this world to function more or less as they did up to 1929. The idea that our country would be blessed by inundations of mere money, mere gold, is fatuous to an extreme. Pizarro in Peru promised to release the Inca if he would fill a room with gold, and when he had done it Pizarro put him to death by burning. The flow of gold to Spain went on, but did it do Spain good? Not perceptibly. It started Spain going down hill, and one wonders

whether her decline has stopped and re-ascent begun with the new deal at present prevalent in her politics. If all the billions that Europe owes us were paid to us in gold, it might start us on as serious a decline as that roomful of gold provided for Pizarro started Spain. There is a very deep hole in the ocean a short distance out of New York harbor, very deep indeed. If we got our billions back in the form of gold and they were dumped into that hole, perhaps that would be useful and the debt would have been paid and there would not be much gold, if any, left to bother people, and the nations might start again on something like an equal basis. But, of course, that is all just a dream. No doubt it is true that what gives reality to life is what we think. Certainly what we think about gold constitutes its value.

One meets people nowadays—is likely to meet them any time—who think these are what were called "the latter days" and refer to the Book of Daniel and such authorities for more information. Some of them are Christian Scientists and they say the world is all illusion anyhow and that our terrestrial values are going to pot. The technocracy people say something like that, they say our price system is on the blink. Our bankers and economists who contributed their share to the spilling of the beans incline to sit back, raise their hands and say "W'ot t'ell!" The ministers say "Stars above!" which is at least a look in the right direction. Certainly our price system, by which we acquire commodities by paying for them in money, owes its existence absolutely to what we think. Human beings have been queer this long time but really not much queerer than now. There does not seem to be any short cut to salvation but only a circuitous road. Our collective method of getting things done right seems to be to try first all the ways of

doing them wrong. We are doing that now about those debts. We cannot take any short cut because so large a proportion of the people have not got around to it. But they are coming. When the pinch is bad enough something is done. People who have sat up all night say it is darkest just before dawn. We know that when our world gets bad enough there will come a flood to wash the slate clean and things will get better.

Of course our present troubles will pass away in spite even of machines. Our circulation will improve, will get adjusted and go on. The story of human life always runs that way where the people are competent. If we are not competent and need to be wiped out that is one thing; but very few of us believe that.

HOW much better off are we than people were four hundred years ago in the time of the Reformation? Free thought had not been invented at that time, free will was pursuing a very precarious career—the going was bad, the roads were awful and on the way to be worse. The Crusades had moved people about some. Minds were more active, at least some of them were, but religion was in bondage. People were burned readily for their views or lack of views on theological subjects. That was disagreeable though, of course, it afforded entertainment, and there were no newspapers and radios at that time. We think people were cruel to burn one another for their theological views. We think Pizarro and his Spaniards were cruel to the Indians of Peru, but what will the people of 2233 think of us? We may be as much out of date in another four centuries as the doctors of the Reformation seem to be to-day. Think of those prison camp horrors in Florida! the penal system of Georgia! the Third Degree of New Jersey and New York! Think of the enormous

slaughter of people—about thirty thousand a year—killed in these States by automobiles. Four centuries hence, or even one, what will be thought of that? When our children's great, great grandchildren read about us what will they think? We think those Greeks were somewhat backward who shipped their tribute of maidens to the Minotaur. We used to be sorry for the Hindus who threw themselves in the road to be squashed by the wheels of Juggernaut; but one could have observed the other day in a notice in a street car that in New York alone in the first nine months of 1932 two hundred and nine children were killed and about ten thousand hurt by traffic accidents.

One detail of human experience may be consoling to us just now and that is that great achievements are often accomplished by very faulty instruments. Consider Calvin, a man whose mind and religious conceptions have deeply affected the world for three or four centuries and are sometimes credited with developing our aptitude for money-making. Calvin was a Frenchman. He was raised to be a priest and provided early with means of support by the Roman Catholic Church. When the bells began to ring for the Reformation he listened and finally he bolted and turned Protestant. He was a scholar and immensely studious. He had destroyed his health by neglect of his body, not from ascetic motives but because his furious appetite for knowledge, or what passes in theology for knowledge, did not leave him time to eat and sleep. He was not bad; he was quite good by nature but irritable from ill health and finally possessed with one idea—to do for religion in France something like what Luther was doing for it in Germany. He was out to break with the Roman Catholic Church and he did; but he constructed and bequeathed to his spiritual descendants a very unpleasant religion

limited in understanding, intolerant of human nature, possessed with the idea of producing godliness by compulsion.

There is a new book out about Mrs. Eddy, and in some characteristics she was not so unlike Calvin. She was possessed with a great idea and with rather bad health. She was an autocrat as he was. She put across something that was important, as he did, and, like him, she established a sect. They were both people possessed. There usually are such people around, especially in churches, and they often accomplish something important. This idea of compulsory righteousness is, of course, at the bottom of Prohibition. Nothing like it was preached in Galilee. It always breaks down in time but sometimes in its spells of fury it accomplishes something important.

Calvin had notable contemporaries—among them Ignatius Loyola, Luther, Rabelais, Erasmus, Melancthon, and others, and he lived when Europe was ablaze with political as well as religious rivalries. After Geneva had thrown him out because he was a spoil-sport they got him back for political reasons to help them make a fight to save their independence. And think of Servetus who had views about the Trinity that Calvin objected to and thought it right to put him out of the business of disseminating! Having caught Servetus in Geneva, Calvin had him tried and, though he did not want him burned and would have preferred a milder method, he went to his burning and approved it.

And Servetus was a clever man credited with important discoveries in medicine and among others with the idea of the circulation of the blood. Poor Servetus! It took him half an hour to burn. The wood was green to prolong his punishment.

WHAT about those absurd women who poked up the government to examine Einstein to see if he was a Red? There seem to be women among some of the highly aspiring "patriotic" organizations who would approve even now setting up stakes and burning doubtful characters. But it does not go. It is not done. Perhaps when Mr. Secretary Doak goes out of office as member of the Hoover cabinet, his successor will decline to emulate his ruthless zeal as head inquisitor of aliens and master of deportations. The performance with aliens has been very cruel, but it has been harder reading than the matrimonial misadventures of movie actresses and their like and less well adapted to pictorial illustration, so it has not got to the front pagesasmuchasitsimportance deserved.

But perhaps Mr. Inquisitor Doak and his activities are just an incident of our progress in systematized anarchy. We are told that love rules the world, and a good many people besides poets think so; but it evidently takes time to perfect its processes. What we want particularly to do in this time is to frustrate the operations of persons who if they had lived in Geneva four hundred years ago would have insisted that it was suitable to burn Servetus and would have stipulated to do it with green wood. The Prohibition question is not primarily a question of rum, it is a question of fanaticism—of defeating the purpose of half-baked minds in Kansas, Ohio, and other places to regulate thought, life, and habits all over the United States. Whether we have more rum or less is not so deadly important—the system that Prohibition upset was no loss; but whether we shall be quit of the necessity to wallow along through the ignorance and malignity of fanatics as we have for the last twelve years is very important indeed.



IN THE SUBWAY

By Mabel Dwight

Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

IF ROOSEVELT FAILS

BY ELMER DAVIS

NOW that Mr. Hoover is about to move out of the White House, even those who disagreed with his policies may salute his unshakable fidelity to his convictions. Four years ago he told us during the campaign that the nation was not facing a choice between two roads, both of which led forward; we were in danger of taking the wrong road and moving backward. Alarmed by that dire warning, the majority decided to let Mr. Hoover take the wheel and pick the road for us, and the ride ended when we rushed violently down a steep place into the sea. Yet last fall he was still stoutly maintaining that he alone knew the road we ought to take.

This campaign (he said at Madison Square Garden on October 31st) is more than a contest between two men. It is more than a contest between two parties. It is a contest between two philosophies of government. . . . Our opponents are proposing changes and so-called new deals

which would destroy the very foundations of the American system of life. . . . This election is not a mere shift from the ins to the outs. It means determining the course our nation will take over a century to come.

As a citizen who did not have the felicity to side with the majority either in 1928 or in 1932, but whose welfare, like that of all other citizens, is affected by the wisdom and capacity of the President, I hoped four years ago that Mr. Hoover might be right; and once again I hope he is nearer right than usual. If the inauguration of Mr. Roosevelt really means the triumph of a new philosophy of government, the destruction of the foundations of the system of life that reached its peak under Coolidge and Hoover, the determination of the course the nation will take over a century to come—if all that is true, March 4, 1933 will be one of the brightest days in American history. But almost all the evidence to support

that theory, so far, comes from the campaign speeches of Mr. Hoover.

Mr. Roosevelt talked a great deal during the campaign; from his speeches, as from Holy Writ, you can draw texts that authorize almost anything you choose to believe—and also texts that condemn it. If he meant what he said to the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco on September 23rd, and if he knows how to realize the aspirations there somewhat generally set forth, he may go down in history as the third founder of the Republic. But if he is no more than a smooth politician who was swept in on a wave of discontent . . .

We do not know, yet, which he will turn out to be; we can only hope, with the desperate hope of the family to whose sick child the doctor has just arrived at last. He is the doctor we sent for (after the faith healer failed), but we picked him out because we liked his name; we do not know whether he is an allopath, a homeopath, an osteopath, or a chiropractor. And if he fails it may be too late to send for another doctor.

I do not believe the patient is going to die even if Dr. Roosevelt fails to cure him; but he might become a permanent semi-invalid. Unless something drastic is done we might conceivably find ourselves, in a few years, in a situation like that of England, with a permanent national deficit even if the government manages to break even; with a permanent pauper population supported (for fear of a worse thing) by taxes that eat away the accumulated capital of the rich and steadily lower the standard of living of the not-quite-poor (politely known as the middle class). You may say that only inexcusable stupidity and mismanagement could bring a nation with our resources to such a plight; but stupidity on Capitol Hill and mismanagement in the White House would be nothing new.

The American people have always been extraordinarily tolerant of the stupidity and mismanagement of their elected rulers; but the fact that a thing has always been true so far does not prove it will go on being true. Just at present (I write at the turn of the year) the nation is in a much healthier mood than last summer; the troubles that many people then expected have not happened. But the healthier mood is easily explained: last summer most of us felt that something must be done, and now something has been done; we have a new administration, which was as much as the majority decided needed doing.

But suppose the doctor turns out to be no better than the faith healer; suppose the people become convinced that neither of the traditional parties, none of the sort of politicians our system fosters, can do anything to cure us? This nation can change its mind suddenly, and completely; the history of prohibition proves that. If Roosevelt does no better than Hoover, nobody knows what the American people may feel, or do, in 1936. "The smooth and solid temper of the modern world cannot easily repeat either the triumph of Alexander or the fall of Darius." So wrote one of the greatest of philosophic historians, only six years before Louis XVI went to the guillotine and only twenty-five years before Napoleon entered Moscow. Things are not always as smooth and solid as they look, even to so keen an eye as Edward Gibbon's.

Happily, Dr. Roosevelt seems somewhat more promising in January than he did in June. If he fails it will not be for any lack of skill in manipulating his instruments; the political shrewdness he showed in the pre-convention campaign was confirmed by his handling of the Walker case; and on the war-debts issue, too, he played smart politics—for the moment. The French deputies

who voted default blamed Hoover, not America. But after March 4th Hoover will not be there to take the blame.

II

It was remarked during the campaign that Mr. Roosevelt had a great advantage in that nobody expected much of him; but people who voted for him merely because he was not Hoover are going to expect something of him when he sits in Hoover's place. The election was not a mandate on any specific issue except prohibition; but it was an implicit instruction to the winner to bring better times. The old Norwegians expected their king to be in such favor with the gods that there would be good weather for the crops; if the crops failed he was a bad king, and they often got rid of him. The long prevalence of the doctrine that God and the Republican party were in partnership to maintain American prosperity has made us expect something like that of the President; and while Mr. Roosevelt did not tempt Fate by promising the abolition of poverty, the sort of people who believe what they want to believe can easily read such a promise into his cloudy talk of the new deal.

When he was nominated it seemed that business was beginning to improve of its own accord, and that he might reach the White House just in time to get the credit. But something seems to have happened to that "automatic recovery"; the patient is still sick, and the blood transfusion of twelve hundred million dollars of the taxpayers' money through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation does not seem to have brought him much nearer recovery (whatever graver crises it may have prevented) than did the three hundred million previously injected through the Federal Farm Board. Mr. Roosevelt will surely be too shrewd to content himself with the small things he can get

done without much trouble; he will hardly dare to repeat his predecessor's mistake and take a chance on an upturn in the business cycle (if it has any upturn left in it) before the next presidential election.

Four years ago it was remarked in these pages that the Republican party was really the state church of this Republic, the visible embodiment of a religious faith; that the cardinal doctrine of that faith was that adherence to Republican orthodoxy was sufficient to guarantee the national prosperity; and that a collapse of that faith would be in effect a breakdown of the national religion. A party which took over after such a debacle must be prepared to rebuild everything from the ground up, to provide not only new administrative policies but a new doctrine and a new faith. That was a personal opinion which does not appear to be shared by many Democrats of prominence; but it was shared, if words mean anything, by the Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt when he spoke to the Commonwealth Club.

The age of exploitation and conquest in America (he said there) was over; the age for intelligent administration of our national plant had come. The buccaneering promoter who was tolerated in the old days because he did sometimes build something had become an anachronism; the "princes of property" must "assume the responsibility that goes with the power." It was Mr. Roosevelt's hope that business could organize and control itself; "the government should assume the function of economic regulation only as a last resort." Against those who talked of the breakdown of capitalism he observed that "there has as yet been no final failure" of private initiative because "there has as yet been no attempt" to reduce our present system to order. The clear implication of that is that there must be and will be, such

an attempt—a national plan of some sort, an endeavor to get business to accept that plan voluntarily; with governmental regulation in the background, if business cannot or will not govern itself.

That would be a really new deal, and most of us might hope to get better hands than we hold now even if the Insulls and their kind do not catch quite so many face cards. That may not be enough to cure us; nobody knows. But it is probably as much as any President could accomplish now; it is probably more than any President can accomplish unless he combines the undissuadable stubbornness of Woodrow Wilson with the evangelistic eloquence of Theodore Roosevelt. The tribulations of recent years have converted a good many business men to the idea of planned and organized economy; but business has done nothing about it, and probably will do nothing without a campaign of persuasion supported by the prestige of the President. Nor are business men the only ones who need conversion; in so far as legislation may be required, Mr. Roosevelt must work through Congressmen who test every proposal by two shibboleths—"What is there in it for my district?" and "How will it help me hold my job?" If Mr. Roosevelt can do it, he will indeed destroy the foundations of the old system of American life—the system that has brought us to these hard times, and will bring us to hard times again unless we get rid of it. But it will be a large undertaking; and it is somewhat disquieting that in the three months between the Commonwealth Club speech and the date of this writing very little has been heard of it.

Much of the program implied in that speech deals with the regulation of business in good times, and it may be felt that the immediate problems of hard times must be dealt with first.

But you will never put over a program which implies restraint on the extravagance of boom periods unless you start early, unless you take advantage of the searchings of the heart to which people are driven only by hard times. And it will be easier to put it over if it is presented not only as an integrated program, but as a new and evangelistic faith, than if the administration contents itself with a piecemeal policy of taking whatever can easily be got at the moment.

The Republicans would of course miscall such a program Socialism; but what they call it will not matter if it works even pretty well. In any case, Mr. Roosevelt could point out that he was only carrying out to its logical conclusion a principle introduced by his predecessor. What may prove the outstanding accomplishment of Mr. Hoover's administration has been somewhat obscured by his stubborn denial of the principles he was practicing and by the very limited field in which he practiced them; but we owe largely to him the general acceptance, for the first time, of the doctrine that society is an integrated organism, that we are all members one of another. In great depressions of the past the devil has taken the hindmost—the hindmost individuals and the hindmost businesses. Wages were cut and men laid off with little regard to the consequences, and the relief of the destitute depended on more or less sporadic charity. In business the solvent sheep were segregated from the bankrupt goats; insolvencies deflated *pro tanto* the load of capitalization which the national income had to support, as layoffs and wage cuts reduced operating expenses. So, eventually, the automatic operation of the business cycle brought good times again—for the businesses and the individuals that had had vitality enough to survive.

Mr. Hoover changed all that, or

tried to. He established the principle that the nation is responsible for the victims of economic disaster—individual victims and in some cases corporate victims. Mr. Roosevelt need only add that the nation must control the conditions and practices that lead to economic disaster.

Mr. Hoover's crusade for the maintenance of wages and employment did not get very far; but it proclaimed the principle, of far greater import than he seemed to realize, that no employer has a right to set his own before the national welfare. On individual relief Mr. Hoover was slow in getting started, but eventually he was preaching the doctrine that the unemployed were a charge on society and must be supported by a dole. He refused to call it a dole, and he insisted that relief funds must be raised by a method which was both inefficient and unfair; still he did establish the principle that when a man has lost his job through no fault of his own society must take care of him. It is no long step to the conclusion that society may also, in his interest and its own, try to see that he does not lose his job in the first place.

Mr. Hoover's charity extended not only to unemployed individuals but to unemployed businesses, businesses which in past depressions would have been allowed to collapse. Twelve hundred million dollars of public money (with a couple of billions more in the background if needed) have been poured into banks and railroads which were so unlucky, or so badly managed, that private lenders would risk no more money on them. As Mr. Ernest Angell observes in the January *Forum*, what the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has done or has not done is less important than the precedent established by its mere existence. It did not give the hoped-for incentive to business recovery, but it undoubtedly prevented failures that in the panic of

the time might have had incalculable consequences. An astounding, not to say appalling, account of some of its doings, and of the misstatements that accompanied them, was presented by Mr. John T. Flynn in the January *HARPER'S*. But there may have been some excuse for the loans he mentions to "political financiers who clustered round the throne." The immense loan to the Dawes bank immediately after Mr. Dawes resigned as head of the R.F.C. has been bitterly criticized—but not by anybody who was in Chicago at the time. Chicago, that week, was scared blue; the only citizens who were not worrying about the safety of their bank deposits were those whose banks had already failed; if the Dawes bank had been allowed to go, nobody knows how much else might have gone with it. At any rate, favoritism and mismanagement are beside the point—the great point implied in the very existence of the R.F.C.

The old distinction between sheep and goats in American business in panic times has been abolished, at least for banks and railroads. Every cent of R.F.C. money comes from taxes, either directly in the capital provided by the Treasury, or ultimately in the Treasury guarantee of its debentures. The sound, well-managed business of the country is taxed to pay the debts of railroads and guarantee the deposits of banks that are unsound or badly managed. "All loans shall be fully and adequately secured," says the R.F.C. Act; but security that seems adequate to the men who disburse taxpayers' money did not seem adequate to bankers, otherwise there would have been no R.F.C. So far as I can discover, the R.F.C. considers its duty done when it hands over your money and mine to somebody who thinks he needs it more than we do; it does not try to tell him how to run his business so that he will not have to come back

for another handout. If bankers had lent that money they would have something to say about its use; I cannot believe that the government will remain indifferent very long.

If sound business must support unsound business, if the man with a job must support the man without a job—and Mr. Hoover has sold those ideas to the nation—then you have all the precedent you need for the execution of the Commonwealth Club program, and more. Mr. Roosevelt says that the princes of property must assume the responsibility that goes with the power. It seems equally logical, and a good deal more sensible, that the nation should assume the power that goes with the financial responsibility which the Hoover policies have loaded on it. "Realization of the significance of this experiment," observes Mr. Angell, "will mark the end of private industrial capitalism in America"; but he does not seem to expect that till after the next boom, and the next panic. I am not so sure that we can stand another boom and another panic. Conceivably, both these disasters might be averted if Mr. Roosevelt put his Commonwealth Club program into practice as soon as possible.

III

But it is of course much easier to state the principle than to work out its details and to put them into force whether by persuasion or by statute. Even if Mr. Roosevelt wants and means to do it, he is sure to be bedevilled, as every President has been bedevilled, by a swarm of irrelevant issues and conflicts. The distribution of patronage alone takes up much of the time and energy of an incoming President, especially after a change of parties, and always leaves him with some bitter enemies. After this he must deal with other things far less important than the

Commonwealth Club program; but things which will come up before he can get to that program no matter how hard he tries.

There is the tariff; it makes trouble for every President; and almost every President, after a few months of the wrangles on Capitol Hill, comes to feel that any result is better than no result, that he had better sign whatever Congress sends up to him rather than risk their starting the wrangles all over again. There is the farm problem; the incoming President's "brain trust" is said to believe that it has solved it. But the "farm parity plan" at present before Congress threatens to cost the non-agrarian consumer far more than did Mr. Hoover's Farm Board; it can hardly do less for the farmer than did that experiment, but it is far more complicated and it calls for an unnatural self-restraint on the part of the farmer to which even a bonus may not tempt him.

And there are the war debts. In one of the magazine articles which Mr. Roosevelt wrote (or signed) immediately after the election he said flatly that they must be paid. Conceding that "it is sound common sense to assist your debtors in every way," he insisted that "there is only one view to be taken of these obligations." A few weeks later he wrote to Mr. Hoover that "commitments to any particular policy prior to March 4th are for many reasons inadvisable and indeed impossible"; and of course what a President-elect writes for a magazine is not binding on the government. But what Mr. Roosevelt there wrote is supported by the Democratic platform and by a powerful faction of the party, the faction to which he is immediately indebted for his nomination. The pious hope has been expressed that after Mr. Roosevelt has made a few political gestures he will come around to a practical view of the debt question. But

similar hopes were expressed, on this and other issues, about Mr. Hoover; he had disguised himself as a politician during the campaign, but as soon as he was settled in the White House he was going to reveal the Great Engineer. That instance, not the first, might have taught even the most credulous that a politician cannot change his spots so easily; they are tattooed in his hide.

Mr. Roosevelt will have trouble with the bonus, unless by his good luck and the country's misfortune it is passed by Congress over Hoover's veto at the short session. And prohibition—it helped to get Mr. Roosevelt into office, and not inconceivably it may help to get him out. The detached philosopher, considering that beer is intrinsically good and taxes are intrinsically bad, might be amused at the spectacle of the American people refusing to let themselves have beer unless they can have taxes along with it. But the disturbed patriot, however he may have hated constitutional prohibition, cannot help regretting that the repeal campaign was helped along by such a dangerous war cry as "Balance the budget with beer." It cannot be done, and it is questionable how far we should even try to do it. The wets have as yet not decided whether what they chiefly want from repeal is taxes or temperance; a system of liquor control which will provide the most of either will provide the least of the other; whichever they choose they will disappoint somebody and make more recruits for the dries. In this issue alone there are potentialities of trouble enough to wreck any administration; and in the course of the next four years there will arise other issues not yet foreseen.

It has been said that Mr. Roosevelt is lucky in that three-fourths of the House of Representatives will be Democratic; he will not be dependent on blocs. But so huge a majority will

generate its own blocs on every controversial issue; and it is very unlikely that the next bloc that defies the Congressional leadership of both parties will have a leader so able and public-spirited as Mr. La Guardia, who lost his seat last fall. At any rate, Mr. Roosevelt need not worry about that huge majority after the Congressional election of 1934; he will be lucky if it is not reduced below the optimum of fifty or so to a dangerously narrow margin.

And what is the so-called Democratic party but a coalition of blocs? It can be united, energized, usefully employed only by a dominating personality; for in the generation since Mark Hanna established the modern creed of the Republican state church, the Democratic nonconformists have never agreed on a faith and doctrine to set against it. Wilson's New Freedom might have become such a faith if the War had not shoved it into the background; aside from that, the party has been only an alliance of Southern provincialism with Irish provincialism, aided by temporary local discontents. Last fall a general discontent swept it into office; but it will need a faith and a doctrine if it is to hold that gift of power.

IV

That is no figure of speech. "The country is normally Republican"—yes, but why? Because the Republican party, often deficient in issues, always had a faith which appealed to the emotions. For thirty years it was the Grand Old Party that freed the slaves and saved the Union; when the mortality rate of the G.A.R. destroyed the bloody-shirt issue, a secondary doctrine was made the cardinal tenet of the creed. The majority of the American people was persuaded that the Republican party was the chosen instrument of God for the establishment and maintenance of American pros-

perity; the typical Republican, the typical American, believed this far more fervently than he believed the doctrines of his church (if he even knew what they were). Mr. Roosevelt's speeches, with their careful discrimination between "Republican leadership" and "forward-looking Republicans," recognized the fact that the majority of the nation still adheres emotionally to that creed, even if millions of Republicans are dissatisfied with the head of their party. The discrimination was necessary in a campaign; but if Mr. Roosevelt meant his Commonwealth Club speech he must realize that a forward-looking Republican is a contradiction in terms. A man who adheres to what has become the Republican creed is looking backward, looking at something that probably cannot and certainly should not ever be again.

For with the passing of the years and the continuance of what was called prosperity the Republicans had to argue that the kind of prosperity we had under their rule—prosperity for some, inextinguishable though ever disappointed hope for many others, and for some people nothing at all—was the best kind of prosperity, the only real prosperity. Mr. Hoover, returning in mature years from long residence abroad, was for a while undecided which church to join; but after he baptized himself a Republican he displayed the traditional fervor of the convert. He swallowed the whole creed with a naïve enthusiasm that must have made some of the cynical old-timers hide their grins; he set out to organize it, to justify it; and he became eventually the master theologian of the Republican faith.

The apostolic doctrine of Mark Hanna's time was fairly simple: the Republicans bestow prosperity on the manufacturer, the manufacturer passes some of it around in the pay envelope,

and the farmer is taken care of by the boundless opportunities of the domestic and foreign market. But by Hoover's day something had happened to the farmer, which had to be explained away; and the primitive faith of 1896 had become overloaded with all sorts of accretions that had to be fitted into the picture. We had a stock-market prosperity, an installment-plan prosperity; and we had a nation educated to demand more than its fathers, who had been humbly grateful for a steady job. Mr. Hoover's 1928 speeches, from the notification to the inaugural, were a sum of all Republican theology which managed to harmonize everything, and glowed besides with a flame of militant evangelism. He proved that the sort of prosperity we then had was the best of all possible prosperities—a prosperity of which the benighted foreigner was incapable because it was due to our national virtues, to Republican leadership, and to the divine favor which could not be withheld from our industry, orthodoxy, and sobriety. It was not only a material but a spiritual prosperity; and if we continued to trust Republican leadership it would presently be crowned by the banishment of poverty forever from this nation.

That seems to me an achievement of a very high order, even though the scheme that Mr. Hoover constructed turned out to have very little connection with the facts. It marks him, at any rate, as both intellectually and ethically superior to his party; he realized the need of rationalizing and justifying its hit-or-miss practices and its confused doctrines. I do not doubt that he believed every word of his creed, to whatever omissions and equivocations he may have been driven when he tried to explain it four years later; it was the logical culmination, the only logical culmination, of the faith in which the nation had been in-

structed ever since Mark Hanna's day. And after Mr. Hoover's body has taken a train to Palo Alto his soul will go marching on. As Mr. Roosevelt recognized, millions of people were ready to discharge their resentment against Hoover without being ready, as yet, to reject the faith to which he had given its final form. Those people expect the administration—to "restore prosperity"; and they will define prosperity as Mr. Hoover defined it in 1928 till somebody teaches them another and better definition.

To provide that definition; to evolve a new concept of prosperity which intelligent men and women can accept, and to make its realization plausible enough to inspire them to go out and work for it; to erect a standard to which even the rich may repair, if they are also wise and good—that is the first and paramount duty of Mr. Hoover's successor. Without such a proclamation of faith, in words that mean something concrete, the Roosevelt administration will be at the mercy of chance. It will make enemies; every administration does. Without a unifying faith the discordant factions of the "Democratic party" will cease to work together; without working together they can accomplish little. The millions of normally Republican votes which Mr. Roosevelt got last fall, and will need in 1936, will not be given to him if he has neither materially improved on Republican performance nor offered an alternative to Republican doctrine.

The boldest course would probably be the safest. If Mr. Roosevelt develops the implications of the Commonwealth Club program and insists that a nation which pays the cost of disaster must organize to prevent disaster, then he proclaims a faith worth fighting for, a faith that can hold men's loyalty. If not, he must rely on luck.

V

He may have it, of course. Business may automatically improve in the Roosevelt administration; something that looks like prosperity may spontaneously come back. That seems increasingly improbable; still it might happen, and if it does the election of 1936 is probably in the bag.

But if Roosevelt enacts the Commonwealth Club program and business materially improves thereafter, he may have hard sledding in 1936; the better he serves his country the worse his country is likely to serve him. For a planned and rational economy implies a restraint on boom-time extravagance which will enrage the promoters, the merger experts, the investment bankers, the high-pressure sales managers. The Hoover theology will be dragged out of the dust bin; campaign orators will shout that any prosperity we may be enjoying is nothing to the prosperity we might have if we got rid of the Democratic administration. And in good times that argument might prevail; for the most amazing and disheartening aspect of the election of 1932 is that in spite of everything fifteen million people voted for Hoover. Grant that some of them merely thought he was less unpromising than Roosevelt; still probably a third of the electorate, after the experiences of the past three years, registered their solemn belief that the "prosperity" of 1928 is the right kind of prosperity, and that only a Republican administration can provide it. A return to our old ways might mean that the next panic will be worse than this one; and there is no present prospect that the Republicans will have anything else to offer.

After the election there was of course talk of the need of reforming and purging the beaten party. The unquenchable Nicholas Murray Butler demanded "courageous, constructive, forward-

facing and liberal leadership"; without which he was afraid the Republican party would vanish as the Whig party did. But no party—no party leadership—is going to vanish so long as it can count on fifteen million votes even in so desperate a situation as that of 1932. Chastened and reformed, the Republicans might become the intelligent conservative party which this nation badly needs; but I see little hope of that. In 1920 they had been chastened by eight years' absence from the trough; if they were ever to learn from adversity they would have learned then; and they gave us Harding, with a policy of pure negation which was continued for ten years. They might not do quite that badly again; but the mass of party chiefs would always prefer the Harding type to "courageous and constructive" leadership that might make enemies. Dr. Butler is a lonely prophet, an eremite of the desert; the more authentic voice of historic Republicanism spoke through an anonymous leader quoted by the *New York Times* just after election. The party need do nothing more than "keep vigilant watch on the Democrats and profit by their mistakes." Since the administration must be either Democratic or Republican, let the Democrats carry the ball and wait for a fumble. Any practical politician would prefer that program to the academic demands of Dr. Butler.

There are, of course, more intelligent Republicans of some influence in the party; among them Mr. Hoover. Washington dispatches credited him last winter with believing that, like Cleveland, he could be reelected after defeat. But Cleveland had not promised the abolition of poverty, nor had he suffered the worst defeat in American history. Mr. Hoover, *omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset*, has those two memories to live down. He was always an outsider; he forced him-

self on the party veterans, but they hated him even while he had post-offices to distribute; they can use the doctrinal scheme he constructed but they do not want to hear any more of its author. Nor, I imagine, will the average voter.

There is also Mr. Ogden Mills, whom some consider the type of intelligent conservative the country needs. On October 13th he replied at Chicago to Mr. Roosevelt's Commonwealth Club speech, denouncing it as a counsel of despair. "Progress and prosperity," said Mr. Mills, "are still the normal conditions of American life. I visualize the United States of the future not as a country with fewer plants but with more plants; not with fewer industries but with more industries; not with a stabilized production of goods but with a constantly and rapidly increasing production of goods." Mr. Mills omitted the corollaries—a constantly and rapidly increasing production of securities, of mergers and holding companies and investment trusts, of bull pools and stocks selling at three hundred times their earnings; of Insulls and Kregers. Under our present system they all come in the same basket. He omitted the open frontier and the covered wagon; without them the rest of the argument, under our present system, is nonsense. This reasoning was plausible in the days of Colonel Sellers and Squire Hawkins; unfortunately, it may be more plausible in 1936 than it was in 1932, and Mr. Ogden Mills might conceivably become President just in time to deal with the next panic.

All this is on the assumption that business will improve during the Roosevelt administration. But business may grow worse.

Nobody knows how the country might feel, after four years more like the last three; but a few things may be said with some confidence. The Com-

monwealth Club program may be described, according to your point of view, as the first step toward Socialism or the last stand of capitalism; the latter is more nearly correct, though of course it would not be the sort of capitalism we have known in the past. If it is not tried in the next four years the time for it will probably have gone by; if it is tried and business is still bad it will probably be hopelessly out of favor. Logically, the situation would then call for more drastic measures. I doubt if the Republicans would have anything to offer but the same old song, the contrast of Democratic incompetence with the Republican intelligence and capacity which have been so brilliantly displayed in 1929-1932. Logically, the nation ought to turn to somebody who will offer a far more radical program.

But if the American electorate were logical the standpat party would hardly have got fifteen million votes last fall, after three years of panic, while all the radical parties together got only a little over one million. No doubt millions who voted for Roosevelt will be ready for something more radical if Roosevelt fails; but where will they go? Logically, again, to the Socialists—but if the electorate were logical the Socialists would have got last fall the five or six million votes people expected them to get a few months before election; and they actually got only 881,000, with an excellent candidate and a program which was very far from rigid Marxian dogmatism. Those of us who supported the Socialist program in 1932 because we thought it was less unsatisfactory than any other can make no reply, on the record, to the gentlemen who assure us that Socialism is only a fad of middle-class mugwumps; for all the evidence indicates that Mr. Thomas got a very much higher percentage of the middle-class vote last November than of the working-class vote.

There has been since the election the customary controversy over changing the name of the Socialist party, the customary denunciations of the bigotry of Marxians who would rather keep an unpopular name than win votes. To which the more liberal Socialists reply that they would be willing to change the name if they got something for it; but that meanwhile the name means something, it implies a program of thoroughgoing reconstruction. The people who might vote for the Socialists under another name are mostly Western farmers, prodded by a discontent which will pass whenever the price of wheat goes up; they might vote for a Socialist candidate but they would not support a Socialist program; they would do no good to the people who really believe in the reforms that program comprises. Which proves, if nothing more, that the Socialists are unlike the other parties; they do not see much use—especially after the overseas example of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald—in electing a President if they cannot put their principles into practice.

Their principles, or some of them, may eventually be put into practice by other men who do not call themselves Socialists. If Roosevelt fails, some political leader who now calls himself, and may still then call himself, a Democrat or a Republican may borrow a good deal of the Socialist program and put it over. But the nation by that time may want a Messiah and may be ready to take a false prophet if he only makes enough noise. A demagogue of 1936 might be reactionary as well as radical, a Hitler as well as a Bryan. The passions played on by the Ku Klux Klan are not dead yet, and a fanatical religious nationalism secretly supported by multi-millionaires might thrive in this country even better than it has thriven in Germany. So might a fanatical and unintelligent radicalism, a new fiat-money party; almost any-

thing may happen, if Roosevelt fails.

Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mills insisted last fall that the Roosevelt administration would be the turning point in American history, and I hope that Mr. Roosevelt may take that much of their argument to heart. Unless you believe the naïve visions of Mr. Mills and of the bull marketeers of 1929, there is going to be a turning point soon, and some of the roads that are still open to us may be blocked by 1936; reforms

that are now possible and might be adequate may be both impossible and inadequate by that time. If Mr. Roosevelt lives up to the creed he set forth at the Commonwealth Club, if he steadfastly preaches this new faith to the nation, he gives us something on which we not only can stand but may go forward. If not, you and I may pay for his mistakes, at an even higher price than we have paid for the mistakes of Coolidge and Hoover.

ONCE MORE WITHIN MY HEART

BY SELMA ROBINSON

ONCE more within my heart is peace,
Once more my winds have done
With thundering among my trees
And splintering my sun.

And all the swinging branches of
My woods are quieted;
The little birds that sang of love
Are vanished now, or dead.

And I who prayed that they be still
Am like a soul bereft—
I wander each remembered hill
And wonder why they left.



COCKTAIL PARTY

A STORY

BY JANET CURREN OWEN

NEITHER the shadowy film of dust on the toile curtains nor the litter of toys on the floor could much detract from the original beauty of the room. There was loveliness of line in the curve of the open staircase, and the twin arches of the deep bookshelves rose purely over rows of colorful books. But disorderliness hung about the room; it was acutely perceptible to Lucia because she had not yet forgotten the clear window panes, the shining silver, the well-brushed cushions, and the dandiacally precise attitudes of the little chairs and tables. Without at all taxing her imagination, she could see Hilda as she had stood over the piano, and a gesture with which the girl had run her cloth between the black and white keys was bright in her mind. She herself would never be able to achieve quite that air of perfection in any place.

She turned her attention to the two little boys who had scratched up the thick nap of the carpet with their ferocious propelling of a scarlet fire engine, and she told herself that it was enough to have kept them both clean, amused, and—well fed. She had done well; so long as their robust bodies were live and eager, what did it matter that actual sadness filled her because, before her eyes, her house grew daily more unlovely in disorder?

For a moment, watching the little

boys, her thin face was pleased and interested, a cloudy preoccupation entirely erased from it. Then she became conscious of the strained taut feeling in her thighs, of the dead ache between her shoulderblades. She had been used to seeing her laundresses comfortably sitting at their ironing, but when she had come to do it herself she found she was too light and small. Hours of standing over the board and of throwing all her weight onto the heavy iron left her senseless with fatigue. Thoughtlessly she sighed aloud as she sank back into her chair with her legs stretched straight out before her.

Immediately Clay looked up from his book.

"Tired?" he asked softly.

She glanced sideward toward him, seeing in a flash how he was at ease in an old tweed coat and flannel trousers. She knew exactly how she meant to scream at him, "Tired, you idiot! I'm dying of tiredness. I tell you I can't—" But her frown of hysterical irritation passed like a shadow before it had settled. She smiled mechanically and drew up her relaxed limbs.

"Oh, a little," she said. "But go out and look at the superb ironing I've finished. Hung out on the clothes-horse, pure as— Go along; go and see."

He rose with an indulgent expression and strolled toward the kitchen. When he had disappeared Lucia hur-

ried after him to hang over his shoulder as he gazed with admiration. Her eye became critical as she tried to see with his perceptions. She darted round in front of him and folded out of sight a small scorched spot.

"Nothing," she said. "It's nothing."

She brushed the garment airily.

"Here, what's this!" he cried.

"You've scorched my shorts?"

He caught hold of her roughly; they both began to laugh. Their laughing faded off into faint half-sighing sounds and finally silence as Lucia leaned her head on his shoulder while he supported almost entirely the weight of her slight body. He took from her the weight of her body; tired, tired, she leaned against him. While her eyes were open she was able to see the upward-slanting line of his jaw and how his hair grew too low. The hair line, which should have been clean cut in a semicircle behind his ear, was overlapped with ragged darkness. Then her eyes closed and her fatigue dazzled her into unreality. She thought vaguely that if she could find the smallest pair of scissors she might carefully snip round his ear. . . . The voices of the children were very far away. Perhaps the nurse had them bathed and fed and in their beds. Perhaps in a moment Hilda would say that dinner was served; she and Clay would sit together at the freshly waxed table broken by sheer linen into squares and oblongs of dark and light.

She opened her eyes and they fell on the table. It was dull, and bare of anything more than a pale flecking of dust.

When it was time for the little boys' suppers Clay took them upstairs and gave them their baths in the same water.

"Why do I always have to have a

bath with Johnnie?" said the bigger boy furiously as the small boy dug strong toes into his bare back.

"Because," Clay patiently explained, "we don't want to use more hot water than we must. Every time we turn on the hot water it makes the gadget in the cellar go, and every time that goes it costs money. We must spend as little as possible."

"'Cause you're home with us all the time?" the bigger boy asked, looking wisely into his father's serious face.

"That's it," Clay said shortly.

"Shame, Martie," Lucia said when they came downstairs in their clean pajamas.

"Shame for what?"

"Shame for pestering Daddy," she said indignantly. "I heard you."

She set on their table two identical bowls of cereal and two cups of milk. At an exact angle to the right of the bowls she methodically placed the dishes of prunes. Then she lighted the toaster and stood silently before it until it glowed warmly.

"This kitchen is too enormous," she told Clay. "A day in it is better than walking three times around the reservoir."

"Your health should improve," he said gravely, tying Johnnie's bib. "Exercise is so fine for you."

"Prunes, prunes," the bigger boy chanted, viciously thrusting his spoon at one of the moist brown ovoids. "They're pretty wrinkled. I guess they're going to die pretty soon."

The little boy said immediately, "My prunes is so w'inkled they dead now-ow-ow." His voice went up and down on the last word, tauntingly.

Lucia glared at them over her shoulder as she cut the bread in thin slices. Her mouth turned up at its corners in amusement but she tried to pull it down in severity, so that the muscles quarreled with one another. The effect was a formidable expres-

sion, and the little boys, seeing it, hastily stuffed spoonfuls of cereal into their round red mouths.

Suddenly Clay cried in a loud whisper, "Good God, we've guests!"

Lucia bent her head and followed his glance through the door and out the dining-room window. Her eyes fell swiftly to the old blue smock she wore. She had been used to wearing it at the hospital where she had folded white gauze into surgical dressings and directed visitors to the wards in order to accumulate points for her Junior League work, but in the last few months it had adapted itself to the more serious milieu of the laundry. In a dozen spots it was scarred with starch and soapy stains.

Silently she thrust the bread knife toward Clay and, with a despairing gesture, ran out of the room. Heroic leaps up the stairs and a dash down the hall, and she was able to close her door on a harmony of bass and treble voices which sought out all the quiet corners of the house.

For a moment she stood irresolute, listening. Then she began rapidly to unbutton her smock. She stepped out of all her clothes and scrambled them into a handful which she threw into the hamper in her bathroom. On an impulse she was in and out of the shower before she had time to anticipate it. The cool water had turned her pale flesh blue. With a trembling hand and her face tipped close to the mirror, she painted crimson the wide thin mouth, dashed color high on her cheeks, and drew back the soft waves of her untended fair hair with alternate tender movements of the comb and her fingers.

A wall of the room was solid with paneled mirrors. Lucia, with chilled fingers, slid one panel behind another. She stood gazing at her clothes with a thumb pressed to her cheek. She owned many lovely dresses; their

colors were brilliant to her eyes as the world is dazzling after the confinement of a long illness, so that it was a relief to let her glance rest on the drabness of muslin slips covering evening gowns.

She took down gold crêpe pajamas. Her arm ached almost immediately because she held them high, out of reach of the dust she felt must coat the floor. When she was all ready, the ends of the jacket tied tight around her waist, she stood again before the mirror. A drop of amber perfume clung to the bottom of a big square bottle on her dressing table, and this she shook recklessly straight onto the crown of her head. A tiny bead of liquid was cool against her scalp where the hair was parted.

The two boys came upstairs, and she put them into their beds, flipped blanket ends beneath the mattresses with a fine dexterity, pulled down shades, and closed doors.

She walked thoughtfully down the beautifully shaped staircase.

Almost all of them were there. She couldn't begin to count them. They milled about in the living room and overflowed into the kitchen, cluttered with the debris from supper and filled with the fresh smell of her proud laundry. Their cars in the driveway were parked double and three deep, and the cocktail shakers they had brought stood tall and frosted on tables, and one of them made a pale aromatic circle on the shining wood of the piano.

They cried to her that they had all been having cocktails at Allison Gill's; that they had had this brainstorm and come right along to share them with Clay and Lucia. Lucia smiled at them a little stiffly and said that it had indeed been a brainstorm. She added vaguely that there were probably crackers somewhere in the house.

"Don't *move!*" Allison cried to her. "This is my party entirely. Ted has a whole box full of canapés and the olives are all ready, wrapped in bacon." She took hold of Lucia's arm affectionately. "They're in your broiler this minute."

Then Lucia smelled the bacon and she began to feel a little better. She didn't ask where they were going afterward; she could guess from past experiences that it would be either the country club or a sort of speakeasy on the road to Boston. It had never been anything tremendously exciting, but the fact that she was not going with them cast a glamour over their activities, and she thought wistfully of a whole lobster and little crisp rolls and a big gleaming tureen of creamed soup from which a waiter with a perpetual crick in his back would obsequiously ladle great spoonfuls.

She accepted a cocktail from Stanley Clarke, whom she had once felt she knew very well. He told her that she was looking marvelous and that he had never seen the lawn and garden lovelier. Lucia knew he must have seen the For Sale sign which stood blatant in the center of the smooth green expanse; she stopped herself from saying that Clay now had lots of time to work with the flowers.

As soon as she had had two drinks she began desperately to want a cigarette. She had not had one for a month at least. That habit was gone; she had dispensed with it. Nevertheless, she reached out and idly opened a small cloisonné box. Empty. Her eyebrows lifted in surprise. Stanley thrust before her an open leather case. There were exposed in it two long rows of perfect white cigarettes, and Lucia delightedly caught the faint scent of fresh tobacco. Her hand hesitated, hovered over the fine ovals. She looked about uncertainly and then with sudden firmness she selected one.

"Yes, I will, thank you," she said.

Gratefully she drew the smoke into her lungs. Slowly, slowly, she relinquished it, allowing it to escape from between her lips in the smallest possible wisps and curls. When the radiant tip was so close that it scorched her mouth Stanley, smiling, took it from her fingers. He flipped open the leather case and again held it toward her.

She had two more cocktails from her own fragile glasses and she greedily smoked any number of cigarettes of which there appeared to be a wanton profusion. She talked entirely coherently to Allison Gill about hospital work.

Her eyes fixed on the open fronts of Allison's sandals through which the toenails ruddily gleamed, Lucia heard her own voice saying, "He took a long time to die. It's four months since I saw him in the hospital. I was sitting down, Allie, at the little desk in the hall, and there was a large bustling at the door and in he came in a wheel chair. All I can say is, he looked like death then. Afterwards I found his admission card and I saw that he had put himself down as a Presbyterian. I thought that was funny. Don't you think that's funny? His being a Presbyterian with one kidney gone and his liver just rigid with alcohol?"

She was rather surprised at her facile conversation and she was glad when Stanley Clarke came back to her. He had turned on the radio and she danced once around the room with him. In the intimacy of their embrace he gazed fondly down at her.

"You ought to come out more, Lucia," he said. "It's bad of you to keep away from us. I miss you terribly." His arm clasped her more closely and he added, "You're so *thin*, little Lucy."

She was wondering how much electricity the radio would consume; in-

sanelly she answered him. "Yes, I am. It's the hard, hard bending over the wash tubs as does it, mister, combined with the light fare."

He held his body away from her and looked into her face, shocked and curious. But he said nothing, and when they reached the group they had left he released her.

Soon afterward there was an exodus as concerted and rapid as had been the arrival.

Clay closed the door gently and turned to look at her. She sat apathetically on the arm of a chair. She didn't speak. After a moment she raised her head and searched the room with her eyes. She began to walk about hurriedly, thrusting her hand, swift and greedy, into the seats of the chairs. Nothing. Angrily she chose a long butt from an overflowing ashtray. The flame of the match made a sizzling sound against an escaped strand of hair.

She knew that the expression of pain and humility would be plain in Clay's eyes, so she did not look at him. But it made her angry to know that it was there.

She began to gather together all the small glasses left in unexpected places all over the room. Clay helped her; they carried them out to the kitchen where she arranged them on the shining porcelain table beside the sink. Then she put a big apron over her pajamas and as she brought from the refrigerator the butter, two eggs, two tomatoes, and a bowl of lettuce she said in a hard voice, "Nothing like a few cocktails to restore the languishing appetite."

That phrase "languishing appetite" was too funny to ignore and she laughed at it. Her laugh was as strained as the cry of a woman in labor. Suddenly she fixed on Clay her dark eyes, brilliant and febrile

with the stimulation of the drinks.

"What do you say," she began rapidly, "to a good cup of that chicken broth Hilda used to mix with cream of mushroom soup? And little curled stems of celery and big ripe olives and crusty bread with slabs of sweet butter pressed against it? And then, dear," she continued in a cruel dreamy voice, "filet mignon a good three inches thick and the small tender hearts of artichokes shining in Hollandaise—"

Clay put his hand on her arm. It was a restraining gesture, and she saw that his eyes were frightened. He was afraid of what she might say, just as she was always afraid of what she might say. But something had momentarily pushed fear from her mind.

"And perhaps endive with the chopped egg and Roquefort dressing. Here are the eggs—exactly two—the very eggs for it. We have lettuce, too. Of course," she said, poking with a disdainful finger at the lettuce in the bowl, "one might say that this lettuce was just a *trifle*—er—desiccated—"

She saw Clay's face from the corner of her eye. She saw him half turn as though to go out of the room, turn back, and with bent head cut the butter into two small pats which he balanced with a knife as he transferred them to bread-and-butter plates. His whole manner so enraged her that she crashed the bowl of lettuce onto the porcelain table. Half a dozen little glasses bounced into the air and smashed with a pretty musical sound.

When he heard the noise of the breaking glass, he straightened and put his hand to his face.

Lucia went to him. She pushed aside the butter and pulled herself onto the shelf. First she kissed Clay's mouth and then she smoothed his head as it lay against her breast.

"Never mind, my baby," she said softly. "Never you mind."



THE TWILIGHT OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

THE missionary is searching his soul: a symbol in miniature of the spirit of our age. When a missionary begins to ask questions of himself he has already ceased to be a good missionary in all that the word missionary connotes psychologically, and has denoted in the past. When the missionary movement as a body is impelled by something in the environment to ask questions of itself, then the environment has undergone fundamental changes. This, I think, is the most pertinent comment to make on the debate precipitated in the American religious world by the report of the laymen's inquiry into missionary work in the East, the debate into which Mrs. Pearl Buck injected a high poetic note in the January issue of *HARPER'S*. To those of us who are neither missionaries nor candidates for conversion, the controversy is of interest more for what it signifies than for its intrinsic merits.

Is there a case for foreign missions? In other words, shall missionaries continue to be sent to non-Christian lands for purposes of religious proselyting? This is the question which a commission of distinguished laymen was charged to consider in a two-year investigation, the report of which has just been published under the title *Re-thinking Missions*. It is the question to which Mrs. Buck addressed herself. Both answers are in the affirmative, qualified by proposals for drastic reform, the commission speaking from its findings, and Mrs. Buck in

terms of her credo. But is there a case? If the question is even asked, can there be? When faith begins to examine itself it is already lost. The fundamental concept of missions precludes all question or doubt. The early missionaries who went out a hundred years ago in lyric exaltation to bear light unto the darkness and save the heathen souls from eternal damnation, and those who so recently as 1900 responded to a gusty Y.M.C.A. secretary's call to the crusade, "The World for Christ in Twenty-five Years" (in 1925, that would be!)—they did not ask; they knew. To-day their lineal descendants demonstrate by analysis and argument why they should continue to exist. Whether convincing or not, the resort to the intellectual appeal is evidence that the inner essence has been lost. The "case" they make is something their precursors, of sterner stuff and more inwardly secure, would never acknowledge as "mission." Nor is it that. Evangelical and analytical—the two are mutually exclusive. "Re-thinking Missions!"

It is not my purpose, therefore, to refute the laymen's report or Mrs. Buck's paper. I do not think they can be successfully refuted. The argument they make for missions is unanswerable. What may be said against it, however, is that it is a repudiation of all that missions and missionaries have stood for in the past and, therefore, a confession of defeat for the institution. What they envisage as the mission

work of the future would be acceptable to the most intransigent Chinese or Hindu nationalist or to a professor of comparative religion. It would be objectionable only to the majority of missionaries and nearly all those who make mission work possible by their financial contributions.

Mrs. Buck's missionary would be a poet, scholar, philosopher, gentleman, and intermediary between two cultures, or at least something of all of these. He would have to be—as she herself says—all that missionaries have not been and are not now. In missionary work as she conceives it there is indeed something fine. It would be interracial relations in idealization: each giving of itself to the other and taking from the other; neither arrogating to itself exclusive possession of the truth in religion, philosophy, customs, or social organization; each convinced that it has something superior to convey to the other, yet seeking to understand and valuing that which is good in the other. . . . But what relation has this to missionary work as we have ever known it? To adopt this as the philosophy and program of mission practice is to make as sharp a break with the historic identity of missions as if all the mission boards were to close their stations and formally dissolve.

In the first place, where are such missionaries to be found in sufficient number to promise the desired results? Of the small minority of men and women in any country with qualities meeting the specifications implicit in Mrs. Buck's conception, how many would be available for mission work abroad? How many men and women, "a higher type of person than the average American," as she says, would be willing to become missionaries? With rare exceptions, they would be inhibited precisely by the possession of those qualities. Their psychology is not the

psychology of mission. Such men and women—perhaps in any time but certainly in our own—are too lacking in inner certitude to feel a clear message which must be communicated to other races or, even by inference, to set themselves as a pattern on which alien peoples are to be formed. They are, indeed, too uncertain of what patterns are or should be. They are themselves beset by doubts, overwhelmed by their lack of understanding of the life about them and their helplessness to effectuate changes in the setting familiar to them from birth. How, then, could they feel themselves capable of dealing assuredly with a race and civilization and culture of which they will have learned enough to know that they can scarcely penetrate beneath the surface and translate the simpler elements into their own cultural language? In religion their faith surely is not too robust. But if their interest is not primarily theological but social, if, that is, they are convinced that we have benefits to convey in the form of a higher social effectiveness and the control of nature through science, they are even less likely to go into missions. If they are doctors or teachers or agricultural experts or social workers they will be overwhelmed by the magnitude of the problems about them. With our own social order presenting interrogations to thoughtful persons at every point, they will find ample outlet for their energies and an urgent call to their interests in their own environment. There may be, as Mrs. Buck says, men and women of high training who would willingly give their time to some other country than their own; but the number of those who will go unless impelled by a religious call is, I believe, very limited. Such men and women are self-excluded, almost by reflex.

It is noteworthy that Mrs. Buck, after first setting forth the common indictment against missionaries, then

enters a plea of extenuation in that they are only typical Americans. She says that they are, with some exceptions, ignorant, narrow, bigoted, superstitious, arrogant, insensitive, pharisaical, concerned with the letter rather than with the spirit, counting their success in number of converts and measuring sincerity of conversion by repeated rote of prayer. As the laymen's commission more gently puts it: "The greater number seem to us of limited outlook and capacity." But, Mrs. Buck says, they are, after all, average Americans, which is not enough. But that is precisely the point. It is inherent in the nature of missions that it is only the average who go. Those sufficiently above the average, those of the dimensions called for, those who are sensitive enough, cultivated enough, and wise enough to deal with another race with tact and humility and enduring effectiveness—they are automatically inhibited, again with allowance for rare exceptions. But they are not only automatically inhibited. As Mrs. Buck says: "It is a comment significant enough that many of the missionaries of above the average ability and personality have sooner or later been driven out of their work. Questioned, they reply usually, 'It was impossible for me to do my work in that atmosphere.'" Inevitably so; it is inseparable from the origin, idea, and spirit of organized missions.

II

This brings us to the second point. Granting that missionaries of a higher type can be found, who will send them? Who supports missionaries now? And would these organizations be willing to support missionaries of that type?

To raise this question is to reveal the unreality of the whole controversy and the incongruity of proposals such as are made by the laymen's commission or Mrs. Buck. After all, the great ma-

jority of those who support missions morally as well as financially are members of small churches who would forbid the teaching of evolution by law, for whom science is equivalent to sin. They see no reason for change. To them there is nothing about missions to "re-think." They have never felt doubts or passed through the disillusionment through which Mrs. Buck has come to a renewal of loyalty. It is fantastic to tell them that "it is not necessary to discover or assert the superiority of Christianity over other religions" and that the new idea of missions "shifts the emphasis from preaching to a people to sharing life *with* them." So far as they understood Mrs. Buck, they would renounce her as an apostate who had irredeemably sold her soul to the Devil of Science and the Higher Criticism. They are not interested in missionaries "of higher and more specific training and experience, suited to some particular place or need." They are not interested in taking preventive medicine and sanitation and obstetrics and better schools and flood reclamation to China. They want heathen souls saved from eternal damnation. Therefore they send missionaries and pay for their maintenance.

One of my missionary friends in China who used to be principal of a school not far from where Mrs. Buck lives came home on furlough a few years ago. While here he was sent, as is customary, on a lecture tour to report to church assemblies, district boards, etc., on the progress of the work. He happens to have done a genuinely creative and imaginative piece of work in education; he is, in fact, of the higher type desired. On one occasion he was making a speech before a district mission board in the Middle West. He told them of his school, of its influence on Chinese education in a large area, of his plans to extend that influence and thereby lay down the skeleton of a

modernized school system in his part of the province. It was the statement of a progressive educator:

As he finished, an elderly gentleman arose and spoke:

"That's all right, Brother C. That's fine. But tell us, how many souls have you brought to the Kingdom?"

Naturally, missionaries "of above the average ability and personality have sooner or later been driven out of their work" because it was "impossible to do my work in that atmosphere." But I do not believe that the inconsistency is all on the side of the many elderly gentlemen concerned over the Kingdom. I am more inclined to believe that it is on the other side. It is the educators and doctors and dietitians and agricultural experts who have departed from first principles. If they are out of joint with their atmosphere, it may be asked whether it is not they who are out of place. The atmosphere is in accord with the purposes for which it was created. If it is inharmonious now it is because a new note has been intruded which is altogether unattuned to its spirit. That was inescapable, but the results are inevitable too. For years there has been suppressed discord in the mission world and now it has been brought to the surface. It is only now that the principles and practices of missions are being openly challenged from within. Covertly and unofficially, they have been questioned for some time.

For years now there has been a break with the authentic missionary tradition. It began when education became more widespread in the United States and a larger proportion of the population, even in rural areas, began to go to college. Then an infiltration of a new type came into mission work, young men and women who had gone to college, who had studied a little of history and philosophy, who had themselves been touched with something of

the religious questioning current in the colleges even before the World War. The faith of hell fire and brimstone was already diluted. The anthropomorphic God of vengeance no longer had compulsions for them. Their ideas of sin were vacillating; here and there one smoked, or would have had he dared. They conceived of the Kingdom of Heaven in terms of social consciousness. It was the time of social settlements and the burgeoning of numberless movements for social betterment—the time before the War and post-war disenchantment. They were, in short, the seed of the modernist movement.

Such young men and women went out into the field, their theology flavored with social service; some of them social workers tintured with religion. They did not come to distribute tracts and sing hymns and perform endless rounds of prayer. They started hospitals and schools and taught peasants to crossfertilize seeds and made sociological studies of villages and new factory districts. And they were sent into isolated areas in the interior, there to live in a compound with a handful of other white men and women, surrounded by a brown or yellow sea. They found themselves immured in a setting repellent to many of them—to the more vigorous and imaginative personalities unendurably so. They found the old-fashioned missionary and old-fashioned mission work. The first Mrs. Buck has briefly described. The second cannot be imagined by those who have not seen it or who have not grown up in a small community in the American interior.

The young men and women of the new type had little in common with either. They could not call a Japanese or Chinese or Korean heathen if they knew him to be a patrician or scholar. They could not share the contempt for the native culture, since they were not

wholly ignorant of it. And they saw the insensitiveness to native feelings; for the old-fashioned missionary in the majority gave the native charity, and even devotion, but never left him self-respect. There was not only indifference to race traditions and customs and ancestral forms, but active hostility. Every effort was made to tear the convert from his racial roots and out of his cultural soil. There were schools, and history was taught; but American history—George Washington and the cherry tree, and the Declaration of Independence. No Chinese child was taught anything of Chinese history or Chinese literature. He was taught the Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales" and Spenser's "Faerie Queene." Everywhere in the East the denationalization which is now reflected in political and social breakdown is in part chargeable to what missionaries considered education. This is scarcely surprising. The mamajority of missionaries in the old days and, I suppose, half of them to this day, can be described as utterly ignorant, born and bred in the backwoods, and from there sent directly to their mission posts after they had heard "the call." And once at their posts, they harangued at street corners in the jargon of revival meetings. They uttered prayers in terms not very different from the native spirit worship and taught their converts the words as barren formulas, as Mrs. Buck says. Their flocks listened to sermons they could not understand, repeated a patter meaningless to themselves, and sang Protestant hymns in tunes as much a cacophony to them as Oriental music is to us and in translations which can be described either as illiterate doggerel or as the equivalent of the *Te Deum* in the Milt Gross dialect.

To all this the missionaries of the new type were antipathetic. Many or most of them conformed, some out-

wardly but with inward protest, some from inertia. Those who rebelled too openly were driven out. Others resigned in hopelessness. Others became neurotic, as many a doctor in the East can testify. There was a breach, though an unacknowledged one, and the disunity among the workers in the vineyard had repercussions which were felt at home. In the meantime, however, the boards at home, especially in the larger denominations, had become more highly organized. As was natural, the executive posts fell to better educated and more worldly-wise men whose sympathies instinctively inclined to the new generation in the field. They were of the same background. They had given religious hostages, but their interest, too, was in hospitals and schools and social agencies. And they could win the unregenerate, from whom came the sinews of war, by telling them these provided more opportunities to win converts. And thus it developed that agricultural work and schools and medical services were added as what Mrs. Buck calls "a kind of bait to entice people into being preached to."

In the meantime, however, there developed also the open schism at home between fundamentalists and modernists, and the issue was drawn over missions. And many were read out, bell, book, and candle, after formal trials for heresy, including some I knew well in China, men of the highest ability. In the meantime also the spirit of nationalism spread throughout the East. The missionaries felt the first thrust of nationalism. They were attacked by intellectuals on philosophical grounds, by others on racial and political grounds. In China they were at one time literally driven to shelter in the foreign concessions, and their schools are now under Chinese supervision.

And thus the whole issue of missions

was focused, bringing forth laymen's commissions. Thus the missionary is brought to look into himself, to find self-justification but to promise reform.

III

It is too late. Missions, like so much else, are a casualty of the times. The Christian missionary movement was part of the larger expansive movement of the West in the nineteenth century. Expansion was made possible by the power derived from the newly fashioned machine; but sustained success in every part of the world, as manifested by actual conquest, bred a conviction of Divinely ordained superiority. Seen in historical perspective, the conviction was a delusion, but it could not be successfully challenged—rather because of the power behind it than because of its own validity—and, therefore, produced the most egregious absurdities. Right and truth were with us alone, and God was our right hand. Politically, we went out to conquer; economically, to exploit; in religion, to convert—all three being phases of the same phenomenon. But whichever it was, and however profitable or satisfying to ourselves, it was our duty and a benefaction to others. We had discovered progress to be the law of history, and we alone had the key to progress; “civilization” came to be defined as the sum total of our collective and individual habits. Ours then was the “mission” to make others over in our own mold, whether as statesmen about to execute a territorial coup, financiers about to acquire great deposits of natural wealth in another land, or missionaries to save lost souls.

So long as the conviction imposed itself on its victims as well as on its authors, it was at least a point of stability in the world. And so it served until some time after the turn of the

century. Now, obviously, it is hollow. We no longer accept it ourselves; still less do other peoples. Politically, the nations we subdued are in mutiny. Economically, they are determined to exploit their riches for themselves. In religion, too, they assert their equality. If they accept our beliefs it will be on their own examination and not on our assertion. The conviction must, in other words, stand on its own merits, objectively measured against the truths that others have held. All this is to say that an age has passed. The demigods bestride the earth no more. They never really were demigods. They only knew how to produce goods more quickly by machinery and how to fabricate powerful weapons of warfare. Others have learned. The Japanese are notoriously apt pupils.

Missions were part of that age. They were founded on the conviction of superiority and the possession of exclusive truth. They cannot exist without it. And this conviction is no longer maintained even by those who exercise leadership in the mission world. They do not renounce missions, it is true; they only renounce everything that has characterized missions and propose to transform them out of all recognition. They propose to abandon aggressive methods and efforts to undermine native institutions. They propose to send missionaries to serve as religious ambassadors, forbidden “to attack the non-Christian systems of religion” but adjured instead to “give largely without any preaching,” to co-operate with non-Christian agencies for social improvement. They propose, in short, to make of missions an agency for religious and cultural interchange. How these proposals will be implemented and by whom supported is not clear. It is emphasized that a new outlook, new methods, and a new personnel are required, but nothing is said of the constituency which this

new personnel with its new methods will represent.

Will this be the present constituency? Then first its members—that is, the American religious bodies—must be proselyted for conversion to a new attitude to life as revolutionary to them as the message of Christianity is to any Oriental. The new missionary must first be sent to them, and he will find as stubborn a resistance as in China or India. Otherwise they are being dealt with under false pretenses. To appeal to their religious zeal and to take their financial substance on the understanding that they are helping to reclaim the lost to the only true religion, and then to give that effort the free translation of social service and philosophical interchange is to mislead them and take advantage of their innocence.

IV

Is there a case for foreign missions? Antecedent to that question is the question whether the mission to American religious communities has any chance of success. If it is successful, the victory for foreign missions may well be a Pyrrhic one. For the appeal of the new conception is attenuated and rarefied and intellectualistic. It fires no zeal in the masses. It is not calculated to enkindle the emotions. It is highly civilized; it has dignity and beauty; but its appeal is to a minority. It lacks the old-time robust faith, which may be indispensable to mission work. Interest in foreign missions is more likely to dwindle, then, and with it support for missions. If, on the other hand, the American religious bodies are not won to the new idea, then surely the mission movement already carries its death within itself. Already it is becoming difficult to recruit eligible missionaries from the colleges, as the laymen's report says.

It will become increasingly difficult. Those of higher qualifications who are not forced out will drop out. They will be too completely out of sympathy with the tone of the work. Furthermore, the nations of the East will no longer submit to foreign missionaries come in the old spirit. They are curbing them already.

It is more likely, then, that missions are passing and that the evaluations and prospectuses for their reconstruction are but their requiem. And their passing, I think, is not an unmixed evil. They were part of an ugly age, a pushful, self-assertive, parvenu age; and in themselves there was something narrow, bigoted, graceless, and uncivilized. Their defects were inseparable from their essence. They may die, and the spread of Christianity and Occidental culture be no more impeded for that. What is enduring in the Christian message will move in the normal currency of ideas, now more freely than ever before with the barriers of distance reduced. Men and women who believe, as Mrs. Buck does, that the Christian way of life has something to contribute to all men will still go where their instincts prompt them, there to exemplify it by their conduct and bearing. Those with special talents, prompted to exercise them in certain countries, whether China or Turkey, India or Mexico, will be free to go. There will always be agencies to send them if they lack facilities themselves. They may even be more effective if unhampered by the impedimenta of organizations for special pleading. The meeting of culture with culture, religion with religion, needs no mission intermediary in the twentieth century. It is inescapable in the natural course. And it may be healthier if in the natural course. Missions may die, and little that is permanently valuable to men be lost with them.



BUSINESS DEVOURS ITS YOUNG

BY HAWLEY JONES

AS I was walking up the street from my office the other evening, young Norcross fell into step with me. Norcross is a minor executive in the local office of a large manufacturing concern. From my casual acquaintance with him I had considered him generally good-natured; but tonight he was clearly in a black mood.

"I'm sore," he burst out, almost before I had had time to greet him. "I'm good and sore. I've just had my *third* salary cut in three years."

Thereupon, as if under an overpowering compulsion to unburden himself to the first sympathetic listener, Norcross poured forth his story. He had been engaged by his company in 1924, at a salary which seemed to him very low, but which he was willing to accept in view of the company's assurance that it was merely provisional and that if he did satisfactory work he would be "in line for an early raise." He did satisfactory work; the proof of this, he told me, lay in the fact that his duties and responsibilities were steadily and rapidly enlarged. The promised increase in salary, however, was long deferred; there were always reasons, it seemed, why a change in the budget of his department was "impracticable at the moment." He was given a small raise in 1927 and another in 1929, but by no means what he had been led to expect. Meanwhile he had slaved hard, working till six or seven night after night and taking work home with him; he had not simply done the duties

which were set for him, but had genuinely devoted himself to the company's interests. Again and again he and the other employees had been told that if they redoubled their efforts "they all would prosper"; and always he had felt that a substantially larger salary was just over the top of the next hill. "They said there was a promising future for me there, and I was simple enough to believe them."

Then came the depression and three big salary cuts—though the company was still managing to pay its dividends. "Now I'm getting twelve per cent less than when I started in 1924," exploded Norcross, "though I'm doing nearly twice as much work as I did then, and I know I'm worth three times as much. And at that," he added savagely, "I suppose I'm lucky to be there at all—they've thrown three whole departments out the window in the past eighteen months."

"Don't misunderstand me. It's not being hard up that gripes me, though I've had to borrow to pay my insurance premium this month, and that's no fun. What really hurts is realizing that I've been played for a sucker, right from the start. That stuff about loyalty to the company was just so much applesauce—and I swallowed it. I kept on swallowing it even when my raise was held off with lame excuses. I guess you would have, too, if you'd heard old Thompson talk in our pep-meetings. Now I see it all for what it was—a skin game. I've

been gypped. It's perfectly clear to me now what the policy of the company was, what the policy of pretty nearly every company is: Hire them cheap, keep them in line with soft talk, tell them they're partners in a great enterprise, and then when the enterprise needs a little cash and you have them at your mercy, forget all the partnership stuff and soak them. Of course Thompson has me by the short hair now, because he knows I don't dare get out, jobs being as scarce as they are this winter. But what wouldn't I give to wade right into his oak-paneled office and tell him what I think of him! Believe me, it would singe the hair off his head."

After Norcross left me, I began to wonder how many thousands of men there are to-day in this country who are embittered as he was, and for substantially the same cause; and I recalled another vehement outburst in a letter which I had received a few weeks before.

The writer of this letter—whom we may call Smith—had likewise given his loyalty to the company for which he worked, and had accepted—even more completely than Norcross, to judge from his account of himself—the doctrine that the employees of the concern were banded together to carry it to success, and that its fortunes were their fortunes. When hard times came Smith did not merely have his salary reduced; he was fired. His elimination apparently had nothing to do with his personal value to the firm; he was simply thrown out with ten or fifteen others, willy-nilly, when the department in which he worked was abandoned as part of a plan for retrenchment. Smith found another job almost at once and worked at it more devotedly than ever. Again he was eliminated—thrown overboard "to reduce overhead." A third time he found a job, and a few months later

was tipped out once more when his new employers sacrificed half their force to the need for economy. When he wrote to me he was not only jobless but vindictive. Never again, he said, would he give his loyalty to another corporation; for he had learned that corporations were capable of no reciprocal loyalty toward those who worked for them. He would try to get another job, he would try to give honest value for his salary, but that would be all. Never would he permit himself to identify his own interests with those of the corporation. He was not going to have his leg pulled again.

II

Most of us, probably, are acquainted with Norcrosses and Smiths, whose present resentment toward the corporations for which they work, or used to work, cannot quite be dismissed as the mere result of financial disappointment or wounded self-esteem, but reflects a real sense of having somehow been cheated. Yet we cannot realize fully the nature and genesis of this resentment unless we recall how glowing were the illusions of the white-collar class, the lesser executives and clerks, in the days when company earnings were expanding annually and the stock market was roaring upward.

Only a few years ago it seemed as if business had an endless store of honors and favors which it was just waiting to bestow upon the right man if only he served his employers diligently and well. Even among the ranks of the overalled laborers, unionism languished; what sense was there in paying dues to a union and talking about "working-class interests" when good wages and possible advancement came to those who ingratiated themselves with the management? And although among the office-workers, as among the laborers, there were of

course many idlers and clockwatchers who looked upon their jobs simply as meal-tickets, most of the more energetic and responsible men believed without question that the way to get on was to accept their employers' philosophy of business and to work like demons for them. Each head bookkeeper and assistant office manager thought of himself as a potential big executive, and dreamed of the magical day when, having served the corporation without stint, he would find himself at a glass-topped desk, with a thick carpet underfoot and three mother-of-pearl buttons to push.

The ambitions of these "junior executives" were stimulated by a mighty chorus of encouragement and exhortation. Correspondence courses offered to provide them with every desideratum, from a magnetic personality to a knowledge of French. Institutes of self-improvement stood ready to enroll "only those who wanted to earn \$20,000 a year." Even if a man lacked special aptitude or native endowment, there were endless books and periodicals available to teach him by rote whatever was necessary to win for him a corner office and a handsome salary: *How To Get On With Your Superiors*, *How To Do Business With a Woman*, and so on. One handbook went so far as to tell the aspirant *How To Write a Lady on a Delicate Matter*, the delicate matter being that the lady's daughter disported her charms to the detriment of office efficiency. Nothing was overlooked; every possible contingency in the whole drama of business was rehearsed in the effort to prepare the white-collared for positions at the top of the business ladder. In company house organs, in the pages of popular magazines, and in the after-dinner utterances of the titans of industry, the ambitious clerk was assured that "The great stairway which leads up to the infinite heights

of success and happiness leads right from where your feet are now planted," and that "Wherever ambition dwells, wherever there are men who are resolved to learn more of their jobs, wherever there is desire for achievement, there are men who will get ahead." And always it was assumed that the young man on his way to the infinite heights would give the corporation for which he worked his unquestioning fealty.

The competition between companies was often vicious, but within each one of them the air was warm with collective enthusiasm. Executives cheered on their employees almost as if they were members of a football team resolved to do or die for old Alma Mater. "What we want," said some of them in their more eloquent moments, "is men who will put this company first in their lives," and "To be successful, a man must marry his business." A successful industrialist wrote to his forty thousand employees on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of his concern: "Only by giving the best that is in you, by pulling together to keep down costs so that our cloth can be manufactured and sold more cheaply than that of our competitors, can we all be prosperous and happy." This same prayerful note was struck in thousands of meetings of employees in the boom years. The implication was clear: they were all in the same boat, employers and employees.

To make it easier for men to put the company first in their lives, corporations set up all manner of organizations to provide social entertainment and sport for their employees' leisure hours, thus invading, in the lives of many men and women, a province formerly occupied by the church or the lodge. A girl could take dictation by day and courses on psychology in the company's educational institute by night; a man could sell shoes for his depart-

ment store until six o'clock and run the half-mile for it at nine. The company magazines were periodical social registers for the four million, telling where Minnie Glutz of the Finishing Department spent her vacation, what Bob Slocum said to the Supersalesmen's Club after he made the high record for December in the Toledo Sales District, and who were among those present at the Junior Employees' Prom at the Hotel Statler. Bronze medals were presented with a flourish for twenty-five years of faithful service, an engraved writing set went to the seventy-year-old assistant cashier at his retirement party, and there were more valuable incentives and rewards in the form of company life-insurance plans, employees' stock-subscription schemes, and Christmas bonuses. Often the ritual of dedication to the company's welfare—and thus, of course, to the public welfare—had a distinctly religious air. In many concerns there was even a call to morning prayer—a season of spiritual refreshment preceding the daily offering of service to the customers. Indeed, in the days when Bruce Barton was writing about Jesus and Doctor Cadman was writing about salesmanship it was sometimes difficult to believe that a drygoods store or a factory was not really a church, and that those who worked for it were not a mystical fellowship of believers.

To generalize about the attitude of employers toward this doctrine of the loyalty of employees to the corporation is not easy. To some men, untouched by illusion, it was undoubtedly nothing more than an ingenious device for reducing turnover and increasing productiveness and earnings. If a few exhortations to stand by the company and a few bronze medals would lift the annual profit from five dollars a share to six, and thus perhaps make possible a tidy increase in the president's bonus or a neat pool operation in the com-

pany's stock, why then, argued these men, you would be silly not to make use of them. But you knew perfectly well all the time that the company was not going to reciprocate by putting its employees first in *its* life. It would never pay a dollar more than it had to; any other policy would be bad business, and ethical considerations were quite beside the point. There were unquestionably other executives who genuinely believed the oratorical hyperboles at the departmental pep-meetings, who were delighted that welfare measures could be justified to their hard-boiled colleagues as "paying propositions," and who tried their utmost to live up to their side of what they believed to be an unwritten compact between employers and employed. Presumably, however, the majority of company officers and directors occupied a somewhat vague middle ground: making their business decisions with an eye to profit alone, yet wishing that the fine sentiments which they felt it fitting to express at the annual employees' dinner were altogether valid, and hoping that nothing would happen which would make it necessary to sacrifice sentiment to profit.

The attitudes of employees, likewise, were mixed. (Let us omit from consideration here the irresponsibles who simply drudged through the work that was laid on their desks, seized favorable opportunities to loaf in the washroom, and were unable to comprehend or care about what the company was trying to accomplish.) Some employees flatly dismissed the success talk and the gospel of loyalty as so much hooey. Others believed it implicitly. The majority probably had both their moments of disillusionment and their moments of faith. But this must be remembered: it is easy to believe what we want to believe. We may not accept it intellectually, but we are likely to accept it emotionally. Min-

nie Glutz and Bob Slocum and my friends Norcross and Smith all wanted to believe that the corporations for which they worked were worthy of unstinted devotion and that loyalty to these corporations, expressed in unpaid overtime work, in financial sacrifices, and in a concentration of their energies upon the corporations' problems, would be justly repaid; and, therefore, though logically they might be well aware that the men who determined the company's policy were much more interested in the profit-and-loss statement than in the future destinies of their employees, emotionally they lived in the faith that the company was actually the one big family they had heard it called.

The truth is that this movement to stimulate loyalty in every possible way came at a moment when it was able to succeed all too well. For in the boom decade two former objects of loyalty, the church and the family, were weakening in their hold upon men and women. The human impulse to identify oneself with something larger and finer than oneself, and to give one's life to serving it, is a powerful force. This impulse, no longer in many cases satisfied by the church or by the family, was easily transferred to the corporation. One's daily work took on a new meaning and a new importance if one conceived of it as dedicated to great and generous ends. It was easy to perform an inner act of faith, to imagine that the corporation for which one tallied up weekly balances was worthy of the most devoted service. And thus it became easy to believe, too, that if one worked for the corporation efficiently and diligently the corporation would stand by one.

III

Even during the boom years there were many storms upon the seas of

business, and men and women who had tied up their hopes with the corporations which employed them were constantly being betrayed by harsh circumstance. But not until the depression was there a wholesale breakdown of the structure of faith. During the past three years the number of Norcrosses and Smiths has multiplied many times.

Since 1929 they—and executives too—have had to face, however unwillingly, a hard fact: that as business is now generally organized, when earnings fall off the employees are the first to suffer. The president of the Gadget Manufacturing Corporation sees that the estimated earnings of his company for the month are sixty thousand dollars less than in the corresponding month of last year; and whatever he may think about the personal fortunes of Norcross and Smith, his cold business sense tells him that, according to the principles now accepted in the business world, his first duty is to protect the return on the company's bonded indebtedness and its position with the banks, his second duty is to protect its preferred dividends, his third duty is to protect its common dividends, and not until all these duties have been discharged may the men and women in the office or the factory be taken into consideration. Unless he is a particularly conscientious executive, he is activated also by a natural selfish motive: the motive to "make a good showing" and thus maintain his own reputation as a canny business manager. If he shows his directors a statement of declining earnings, they may begin to wonder if he is awake to the emergency. They will want to see the missing sixty thousand dollars made up.

He considers how this may be done. Shall he fight for lower prices on his raw materials and supplies, cut out little extras here and there? But this he is already doing. Well, there is the

Service Department, which has been showing a loss on the books for several months. If it were eliminated entirely . . . He figures for a time, and the conclusion becomes irresistible. The Service Department must go. This one saving will almost make up the sixty-thousand-dollar loss. Perhaps it is a hard decision to make; I know one business executive who turned quite gray during 1931 because he had to throw off twelve hundred men and insisted on seeing and talking to every one of them when he did so. But he, like our hypothetical president of the Gadget Manufacturing Company, realized that when emergencies come the present rule of business is *saute qui peut*, and that the corollary to this rule is that the employees get it in the neck first. (My friend's company, by the way, has not yet cut its dividend.)

If you doubt that this is the prevailing rule of business, look at the cold figures presented by William M. Leiserson in the *Survey Graphic* for March, 1931. During the 1921 depression, the per capita earnings of American employees were reduced about 23 per cent, whereas dividends showed a drop of only about 5 per cent. The amount of money paid out in wages in 1930 was almost ten million dollars less than in 1929, whereas the amount paid out in dividends actually increased. (The investors, be it added parenthetically, did not realize that their average income had increased, for during the bull market they had mostly become accustomed to thinking of their investments in terms of market value rather than of dividend return, and market values had been cut to pieces; and furthermore this decline in market values had upset the whole credit system, bringing about a disastrous collapse of loans and mortgages and the failure of numerous banks. That, however, was the direct result of the

speculative debauch of 1928 and 1929; it did not alter the fundamental fact that the income of employees suffered and the income of investors, taken as a whole, did not.)

To express in less statistical terms what has happened since 1929, the hard pressure of events has revealed the baselessness of faith in the ability of corporations to repay the loyalty of their employees with an assurance of security in time of declining earnings. The man who married his business has been jilted. The inevitable result has been the embitterment of countless Norcrosses and Smiths.

I have heard it predicted that this embitterment will drive disappointed employees into the ranks of the communists and socialists; that they will resolve that "the capitalists must be kicked off the backs of labor," and off the backs, as well, of the lesser executives and other office workers. So far there is no sign of such a change, and there seems to be little immediate prospect of it. An observant employer whose company was forced to put through three drastic economy measures in 1931—cutting salaries and twice dropping considerable bodies of employees—told me that each of these measures visibly hurt the morale of the office for a week or ten days, but that after an interval the staff appeared to work with as keen an eye for the company's advantage as before. "The capacity for loyalty and for hope is so strong in most of us," this employer told me, "that it will survive almost any number of shocks. I'll wager that even your friend Smith, if he gets a new job and business picks up, will pretty soon forget everything he said about refusing to have his leg pulled; he'll be putting his back into his work as if the success of the company were the most important thing in life to him."

Undoubtedly there is some basis of

truth in what this employer says. Yet those who carry the responsibility for the policies of corporations would do well not to place too great reliance in the capacity of faith and hope to rise from their own ashes. The present resentment of the Norcrosses and the Smiths may be appeased, but the experience will have left its mark upon them. After each shock to their faith they will probably be a little more wary of accepting small salaries accompanied by vague promises of future benefits, a little less disposed to spend their week-ends clearing up office work without extra pay, a little less scrupulous about their expense accounts, a little less likely to refuse an offer of better pay elsewhere. And they will no longer give the American business system as a whole that confident allegiance which any system needs if it is genuinely to prosper. Even in good times their employers' business, and business as a whole, will not move with the same dispatch as it did in the days when faith in it was still intact; and if good times do not prevail, ultimately the Norcrosses and Smiths may refuse any longer to tolerate a system which makes them among the first sufferers in a crisis.

And even if revolt should be long deferred, surely it is tragically wrong thus to arouse faith and then destroy it. The impulse to loyalty is too fine an impulse, too valuable to the community and too easily coarsened or broken, to be cynically or shortsightedly played with as it was during the boom years. The lesson to employers is clear: If what the business system now assigns to employees as their share in the fruits of commerce is all it can afford to assign, at least it had better never again imply otherwise.

IV

But is there in fact no other alternative?

There is. The alternative is the voluntary adoption by corporations of the general principle that those who work for them be regarded as having a claim upon their earnings at least equal to that of the common stockholders. In other words, that the salary scale be not cut before common dividends are cut, and that it be raised at least as soon as common dividends are raised. The adoption by any corporation of a policy based upon this principle would enable it to say in good faith to those who devote their daily energies to it that they are partners in the enterprise.

The purely economic argument in favor of such a policy is strong. For some time past we have been hearing from our wiser economists that the secret of general economic health is the wise diffusion of purchasing power; that if the fruits of industry, instead of being broadly distributed, are collected in a few hands, they are inevitably invested in production, the goods so produced cannot be sold, and there results a depression. In his book *Profits or Prosperity?* Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild made this fact very clear. At the present moment we are suffering from the effects of having tried to divert too large a share of the fruits of industry and commerce into the hands of a minority—the stockholders. During the bull market years we were obsessed with the idea that this was permissible: that even if wages stood still while profits and dividends swelled, we could, nevertheless, achieve general prosperity by so enlarging the number of stockholders that the fruits would in fact be going to the many rather than to the few. This proved to be a delusion. There was not enough stock to go round; there could not be unless our capital structure were gravely overextended. What happened when we attempted to suck too much profit out of the eco-

nomic system was a huge speculation in securities and a resounding crash when inflation became excessive and our general purchasing power failed. And in the end, not only the wage-earning and salary-earning majority suffered, but also the investing minority.

Now how can purchasing power be more successfully diffused than by giving the wage-earners and salary-earners a less ignominious seat at the economic table? And how can the menace of overcapitalization be more surely diverted than by reducing the present preference given to shareholders in the division of earnings?

If such a principle were generally accepted the gain in economic stability would be great. No longer should we commit the folly of sacrificing those who as a rule have little margin of safety between income and outgo, and whose losses in income are at once reflected in diminished purchasing power, to those who as a rule have a greater margin of safety and in a crisis can live for a time on their capital. If there is any more insane policy, considered from the point of view of the general public interest, than our present business policy of discharging employees and cutting their income in order to protect temporarily the dividends of common stockholders, I should like to know what it is. Our captains of industry pride themselves upon their economic wisdom; but if it is economically wise to throw Smith out of his job and thus remove him from the scene as a potential buyer at the moment when potential buyers are critically needed, then we must be living in topsy-turvy land. For the moment, of course, the stockholder benefits. But the advantage is merely temporary. For with every discharge of a Smith and every reduction in Norcross' salary the amount of money that they can spend is decreased, the butcher and baker and automobile maker suffer

and as the reduction is passed from hand to hand, every concern sooner or later is affected, until the stockholder too loses out.

The moral argument is as strong as the economic. Let us consider the man who is being paid a \$5,000 salary by his employers as representing a human investment of \$100,000 earning a five per cent return. Balance this man, his hopes and fears, his family, his responsibilities, his children's education, his position in the community, against a common-stock investment in the company of \$100,000, likewise earning a five per cent return. Suppose we have to decide which of these investments shall be penalized by reducing its return from five per cent to four, or to zero. Can there be any doubt that the investment in flesh and blood should be allowed to remain intact, that the social damage done by penalizing it is likely to be far greater than that done by penalizing the paper holding in common stock? Which investment is likely to be of paramount importance, financially or spiritually, to the holder? Remember that it is the general practice among owners of common stock to diversify their holdings, and that usually they have other resources than their common stock, whereas in a majority of cases the employee's whole career and all it represents to him are involved in his job, and the loss of it may immediately bring him and his wife and children to grips with poverty. I believe that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred any fair-minded person who knew personally both the holder of common stock and the employee whose fate hung in the balance, and was able to foresee just what the effect of an adverse decision would be upon each of them, would vote to let the stockholder carry the immediate loss.

Remember, too, that although the earner of a \$5,000 salary may perhaps

have been paid all that he was really worth and may (if he has great luck) be able to find a new job and adapt himself to its different requirements, it is also quite likely that he will represent one of two other classes. On the one hand, he may have been giving to the corporation—as Norcross and Smith did—an extra contribution of time and energy and ability which constitutes, morally, a first claim upon it. On the other hand, he may be an older man who has spent thirty or forty years in the service of the company, can never expect to start in successfully on any other job, and has made his connection with the company so much a part of himself that his dismissal will be in the nature of a spiritual amputation, crippling him for life. The injustice of sacrificing the employee to the stockholders if he belongs to the first of these classes, and the cruelty of doing so if he belongs to the second, are so obvious that no social system with a decent regard for fair play and for human happiness would tolerate them. That such betrayals are now considered “necessary to the restoration of prosperity” is bitterly ironical.

V

It may be argued that to take from common stockholders their prior right to the earnings of business would be to strike a blow at an essential right of private property, the right of ownership to earn a return on its investment. The argument is the same which has been offered ever since the industrial revolution began when any humane economic measures have been first proposed: when it was suggested that the hours of labor should be reduced from fourteen to ten or from ten to eight, or that child labor should be done away with, or that decent ventilation and sanitation should be provided for those who work. Nor,

for that matter, is it quite fair to refer to the rights of common stockholders in this day as “rights of ownership.” Those who will take the trouble to read *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, by Berle and Means, will discover—if they have not already realized it—how little responsibility for a business ordinarily goes nowadays with the ownership of common shares in it. What with the increasingly wide distribution of shares, the system of voting blind through a proxy sent to the management, and the series of legal devices through which the ordinary stockholder is deprived of authority (the division of stock into “Class A” and “Class B” shares, the pyramiding of holding companies, etc.), few stockholders nowadays are really part owners of the companies whose shares they hold—or even consider themselves part owners. Most of them are investors and nothing more: control rests with the management or with a few large stockholders associated with the management. The right of the management to a goodly share of the earnings is obvious; the right of stockholders to a share of some sort, at least when things are going well, is obvious; but the right of stockholders to insist upon their share at the expense of those who work for the corporation, and at the expense of the public purchasing power upon which general prosperity is dependent, is dubious at least.

Business has learned much during the past few generations as to the profitableness, in the long run, of doing the decent thing. It has learned that lifting the wage level, shortening hours, installing safety devices, and generally making the conditions of work less disagreeable are ultimately beneficial. Always business has pretended—for such is human nature—to be more decent than it actually was; yet the hypocritical claims of one

generation have become the accepted and approved practices of the next. One hypocritical claim of business during the past few years has been that it permitted its servants, the office workers and factory workers, to be in a sense partners in the enterprise if they were willing to adopt the responsible attitude of partners. Perhaps this claim too, now so tragically revealed as false, may some day become the accepted practice.

It may also be argued that to suggest the voluntary adoption of such a policy by corporations is to expect of them an impossible idealism. "Very pretty in theory," I can hear someone say, "but if you want it adopted you must pass a law prescribing it and have it enforced by government agents. No stockholder will willingly give up his present advantage; to expect him to do so is to imagine that American investors are soft in the head."

If ever an argument by implication completely damned the American business system, it is this. If ever an argument played into the hands of the radicals who would do away entirely with the system of private profit and with the incentives which justify it, and put the whole management of our

economy in the hands of an overburdened government, it is this. For years conservative business men have been denouncing governmental "interference" and insisting that business must be permitted to set its own house in order for the common good. To suggest that business has no sense of the public interest, that individual companies and individual owners will continue to grab for everything they can lay hold of, regardless of the long-range results to the economic community as a whole and to themselves as an investing class, is to suggest that they are completely unworthy of public confidence. This article refuses to make any such suggestion.

The change of policy here proposed might in the course of time be generally effected without the passage of a single law, the appointment of a single bureaucrat, the appropriation of a single dollar of tax-money. All it would require would be the ability on the part of the managements, directors, and major stockholders of our corporations to recognize that it would be beneficial to the economic system as a whole and ultimately to themselves, and would be manifestly just and decent.





THE JOURNAL OF A MAN OF LETTERS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

PART I

All his life long, Gamaliel Bradford kept an intimate journal, to which he, who with such insight probed the souls of others, and particularly those of the great diarists of history, confided his own. From this journal, as edited by Van Wyck Brooks, we have selected excerpts for publication in this and the next issue of the Magazine: excerpts which suggest the nature of Bradford's life—his struggle with invalidism, his appalling attacks of vertigo, his incredibly voluminous reading, his literary methods—and which embody some of his reflections upon nature and character and life. The entries this month were written during the years 1916–20; the arrangement is roughly chronological.—*The Editors.*

I LIVE with my wife and daughter in the house in Wellesley Hills where I have lived off and on for fifty years next spring and where I should wish to live till I die. Wellesley Hills was formerly the village and post office of Grantville, originally part of the town of Needham and still so when my father bought the estate. It was then a country place purely and we had no idea of staying here more than the summers. We liked it so much that in a year or two my father altered the house extensively, and from then on we stayed a large part of the year, though we usually, not always, went to Boston or Cambridge for a few months in winter. Those were the hateful times of my boyhood. I was mortally shy and to attempt to go to school with strangers during those short winter sojourns was torture to me. So it was soon given up and some effort was made to teach me at home. This is always a wretched resort and I loathed it, passed my days in reading, dreaming, and eating things that disagreed with me, was miserable in health and uncertain in temper.

The spring day that brought me back

here will always stand out as one of the ecstasies of my life. I had been shut up in close boarding-houses all winter, with little companionship besides my own thoughts. Here I blossomed out with my whole soul. With what delight I roamed over the whole house and place, how every tree welcomed me and every stone seemed caressing as a pleasant thought. Again and again I have been away and always those returns have been my joy.

It is strange indeed to analyze the alternations of depression and exhilaration which haunt us like a summer cloud. I do not believe any neurologist can yet determine the causes or the nature of them. Friday, day before yesterday, it seemed to me there was no life left in me; exertion, existence was a burden; work, to which I always turn, knowing that patient perseverance with it will distract if not console, lost its charm, in theory at any rate. The weather was an evident and obvious cause, this close, sticky, humid, dull air, which sucks the heart out of you, and leaves you flaccid and vapid, like the carpets and the very paper you

write on. But the curious thing is that yesterday was no better, in fact worse, if anything; but my condition was wholly different. I have plenty of these down moods, I suppose every one has, certainly every one with a nervous temperament. The lesson I strive to learn, the lesson, which appears so easy, but is so hard, is to remember in the down times that they will not last and that the up times will return. The hardest experience I have is when I go away for the summer—or winter. Summer after summer, for the last forty years, I have gone away, to all sorts of places—mountains, shore, country, cold climate, Cape Cod climate. From all these sojourns, without exception, I have returned with loss of weight and spirits, prostrated so that it takes several months of home habit to restore me. Why? Who can say?

In the afternoons I get out in my garden and watch things grow and touch the soil and do a little, a very little work. . . . But it is enough to make me feel human and I am sure I do it with less exhaustion and depression afterwards than last year. And the delight of the garden itself, or rather of its surroundings! This is the thirtieth year that I have labored—if it may be called labor—in that little spot. And really it has changed hardly at all. The trees about it are the same, the great mass of foliage to the north of it, across which the afternoon sun rolls with such solid and unfailing splendor. I pause in my hoeing and look over to the west and see the new leaves and blossoms tossing in the wind and hear the orioles and songsparrows, and all my own literary effort seems foolish and futile; yet all the time I am gathering new strength and new resources to do it.

I think it may be interesting to record my reading for a day, yesterday, for

instance. Some people, I suppose, would cry out against such a system as absurd, as frittering, would urge that no profit and no satisfaction could be got from such brief snatches of different subjects and authors. But such people should realize that I read a good deal and that my reading in these varying lines is done continuously upon a system, a very elaborate system, so elaborate that it again would seem to many persons preposterous; but it furnishes a definite basis of procedure, at any rate, and for myself, after pursuing it pretty steadily for a good many years, I have found it very satisfactory and certainly very delightful.

Take yesterday, then. Before I do anything else, I always begin my morning by reading poetry for fifteen minutes, and this according to a regular schedule which I have now followed for I don't know how many years. Yesterday it was contemporary American poets, and I read various pieces in the latest Anthology. The remainder of my morning is always devoted to my special work in American psychography, that is, preparing for the writing of my portraits, which is the serious work of my day and of my life. Naturally the bulk of all my reading is done in this line. Yesterday it was the correspondence of Jefferson, running through some two hundred or three hundred pages. In the afternoon I read for fifteen or twenty minutes in the correspondence. Later some pages of Pindar. In the evening some pages of Shakespeare, as always, two pages of Saint-Simon, which has its place in a complicated series of memoirs and letters, Grimm's *Correspondance Littéraire*, the Eclogues of Mantuanus, and ended, as always, with a novel.

As I watched the Boston Braves beat Brooklyn yesterday, I meditated, as I so often do at such contests, on the complicated and subtle psychological problems which attend our interest

as spectators of them. I rarely, if ever, witness one without forming at a very early stage some distinct and decided sympathy for one side or the other, even when I do not come with such sympathy already prepared. Sometimes the sympathy seems to depend on a ridiculous accident, a fancy for some particular player, or a prejudice against one, because of some trifling gesture, some offensive trick of manner, or some unkindly act. Sometimes I feel a secret and inexplicable wish to have my own favorites beaten, either for the sake of excitement, or because I feel that in this special case they have deserved it. If one side gets so far ahead that victory seems hopeless for the other, all interest fades out. Yet an unexpected turn will revive it, a long hit, a clever play will set the nerves aquiver for some impossible chance that may turn fortune. If you are passionately interested, you hope and keep on hoping till the last man is out. Often, also, my enthusiasm is swayed by mere contrariness. I remember, as a boy, when I lived in Cambridge, all my companions were so blindly in favor of Harvard that in my heart secretly I used to favor the other side and be pleased, almost against my own wishes and even consciousness, when Harvard lost. In the same way, even when the team I prefer is gaining decidedly, I am apt to long to see them set back and have the others get ahead a little. So, in these trifling matters, as well as in great, we are singular creatures.

After struggling for two years in vain efforts to rest and get better, lying back a little and apparently gaining a little and then going ahead again too soon, I have now settled down or planned to settle down to a continued and systematic rest which ought in the end to give me such a measure of health and vigor as will enable me to

do the small amount of work which is all I can ever count upon. I am lying flat upon the bed in the dark thirteen hours a day, and, as I cannot sleep more than six of it, the remainder seems as if it should be rather a burden. Oddly enough, however, it is not. There is something really delicious in the simple physical relaxation and quiet. Some would doubtless call it laziness and say that all I needed was more persistent and determined effort. It may be so, but experience has made it hardly seem so to me. Even as it is, I have been undermining my strength so long that the rest does not tell at first. Always before, when I have given up to such an extent, I have felt that effect in a gain of sleep and weight immediately. But this time I had trespassed too far, and even after three weeks of this method I have hardly gained at all, and the slightest even trivial strain throws the wheels all out again. Yet I feel that the benefit is coming.

Books spoil me for social life, as to which my chief impression is nowadays—and for that matter always was—how completely disappointing it is. “We descend to meet.” But I do not want to descend, and meeting is not worth it. Long ago I used to form ideals of what social converse was, only to meet renewed failure, stumbling words, vast efforts to express the inexpressible, a constant sense that you are neither giving nor getting what is best to be got. This is especially true of any general society, of any attempt of three or four or more to gather together and enjoy one another’s company. The only society, the only conversation—for me that is—that counts, is talk between two only in some casual way, at the latter end of a seacoal fire, or perhaps after a larger company are gone and the zest for human contact has been aroused but not satisfied.

One gets good talk, too, at odd moments, from almost strangers, men of an entirely different station in life, farmers and stage-drivers and brakemen, but this is usually one-sided and can hardly be called conversation. Yet, as I have so often ruminated, Sainte-Beuve and so many others call conversation the great delight of life. Is the fault in me?

Went to the Trustees' meeting at the Athenæum [a private library in Boston] yesterday. Nothing about it certainly to cause trepidation or even the slightest nervous disturbance. A very mild collection of old gentlemen discussing very mild subjects in a very mild manner. My foolish nervous sensitiveness shows, for one thing, in that, on the necessarily somewhat rare occasions now on which I can be present at such public assemblies, I always bring away some absurd, trivial thing which rankles in my memory. It is my nature to talk in such places. Other people seem to me so slow in finding the obvious thing to say, or so cumbersome about saying it, that I am readily moved, just as my father was, to take a leading part in the conversation, much more so no doubt than is justified by my abilities or my familiarity with the matters under discussion or anything but my unfortunately facile tongue. The man who holds that treacherous member in check rarely has anything to regret. Not that I said anything yesterday to be really sorry for, or that I ever, or at any rate, often do. But my sensitive memory is apt to rehearse everything I did say, and to wish that that, or that, or that detail had been left unsaid. With the Examiner Club it is the same. I almost always bring away with me, together with a not unpleasant recollection of the evening as a whole, some little sting or barb which is hard to pluck out and sticks and festers for

twenty-four hours afterward or longer. Here again, as in so much of life, I realize the absolute necessity of thought control. Ah, why did I not realize and learn it forty years ago? Why did some one not teach it to me? What worlds of misery it would have saved! To bring thoughts when you will and to banish them when you will, that is the real secret of health, wealth, and happiness, and also virtue.

Yesterday watched the football game between our boys and Everett. For fifteen years now I have followed the school boys not only in their games, but two or three times a week in their daily practice, and it has been one of my most agreeable and interesting diversions. First, I love to watch and study the character of the boys. And to me, as I grow older, human character is the most interesting of all pursuits, not only as it affects my actual work, but as an inexhaustible study in itself. To see the stolid boy, who has no fear because he has no imagination, to see the nervous boy who conquers his nerves, or in the immense stimulus of excitement forgets them altogether, or better still uses them to gain his victories, to see the hard-working boy, who has no natural gift for muscular glory, but by sheer persistence attains decided skill in the end, and even surpasses those naturally more gifted—all these and many more varieties are to be seen, in all their varied limitations and combinations. But my own imaginative sympathy with the game is even more than the study of character. For never was there a human being, I believe, who felt more passionately the keen push of ambition for athletic success, the elation of victory, the depression of failure, the utter, splendid oblivion of mad muscular activity. I have always been clumsy and awkward at such things, never attained success in them, never

made myself more than a laughing-stock. But to this day the excitement of any game is life to me and I could spend hours and wear myself to death in the effort to outdo a competitor.

How I do love to go to the theater! . . . There is still an almost complete absorption in the movement of the story, still the fascination of the lights and the music, still the charm of being in the darkened hall with that breathless crowd of people, a suggestion of unearthliness, of being transported into an ethereal world. . . . As compared with my younger days, however, I now do what I could not have stopped for then, occasionally draw my thoughts from the scene and gaze round curiously at the men and women about me. The effect is singular and delightful, all these rows of faces, absolutely drawn out of themselves, almost forgetful of consciousness, of the pose that most of us preserve when we are aware of the presence of others. To see the wrapt gaze of women, to see bald and bearded men, with their faces softened into an expression of curious tenderness such as they would never permit themselves if they thought they were being watched, to see two young fellows, of not over-sensitive appearance, with the tears brightening their eyes, as I saw them yesterday, when there were tears in my own, is an addition to the play.

Last night after supper I had just established myself comfortably in the hammock to read a novel for the Public Library, when I was suddenly assailed with an attack of vertigo in its full violence. I cannot describe the horror of these attacks, when they come in this way. They are instantaneous. One instant I am perfectly at ease. The next something seems to break or give in my head and I fall or float off into space with all the common

ties of earth broken. And with this dissolution comes an unspeakable distress, not any form of pain, but a peculiar heaviness and dullness, so difficult to convey in words that it mortifies me who profess to be an adept in words to seize it so inexactly. Last night I half rolled, half fell out of the hammock, crawled on my hands and knees round to the front door, got it open with a great effort, for it is intensely distressing to raise my head at all, made my way into the entry, and then called for H., who was just on the point of going out but luckily had not gone. She rushed down and helped and dragged me upstairs and got me on to the bed somehow, and there I lay, without lifting my head an inch, for two mortal hours. The worst of the agony is over now, however, in the first fifteen minutes. The distress during that time, the fearful rotation, as if the world and one's soul and one's immortality were flying in millions of pieces and one wished they would so fly and the quicker the better, is beyond my powers of language.

Yesterday finished "Emily Dickinson" with ease and without any apparent fatigue afterward. . . . This makes three portraits and a half written in five months, and as regards mere writing I do not know that I have ever done more, so that I do not know that I have any great reason to complain of my health, so far as actual accomplishment goes. But oh, with what labor, oh, prince, what pain!

The work is done, so far as detail is concerned, in what appears like improvisation, as always. I set down my first draft and touch it very little afterwards. Sometimes I wonder if I lack woefully the conscientious finish of Flaubert and Leopardi. But I long ago concluded that there were two very different methods of working, and mine was the rapid and instinctive

kind. At the same time, in the first composition of my sentences I do take a good deal of trouble. And occasionally I work over the later filing. For example, take the last sentence of this Dickinson. "from the other dropping," etc. I had it first "in the other tossing." "In" did not exactly suit tossing, yet I could not use "with," because the next phrase is "with idle grace." I thought of flaunting, no, waving, no, dangling, no. Then dropping occurred as nearer what I wanted, and with dropping I could use from. So I hesitated over "idle" or "indolent." The sense is better with indolent; but the word is too long and lays too much emphasis on the adjective. Idle is lighter and swifter. And here let me say that I have no belief in the Flaubertian theory of the one right word. There are too many vague and conflicting associations of sound as well as of sense for any one word to be finally right.

The evening, the evening, the evening is the joy and crown of my day and I look forward from the early morning to it. Last night, first a little of *The Alchemist*, then a little of Walpole's Letters, then a little of Sainte-Beuve, then an act of Molière, then two or three of Madame du Deffand's Letters, then De Banville's poetry, then a novel of Oppenheim, then Memoirs of Madame de Staël, Delaunay, then *Don Quixote*.

I have often mentioned it before and shall often mention it again, for it is the chief fact of my spiritual life: viz., how perpetually and overwhelmingly my ignorance is borne in upon me. . . . As compared with my ideal of real knowledge, the difference between me and the most illiterate peasant is infinitesimal. All this was impressed upon me by a number of things yesterday. First G. asked me for some

passages illustrative of effective war writing. I could think of nothing. Then in the afternoon at the college I picked up a book on Japanese Buddhism and found my ignorance on this was fathomless. I then turned to the *Quarterly Review*, an article on the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. I knew nothing about it, hardly even with any assurance that it ever existed as more than a dream. Yet apparently it endured for two hundred years, longer than the United States of America, with a civilization and culture all its own. Then an article on the status of the Balkans. Equal, blank ignorance. Then on British finance. My mind swept over it like a summer cloud over a sunny field, casting the momentary shadow of my dense ignorance and fitting away. And I thought of Jefferson's remark that, the longer we live the more we become involved in ignorance and error, and of his other remark that he rested happily upon the downy pillow of ignorance.

This "Mark Twain" is such an enormous, such a colossal task, for health and strength such as mine are at present. It is not alone the mere reading, it is the thinking, the perpetual adjustment of all one has accumulated to new points of view, the damnable effort to be just and fair, to include everything, all the nice shades and fine distinctions, to give to admiration all its incontestable due, yet not to fall into an exaggerated and stupid eulogy. In this case I really do not think I have any prejudice. But to get all sides into six thousand words is so desperately difficult. And all day yesterday I wrestled with Mark's philosophy, if it can be called so, twisting and turning and writhing in the effort to do justice to all his candor and vigor of thinking, without losing sight of his utter ignorance and his misplaced dogmatism.

Yesterday set out with H. for Concord. . . . Before we had gone fifteen minutes the whole world began to dance under my eyes and I saw that it behooved me to get home as quickly as possible. This we did, and, though the vertigo was not so severe as sometimes, I shall not soon forget that ride. The distress was so great that, when I got home, I cried like a hysterical fool. . . . It is so bad now that I cannot go anywhere or do anything that counts. But I can still read delicious books and live in the spot I love above all others on earth. So I might have more to complain of. And the chief cause of my mentioning the matter is that I am really surprised at the serenity with which I take it. . . . I have developed a philosophical attitude with regard to all these things which in myself does astonish me. . . . I am willing to look doubt and misery in the face as I could not do ten years ago. Then I believed nothing and I believe nothing now. But then I put a wild and cowering emphasis on hope, which I find now I do not need. I still allow hope and encourage it, still theoretically stick to my position that unlimited hope is the blessed privilege of unlimited skepticism. All things are possible. God, some god, is possible. A future existence, of some kind, is possible. Such things are pleasant to dwell upon and dream over. But I am quite reconciled to anything and I really do not care. I live in a floating, drifting, vanishing complex of bewildering sensations, most of them painful or disagreeable, some of them exquisite, all of them profoundly interesting.

When the body itself whirls, the universe becomes as kaleidoscopic as the wheel of Buddha, which wheel with me seems likely to burst any day and fly into as many million pieces as the Catherine-triangle of a Fourth

of July celebration. Perhaps the universe is a Fourth of July celebration to some pitiful, mischievous, immortal small boy, who whirls us like his top and laughs at us as at a crushed worm, and will himself forfeit his immortality to some equally trivial and fleeting successor. So we worms of time trifle with things which we would fain place beyond time and cannot.

I wonder if others, many others, find their minds so fluid as I do mine, experience the same difficulty in making up their conclusions about anything. As to the great public questions of the world, I do not know what I think in the least, and only thank God every hour that I have not to make decisions for anybody. There is my young neighbor that was, Roger Baldwin, who stands up in court and justifies his conscientious objection to serving in the army by a parcel of theories about the rights of the state and the rights of the individual and the sins of our capitalistic society and all the rest of it, and I simply look on and wonder. How can he have the confidence in his reasoning powers to form such theories and then be ready to be burned for them? I don't know but I might have the courage to be burned if I had the theories; but I cannot imagine having them with any confidence in them. To actually believe anything! Then Wilson—to be so calmly ready to settle the future of the world. How can he ever venture to believe he knows enough to do it? Not but what with such practical action as is forced upon me I manage well enough. I rely simply upon instinct and convention and forge ahead, make decisions quickly and never regret them. But in the abstract they appear to me absurd decisions and I avoid the necessity of them when I can. My reason is such a poor, flickering rushlight, such a wretched, deceiving will-of-the-wisp.

I take no interest in it whatsoever and I am daily grateful that my work in the world requires no theories and no conclusions, just the endlessly delightful study of the theories and characters of others. My own opinions I take little interest in, but the opinions of others interest me enormously, not in themselves but because of those who hold them.

The morning after my last entry the whirlwind of horror seized me and took me off my feet—literally. It was at seven in the morning and I was just about to get into the tub, fortunately had not got in. I had just strength enough to seize my dressing-gown and stagger, somehow or other, back into bed, with H.'s help. Of course one does not much analyze these moments of ghastly suffering at the time, but the memory clings to me as something indescribably horrible, yet I constantly try to describe it. Something in my head seems to go. It is not a mere disturbance of equilibrium, not a mere failure of the limbs to perform their office. It is a wild cerebral horror, nothing else covers it, a confusion, a sudden dissipation of consciousness, yet consciousness remains acutely clear and clearly conscious of its own demoralization. I have a vision of myself, as with the last severe attack, standing in the hall, reaching in agony at a far-off point which it was utterly impossible for me to attain. Well, that was over in a few hours, the worst of it in an hour and a half or so. It came again Thursday morning—that is, the day but one after—at one A.M., again for a short period, but fierce and terrible while it lasted. Then Thursday evening, at seven o'clock, it set in for a long siege, not so violently, but with frightful persistence, so that again for nearly twenty-four hours it was impossible for me to lift my head without torment,

though if I did not lift my head at all I was comparatively free from discomfort. Here again the torment that I speak of in my head was the same, this curious, indescribable distress, not pain in the ordinary sense, but a terrible solution of conscious continuity, a sense of fluidity in the brain, the skull moving and the inner substance refusing to follow.

Again emancipated for a time from my bonds and able to stir away from the house, though, after all, why should I wish to stir away from anything so lovely? Strolled again this morning over into the Sawyer swamp, full of inexhaustible delight. Over there the past comes swarming in upon me, the bright clear winter days when M. and I learned to skate there, the big rock at the dam at this end, now almost buried in accumulations of soil and turf. . . . The wild roses are piled up on the blackberry thickets in divine disorder and they bring tears to my eyes. And I stoop over and pick the little wild strawberries, nestled close, with their red glamour, under the nodding grasses, and the wood-thrushes and the warblers sing, sing, and within a few yards of humanity the thicket is so dense that I hear little and see nothing, and the silence, and the quiet, and the warm odors are like heaven.

I regard nowadays with the most curious interest and analysis my own attitude towards death. There is scarcely an hour in the day at present, at any rate in such days of utter intolerable depression as I am having to-day, when I do not pray for death. Yet when I come to consider the matter seriously and soberly, apart from the violent and instinctive desire to get away from life as it is, do I really want death and ask for it? If it were put immediately and directly before me, should I not shrink still? Should I

not say, yet a day or two longer, in case something may possibly turn up?

Absorbed for an hour last night to absolute oblivion in finishing about the poorest and cheapest crime or detective story that I have read for some time. It is always a most curious and interesting psychological experience for me, though I renew it more or less every night, as I have mentioned before. I make a practice almost always of confining myself rigidly to my half hour, no matter how exciting a crisis it may leave me at. H. and S. wonder how I can do it. Their method is to read such stories once or twice a year and then forget eating and sleeping till the book is done. I know better than that. It does sometimes require heroic control to stop at the proper limit; but in that way one can renew the pleasure every night, can have it to look forward to, and can escape the morbid sense of emptiness, of the bottom dropped out of life, which comes after losing one's self for half a day in such a manner and then groping and floundering to find one's self again. At least, I know that used to be my experience in childhood. I used to pass a long rainy day, or a long solitary evening over a story that swept me wholly out of common life, and then, oh, the struggle to get back, the hard, dull thud of the descent to just eating and sleeping and talking and walking, with no immense forgetfulness to help one through it. Nowadays the novel reading brings me none of that feeling. I know that I count on that exquisite half hour every night—if I can get the novels—and after it there is no unhealthy reaction of fatigue or emptiness. With the theater, of course, this can never be accomplished. And even to-day, when I find anything at the theater that really fascinates me, there is the same dull, blank disillusion when the curtain falls. Should I like to go to the theater for half an hour every night?

Just finished playing with H. the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert. I do not care for Schubert generally. . . . Schubert is *weich*, that covers him completely, and he is rarely anything else. See the difference between him and Mendelssohn, who comes as near him as any one perhaps. Mendelssohn is *weich* also, perhaps quite as sentimental as Schubert at times. But Mendelssohn has a gayety, a spirit, a lightness that Schubert never has. Only in both there is the sentimental vein, something indescribably common, such as you never find in Beethoven, even when he is weakest, never find in Chopin either, however he may degenerate into the most abandoned emotion.

Yet I have got wonderful emotion in my life from Schubert. When I was sixteen, in my most emotional years, I bought Schubert's piano sonatas and played them over and over, the parts of them that I could play, and they gave me at times something unforgettable. And now to-night I get from the "Unfinished," which does touch Schubert's very best, an intensity of impression as exquisite as it is indescribable. Indescribable! It has fled from me now, so that as I sit down to describe it I wonder whether I ever had it. Oh, the evanescence of music! In an evanescent world, is there anything that more speedily and everlastingly flits away, anything that we would more longingly, passionately hold? What does it mean, this passion? Where does it come from? Where does it go to, leaving us dead, exhausted, withered, with all the life and all the love gone out of us? Is there anything that more suggests the vast possibilities of the impossible, anything more full of the world of mystery that I have tried to suggest in connection with Whistler's painting? And now here I am trying to chase it with words and cannot.

Returned to the Athenæum, after four weeks or more. Few places in the whole world, outside of my own home, are more to me than that, and although the recent changes have taken away some of the home feeling, still enough remains to keep up the attachment which goes back to my early childhood and which I can never lose. My father, who loved it as much as I do, and his father before him, used to take me there almost in my infancy, and among my earliest recollections is looking over the illustrated volumes of *Harper's Weekly* with photographs and other pictures of the Civil War persons and things. Later, during the winters I spent in Boston, hard, hated winters, when I had no associates, no occupations that I cared for, I used to spend my afternoons at the Athenæum reading worthless stories, worthless but utterly absorbing to me then, as stories not much better are now. Later, when I lived in Cambridge, I used to spend almost every afternoon there again, not then on stories, but making my first entry into the literature that has been my almost constant solace and delight ever since. I first read Heine there. I read most of Matthew Arnold there, especially his theological works, which I should be sorry to reread now, but which had an immense influence on me then. There first I read Sainte-Beuve and Scherer. There first the French realists, the Goncourts and Zola. There, a little later, I passed hours with the Elizabethan dramatists, making my first studies of Shirley and D'Avenant, whom no one else cares for as I do now. There also I prepared the lectures which I gave for so many years, and there more recently I have spent days in turning thousands of pages for my American portraits. I should like to be buried in the Athenæum.

Resting thirteen hours on the bed daily is not conducive to a great deal of

reading, but in diminishing the quantity it even adds to the zest. . . . My love of books increases daily, I think, in proportion as the power and the possibility of other forms of amusement lessen. I love the look of my books, I love the touch of them. My study is nowadays my sleeping room and the walls are lined with books. What a delight! When I wake in the morning, the first thing my eyes behold, as the long winter gloom yields to the first gleam of day, is books, and how I long for the lengthening daylight when, as I lie waiting for the rising hour, the sun gradually begins to steal in and shed a crimson splendor on my Dyce's *Shakespeare*. When I am sick in bed, I have my books about me and before me, over my head my Greek, opposite my feet my English drama and my English biography, on a farther wall my dear French critics, Lemaître, France, Scherer, above all, the fifty volumes of Sainte-Beuve. What other prospect, except the sky, could be more inexhaustibly delightful?

It is strange how completely old subjects, with whom I have lived for so many months in intimate friendship and who have haunted my daily and nightly thoughts, fade and disappear utterly when I have once set the quintessence of their souls on paper, to the best of my ability. They drop away into the dream world of past hopes and enthusiasms and passions, and rarely revive again. Lee! what an immense invasion of my spirit came from him for years. Where is Lee now? Something deep and obscure remains with me, I suppose. But he seems very far away. Stuart? Where is Stuart? Yet I loved him so. And the stolid, solid Longstreet, and the gentlemanly pirate Semmes, and that tantalizing own brother of my soul, A. H. Stephens, and Bowles, how my fancy was absorbed for weeks with Bowles! And

it is all just as I would have it and these book friendships spoil me completely for the friendships of flesh and blood. The book people never intrude when you don't want them, never come at inconvenient hours or bring disturbing or distorting trains of thought. The book people are never tedious, never troublesome, make no claims which you are loath to recognize, urge no demands to which you cannot respond. They are a little cold at best, perhaps, a little far away. But so are friendships of the real world cold, and disappointing, all the more because they raise vast hopes that can never be fulfilled.

He only lives with the world's life
Who has renounced his own.

And that is precisely what I cannot do, renounce my own. Here I am, old, decrepit and decayed, with the oil of life utterly spent in me, and yet I long as passionately to live as I did forty years ago. How? What do I mean by living? I do not know. Loving? Yes, loving. Succeeding, getting glory and notoriety and prosperity and money? They all seem pretty enough in themselves. I do not know what life is, I cannot imagine; but I want it, oh, I want it. Yet all forms of living that I can specify seem so pitiful. To live with the world's life? And that is pitiful also. For what is the world's life except an infinity of such lack of living as mine.

It is rather curious that after writing what I did yesterday or day before about the vast longing for something one has not, to get rid of the common nothingness of every day and reach out beyond one's self to the infinite, I turned to the copying of *Girard* [a novel], which I am doing now, and found there just the same passionate

feeling expressed forty years ago, only with a more mystical turn than I should at present dare to give to it. "There is something in the world we cannot come near as we are now, something so near and dear to us, that when we once begin to long for it, all else in life becomes wearisome and vain and unprofitable, something that forever draws us to it, and yet between us and it there is fixed an insuperable bar. When one has felt that, one's life is nothing, death is nothing, existence is nothing but a striving to be brought nearer and nearer to that. Call it God or what you will, it is the only thing we seek."

Alas, nowadays I should know no better what to call it than I did then. Nowadays I should give it a less vague and mystical color, should define it more as a mere ennui, perhaps just at present as a mere physical malaise. Yet, after all, the attitude of forty years ago may be as much justified. It may be God I want, who can say? All I know is, I want something, which is more than even blue sky and books, beautiful and interesting as these are. They do not satisfy. They cannot satisfy. And now I know that glory cannot satisfy and wealth cannot satisfy and all the common forms of daily enjoyment cannot satisfy. What can? Perhaps more than anything else the utter oblivion of mere good health and spirits, plenty of exercise in the fresh air and good food with a good appetite. Which is damnably Philistine enough, but I mention it because it is the most complete contrast to my present status that I can imagine. Yet back of it all there is perhaps still God, God, God. What is God? It is my old cry. Why ask what? Yet I can ask nothing else. And no man answers me, or rather many men answer me, but their answers are worse than none.

(A second installment of excerpts from the Bradford Journal will appear next month)



POTENT DELTA

A STORY

BY E. P. O'DONNELL

DRIVING down the levee after delivering his last load of radishes to the shipping shed, Branch Carey saw a snapping turtle climbing out of the river. He smiled to himself. Soup for to-morrow! He checked his mules and leaped to the ground, picked the reptile up by the tail, and heaved it into his wagon. There were plenty of onions, bay leaves, and thyme at home, and Carey knew how to soup a turtle. Clucking his mules into a jingling trot, he continued to drive down past the rain-dyed roofs to Cousin Jule's Landing, whistling indolently and beating time with his sharkskin slippers.

The little *President Wilson* had arrived. Roustabouts were bearing pockets of rice to the purple grocery and lowering bundled alligator hides into the packet's hold. There was a white south wind. A bitter blue radiance, unyielding as nickel, sweetened the shadows of the willows and figs, and water and sky were annealed to a uniform glare by the slow corrosive sun.

Carey, still whistling, tied his mules to a levee willow and waited for the mail to come ashore. He was uncommonly tall and strong, with jaws and chin thickly stubbled red. A rent in his jumper showed a triangular pad of muscle beneath the shoulder blade, the sinews which the hoe had made. Carey was not a Delta man. His

dark, indolent neighbors, discerning a wary spark of bitterness far behind his friendly gray glances, marked him as one of alien fiber. But they admired him because he had adopted their ways, yet still was able to lift a barrel of redfish to his knee.

He touched his hat to Miss Andersen, chatting on the wharf with Jule, the storekeeper. She was an attractive little Northern girl who had arrived inexplicably some weeks previously and leased a house and orange grove. The Cajin women treated her with civility, but the men liked and humored her frank curiosity about their strange occupations. Seemingly untouched by the heat, the insects, and the staring boatmen, she appeared on the wharf each day at mailboat time as regularly as one with a part in a play—always interested, always pleasant, always cool.

She suddenly left the storekeeper and crossed to Carey.

"Are you Mr. Carey? Jule tells me you can butcher a deer. I have a deer I want skinned and butchered."

"Sure," said Carey. "Where did you get a deer—out of season?" He looked down into her proud live eyes, smiling at a vision of her working on a deer's carcass. She was so small that her chest reached just a bit above his belt. She held her sunshade with a small hand, small nails and knuckles, fingers dewed with tiny hairs, sparse and golden.

"From no one but the Game Warden himself," she replied. "He found it wounded in the prairie. I'm anxious to taste venison and preserve the skin. And how much will you charge?"

"Oh, nothing—for a neighbor. If you were a sportsman . . ." Of course she would offer him a piece of the meat. Turtle and venison for to-morrow!

"Are we neighbors then?"

"Oh, we're all neighbors. I know you."

"Yes? When will you be up to look after the deer?"

"I'm driving up directly, after the mail. I'll stop home for a while, then go right up to your house. You ride with me as far as my place."

"Grand! I've been dying to ride behind your little mules."

She climbed on the seat to wait. Carey went to the Post Office, where the brown, otterlike face of Jule's mother peered from a barred window bordered by photographs of mail bandits. Behind her, a blackboard announced a drop in sharkskin prices. There was mail, a package and a letter. The letter was from Marie, his wife, who was at her father's house in New Orleans with the six children. The package, from Marie's sister in Mobile, contained a dress for Marie and a note saying that the dress had been worn only once. Carey pocketed Marie's letter for reading at leisure. Her letters were always interesting, intensely scrawled and more effusive than Marie was. She had had a lot of schooling. Two of her brothers were priests, and she herself was about to become a nun when Carey, newly arrived eight years ago from the Alabama citrus fruit region, had persuaded her to share his poverty.

Doctor Willoughby, dressed in hunting garb, hailed Carey outside.

"How's the Doctor?" Carey greeted.

"The missus all right?"

"She's put on some weight up there, Doc."

The doctor crushed the light from his cigarette and put the stump in his pocket. "Remember, I don't want her having any more babies. I'm appealing to your intelligence."

The doctor lectured Carey but he said nothing about his bill. Carey was relieved.

The mailboat pilot gave his engineer two-bells-and-a-whistle. Carey slouched through the Cajin and mulatto loungers and into the store. Jule was knitting a seine. "You finish radish?" he asked. "What prize you was get for duh last load, you?"

"Enough to pay for the hampers," said Carey. "I've wasted a month." But he managed a smile. He gave Jule his usual order—grits, beans, a hunk of green shoulder. Jule wrapped the package and opened his book.

"Charge?" he asked.

"Charge."

Jule had pointedly asked that question every time lately. The bill was getting heavy. Carey was sorry he had grown truck that summer, instead of hunting alligators or working with the shark fleet. Skins had brought fancy prices. "I'll be trawling shrimp soon, Jule. Probably settle up before the month's out."

"*Bon.*" The book was closed a trifle impatiently.

Carey drove up the levee with Miss Andersen. To-morrow was another day. The white road, covered with shells from oysters eaten by the levee dwellers, traced the river's whimsical turnings, a wavering strip of vengeful heat, like lava poured by a palsied hand. The Gulf wind had gone, and the heat, stirring only of its own incandescence, enfolded them in a droning. Miss Andersen talked in a voice surprisingly deep in so small a person. She leaned against Carey's flattened thigh, and on sharp turns braced her-

self by grasping his knee. They became friends. Carey was moved by the half-tender attraction of a large animal toward a very small one. And her talk awoke memories of the time when he had lived among articulate people, in his college days when he had been articulate himself.

She talked about the Big Smoky Mountains where she had recently lived, clothing her curious thoughts in words Carey had not met in years. "But it's your prairie that is really the land of the sky," she said. "In the mountains, one is confined by clouds of rock. Here I am hemmed in by downy mountains of cloud!"

Carey listened with a dreamy sort of relish. The syllables tumbling from the girl's shapely mouth so smoothly persistently reminded him of his younger days of lectures and plays.

At his house, he lifted her down. He swung her from the seat by the armpits like a child. She was an exquisite little thing, weighing much less than a hundred pounds.

After foddering his mules, he sat in the kitchen eating dried shrimp and read his wife's letter:

Darling, I walked on the old banana wharf to-night, and I prayed to the Blessed Mother for your radish crop to be a success. I was just thinking—the river water that passed me to-night will be close to our home when you get this letter. If I could see you and our home again, after this long year away! What are we going to do about living together, Branch? God has not yet seen fit to show us a way.

Carey went thoughtfully to the tool shed to bale a few mink and otter pelts for shipment. The skins would fetch about fifty dollars, barely enough for a new pair of seaboots, fuel for his boat, and twine to repair his trawl, which the sharks had damaged some weeks ago when, pressed for tax money, he had trawled in shark-infested waters. As soon as the she-sharks went south the

males would follow. He would hire a negro and do some trawling. He possessed but six dollars. Until the orange crop matured, he would have to live on seafood and the remaining barrel of salted wild geese. He hummed a song. Fortunately, Marie's father knew how things were, and, though only moderately salaried himself, expected no money from Marie.

He took his hunting knife and went up the levee to Miss Andersen's house, where a mossy roof peered over huddled fig trees. She welcomed him from the porch, and led him to the rear, chatting gaily. On the little rear gallery he dressed the deer, a fat, half-grown buck. The girl watched him peel off the skin neatly, like a snugly fitting garment. After the butchering she got a needle and thread to close the rent in his jumper, and talked again about the mountains, close to his shoulder.

"What were you doing there?" he asked.

"Teaching school."

"Going to teach here?"

"No. I'm resting and making photos. Let me photograph you some time, Carey. Your face. Will you?"

His face! Photograph his face! How—he had seen her going about with a camera. But his face! He had often noticed it, while shaving, but—

"Your face has something that was put there by this strange country—the river, the Gulf, the marshes. It shows what a frontier does for and to the white man. The day I landed I saw you walking past the wharf with a shovel. 'A frontier farmer!' I thought. See?"

"No."

"Well—you'll pose though? For me?"

"Sure. Some day when—"

Walking home, following the river through a lavender supertime stillness, Carey groped for a possible source of the girl's glib and trivial notions.

Frontier farmer! Where did such people get their notions? Where was the point of fusion between them and the grim business of wresting food and shelter from the clay? He had known school teachers. Out of his Alabama boyhood he remembered one or two. The boys had ridiculed them behind their backs. They were so gullible and dull. This girl was not dull. A curious little thing, grown more articulate than her elders. She stimulated him, stirred up old dead promptings, made him feel somewhat barbarous.

When Marie returned, he would bring the two together, and see what happened. Marie would probably find the other too forward and disdainful of gossip; but she would revel in the girl's library, though God knew when she would find time to read these days. He wondered what changes had occurred in Marie, imprisoned for a year in her father's little city house with six children. A brood of youngsters usually changed a woman, put another note into her voice, a shrill, tinny hardness or the whine of resignation. But the bearing of six children had wrought in Marie precisely the opposite effect. On the day she left she had been even more kind and gentle than when they first met. There was about a year's difference between each child and the next, except between John and Matthew, who were about two years apart. After John's birth, when Marie's health was threatened, they agreed to stop having children. But during the ensuing year, Marie had been very unhappy, because according to her religious belief that was wrong. She had grown so wretched that her health was again impaired. Even after resuming her childbearing, she could not forget. The space between John and Matthew was a constant reminder that there should have been another child.

After supper, he took his pipe out to

the porch. After an active day, with the kids abed, Marie and he had always sought the healing darkness of the porch, close by the river's guttural wash, to digest their food and voice the random notions of the day. But to-night, sitting alone with the nasal quanking of some awakened piping-plover, Carey was restless. He almost resented the thousands of hours Marie and he had wasted, wasted, sitting in the gloom with minds unchallenged and unused.

He rose and walked the levee. Trees leaned over from the orchards that lined the road, brushing his shoulder. The over-fecund smell of citrus oils was inescapable. He tried to put Marie's letter out of his thoughts, and whistled a tune, thinking: to-morrow is to-morrow. But loneliness accompanied him like an ingratiating presence. In his ragged garments and with his unshaven face, he felt abashed before the stars. Why? Why? Miss Andersen . . . what was her object, telling *him* the Delta gripped her—with its rotten vegetation bringing forth hyacinths, and its rotten hyacinths bringing forth clamorous geese? He passed her house. Through the fig leaves he saw her inside, playing cards with Dave Halliday, one of the Coast-guard Patrol captains. Stranger! Stranger! Coming to view the quaint marsh people. No husband, no home, no purpose, calling him a native!

He turned homeward for his bath in the river. On the bank he grimly cast off his sour rags. But he loved the river. Reflecting, he loved it swinging past his grove, as timeless and impersonal to-day as it was back in the blank years, before the time of the bearded explorers, the redskins gorging on mussels, the bison thundering down to drink.

Faint voices came over the water. The liquor runners from New Orleans had kindled their usual bonfire on the

opposite shore. They had successfully run in a big shipment of kummel the day before and were still celebrating. Through the merriment Carey heard the laughter of a woman, suave and mirthless. Many times before, while fishing river shrimp in the night, he had marked this sound, the savage sadness of this unknown woman's laughter, which seemed so much a part of the night's barbaric loneliness.

The rum-runners were a cheerful and childish lot. They had been trying for a year to induce Carey to join their ranks, with his reputation for integrity and seamanship, and his fast little lugger, the *Cher Ami*, swiftest fishing craft below Big Grass Margin. But for Marie he might have joined them. Marie did not share the community's assumption that liquor running was an honorable calling.

Two other voices came to Carey, two men drifting home in their pirogues from Lacroix.

"Carey's Landing, ain't it?"

"*Oui*. No light in duh house."

"I expect he's cattin' over the river."

"Why his wife is doing? Still in town? But she been in town mos' a year, Miss Branch."

"She's with her father up there."

"But Christ!"

"Ask Father Raphael. Ask him what she's doing in town."

"Ho! Ho! Don' want no more baby for a while, hein? But dat's duh way to do, you know something? Miss Branch is fine woman, like you see her. Look how she was nurse her grand-pere seven year from malaria."

"They say she kind of lost her mind having the last baby."

"But plenty womans—"

"Shh! I knew a woman . . ."

Carey answered Marie's letter that night:

"I miss you and need you too, but we are poorer than when you left. Of

course this is mostly my fault, working in too many directions. This place is too rich. A man is tempted away from what he's doing. Truck and fur prices are miserable now. I'd better make a few shrimping trips. We thought by putting two years between Matthew and the next baby we could catch up on finances, but we forgot the children keep growing and getting more expensive.

"The future does not bother me. I am full of good plans for a new start. But I don't want more children. To tell the truth, love making is not so important to me now. Not that I love you less, but I always think of babies, babies. Anything would be better than the way things used to be. While you're still there, try to see somebody, because we can't go on as we were before."

Marie's reply came three days later:

"Darling, we can't get around the Law of God. People are always trying to, but you can't, except by sacrificing your lower desires to finishing the task of raising your children in the Faith. We could try living in chastity. To me this would be a beautiful thing to do. Branch, you are a reverent man, devoted to some power I have never found in life. Maybe you would find more satisfaction in such a state of life than I would.

"Branch, troubles mean nothing to me. I am happy when giving my strength to you and the children. I long to return to you and begin this splendid undertaking. I am stronger, full of energy, and yearn for my home and garden and your companionship. The paper says the people of Plaquemines are going to try growing Easter lilies. Are you going to plant them too? That would be wonderful, fields and fields of lilies along the river. I'm staying here until I make another novena to the Sacred Heart for you. Don't blame yourself because we're

poor. You've done your best. It is God's will."

In the same mail was a letter from Carey's father-in-law:

"I hate to worry you, my boy, but Marie can't control these children. They are running wild. We can't keep them out of the street. They fight and build fires under the house as children will, and I'm getting too old to make them mind. You ought to take two or three of them home, but don't mention this to Marie.

"Marie looks fine."

Carey wrote to his wife, urging her to return at once.

Late one night Carey sat on his cot in the rear room he had been using since Marie's return, thinking of lily bulbs. Already, the people of the settlement were planting them. The Government Demonstrator had gathered many facts. No doubt existed, now, that in this warm climate and alluvial soil bulb culture would yield rich returns.

Carey was aware of his drowsing acres lying warm and expectant in the dark outside, heavy with hot secretions, throbbing for the plow and the seed. In the morning, he was to leave for a month with the shrimp fleet. Life with the fleet had no appeal for him. He detested the fetid odors of shrimp in the sun. Shrimp fishermen labored in patient circles through hot blue days, gathering sodden harvests and putting back nothing in return. And the Gulf had its ghastly nights, when hard-won calm was shattered by tawny-shouldered wraiths of screeching brine. But good luck out there would yield him enough money to buy his first setting of lily bulbs. Then, one frugal year would put him even with the world, and enable him to stay at home with his orange trees.

Between Carey and his trees there was an understanding, and he knew

the ways of each. He loved them for their faults and virtues, each tree a highly oriented individual following in its own way the pliable law of the many—responsive to solicitude, capable of inscrutable whims, of uttering happy flowers or lapsing into lone and withered revolt.

And he wanted to raise bees. For seven years someone else's bees had been fertilizing his trees. And he wanted to raise poultry for the market and build dykes to reclaim some of the rear marsh.

The door opened and Marie stood before him. In her early thirties, she was tall and tranquil, calm with health now, no sign of worry or fatigue, mother of children, mistress of home. Her tender face, that time seemed never to have gnawed or shadowed, glowed through a new, half-opaque radiance which had enveloped her since her return, like an invulnerable robe. Smiling at her husband, she looked like an apparition—unreal, unreal, she had grown almost wholly unreal.

"All ready for to-morrow?" she asked, sitting beside him.

"All ready, honey." He patted her knee, cool and unyielding and capable under her dressing gown.

"Water drums filled? Matches aboard?"

Carey nodded. They sat silent, so that he could hear the thin sough of laughing voices across the river, the rum-runners. The laughter was ruthless and sad, like the cries of children romping afar.

"You mustn't brood," said Marie.

"In the Gulf? Not much chance. I'll be pretty busy. Listen, Marie, that's not bothering me—the way we're living. There's so much to do."

"Yes, an idle mind. It seemed to me to-day there was a strange look in your eyes. I thought maybe you needed me, my spiritual . . . I don't

know. You're so strange. I don't believe I've ever known you. I've been so busy, I thought perhaps you felt I paid too much attention to the little things round the house. But you know, doing our tasks every day is what gives us strength. We gather strength as we go. We feel the grace of God inside of us!"

Marie struck her breast. Her eyes were filled with tears, real tears, and gazed upward beyond the walls, beyond the earth. Rapture! Rapture! A beautiful form of madness! His caresses had never stirred her so. He was transfixed by a kind of awe; yet his heart of flesh felt cheated. She looked so complete, so clean and unscathed by woe, so sure that all woe might be nullified by soap or prayer. He could have grasped her roughly, then—shaken her, even struck her, that he might rouse her strong woman's body, and rout out some tangible token of her femaleness. "Perhaps I've never possessed this woman," he thought. "Perhaps she has always kept herself and used me to provide herself with suffering. But now. *Now!* Ah, why doesn't she let me alone? . . . No, I don't mean that! Poor Marie, she's been through enough with me. She's only trying in her way to enrich my life, to help me find the peace and nobility that lie somewhere behind events."

And he listened attentively to her talking, faltering on and on through chaos and toward perfection. Then he went with her to her door and put a farewell kiss upon her forehead.

"You'll be back for the church festival?" she asked. "It's to be for the Widow's Fund, you know. Miss Andersen's going to dance."

"I'll be back."

He went that night to bid Miss Andersen good-by. He had been doing some odd jobs on her place, and they were fast friends. He tapped on her

bedroom window. She responded clad in pajamas.

"We'll miss you, Carey," she said. "It won't be the same on the levee without your ridiculous little jingling mules."

"I hope I'll come back with another jingling."

"Be careful out there." Her eyes held him in a troubled blur.

"Take care of yourself too," he answered. It was a time for uttering trifles. Her perplexity confused him. He took her hand, the first time he had ever touched her flesh. His large hand completely enveloped hers. The mounds of callous flesh at the base of each finger sank into her wrist, and there, in her wrist, was a curious quaking, as from some delicate signalling mechanism.

"Be careful," she repeated. "They're watching."

"What?"

"The Coastguard. They think you're running liquor."

"Did Halliday say that?"

"Last night."

Carey walked away, then turned. "And you think I'm running liquor?"

"Yes."

Carey laughed loudly in the trees.

Alone with his negro helper, Carey gave the Gulf a month of ceaseless toil, until a storm drove him back home. The shrimping was filthy, degrading work, a string of mercilessly bright days corrupted by nauseous smells. He almost faltered in his determination to make a new start. The sun, grown strangely naked and brazen, hunted him out each morning and dogged him till dusk. It flayed his bowed shoulders. It corroded his laughter. It withered the breezes and turned the salty vapors acrid. And at night it haunted him from out of the moon's dead bosom.

On the thirtieth morning they smelled

a storm. They stowed their trawling rig and washed themselves in fresh water. They had taken twenty barrels that day, for a total of three hundred for the voyage. It was not a lot, but it was enough. It would net him sufficient cash for his taxes, stock feed, and a good big setting of lily bulbs. Carey, steering for the anchored cannery boat, watched the green Gulf water rushing past. The *Cher Ami* was clean again, shipshape for home. The sun was obscured by clouds. Carey now permitted himself at last to relax and feel glad, and to realize the old Gulf, enjoying himself thinking of coral and tarpon cruising patiently through forests of phosphorescent gloom. And the old-time sunken navies, and the buccaneers sleeping down there with their swords. He saw, now, since his contact with Miss Andersen had made him more aware of his surroundings, that he was beginning to win a half-bitter zest from the very fact of life.

On the cannery boat, he received a handful of metal checks for his shrimp, redeemable for cash at the cannery up the river, and turned his helm homeward, running before the moist purr of thunder. After they sighted the river's mouth, the curtain of clouds, concealing the ancient familiar forces, drew across the sky until the world was a darkened arena awaiting some foul spectacle. The wind helped them. It descended with ponderous vehemence and scourged the sea into flying fragments that stood poised midair for an instant until a brutal cuff of wind sent them plunging on into the storm's gray vacancy. But the river was soon gained.

Carey shaved no points, but hugged the lee shore, where willows pushed away the wind. He stopped at the cannery to cash his checks. They were not operating that day. The village was sunny and young, wearing a festive

air. Near the levee store two Slavonians were wrestling for a crowd, and inside the store there was a gleeful accordion.

Carey emerged from the office with six fifty-dollar notes, more cash than he had possessed in years. He walked lightly toward his boat, savoring the sun and the sunny wind taking and bringing legions of resplendent cloud. Just below the *Cher Ami*, a river trader's houseboat was moored, painted in orange and blue stripes. A woman was laughing inside the houseboat.

It was the same low, joyless, burry laughter Carey had heard over the water on quiet nights.

From the stern of his boat he looked into the other craft. A woman lay on her stomach on the deck, playing with a baby. When she saw Carey she came out. She was young, tall as a stalk of cane, with a grave red mouth, a lower lip drooping with a fruity heaviness.

"Y'all got any fish left?" she asked.

Carey answered that he had a spare sheepshead, and went below to fetch it. He leaped to the houseboat deck. The baby stood beside its mother, wearing a diaper and behind its shoulders an inflated bladder, a precaution against drowning.

"How much?" asked the woman, backing away.

"Go on, take it. I've got plenty more."

"Wait," she said. She disappeared with the fish and returned with a bottle, and poured him a drink. It was real Bacardi. The woman watched Carey with her wet blue gaze. She looked into his eyes, then drew the lids over her own eyes slowly, and when her eyes opened she was watching the finely crayoned willows on the opposite shore. She was probably a girl the trader had picked up on the Red River. She wore dungaree pants, one leg rolled higher than the other, and her bare toes were puckered from standing in

water. Her eyes brooded and returned, brooded and returned. Carey took another drink. She drank with him, glancing over her shoulder to where a man was sleeping in the stern on a heap of moss, the moss-trader himself. On the deck outside was a display of pink and blue undergarments, cartridges, plaster statues, bottles of bichloride of mercury and lysol. Carey knew the trader. He pinched the little one's cheek.

"You don't have to stand up," said the woman somewhat ironically, smoothing back her light-brown hair. "Won't you come under and take a bench?"

"Thanks, I've got to get home."

Carey gave the child a penny. "Tell the nice big man thanks," prompted the woman. "Tell him us want him come back again."

Carey lifted his stern line from the piling and jumped to his boat. "You'll be with us for a while?" he asked, coiling the line, not looking at the woman but hoping he would hear her laughter again in the night.

"Yes, quite a spell. I'm in the cannery for the fall. We've got a moss depression on the river." Then the laughter came. It laved his senses like some exotic potion.

Shoving off, he heard Angelus bells over the river, three friendly dongs and a silence. And there were his trees, dark and fruitful, through an opening in the willows. Oranges would not be green many more weeks. To-night he would order the lily bulbs. The lilies would push through the sepia loam in bristling rows and rows. With the bulbs actually planted, the banker in Lacroix would make him a loan to tide them over the little frugal year. He saw with gladdened eyes a thin wisp of smoke rising from his chimney.

But he leaned from the wheelhouse and glanced backward for another look at the spot where the strange woman

had awakened within him this other ashen ember—desire.

The children scampered from six directions to surround him. They had grown thinner, hopping about on brown attenuated legs, six little masses of brown bones. They had been eating green oranges. The yard was strewn with green peelings. Marie was praying. She knelt in her room under a picture of the Virgin between two red tapers. She greeted him with her rosary in her hand. Her eyes were red.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed. "I was worried about the gale. An oyster shed across the Bay blew down."

He wanted to announce the result of his voyage, but Marie must finish her beads. Carey stood alone, looking about him. The house looked dismal. The children playing in the yard had already forgotten him, and the dusk was fast blurring out his trees.

Marie, surrounded by the children, fried the fish he had brought. The older ones waited silently, with watering mouths and large eager eyes, but the baby whimpered, plucking Marie's skirts pathetically. It would be nice, week by week, to watch their cheeks fill out, and their little bellies come rounded again! He would buy corn for the cow in the morning, when he went to pay Jule. That would mean more milk at once.

After supper Marie sat next him on the porch swing, her toil-roughened hand stroking his own battered palms. He spoke of the voyage, discussing only its practical aspects. She knew his loathing for Gulf work. Well, there need be no more of that. He had lots of cash. Well, not lots, but enough. Just enough to fit into his good plan. Jule would be paid and the others. The lilies were assured.

"And I have some bills in town," said Marie.

A vague misgiving numbed his bones

and veins. "Bills? What bills in town?"

"Why, our bills. Things we needed in town, the children and I."

"What things? What bills in town? You mean little incidentals? But that's a trifle, eh? A few dollars, eh?"

"Well, a little more than a hundred dollars, perhaps. Papa paid them."

"But—"

"The dentist and department stores—shoes, clothes for a year, our storm insurance. Papa needs the money, you know. He wrote they're paving his street."

"Sure, he needs it. Well . . . I'll go shrimping again. After all . . ."

Yes. After all—what? Another month in the Gulf. Then there would be something else. Always something else. Marie talked on. There was a new captain on the New Orleans packet. John had run a nail in his foot. A friend of hers in Lacroix was seriously ill, with no one to nurse her. Marie felt she ought to go and nurse her friend. "Sure," said Carey. "You go up at once. I'll have a nigger woman here to-morrow."

Marie was soon yawning. She had had a hard day. Carey went to his room and emptied his sea-bag. He was restless and lonely. Now everyone was asleep, even the animals in their stalls, and Marie in her room. He had thought his absence might change Marie and himself, but it had not. Marie did not want to make love. Neither did he. His blood had not yet spoken.

He walked in the orchard among his slumbering trees, feeling carefully in the dark to learn the growth of the fruit, but his trees gave him little surcease. The oppressive silence pressed against him thickly, crowding him inward against himself. Back in his room, he looked at his clenched fists, gnarled and mottled from the Gulf salt and acid glare. He was impelled to

beat them against himself, to pummel his body and fill the silence with physical pain; but he had not the energy. He was tired and numb.

He undressed and blew out his light. Before giving his great body to the bed, he parted the curtains to let in the dark. . . .

But waking in the morning in his home, close again to the drip of dew, he felt renewed. The sun drank the mists out of the trees. Carey was somehow contented, and in his great chest, the home of his laughter, there was a response to the morning's serenity. They had a noisy breakfast in the hot kitchen; Marie was flushed with activity, and fussed in a pleased manner with the hungry children. After her departure Carey hurried away to spend the day with his trees. The orange leaves glittered like shards of jet. They had turned black at last, putting all their juices into the fruit. The empty fields in the rear brought his sea-worn eyes a misty russet blur, and in the marshes the wind tossed handfuls of fowl into the sky.

That night he went to Lacroix in his pirogue for the church festival. There he found Ben Smythe, chief of the rum-runners.

"When is your next stuff coming in?" he asked.

"Next week, Branch."

"Can you use the *Cher Ami*?"

"You want to sell your boat?"

"No. I want to work for you."

"Haul for us? Outside?"

"Outside. That is, a few trips."

"Sure we can use you. You know that. See Brownie."

"What are you paying?"

"Oh, we'll fix that up. I don't know what he's paying. What'll she hold? It'll be so much a sack. All sack stuff now. We load off Breton Island. Route's all greased, except maybe hi-jackers, but you could 'tend to them."

"Good."

"Good. See Brownie Friday night. Bring two-three good men. White men."

Carey rejoined the milling crowd, excited, relieved. He had committed himself to an exciting enterprise, and he found himself forgetting the end in anticipation of the means, looking forward with savage joy to the tense journeys through the night with other reckless souls. It was a feeling which a week ago he would have considered foreign to his nature. The physical risks were few: Smythe, unlike the small independent smugglers, treated the Coastguard as his rightful partners, sent out by the taxpayers to protect their liquor and entitled to share in the profits. But of course there were the consequences, the stigma, as Marie would call it. And it was with regard to this that Carey's attitude had changed. He was now willing to risk Marie's respect.

He looked for Marie in the crowd, but she was not there. He met and drank with several friends. There were people from every settlement between Lacroix and the Gulf—Cajin hunters, guides and trappers, and the folk from the oyster villages. The rum-runners and their women had come over, to spend money lavishly, betting fabulous sums on the oyster-shucking and 'coon-skinning contests, and playing the wheel of fortune, operated by Father Raphael. The new Lacroix power plant had started operations that day, and now golden beads of light dripped like resin from posts wrapped in Spanish moss and pungent sprays of lime and camphor. There was a Slavonian accordion quartet; and a man on a high platform with a spotlight stirred the purple heavens with its swift and pallid ray.

Carey met Miss Andersen. She was in a hurry. She took Carey's hand and looked at him reproachfully.

A hasty remark about his not having visited her on his return from the Gulf, and she was gone. The people were waiting for her to perform.

The backmarshers felt and enjoyed her dancing. Truckers and fishermen and brown alligator hunters from the Margin all sat on the slope of the levee and played their part, according the dancer the kind of silence they well knew how to create, a round stillness frayed only on its edges by the liquid pleeping of frogs or the chuckles of the river.

She danced in the lap of a horseshoe in the levee on densely woven turf, and her feet dealt curving blows to the spinning earth, and her fingers caressed the stars. Never having seen before anyone so abandon the shackles of the flesh, Carey marvelled that a human body could weave such phrases. In the core of the white spotlight she moved, urging the chill white beam back and forth. She would pause suddenly, a small baffled figure ensnared among the strains of music, then float off in whirling haste, giving herself now to the earth, now to the sky, until at last she fell panting, burying her fingers into the cold sod, and the silence rolled over her like a flood.

After the festival, at her invitation, Carey left with the little girl in her boat. On the river she was silent. She had grown weary and cold. He gave her his coat and ran the boat himself, and she sat huddled at his feet. Carey, still under the spell of her dancing, stood in the windy darkness remembering the language of her body, the poignant message of joy and freedom for its own sake. At her landing he moored the boat and followed her to her door.

"Won't you come in, Carey? We'll find a drink somewhere."

"I don't think so. You're tired, and—"

He wanted to say something. There was something of importance to say about her dancing, what it had done for him, but too many words waited behind his tongue. And he was confused by his great height bulking above her wistful face, and by their being alone. He had never entered her house socially, but only as her hired friend.

"Yes, I'm tired, therefore I need company," she said. "And I want to talk about my orange crop. If you can find time, consider yourself engaged to supervise the picking and grading."

But inside, with a jug of wine between them, the girl did not speak of oranges. When she grew warm with wine, and talked of the women of the settlement, her comments were droll and penetrating. She sat on her legs like a very wise child, knowing that her dancing had stirred his buried self. She spoke of her early life, traveling about with her mother, who had been a dancer, and her subsequent drifting about, dancing, teaching, working at photography.

She brought out a folio of photographs, curious and interesting views of twisting mountain highways, factory hands working in steam, studies of trees, electric-light reflections, wheels, structural steel. These were the patterns she had seen and captured, like the pattern she had found in his face. And he understood her love for casual design—her own life was a casual design.

Carey, too, talked about himself as he grew tipsy, and relished this novel role. Under her influence, his long dormant love of talk for its own sake was awakening. Before he left he had told her all of his plans for the future.

To-night, the girl had been more than a child—a woman, vital and entrancing, whose function was to absorb life and give it off, like a stream or tree.

Avid for life's sweet and bitter juices, quick eyes and alert ears, articulate bones and expressive tongue. Sparkling but not fathomable, her rippling gestures concealed a rich secret residue. And behind her urgent eyes and fingers lay the secret, his for the taking. . . .

Marie returned in ten days. He was planting the lilies. Showing her the acres he had set, he assured her he had made his good start at last. Now they could paint the house and overhaul the boat. The kids need never go hungry again. He had earned a thousand dollars with the rum-runners. He spoke brusquely, planting the words hurriedly, and wishing he might as quickly cover them up. Marie was speechless. She left him stooped over his work in the field, went in and locked herself in her room. She would not come out for dinner. Carey and his wife had never wrangled. Her only gesture of rebellion, always, was this refusal to eat. Her children's father an outlaw! For days, her eyes avoided his, and when she finally met his gaze, her face was pale with compassion.

In the weeks that followed, working under his trees, Carey was lulled into the orderly routine of a man of family. The days were heavy with autumn's warmth, but the river had gone frigid as new brass, willow leaves fell across one's face, and the wind, dwelling in the north, brought flocks of wild geese in floating shreds. But in the shade of his trees, where tentative flowers continued to emerge, it was still spring. Evening weariness was a joy.

Marie, too, was apparently contented, placidly devoting herself to the pleasantest tasks about the house and garden; giving for the first time since her marriage ample time to church work; keeping the children clean and teaching them their prayers. Now that there was little to pray for the prayers grew more fervent than before.

Unobtrusive and thoughtful, Marie went from room to room in her soft shoes with barely a sound and rarely raised her voice. But he knew that between them a deep tie had been severed, severed. They seldom engaged in talk. There seemed nothing to talk about. The rum-running incident was still between them and would perhaps continue to cloud their relationship. As for himself, he remembered the thing as merely an exciting escapade through which he had got his fresh start. But Marie's attitude intensified his growing contempt for abstract rectitude.

It was the time of long evenings indoors. Miss Andersen visited the Careys often, and the three would gather at the fireside. Marie, under the lamp with her sewing, would lose herself in her stitches, small, careful stitches tracing an irrevocable line and ending in a decisive snap of the thread. The driftwood, laden with chemicals from the water, threw off strangely colored glows, as if it had absorbed and was now releasing the hues of the sunsets it had known and the vivid shores it had passed. Carey and Miss Andersen, watching these curious fumes, would talk by the hour, voicing ideas they had saved for these meetings. If any part of the talk were referred to Marie, she would blink and stare a moment before speaking.

One night, leaving the Careys', Miss Andersen was unable to start her boat. Carey worked on the engine until it began to sputter, and drove the balky boat home for her. It was almost midnight when they arrived.

"I think there's a drink," she said, fumbling with the lock.

"Thanks, I'd better go."

She suddenly left him standing there, and went to the porch swing. She sat without a word. She had been strangely preoccupied during the journey. "Well, you may go," she said

after a moment. Her voice was edged with scorn.

He approached her. In the lush starlight he saw her wring her hands and turn her head away. This gesture and her tone were so strange to her that he was puzzled.

"Good-night then," he said.

"Good-by."

"But—"

"Go on. Ask me what's wrong. I'm leaving this quagmire."

Carey placed a hand on her shoulder. "Come, tell me what's the matter."

She pressed her cheek against the back of his hand. "What are you? You're an orchardist, but what *are* you? The strong, virile man, the lonely warrior I think you are, or a craven—are you trying to feed on my pride? Hell, listen to me, this is no time for etiquette! Lonely, lonely warrior, you husband of the trees!"

Carey stroked her hair, which the wind had chilled and softened. "Why must you leave us?"

"Us! Us!"

"Come, you know I have a wife. I have a good wife."

"Ah, let's be frank, Branch. Is she a wife—that ghost, walking with the saints? What has a man like you to do with ghosts?"

"Because she's pious? What do you worship? Beauty, freedom, those other unreal . . . She's a good woman. She suffered to bear my children. She didn't want to marry. Have you borne a child? She's worked my fields. She shared my poverty and overlooked my faults for years."

"Is she a wife?"

Carey was nettled. He folded his arms stubbornly and turned.

"Is she?"

He walked down the steps to the levee. "No." He mounted the levee.

"Coward!" the girl taunted. "Coward!"

At home, Marie waited by the fire.

"I drifted down," he answered her quizzical look. "It's fine out."

"I've never known you to use the current before."

"I like the current."

He replenished the fire and lighted his pipe, trying to savor the peace of an orderly household. He was back on his feet, the petty annoyances were cleared away. Even his dogs were often eating game these days. Now he could plan his tasks, pit his brawn against the stagnant ooze, thwart the forces of decay. Happy children, contented wife, secure among his sons.

But a man wanted a woman.

For Marie all was serene. Celibacy was the preferred state, the only way of avoiding nature's trap without forfeiting her most cherished prerogative, salvation. Marie was not living, but only waiting. Well, there was something to be said for that form of life, he supposed. It must have been wonderful to find a purpose in life, outside the mere living. He almost envied her. But no, he could not covet her peace. After her years of fortitude she was entitled to spiritual equanimity. Her faith was a powerful and splendid force. Years of observation had taught him to respect it.

But a man wanted a woman.

Watching the colored flames curl through the faggots, he thought of Miss Andersen, her scorn and her fresh young passion. And he thought of the houseboat woman, her tall brooding presence. Her deep savage laughter invited the strong, and this is what he remembered.

Miss Andersen and Marie seemed to get along well. Now the girl came more often. On nights when the negro left early to attend preaching, Miss Andersen helped Marie with the dishes and the children. She was telling them a long story, an episode each time she came, a modern story containing airplanes and germs, but no dragons.

Then the three would sit by the fire. Marie had begun to appear in more up-to-date garments, modeled after those she had seen in New Orleans, emphasizing the length of legs and contours of the breasts and abdomen. She looked trimmer than Miss Andersen, who usually wore a faded pullover, except that Marie's bosom was rather full, and her cosmetics, applied with an unpracticed hand, made her look over-vivid, at once eager and unsure.

The sewing she no longer brought out. She wanted to contribute to the talk. Carey, perceiving this, strove to keep their discussions in channels familiar to Marie. This sometimes resulted in dullness for all; but Miss Andersen would soon enliven the talk by some interesting comment addressed to Carey. And Marie gave no sign of resentment toward the girl.

Until the night of the storm.

They were talking by the fireplace. Carey noticed the fire draught increasing and heard his trees begin to whisper. Leaving the women, he went to the levee. The river was rough, pounding the willows. It was a norther. It had already blown the stars away.

"Fix my room for Miss Andersen," he told his wife inside. "I'm going to get my lines up before the rain."

Carey attached his ropes to the cave- and sill-hooks on the north side of the house, and made them fast to the stakes in the orchard, taking in the slack with block-and-tackle. It was raining when he finished, and an occasional orange fell on his shoulder. After looking to the *Cher Ami* he got an army cot. He would sleep in the living room.

Marie brought Miss Andersen a nightgown and robe, then went into her room. Carey sat by the fire, hoping the stable would hold. The house was trembling. After a while Miss Andersen came, wearing Marie's robe,

which was about a foot too long. She had pinned up the sleeves and gathered the lower part in her hand. She looked like a child playing grown-up.

"I can't open my window," she said. "I'm afraid it's stuck."

He followed her into his room. He raised the window easily, with two fingers. He made some trivial remark about the storm and they fell to discussing storms. He told of the great hurricane of 1915, which had destroyed the orange trees on the lower Mississippi. When he rose to leave Miss Andersen went to the door with him.

"You'd better get those wet clothes off," she said. "Do you want to take cold?"

He glanced down at his shirt, soaked with rain.

"Do you?"

"I never catch cold. I'm used to exposure."

She passed her hand over his chest and felt his wet shoulder.

"Good-night," she said. Suddenly she laid her cheek against his damp chest, standing on her toes. And she pressed her lips gently to one of the large white buttons of his shirt. He took her by the arms, and felt her grow heavy against him. Looking into her lifted face, he loved her. How or why he did not know. In some sweet and obscure way he loved her. She had grown dear. She made him feel the whole of life more keenly. She saw the conflict in his eyes.

"Branch! Branch!"

He wanted to get away. He must take this strange thought away and examine it alone. He took one of her hands. She was his guest, occupying his room, the friend of his wife. With his free hand he felt for the doorknob behind him.

"Prudent," she whispered. "You've grown prudent. Prudence is wooden. . . . A very obliging handclasp in the

storm, more deadly than if you should send your fist of oak against my lips. I'm beginning to hate you! Self-sufficient! I think you love to be lonely. But it's killing me! It's torture! To see you working alone in the mist among your damnable trees! I'm leaving here. Why shouldn't I? Why do you want me to stay?"

"I don't know."

He opened the door. Miss Andersen turned away. Marie was in the living room, still fully dressed. Her face was jaded and gray. Coming from the little girl, he was startled by Marie's tallness. She looked gigantic, flashing black righteousness out of a gray cloud.

"What were you doing, Branch?"

"Opening her window. We were talking."

"I had already opened it. More talking? What else? Tell me, Branch."

"Let me alone! Let me alone!"

"I know all about her! She—"

"You know nothing! You! Suspecting me with a child!"

"She loves you! I know! She wants you to do wrong!"

Carey was silent. Marie stiffened her back, looming even taller, and looked down the hall. "I'll—I'll drive her out!"

Carey took her shoulders then slid his hands down and clasped them in the small of her back.

"Marie, do you trust me?"

"I don't know. She's bad. I don't know."

"Forget her. Do you trust me?"

"It's not your fault. It's her! Our troubles were all over and we were happy, after all these years. Then she came along, and you've got to shave every—"

"No, she's not bad, Marie. She's our friend. It's not wrong for a woman to love a man, to want a man. You don't understand. It just happens. You must trust me."

"All right, Branch. I'll trust you. I'll understand."

Sitting on the arm of his chair, she passed her fingers through his red curly hair. For a long time they sat pressed together, and Marie's breathing was warm and quick. She seemed very real then. Once the night was rent by a terrific bolt of lightning. Marie winced, crouching. He thought she was struck. She raised her terrified face, and he smiled reassuringly. Then Marie's eyes filled with tears. Her features softened into opacity, and she began to weep, covering her face. He tried to comfort her, but she pushed him aside and fled to her room. Later he passed her door, and saw her kneeling beside the bed, racked by silken sobs.

Next morning Carey loaded his pirogue with traps and went to his lease on Big Grass Margin. There he worked a week alone, trapping muskrats. At night his fire was friendly. And always there was the wind stroking the tall bowed grasses, raveling the huge globular wads of cloud, fanning whiter and whiter the fine hot flame of his anger. These were rich days of painted silence, stirred only by an occasional flock of geese plunging toward infinity, trailing a cry of iron. Alone, he was less lonely.

One morning at dawn he heard a knock. He was dressing. Expecting to find the man from the adjoining lease, he went to the door naked to the waist, and found Miss Andersen.

She was smiling and panting with exertion, but when her eyes met his her red mouth hung open and her bosom went still. Her face turned colorless, bloodless, and her eyes almost in pain fell to the spot on his breast where his heart was visibly pounding his ribs. He would have embraced her there, but Dave Halliday was coming up the clamshell path, bearing two shotguns. And in the *coulee*

behind him a Coastguard pirogue was tied. Carey composed himself.

"We're looking for some shooting," Miss Andersen said. "We passed by to see if you'd like to come."

"Kind of wild-geese chase, eh? How did he find my lease? Pour the coffee then while I dress. This is not the best place for shooting, but it happens I've got a couple of live decoys."

Halliday he ignored. The captain was a stout genial fellow, and his manner was offensively worldly. During coffee he talked incessantly of the possibilities of the orange country. The others were not especially attentive, but Halliday was prepared for that, providing his own listening and his own approbation. Miss Andersen had perceived that Carey was in an unwontedly bitter mood and watched him thoughtfully. Carey consented to act as their guide. He would see what happened. Halliday provoked him, and he wanted to be provoked.

He gave Halliday the two live decoy geese to carry to the pirogue.

"Let's don't start that kind of thing, Carey," he said.

"You want action, don't you?"

"But there's no use slaughtering them out there. I never used a decoy in my life."

Miss Andersen lingered to walk with Carey. "I'll often think of your geese when I'm gone," she said. Her face was lifted, watching a flock high above them, and her mouth was curled in bitterness. She was already attuned to his mood. A good friend, she had always made him feel less alone. "You've sold your lease?" he asked.

"Yesterday. I suppose I'm through drifting. You've cured me. I'm going up the river to find the realities."

They came to the bank of the Bay with their guns. "Those geese are on the island, but we'll decoy them," said Carey.

"This is not sportsmanship," Halliday protested. "It's cruelty, using these to lure the others into a trap."

Miss Andersen pressed Carey's arm against her. "We're cruel people, aren't we, Carey?"

"Yes. We're cruel people."

Carey waded out with the decoys and dropped the mushroom anchors. They all loaded and waited. The two geese bobbed around like wooden decoys, with round wondering eyes gleaming. Carey, chewing a blade of grass, watched Miss Andersen's small unhappy face looking through the grass. The decoys, finding themselves alone and anchored, began to call, crying like creatures lost in the marsh. Carey grew impatient. He cursed the impulse that had sent him on this stupid errand. Halliday, the complaisant nonentity in his Coast Guard uniform, had ceased to be provocative.

A small flock arrived from the island. Carey motioned his companions to keep still. The geese touched the water, barely kissing it with their bills, then returned to the island. Miss Andersen nudged Carey and expelled her breath. Her eyes were alert with a fierce brilliance. The decoys cried again. The geese began flying over from the island by the hundreds. Then a great cloud of them came. Carey's gun spoke first, and Miss Andersen, sucking in her breath audibly, rose and fired. Halliday fired just as the flock rose with a deafening churning of water, pounding of wings, and frantic quanking. Carey pumped in a shell and fired again. His aim was true. He leaped from cover with savage exultation and jumped into the cold water, pumping in shells and firing. He kept firing long after the flock was out of range, and the others had lowered their guns, then stood thigh deep in water, looking after the geese in a dazed manner.

He found Miss Andersen standing behind him. The water, which barely reached his thighs, came well above her waist. The smoke of their guns had gone. Calm around them, all calm with its archaic green burden of growth and decay, lay the saurian quiet of the marsh. Carey sighed. Somehow, pain was beaten back, and his soul inside his breast had grown still. His sardonic mood had vanished. The hoarded bitterness of the past week was spent. They had squandered wild blood. They had plundered the morning of its cunning messengers, thwarted its winged certainties, and this gave him a quaint and pleasant sadness. Miss Andersen breathed softly beside him, the servant of his mood.

The girl had something he wanted. Every movement of hers was fraught with a nameless promise. She had brought about his reawakening, given him a new pride in his strength, sharpened his faculties to the shapes and hues about him. But why? What *for*?

"Feel better now, Branch?" she asked.

"No."

He took her arm, leading her toward the shore. Halliday came forth to assist the girl up the bank. She sat on the grass while the men gathered the kill. Halliday went far away, wading toward the island under a burden of geese.

Miss Andersen, taking Carey's hand, brought it around her waist and pressed it to her breast. Looking down at her, he was suddenly possessed by his first conception of her. She was a lovable, wistful child, full of arresting whims and gestures.

There was an incipient response in his outer senses to the glamour of the strange woman, but it was negative and dull. And under his everyday mind, deep in the guarded region of his

ego, beneath his concern for his children, and his ripening malice toward Marie, and his affection for the river and the trees—nothing happened. No vibrant answer clamored. No dormant flame awoke. The smoldering core of his maleness slept on, an ashen ember—even when he stooped and gave his lips to hers that waited. It was an austere kiss, tender as song, tingling with a quaint purity, until he felt her lips stir, quiver, press deeper, and felt her teeth take his flesh.

"Love me!" she commanded in a searing whisper. "Bring me your strength and your loneliness! Destroy me!"

She had something he wanted, but not this. He had been tricked. It was all a trick, somewhere. He would have to let her go. She was making him sentimental. He smiled grimly and shook his head. Her eyes, looking into his, moved from side to side with his head. He felt awkward, a little ridiculous, looming above her like this. Halliday was near with his burden. Carey stooped to tie his boot.

"Forgive me for disappointing you," said the girl. "You've been a lovable old coward."

"Cowed by what?"

"How should I know? Your family, your scruples? Or because I'm too—too little?" And she could actually laugh now. The truth was too grotesque. He did not raise his head until it was time to load the pirogue for its departure.

He saw Miss Andersen once more before her departure for the north—at dusk a few days later, walking past his house with Dave Halliday. She had a flower between her teeth.

He left his camp next day. Arriving home, he discarded his pelts on the porch. As he went toward the rear, his trees surrounded him quickly, brushing his cheeks with cold sweet leaves, shouldering away the sun, hold-

ing out fruit. Without announcing his arrival, he leaned on a tree and watched. The children were scattered about the back yard. Luke sat under a tree, crying, and James and John were playing with their pet king-snake in a tub. Marie, with the baby beside her, was working with a trowel under the flaming red poinsettia bushes. She was singing! On her knees, breaking the rich earth, she was happy, singing as he had not heard her in years.

Approaching Marie, severing her song with his constrained greeting, he watched her face, seeing pain now grapple with peace in her eyes. He smiled and hurried past with his paddles and gun, thankful that his burden made it impossible to embrace her. But later as they sat around a tempting supper in the warm kitchen, Marie appeared relieved to have him back. And there was peace between them.

Carey attacked his work. With sharpened shovel he began ditching a virgin strip of rear marsh, a sweet piece of ground, almost pure humus, centuries of decomposed grasses and river silt and deer dung, and here he found a kind of peace in lavishing his vigor. A flock of blackbirds followed his plowing, spreading itself behind him softly, like a gossamer net, falling grayer than the evening. And there was driftwood to chop on the bank of the river. Last summer's high water had brought down a generous supply, massive stumps from resinous forests of the north; ponderous logs the stealthy flood had filched from upriver storage ponds; whole trees stricken while still in their prime and gathered in by the river's urgent arms.

Sometimes he would wander off for a day and lie somewhere with the clouds between his knees. Or he would watch a levee snake-fight with the loungers, or merely loaf about the store, consciously let himself relax, for a few hours, into the old slough of content-

ment, lapse into the sluggish tempo of his neighbors' lives, permit his consciousness to assume the contour of the river, which, seeming to sense only a vacant Gulf beyond, flowed languidly through its fecund delta, caressing slowly the thin green bends, tarrying awhile in places, even backing up at times against its own eternal course.

Marie thrived. Miss Andersen was gone. Her husband was always near. She was disturbed only when one of the rum-runners visited Carey, attempting to induce him to haul liquor, or dropping in for a chat. They went to Lacroix occasionally on the *Cher Ami* for Mass. After church Marie, still quietly radiant after the Bread, would go to the drygoods store for some trifle, while Carey performed small tasks about the boat.

Once he had a letter from Miss Andersen. She had signed a contract with a metropolitan revue and had definitely decided upon a dancing career.

He dreamed of her in the night, so vividly that he awoke and put out his hand for her and called her name.

Throttled by a sense of utter desolation, he put on his clothes and flung out of the house. As soon as the wide night engorged him his blood was infused by its abysmal galvanic potency. On the levee the brittle shells crunched under him with an almost electric want of resonance. At the mulatto dance-hall, where a dance was in progress, he stopped to look in at the swaying bodies. Beside the building, in a zone of opulent lunar solitude, couples sat huddled under some China trees. He passed so close he could almost feel the heat of their dark relaxed bodies. He walked until he grew weary, then returned to his home. As he was turning in he suddenly halted. There was fire and laughter over the river. Listening intently, he heard the houseboat woman laughing. The light of the

fire cast an inviting path of gold over the water, ending at his feet.

"Branch! Is that you?" He turned and saw Marie climbing the levee. "Where on earth have you been?"

"Just taking a walk, honey."

"At this time of night? It's after ten."

"Haven't you been asleep?"

"What's wrong with you, Branch? Tell me."

"Nothing's wrong, Marie."

"Something is. You've been acting strange all day."

"I'm just a little worried about Matthew." The child was being treated by Doctor Willoughby for a lung ailment.

"Is that all?"

"What else could there be?"

"I thought perhaps it was about—us. You and me."

Carey shook his head thoughtfully, groping for words to clothe his lie.

"It's not fair to you, living like this, Branch."

"Nothing else we can do will be fair to you."

"Never mind that. Are you happy? Are you satisfied?"

"I don't know what that means—happy. I get a lot of pleasure from my work, my family. I've got no worries. I'm more contented than before. So are you, aren't you?"

"Yes. When you are."

"Well. The other thing's not important. I never give it a thought."

"Sure?"

"Of course I'm sure." They were sitting on the grass. Carey was getting chilled.

"I've got all I want, honey. Things look fine for our old age. In five years we'll have the best orchard around here. Our kids will be educated. I've got all I want."

"Well—I thought—I thought you were suffering—"

"Not at all. I never give it a thought."

Marie impulsively took his hand and pressed it to her breast. "Oh, Branch! All my prayers are answered!"

"So don't let that bother you any more."

"And now we'll have peace at last!"

"Peace," he echoed.

He had not expected Marie would be so credulous. It made him uneasy. His lie had freed her. Yet, he vaguely foresaw, it had fettered him more closely. He did not cross the river that night. He lay in his room, his brain a whirl of confusion.

But on the following night he crept from his room and paddled over in the smaller, swifter of his two pirogues, taking a bag of fruit. There was a light in the houseboat, which lay between the bootleggers' camp and the cannery. He paddled to the houseboat, tied his pirogue, and climbed to the deck. There were loud voices inside. He knocked and a man's gruff voice bade him enter.

The trader, the baby, and the girl were at supper.

"I was passing," said Carey. "I brought you some fruit."

The trader smiled stupidly and blinked his eyes. He was somewhat drunk. "Glad to have you! Hunt you a bench and eat, Red. Fetch a plate, Belle!"

Belle served Carey with stewed terrapin and a bowl of coffee, glancing sullenly at the trader. Her face was flushed, her lips very red. During the meal Carey talked to the trader. In the too-brilliant lamplight, the viscid smell of food, among the violent colors of the walls and furniture, he looked supremely happy and bloated with evil. Discord lay in the air densely, like a current, jarring colors and jarring souls. The bag of oranges resting against the wall on the floor toppled over gently and spilled. No one had taken the

fruit from Carey nor made any comment on it.

Carey disregarded the girl now and she ignored him. It was like a planned struggle between them. She knew why he had come! Already he could feel her will, putting forth an instinctive resistance. Like a struggle between them, it was exhilarating. Fonso, the trader, did not know about that. He ate busily.

"More coffee, Belle!" said Fonso.

Belle replenished the bowls with mechanical alacrity. Sternly graceful, the bitter economy of her movements admitted no flourish. The vapors of the poured coffee mounted her arms. These soft fatal arms had held Fonso. They had encircled his thick back. Belle and Fonso were a well-matched pair, two grim and taciturn minions of some inscrutable law. They were not married, Carey had learned. Apparently their relationship was on the verge of dissolution. Fonso was a tattoo artist. His outfit stood inside the door, two chairs at a yellow table, a placard with crude designs, anchors, arrow-pierced hearts, blue naked women with emphatic navels.

It was not an altogether pleasant visit. Fonso, gulping wine, grew more and more boastful and tiresome. The baby wailed until Belle gave it a drink of wine. Belle sat in a corner, passing tentative fingers over her guitar, searching for a tune, but silent with suppressed fury. Carey felt he had interrupted a quarrel. When he left, however, the girl, biting into one of the oranges, smiled at him over the fruit with her eyes, with something behind her eyes.

With vicious joy his paddle flayed the blackness.

He must invent errands to cross the river daily. The *Cher Ami's* hull needed overhauling, so he put the boat in a repair yard by the cannery.

Thereafter, visiting the works each morning, he contrived to reach the opposite levee when Belle was on her way to the cannery. And he would paddle her the remainder of the way. She would descend the levee in answer to his call and sit with her hands in her lap and her back toward him in the pirogue. Away from the houseboat she was shy, speaking only when addressed. And always there came from her a smoldering resentment, as though it hurt her to be alive—a *self-resentment*, disappearing only in her sudden plays of humor, her poignant and ravishing smiles.

Then he went over three times weekly for a sack of oysters, arriving at the shucking shed next the cannery just before the deep-throated quitting-time whistle commanded the workers to hurry away and rest for to-morrow's toil. Emerging from the factory with her Slavonian girl companions, and seeing Carey waiting, she would smile faintly, almost contemptuously. But when he beckoned she would leave the others and come casually to where he sat, and they would chat on a sack of oysters by the river. She was openly suspicious, expecting him to begin patronizing her at any time. Usually, educated fellows began by trying to improve one's mind.

Carey tried to feel casual, but within himself he thrilled to the element of illicitness in these hours. Free from formality, the situation wore the aspect of those naïve, artless courtships characteristic of the river people—two persons dwelling near each other drawn together by a mystic and irresistible urge, the woman, not eager as Miss Andersen had been, but reluctant and moody; the man fatefully persistent, biding his time but keeping his will focussed, his male attributes directed on the deep, fateful objective.

So through the weeks Carey pursued her. There was no sense of lust. He

had forgotten lust. It was a game of hidden forces, and both contestants foresaw the outcome, and both relished it still. And between them there was yet another tie. For like himself, she lived in the shadows. She was lonely too. Walking toward each other on the levee, they cast aside that dun proud mantle of loneliness. . . .

One morning, when the seat in the pirogue had been splashed, he removed his jacket and placed it there for Belle to sit on. She was in an ugly mood that morning. She looked at the garment on the seat and smiled disdainfully.

"Take it away," she said. "Why should I be sitting on your jacket? I won't get in until you move it."

He removed the jacket. She stepped into the pirogue and he began paddling away, saying nothing.

"I don't want you getting high-toned with me, as if you were in love with me," said Belle, trailing her fingers in the river. Then she raised her eyes and searched his face.

"High-toned!" he laughed. "High-toned!"

"Yes—high-toned! Don't laugh, either. Who do you think you are? Just another big redheaded bootlegger's all you are. You're not so respectable as a person would think that sees you sailing your folks to church Sundays. Don't act respectable with me. What do you want from me? Do you think I'll make Captain Halliday look the other way, like I suppose Stella Andersen did for you?"

Carey paddled in silence, thinking not of the girl's bad manners, but seeing himself, bitterly, as the world saw him—the traditional social hypocrite. When they reached the cannery pier he helped her up the ladder, then swung his pirogue away at once.

"Fonso'll be away to-night!" she suddenly called from the wharf.

Carey backed water. "Away?"

"Yes. He's hired out to the 'leggers. They're bringing in the Christmas stuff."

"I see," said Carey, paddling away with deep, sure strokes.

That night he crossed the river to the houseboat. Approaching the other shore, he heard the notes of a guitar on the levee near the houseboat. He stepped ashore a few yards below the craft, mounting the levee cautiously, to learn if the girl were alone. It was a soft night, warm ashore, and heavy with stars. Carey sat crosslegged in the grass. A few feet away, Belle with her guitar sat on a drift-wood log. The log had a fat, crustacean look, three long clawlike roots on the end jutting upward, clutching.

Belle sat for a while with the guitar in her lap, looking across the river toward Carey's landing, in a manner that indicated she thought herself alone. Then she gathered her legs under her until their glowing whiteness above the knees was dimly visible, and played a song.

She played like a negro, the same indolent plucking out of bland muted rhythms. She knew how to lean dreamily on the lower strings, to linger around her minors, to keep the more passionate phrases from hurrying off. When she finished Carey clapped his hands playfully.

"You scared the hell out of me, sneaky," she said.

He rose and crossed to where she sat on the log. "I'm subject to that thing myself," he said jovially. "Let me play you something."

"If your wife don't mind."

"She taught me to play."

"Did she teach you manners? Did she teach you to be high-toned and say big words like ammunition and erysipelas?"

She left his side and sat on the opposite end of the log, curling up between the clawing roots and nestling there, a compact and sullen shape. After play-

ing, he went to her and offered her the instrument.

"No," she said. "You play."

"You weren't listening."

"Do I have to listen?"

"What are you crying for, Belle?"

He sat beside her.

"Go on and play." Her curved back was hard. She had clenched herself together like an angry fist.

"What have they been doing you?" he asked.

"What would they be doing me?"

"What makes you unhappy always, Belle?"

"Nothing. I'm sick of being his animal!"

"Can't you leave him?"

"Sure. Leave him and be someone else's? Be your animal? He wanted to tattoo me again to-day, mark up my arms. That's his idea of skylarking. Every time he gets boiled. I'm his chunk of meat."

"Leave him then. He's nothing to you."

"Nobody's anything to me. I want nobody."

"I wouldn't say that. See here, let me help you."

"The boy with the magic lamp!"

He felt her draw herself more closely together, harden herself against him. She was hard, bright and hard, he felt. And he wanted her hardness. She was his heart's woman. He would marry her.

"It would make me happy to help you, Belle."

"Listen, Red, what's the idea? Never mind. I know what you want. You want what they all want."

"Yes."

He felt her slowly relaxing against him, unfolding her tight resistance, as a ripened bud opens. Kissing her throat, he felt a glad tremor spread down through her body, like swiftly growing roots. He stood above her, shoulders thrown back. His limbs were molten,

planted in black flame. He took her hands, urging her away toward the levee's crown, where the sand beneath the grass still husbanded the warmth of the sun. They stood embraced. On the brink of the moment possessive, Carey stood bereft of utterance, deferring further ecstasy to realize that their woes had merged and their wills had blended. The heat of her response blinded him like a vapor.

"I've got to go!" she whispered into his mouth, fighting an imminent swoon. "Jesus, Red, you tear me to pieces!"

"With me! You've got to go with me!"

"No! Don't! The baby's crying! Come Thursday night. I'll be here at ten o'clock, after she's asleep. Will you?"

"To-morrow night! To-morrow night!"

"No. He'll be back! He leaves again Thursday!"

"Him! Who? What do we care for him! Wait! There's a little house down the river where you can—"

She broke from him with a strength that matched his own. He stood on the levee, collecting himself. Then he realized the kindly night. In his blood was a singing, high and triumphant, and all these friends of the night were part of the pæan—the river hiding its deeps, the tall grave stars, the unseen swamp rodents mating in muteness.

Thursday night was starry and cold. Carey, seated in his pirogue, bore on the pin-prick of light from the houseboat. Halfway across he encountered a moderate north wind. He looked for clouds, but the northern horizon glowed in a purple quiescence.

Belle was not there. He sat on a log, whistling softly, remembering sharply their previous meeting. He could not recall how she looked now. The details of her face eluded him—only her laughter, his ears could hear

her laughter at will in the dark. Hereafter, whether he married her or not, he would like to go to her in the night only. It would be like a potent, half-sinister dream from which he would awaken to resume his peaceful tillage of the trees. . . . He would persuade her to-night to leave Fonso and move into the little house he had in mind.

The wind had grown from moderate to half a blow. Drawn into his nostrils, it stung the membranes in his head. On the river it had set up a faint seething. Carey buttoned his leather jerkin and glanced at the northern sky uneasily, but the stars were still there. He heard the woman's voice, "Red!" and went forward and took her in his arms.

"The little vixen like to never went to sleep," she explained. "She's afraid of the nigger woman I've got to stay with her. Watch out for my arm!"

Her arm was bandaged and she smelled of liniment. She explained that she and Fonso had had a fight that morning. Fonso had tried to brain her with a pot, but she had blocked the blow, taken it on the arm. Her husband, little Lizzie Belle's father, had taught her how to block a lick. He had been in the ring. Her arm was almost cut to the bone.

Her free hand slid under his hat and clutched his hair, drawing his face down, grinding her lips against his. "My big Red! I adore your hair!"

Brain her. Fonso wanted to brain her. Carey envisioned the scene—the baby screaming in a corner, Fonso advancing with the uplifted pot, bent on spattering his woman's brains over the walls. Sordid! Sordid! And he had come here for peace. Stealing across the night, fumbling for the favor of a river rat's mistress!

"Did you miss me, Red?"

"I've thought of nothing else for two days."

They sat on the log, and Belle rested her head on his shoulder. From her matter-of-fact recital of the incident, he gathered that Belle accepted men as brutes of prey, using women only to cool their lust. Women gave themselves in return for a certain security, but were ever vigilant of being taken advantage of. Her life had taught her so. Soon, she would take this attitude toward him. "*Listen, none of your foolishness! Why didn't you come last night?*" And why not? Why shouldn't she regard him with suspicion? What, after all, did he want of her? Carey's thoughts stopped in confusion. The thing had lost some of its glamour. Then a twinge of pity for the girl sent his mind straying behind her into the drab vistas of her future, ending her days a houseboat hag, selling lysol to factory girls.

Her hand, caressing his cheek, seemed stealthy. The magic had gone from her touch. Well, he had a woman now. Marie's prayers were answered. She would go on being a good woman, and happy. In the wind he half-heard Belle recounting the details of her tussle with Fonso, how she had worsted the man, wresting the pot from his hands and finally chasing him up the levee with a gun, and how the Slavonians had laughed at him running up the levee.

On the opposite shore a light came suddenly, telling him Marie had put a lamp in the dormer window of the upper front room, the empty room, they called it, or plunder-room. Marie was happy these days, making fruit-cakes for the poor, having a neighbor in occasionally for a chat, bustling

about all day with the Christmas preparations.

The small yellow burr of light burned steadily, marking his home. It would continue to burn until, back home again, he extinguished it himself. It was Marie's custom when he was on the river on bad nights to set the big reading lamp in this window. Marie was afraid of the wind, since her youngest brother had been caught midstream in a light pirogue during a blow, years before, and drowned. To-night, awakened by the wind, she had doubtless gone to Carey's room and found it empty. Then she would put on her muskrat coat and fight through the wind to the landing, to learn which of the pirogues he had taken. Finding the larger one there, she would be alarmed, and hurry in to light the beacon lamp.

At this moment she would be in her room praying for his safe return. With Marie prayer was not an escape. It was a state in which, once entered, there was simply nothing more to escape from. She would have made an exemplary nun. Praying for his safe return . . . he had better not keep her waiting too long.

Looking down at the woman beside him who was now watching the light in his dwelling and perhaps guessing his thoughts, he won a fleeting instant of pure detachment, and saw them both, two vagrants in the dark, small and bowed, huddled over an austere question they were not tall enough to ask.

Carey's arms moved, gathering in the fellow of his loneliness.

"Belle," he whispered, now forgetting that he had been tricked again.



HAS THE FIVE YEAR PLAN WORKED?

A REPORT ON THE RUSSIAN SITUATION

BY MAURICE HINDUS

OUTWARDLY Moscow has never looked so bright as it does now at the end of the Five Year Plan. On street after street the ancient cobbles have been torn up and replaced with shiny asphalt. The shop windows on the main avenues, which until recently were so dingy with dust and flyspecks and cobwebs that they made one think of a tomb, are now washed and wiped and gleam with a brightness that is refreshing to behold. Nor are they as empty of displays as they once were. In the food shops the layers of vegetables—cabbages, carrots, tomatoes, beets, eggplants, cauliflowers—neatly arranged in even rows, with their variety and splash of color, make a lively picture. In the drygoods and clothing shops, fabrics and garments are likewise neatly hung out in the windows. True enough, the Westerner at once perceives the shoddy quality of these goods—the cheapness of material, of style, of workmanship; but for Russia even such displays are a novelty and an achievement.

Outwardly Moscow appears happy as well as bright. For the first time since the Revolution there is again a semblance of night life in the city. Hitherto only foreigners enjoyed what meager night life there was. Now Russians, if they have the price, are free to partake of it. The restaurants in which formerly one hardly ever saw Russians in the evening are now

crowded with Russians. The Gypsy choirs, which two years ago were banned on the ground that they were a "disintegrating influence" and had no contribution to make to the Five Year Plan, are again before the public. Once more they enliven Moscow social life. Even the dance hall, which like a dread pest was banished from the land, is now being welcomed back. There is only one in existence now—in a suburb of Moscow—but it is thronged nightly with young people who want to make merry, and its success has been so colossal that there is talk of others being opened all over the land.

Theaters and operas and motion-picture houses are always overcrowded. Time and again, with all the special privileges that I enjoy as a foreign journalist, I have been unable to obtain tickets to the Art Theater or the ballet. Around the corner from my hotel is a motion-picture house, and every evening even in a drizzle hundreds of people are eagerly waiting for the chance to go in. Never have there been so many concerts in Moscow as now, or so many literary evenings with professional readers reciting choice pieces from the old and the new Russian literature, or with authors reading from their own writings, published and unpublished. A visit to the Vachtangov Theater, the most exciting theater in Moscow, at a performance of

"Hamlet" might lead the outsider to the conclusion that the Russians, in the midst of all their strife and sacrifice, enjoy laughter and fun as much as any people in the world. The audience roars with mirth not only at the words of Polonius but also at those of Hamlet, for in this daring and buoyant interpretation of the great Shakespearean classic Hamlet is no tall, lean, pale poet, dreamer, philosopher, but a short, plump, cunning young fellow who loves nothing so much as fun for the sake of fun and whose sole ambition is to make fools of the royal suite and to wrest the crown for himself. Hamlet in the hands of the Vachtangov players ceases to be a drama or a tragedy and becomes a lively melodrama and a stupendous, almost a hilarious spectacle.

At every step in this straggling city one can come on evidence of improvement in the appearance of things. Indeed, on my arrival here as I was walking round observing shops, people, pavements, traffic, new construction, I had the feeling that Moscow was a booming metropolis and that the Five Year Plan was reaching its conclusion at least in Moscow in a blaze of triumph.

But this feeling was short-lived. Late one evening soon after my arrival I was returning to my hotel and in passing a side street I saw the sidewalks crowded with men and women who were lined up two and three abreast. Some of them, tired of standing, had crumpled up on the sidewalks and gone to sleep over empty baskets. Others remained patiently on their feet. One might have thought that this was a bread line as in any American or European city, with hungry people waiting for a handout of food.

But it was no bread line. It was a meat line, and the people were not wards of charity. They had money. They came not to beg but to buy meat,

and they arrived hours before the store opened and took their position in a queue, in the hope that the meat would last until their turn came!

This incident alone brings to naught the gay boasts of unthinking communists and the dismal premonitions of no less unthinking capitalists who at the inception of the Five Year Plan had imagined that on its conclusion Russia would take her place among the most advanced and prosperous nations of the world. The Russians have launched the slogan "to catch up with and to surpass the capitalist countries" in production and in consumption. Whether or not they will ever realize the slogan remains a question. But at present they are an impressive distance away from their goal. In fact, the end of the Five Year Plan, in spite of the external sparkle of Moscow, which as the most-favored city of the Soviets has received special attention, and in spite of the imposing construction all over the country and the ever-expanding cultural opportunities in city and village, finds Russia face to face with a crucial food problem—more crucial than it has been since the days of the famine. The rations of meat and other fats have not been so meager in a whole decade, and the prospects of rapid improvement are not bright.

In Moscow the rations of sugar even for workers have been cut from one kilo to eight hundred grams a month. I know Russians who have been vainly seeking for three years to buy an overcoat. There simply are not enough overcoats to go round and people have to wear their old ones. In a city like Kiev the ration of bread has been cut this year for workers from two pounds a day to one and a half. So far as I know, Russia is not making a single fountain pen, and the great dream of Russian school children is to come into possession of a good pencil. There is a shortage of every conceivable

commodity from food to footwear—of everything but cosmetics!

II

Nevertheless, the Five Year Plan as a scheme of national development and social transformation has been an astounding phenomenon. It will go down, at least in Russian history, as the most daring task or adventure that any rulers have ever embarked upon, and the story of it, when surveyed in the light of the internal and international condition of the country at the time it was launched, reads like an extraordinary legend.

The year was 1928, a year of trouble and torments. In her international relations Russia was in a dismal plight. England had ruptured relations, America refused to extend recognition, France continually sulked, Poland never ceased to make wry faces, China smashed into the Soviet embassy in Peking and the consulates in other cities, raided them, and ousted the Soviet representatives. No nation save possibly Germany and Turkey evinced any sympathy, and then neither too openly nor too abundantly, and no credits were in sight save in limited amounts from Germany and Italy. No help was forthcoming from anybody, anywhere.

Internally the picture in 1928 was no more cheerful. The Communist Party was riven with dissension. Trotsky was ousted, his followers in the hundreds, among them some of the ablest men in the country—orators, executives, writers, engineers, economists—were exiled to remote portions of the country, and the Right opposition was continually threatening a new disruption. The peasant was growling with dissatisfaction, the Nepmen (business men) and the intellectuals were recalcitrant, with some intellectuals—a much smaller number than the

hysterical Soviet press would have the world believe—actually sabotaging. There was little skilled labor in the country, and few, very few engineers experienced in building modern industrial plants, and few, very few leaders to manage such plants. The country itself was backward and had barely recovered from the ravages of both the international and civil wars, the finish of which had reduced industrial output to one-fifth and agricultural to three-fifths of normal. In brief, Russia was alone, disunited, impoverished.

Against such a setting the Plan was launched and now that it is at its end it is well to make an estimate of its aims, achievements, and above all its significance.

The Plan has not changed the Russian ardor for speech making, but the nature of the speeches, like the subjects with which they deal, have undergone a crucial change. The speakers may run true to ancient form and start out with a vehement tirade against Western civilization, against Trotsky and his followers, against the Right opposition, and against socialists in Germany and England. But that is the only bit of oratorical flamboyance they allow themselves. For the rest their speeches are essentially reports and interpretations of existing plans and conditions, very much like the reports of presidents of big corporations or universities, except that invariably the Soviet speeches are much more exhaustive. Statistics are more prominent features of these speeches than quotations from Marx and Lenin, and the statistics are not mere tables of figures. They spurt with a fire that excites and captivates. They are to the Russians what football scores or the returns of any other athletic contests are to lovers of sports, or what the stock-exchange reports are to the gambler in stocks, and sometimes what the pulse and temperature of the patient

are to nurse and physician. They bristle with hope, with triumph, also with anxiety and panic.

There lies before me a set of recent speeches by outstanding Soviet leaders and I quote from them the following figures, which speak for themselves: Originally the Five Year Plan called for the building of only 12,600 railroad cars in its last year. Actually, in 1931—the third year of the Plan—20,000 cars were built. In the output of tractors the Plan has done well, having lifted production in 1931 to 40,000 units. Only 825 locomotives were supposed to be turned out in the last year of the Plan, but as early as 1931, 812 came out of the factories. In 1913 Russia manufactured 17 million pairs of shoes, but in 1931 the figure reached 76.8 million pairs, exceeding the requirements for the last year of the Plan by 16.7 millions. In 1913 Russia turned out 27 million pairs of rubbers; in 1931 the number had grown to 63.9 millions, or 2.9 millions more than the last year of the Plan was supposed to yield.

In the production of agricultural machinery the record is especially noteworthy, as few such machines were manufactured in the old days. For the sowing season in 1931 Russia turned out from her own factories, in addition to the 40,000 tractors mentioned above:

- 82,000 grain drills
- 21,000 hay mowers
- 77,000 threshing machines
- 14,700 binders
 - 350 combines
 - 930 hay rakes
- 1,667 cotton picking machines
- 3,600 beet diggers
- 16,500 tractor carts
- 2,500 potato planters
 - 196 corn picking machines
 - 336 manure spreaders
- 4,872 tractor cultivators
- 21,000 cotton planters

and she has built 402 elevators.

In 1913 Russia manufactured 94,000 tons of soap; in 1931 she manufactured 189,000 tons (and yet the demand far outstrips the supply). The entire industrial output in gold rubles, according to the original Plan, was supposed to reach the sum of 19.6 billions in 1931, but had actually risen to over 27 billions.

Nor are these the only statistical triumphs that Soviet leaders are emphasizing. In the original scheme of things, for example, the Russians had expected merely to lessen unemployment; but in reality, within the first three years of the Plan, unemployment was completely wiped out. The labor day has been reduced to seven hours in three-quarters of the industrial enterprises. Primary education has become universal, and in large cities high-school education has become compulsory. In oil production at the end of 1931 Russia marched far ahead of the Plan and became second only to the United States. And in machine building she is approaching second place, while in the manufacture of agricultural implements she is rapidly moving toward first place.

The most striking revolution—statistically of course—has occurred in agriculture. Originally the Plan called for the collectivization of only one-fifth of the peasant holdings; in reality three-fifths of them have been collectivized, and the lands of these, together with those of the State farms, embrace four-fifths of all the land cultivated in Russia. In other words, only 20 per cent of the land is now being farmed by individualist farmers.

But these triumphs even in terms of statistics tell only one side of the story. They apply chiefly to the first three years of the Plan—years of extraordinary effort. Since then there has been a slackening in the rates of growth, though construction and devel-

opment have been pushed on with unabated energy. Let the reader remember that the chief emphasis of the Plan was on heavy industry, which must serve as a base for all industry. In heavy industry the Plan at its finish has fallen short of its intended mark. Coal, pig iron, steel, and rolled steel are the four mainstays of heavy industry, and here is what has happened to their output.

Coal. The Original Plan for 1931 was for 53 million tons. The "control" or revised figures raised it to 83 million tons. The actual amount obtained was 53 million tons. For 1932 the original schedule was for 75 million tons. The control figures boosted it to 90 million tons. Actually during the first nine months of 1932 only 47 million tons were dug, which means that the total production for the year may have reached the sum of 63 million tons, much less than even the original Plan called for. (Yet it is well to remember that in 1913 only 8.9 million tons were obtained.)

Pig Iron. The original schedule called for 10 million tons in 1932, but the control figures reduced it to 9 million tons. When the 1932 figures are in, in all likelihood it will be found that no more than 6 million tons were produced.

Rolled Steel. The original schedule called for an output of 8 million tons. The control figures for 1932 reduced it to 6.7 million tons. Actually not much more than 4.2 million tons need be expected.

Steel. The original Plan called for an output this year of 10.4 million tons. The control figures for 1932 cut it to 9.5 million tons. In all probability no more than 5.5 million tons will be found to have been produced.

Since coal, iron, and steel are the materials most needed in industry, a drop in their output must mean a drop along a good part of the line of ready-

made machines. This is felt most severely by the automobile industry. Lack of sufficient steel is one reason, though by no means the only one, for the failure to fulfill the original requirement, which calls for 130,000 cars in the final year of the Plan, or to realize the last "control" figures which reduced the number to 75,000. Nizhni Novgorod, which is the seat of the new Ford factory, was supposed to produce this year 30,000 machines; but owing to a variety of circumstances, turned out in the first 8 months only 2,400 cars.

Yet let the reader remember that actual production of automobiles did not begin until the latter part of October, 1931. In 1930 Russia made hardly any cars. She assembled only 8,550 machines. At present the Amo automobile factory in Moscow and the Nizhni Novgorod plant each turn out 65 cars daily. A third factory in Yaroslavl had also begun operations and is manufacturing five-ton trucks. And so while neither the original schedule of the Plan nor the revised figures have been fulfilled, Russia at the end of the Five Year Plan does find herself in possession of an automobile industry, with three huge factories, built and equipped in the best modern manner, kept continually at work.

The reasons for the slump in the final period of the Five Year Plan are many and varied, the chief ones being lack of competent labor, bureaucracy, poor transportation, absence of adequate supplies, and—most important of all—the world crisis and inferior living conditions. The world crisis has cut deeply into Russia's income of *valuta*, or foreign money, which in turn has necessitated a cut in imports and in the hiring of foreign experts. Inferior living conditions have also interfered seriously with the productivity of labor, which was none too high anyhow. In the Kharkov and Stalingrad tractor

plants the turnover of labor, because of unsatisfactory living conditions, has been at least 25 per cent. Workers come, receive training, and then disappear, and the new workers have to be trained over again. With such a turnover of labor the fulfillment of a plan of production is difficult or impossible. A harsher example of the turnover of labor is cited in an article in the Moscow *Pravda* of October 16th, 1932. In a group of metal factories in the Urals which employ 61,000 men, 206,000 workers have actually had to be hired in the past three years and 203,000 of them have left their work benches! In the Don coal basin the turnover of labor has become a chronic social malady.

Nor can the Russians boast of a high quality of manufactured output—that is, high in comparison with European and American standards. Their tractors do not stand up as well as American tractors, though they do the work satisfactorily enough. Articles of everyday consumption are notably inferior to European or American makes. How often have Russians asked me if I could spare them a toothbrush as their own lost their bristles after but short use! Their shoes likewise wear out more easily than in the old days, though their overshoes are among the best in the world.

Recently on a visit to the city of Kiev a friend told me that he went into a shop and bought a pair of shoes. He tried on only one shoe and, since it fitted well, he told the clerk to pack up the pair. On his arrival home he discovered that one shoe was longer than the other. He took the shoes back to the store and the clerk was willing enough to change them, but on investigation discovered that there were one hundred pairs in stock of the size which my friend had bought, and that all of them had one shoe larger than the other! This incident of course is not

typical of the whole shoe industry, but it is indicative of lax management somewhere. Nor is the shoe industry the only one that suffers from egregious incompetence.

Consider also the following instance: In the *Pravda* of July 24, 1932, there is a letter from Grozny, Russia's booming oil town in the south. The writer says that the Palace of Labor in that city was put up at a cost of millions of rubles, and yet only a year after it was finished it needed capital repairs. For one thing, the lavatories had no provision for ventilation. After a rain the mud round the palace was so deep that it was impossible to get to the building. Likewise, a workers' club which was put up in the town did not have a single lavatory, and the new dormitories that were built for workers had no adequate sunlight. Hardly a day passes but letters of a similar nature appear in the leading Russian newspapers.

And yet, in spite of these setbacks and failures, the amount of development achieved under the Five Year Plan is astounding, especially as one realizes the conditions under which it was achieved—the backwardness of the people, the lack of experienced technicians, the comparative absence of credits from other nations, and most important, a none too abundant supply of food. The tractor plants of Kharkov and Stalingrad, the Amo automobile factory in Moscow, the Ford plant in Nizhni Novgorod, the Dnieprostroy hydro-electric project, the mammoth steel plants in Magnitogorsk and Kuznetsk, the rise of a whole network of machine shops and chemical plants in the Urals, which bid fair to become Russia's Ruhr valley—these and other industrial developments all over the country, testify to the fact that whatever the shortcomings of the Plan, and however serious the difficulties under which

some of these plants are now working, Russian industry keeps on gaining color and stature and firmness.

III

That is one reason why a mere statistical approach to the Five Year Plan tells so little of its importance and of its historical significance for Russia and the world. The failure to achieve scheduled production in heavy industry is to my notion not nearly as telling as the fact that Russia has achieved a heavy industry which, however badly manned at present, is in its equipment comparable to the best in the world. The Plan, therefore, as a statistical formula is one thing and as a symbol of a new age or as a guide to a new destiny is quite another, infinitely more important and more exciting.

Viewed as a symbol of a new age, the Five Year Plan first and foremost has made Russia predominantly an industrial nation. Agriculture plays of course a leading part in Russian national economy, but the first place, in terms of value of output, now goes to industry. Henceforth in spite of all mistakes and shortcomings in industrial production, the world must regard Russia as an industrial and not primarily an agricultural country.

Of even more dramatic significance is the fact that the Five Year Plan has practically wiped out individual enterprise. All industry, all wholesale trade, all retail trade, with the exception of the bazaars, are under the iron control of the Soviet State. Never before in history have such gigantic enterprises been built and exploited by governments as in Russia to-day. It was not easy to smash private enterprise even in Soviet Russia, but now it is gone. The State is supreme master of all economic activity with the exception of the twenty per cent of the land that is still held by individualist farmers, and

even there State discipline is so stern that the peasants constantly find themselves compelled to fit into the Soviet national plan.

Whether or not a nation's economic development can proceed as well or better under the Russian scheme of state control is a question which only history can answer. But for the Russians there is no road back, not as long as Russia remains Russia. Individualist enterprise, in my judgment, is possible only in the event of conquest in war or an internal crash, which will allow Russia's individualist neighbors to divide and absorb her and graft an individualistic economy on her. Even then this can be achieved only, if at all, through frightful human slaughter; for neither the worker nor the new youth will yield to such a change without desperate resistance.

Having become preëminently an industrial country, Russia has also become a machine-building country. In the old days the machines which Russia built were limited in number and the best ones came largely from factories owned by foreigners. Yet so limited was the output of such machinery that as late as 1913 Russia had to import—chiefly from Germany—nearly one half of her plows, even the light ones which peasants worked with one horse or one cow. She never made any turbines or tractors or combines or die- and gear-cutting machines. Now for the first time in her history she is making them. She still is importing enormous quantities of machines and, had credit facilities been extended to her, she would have imported more. But she is no longer helpless without foreign machines.

Indeed, she has reached a stage in her industrial development whereby, if compelled, she can continue her own development with her own resources. She could not have hoped to do this at

the beginning of the Five Year Plan. She needed foreign engineers and even more foreign equipment. Now a war or a blockade or an international boycott, all of which she has dreaded more than anything else in the world, can hamper but cannot halt further industrial growth.

Increased industrial output means of course increased military strength, and in a technical or mechanical sense Russia never has been so strong from a military point of view as she is now at the end of the Five Year Plan. I was present in the Red Square in Moscow on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of the Revolution, and the display of mechanical equipment that the Red Army now boasts was the most impressive feature of the celebration. Armored cars, tanks, airplanes, artillery trucks of Russian make roared and thundered past the multitudes of visitors. So afraid have the Soviets been of an invasion that in all their industrial plans and programs military defense has been a primary consideration. With their tractor and airplane factories and automobile plants and their far-flung and rapidly expanding chemical industry, they are on the way to becoming a formidable military power. True enough, they abjure war. At the disarmament conferences in Geneva they have repeatedly declared themselves ready to disarm if the other nations would do likewise. But they will not be caught unawares. Rightly or wrongly, they feel themselves isolated and disliked, and unless the outside world comes to some agreement with them on disarmament they will not weaken but will intensify their efforts further to strengthen their military power.

IV

More significant than these objective gains are the subjective or purely

human changes that the Five Year Plan has brought about. The mere word "Plan" suggests a new approach to the problem of living. Hitherto man as an individual may have focussed his ambitions, tastes, ideals into a well-conceived personal plan, but in the aggregate as a nation he was willing enough to follow a policy of *laissez-faire*. He was guided by immediate needs and was scheming for the perpetuation in the best way he could of the prevailing order of things. His I was his kingdom. Everything might begin and end with his I.

The Plan puts all this to an end. It envisages the recasting of society into a new mold. Man's I is no longer in the center of things. It is an organic part of the aggregate or, as the Russians say, of the mass. In the basic things of life the individual cannot sunder himself from the mass without inviting disaster and even destruction. In the chief calculations of the government it is the mass that counts, and everything that man as an individual needs—from bread to shoes, from books to headache powders, from museums to theaters, from automobiles to highways—comes to him by the grace and the force of the Plan for the mass. He may cherish whatever ambitions he chooses, indulge in whatever joys and capers he relishes, but in no way must these be in conflict with the basic interests of the mass. If he wants more shoes than his neighbor, cares to visit a theater more often, prefers red neckties and brown shirts, no one will stop him provided his earning capacity permits the enjoyment of these things and the supply of goods planned for the nation makes them available for him.

That is why the idea of planning has assumed such momentum in Russia. The Plan is the lifeblood of everything and everybody. Everything you do is part of the Plan. You

dig a ditch, you plant potatoes, you heave bricks, you blast rock, you study medicine—it is all part of the plan; you buy shoes, you decorate a house with pictures, you install a telephone, you eat canned tomatoes—it is all the result of the Plan. “Nurseries,” reads an announcement on a poster in a village kindergarten, “should be put to the service of the Plan,” and lower down on the poster comes the explanation of the meaning of these words: “By keeping the children in the nurseries, mothers can make their full contribution to the fulfillment of the social program of the Five Year Plan.”

No wonder Russia is so Plan-conscious and no wonder that the Plan has become the great idea, the great purpose, and the great passion of the young. There is no schoolhouse, co-operative farm, or factory that has not a Plan of its own which fits into some other Plan and which, like a rivulet that falls into a river which runs into the ocean, does not in the end become part of the One Plan. I have seen dances and songs and games and plays that center in the idea and the emotion of the Plan. Indeed, the Plan has become an incentive and a triumph and supplies a stimulus that is not unlike that of profit in an individualistic society.

A real transformation the Plan has also wrought in the Russian attitude toward the machine. The outgrowth of this attitude must be traced back to the early part of the Revolution, when the machine was already spoken of as a conquering hero. But the Five Year Plan and the bringing of vast supplies of foreign machines and the building of hosts of them at home have crystallized and solidified it.

In the old days Russia scorned the machine. The old government was afraid of it. The machine stirred new

wants, new ideas, new dissatisfactions. It held within it the threat of death to autocracy. The landed gentry likewise had only contempt for it. The machine was a dirty thing, vulgar and grinding, and interfered with the ease and grace of living. The rising industrialists in the country wished for the development of the machine but they had not the social standing of the landed gentry nor their political power.

The coming of the Revolution and especially the Five Year Plan have reversed completely this attitude. If the mass is the end of the Revolution, the machine is the means to that end. The whole scheme of reform which Sovietism and the Five Year Plan embody—the reconstruction of the nation's economic life and the remaking of the human personality—are rooted in the triumph of the machine. And so it has come to pass that the machine has become an object of reverence in Russia. All former objects of reverence—religion, private possessions, the home—have lost or are losing their appeal. But the machine stands out as an object of ever-growing veneration, the great miracle and the great deliverer of the mass.

The discovery of the machine and continuous contact with it are changing the Russian mind. Since the beginning of the Five Year Plan ten million people, men and women, chiefly from the villages, have been drawn into industry. Schools in the hundreds are springing up all over the country especially devoted to educating students in the use of the machine. Books in the millions, posters, pamphlets, charts are pouring out of the presses to help along in the process. All Russian public schools since the coming of the Plan have been polytechnicalized, and are known as labor schools, and in all of them manual training, locksmithery, foundry and

machine-shop work are compulsory. All this is done to develop mechanical-mindedness and prepare a reservoir of skilled workers for the factories. But this process is transforming the Russian mind—making it more disciplined, more sophisticated, more restless. The peasant or the woman who has been in contact with the machine will never again be the same.

In Russia economic activity implies also cultural activity, chiefly propaganda, for and against things, with a view of course to creating a new state of mind which will be attuned to the new scheme of social control and social living. Next to private business or private enterprise the institution that has suffered most from this propaganda in the past few years is religion. I have no statistical account of the number of churches still functioning in Russia, but if I were to make an estimate I should say that no more than one-fourth of them still do so, and possibly less. Russian revolutionaries no longer even get excited about religion, not because they have had a change of heart but because they regard the issue as settled. Never before in any public demonstration in the streets were there so few anti-religious banners and posters as in the celebration of the 15th Anniversary of the Revolution. Anti-religious societies, which even two years ago were flamingly and boisterously in evidence all over the country, are hardly heard of nowadays. The Russian revolutionaries regard their fight with religion as finished, with all religions, Christian, Jewish, Mohammedan, Buddhist, stripped of power and appeal and in a state of utter collapse.

And so whatever the statistical achievements or failures of the Plan, the social by-products and the historical implications for Russia are of immeasurable consequence.

V

Perhaps the greatest political triumph of the Plan has been in the field of agriculture, and in this very field the Plan has suffered its most disastrous economic setback. Originally the Plan aimed to bring one-fifth of the peasantry under collectivization, but actually three-fifths of them have been sucked into it, and the process is still continuing. Yet instead of putting an end to the most perplexing and delicate problem of the Revolution—food—it has aggravated it to a point that is almost catastrophic.

Of course one must remember the immense difficulties attendant on such a grandiose scheme of land reforms as collectivization, whereby the individual farmers merge their land holdings, their implements, and their animal power, and work the fields jointly, dividing the produce according to the amount and quality of the work each performs. There have not been enough machines to go round and enable them to reap the advantages of machine labor. There have not been enough competent organizers to manage the new farms efficiently. There have not been enough agricultural experts to guide the work properly. I have seen collective farms build huge piggeries with cement floors without tiles underneath, thereby causing high-priced sows brought all the way from England, Germany, Poland to get chilled, develop pneumonia, and die. I have seen them operating massive incubators and failing to obtain a decent return of hatchings or, in the event of obtaining it, leaving the chickens to the mercy of bad feeding and bad housing. I have seen them sow Indian corn with grain drills as they would oats or wheat, thereby making it impossible for the stalks to attain proper growth and to ear out. Endless are the blunders they have made.

But these blunders are not inherent in collectivization. In time they can be overcome, and they certainly are not seriously responsible for the existing debacle. In my judgment collectivization for Russia is a praiseworthy method of farming. It eliminates many crying wastes that are inherent in Russian individual landholding—waste in seed, in labor, in animal energy. Under proper management it can at one sweep discard ancient methods of work and ancient conceptions of agriculture. It can raise the fertility of the soil to a height unattainable under ordinary Russian conditions. I am of the belief that as an agricultural movement, collectivization, in spite of the stern methods the Soviets often used to bring the peasant into its fold, is economically sound, as sound as the building of new schools, new factories, new homes.

The fault is not with collectivization but with the reckless and naïve manner in which the Bolsheviks have managed it. They have not of course deliberately mishandled the movement, but if they had, they could not have hurt it more seriously. Pressed for food for the cities and for commodities for export to obtain much needed *valuta* (foreign money), they have been imposing unreasonably drastic demands on the peasantry. The events in the Ukraine in 1931 constitute the most flagrant blunder the Bolsheviks have committed throughout their Five Year Plan. The Ukraine happened to have enjoyed an especially fine crop, but the grain collections—that is, the share that the peasants were obliged to sell to the government—were so drastic that by January and February of 1932 collective farms and individualist peasants were often without bread and without feed for their stock. The mortality of stock from starvation was enormous. I have never seen the figures printed, but they must have

constituted a substantial percentage of all peasant stock. Pigs and horses were special victims of the famine. On one collective farm which I visited, 50 pigs died; on another 100; on still another 19 horses and 10 cows had fallen. Hardly a collective farm I visited—and it was in the area that was struck hardest—but sustained heavy losses of livestock. Collections of vegetables, meat, and milk products were likewise heavy, and in some villages peasants had exhausted not only all the grain they were allowed but all the potatoes and beets. They ate the seeds of weeds, the waste products of flour mills, or started off on long journeys to other parts of the land in search of bread.

The severe meat collections of 1931, only slightly less drastic, had further aggravated the seriousness of the crisis. There were peasants who had to give up their last cow to meet these collections. They protested, but it did no good. Left without a cow, they had no milk and no chance to raise a calf. What is worse, many of them were and still are afraid to raise a new cow. Suppose, they say, there is another meat collection, and the cow is taken away at government prices? But even when they are not afraid and proceed to raise a new cow or pig they are worried. Suppose they are not allowed enough grain to take care of it?

Then again local officials, seized with one of those periodic bursts of political fervor which now and then sweep the Russian countryside, proceeded to socialize the livestock of members of collectives. In retaliation the peasants proceeded to slaughter their livestock. True, higher authorities soon interceded and put an end to compulsory socialization, and the peasants whose stock was socialized had it returned to them for their personal use. But meanwhile a lot of precious stock was needlessly destroyed.

Shortage of fodder, therefore, drastic meat collections, and compulsory socialization have brought Russian livestock to the lowest point it has reached since the beginning of the Five Year Plan.

Naturally enough the peasants have grown discouraged and ask why they should go on working. This is the saddest feature in Russian agriculture. Again and again there have been instances of sabotage, when peasants intentionally plowed poorly, disked badly, sowed thinly, so as to prevent the crop from being good. They have reached a point where they actually do not want a good crop, partly out of revenge and partly out of sheer indifference. This of course is no universal condition but it is quite widespread. "The land," said one peasant, "remains here in the village but our labor they take away, and so why toil?"

In recent months the Communists have extended certain concessions to the peasantry, which have eased the tension in the villages, but they are not enough to revive the peasant's will to work. The peasant will have to be assured, not merely by verbal promises but by actual deeds, that he may keep a cow and a pig and chickens for himself if he chooses, and that he will be allowed enough bread and vegetables and milk foods for his own use and enough grain and fodder for his livestock. There is no other way of reviving and sustaining his morale, and winning him to the support of collectivization. Unless the measures now in process of formulation deal adequately with the problem, collectivization, instead of rejuvenating Russian agriculture, will only further degrade it.

But if the Soviets have blundered sadly in the control of the economics of the village they have pushed ahead with vigor its cultural development. I doubt if there is a single village in Russia without a schoolhouse and a library, however small. There have never been so many nurseries in Russian villages as now, and never in the whole history of Russia has there been such an exodus of youths to the technical schools and the universities. The village has acquired a prodigious appetite for knowledge and learning, and it is given abundant opportunity to satisfy this appetite. Indeed, the cultural advance of Russia under the Five Year Plan constitutes the most cheering aspect of Soviet life.

And so the Five Year Plan ends with the cultural standard of the Russian masses higher than it has ever been in Russian history, but with their standard of living lower than it has been in a decade, and in food appreciably lower than at the beginning of the Plan. Cruel indeed has been the price Russia has paid for the first Five Year Plan. But she has laid her foundation for future development; and what to her is infinitely more important, she has strengthened herself prodigiously in her fighting capacities. She still dreads attack from the outside, but not with the same hysterical intensity with which she did in the pre-Five Year Plan period. At present her main task is to raise the standard of living of the masses. She promises to treble the amount of consumption goods in the Second Five Year Plan, on which she is now embarking. Certainly the Russian masses are looking forward with eagerness to the realization of this promise.



WHAT THE YOUNG MAN SHOULD KNOW

BY ROBERT LITTELL

GLANCING out of the window, I can see the subject—and eventual victim—of this inquiry, dangerously perched in the crotch of an old chestnut tree, about fifteen feet above the ground. Should I rush out and tell him to get down? Or should I let him be, hoping that he won't climb any higher, or, if he does climb any higher, hoping that he will not fall?

It is probably all right, so I shall not bother him. Tree climbing is one of the things he has learned all by himself. There aren't many things he will have the fun of learning all by himself. Most of the things he is going to learn will be hammered into him—Latin and history and grammar and mathematics up to the binomial theorem. I'm not worried about his progress up the ladder from high school or boarding school to college and from college to law school or medical school. It seems incredible that the young biped now perched in the chestnut tree will some day, without stupendous effort on my part or on his, eventually graduate from college or even become a Ph.D.—but he will almost certainly. The strictly educational side of his life, once he gets his hands firmly on the lowest rung of that ancient ladder, will take care of itself.

What concerns me is something entirely different, a good deal more like tree climbing. I have never heard of a school or college that gave a course in tree climbing. And human life

is full of useful accomplishments and rewarding experiences, like tree climbing—like making a speech, for example, or being able to take care of oneself on a camping trip: abilities that seem to me at least as valuable as a knowledge of conjugations and the dates of battles—perhaps (if one is to become a self-sufficient well-rounded human being) much more valuable. What are those abilities, skills, or accomplishments, those extra-curricular proficiencies that every man should have in order to be rounded and self-sufficient, and when can he acquire them, and how?

Let me return—without looking at him, for he is probably by now thirty feet above the ground—to the seven-year-old imp in the chestnut tree. Impartially adding up to myself his skills other than tree climbing, I find that he cannot count money or give change, that he is unable to tie his own shoelaces, that he would most certainly starve if left alone in a well-stocked kitchen, but, on the other hand, that he can perform a rather startling back somersault off a diving board, that he speaks and understands elementary German, and can sit down at the piano and play, with only a few mistakes, a Mozart minuet. Clearly, to this handful of skills and accomplishments he must add others, many others, before he is even on the road to becoming a self-sufficient and well-rounded young man. Leaving all formal subjects out of consideration, he should learn how to:

Swim	Ride a horse
Handle firearms	Drive a car
Speak in public	Dance
Cook	Drink
Typewrite	And speak at least one foreign language well

The list does not end there. There are several dozen mental and physical skills that I should like him to acquire. He will acquire some of them in the mere course of growing up; he will acquire some of them more painfully, as the result of adult pressure; there are others that he will avoid; and he will eventually be punished for their omission with not a little discomfort and social misery. Ordinary education, even high-priced education, will not guarantee him the essential skills, and some of them are better learned after "education" is over. It is up to me to set about making a list of those skills, it is up to me to see to it that he gets them, because they are skills of hand, eye, ear, or brain which will enlarge, deepen, and ripen him as a human being.

But how, you may ask, can a young man be enlarged by learning to handle firearms? In what conceivable way will he be ripened by knowing how to cook or drink?

Patience. . . . In asking what these things are that every civilized, intelligent, educated young man should know, remember that I am thinking of skills, not contents, of outside interests and non-scholastic activities rather than of the stream of Latin, Greek, physics, social science, Jacobean poetry, and elementary bee-keeping which, from kindergarten to senior year, will moisten, but not clog, the sieve that is his mind. And so let me hasten to turn away from the mountain range of modern education which threatens to cast its shadow over this discussion; let me mention once, and then not mention again, the project method, John Dewey, intelligence quotients,

and the Dalton plan. The average high school or boarding school is not modern and will give your son and mine little beside formal education and even more formal sport: one will get him into college and the other may leave him with a peculiarly atrocious form of hick-athletic patriotism. If we parents do not supplement what is given by the usual schools, our sons will come out of them mere Christian stockbrokers with an abnormal craving for bodily exercise. If we want our sons to be able to drive a car, speak French fluently, play the piano, set a broken leg, and make horses do their bidding we shall have to look outside of the schools and colleges. And I submit that he who cannot do these things is not completely educated.

The list of skills, as distinct from book learning, does not include mere parlor tricks, such as playing the ukulele, fortune-telling, a startling acquaintance with the insides of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* or other accomplishments whereby the fear-psychology advertisements promise to make their victims the life of the party or a successful salesman in ten lessons. And the list does not include the special aptitudes necessary to a man in this profession or the accomplishments which aim at the development of his character. The skills I have in mind may fortify character, but chiefly as a by-product. They will make life richer and, therefore, happier (though happiness itself is usually a by-product). They are tools which will help a man to mine his own vein of gold and some of the gold in the world about him. Some of them will save him discomfort, some of them will bring satisfaction and pleasure, some of them will help him avoid danger, and give him the joy of mastery over animal fears. Some are elementary and taken for granted; others are rarer accomplishments not always striven for.

II

It seems obvious that our young man should know how to swim. More specifically, he should know how to swim at least a mile, dive creditably, and not feel panicky under water. No parents will disagree on this point, since anyone who does not know how to swim stands in some danger of being drowned. Swimming is valuable not only to preserve life but because the fear of water is instinctive, and the most civilized man is the one who has conquered all that makes him afraid and that can be conquered. Not only should our young man be able to dive courageously and neatly, but he should be able also to revive those less skilful than himself by rolling them on a barrel and pumping their helpless arms; though I do not insist that every young man should be a life-guard—if he learns all the other accomplishments expected of him he will have little time left for that.

He should be able to drive an automobile well. By well, I mean far better than most people do now. Of all our conveniences the automobile is the most docile, and the most dangerous. It seems to encourage a perilous discourtesy. People who always answer letters, smile when spoken to, and rise when ladies enter the room think nothing of hogging the road or passing on a curve. Our young man should drive safely or not at all. And he should not be altogether helpless when a car breaks down. He must know how to change a tire and offer some sort of diagnosis when the engine sputters and dies.

My list does not include a knowledge of how to pilot a plane. Good pilots are born, not made. A man should stay on the ground unless peculiarly fitted for the air. He may be as air-minded as you please, but unless he is air-bodied and air-reflexed, this modern

skill should be left severely alone.

He ought to know how to clean, load, and shoot a revolver or a rifle. Some day he may have to, in self-defense. And shooting at a target is also good fun, and an excellent discipline for hand and eye. I should like my son to be able to hit a silver dollar at fifty yards. And I should insist that he be able to manage a gun so as to injure no one but the target. He must not be the kind of duffer who makes bystanders nervous. I do not advance shooting as valuable for reasons of citizenship or military training. I prefer that what he shoots at be inanimate. He may develop a passion for shooting duck, grouse, and deer—without my blessing; for it seems to me that the longing to assassinate wild animals is a barbarous and childish method of asserting the superiority of the human race, and considerably less civilized than duelling.

As for self-defense, a man should certainly be able to take care of himself in a scrap. He need not learn jujitsu—old-fashioned boxing will be enough. He will get some of this in school. He should get enough of it so that he can give, and take, a good smack on the jaw, whether in friendship or anger. No matter how short the list of his accomplishments, this should be one of them. The Soviet Russians, who have seldom hesitated to use fire-arms against those whom doctrine forces them to consider enemies, hold boxing to be brutal, and forbid it to their young men. Let us register our disagreement and pass on.

He should learn how to take care of himself in other ways. He ought to know the rudiments of camping, how to build a fire, how to chop wood, how to take a cinder out of his eye, how to deal with a severed artery, how to doctor himself for ordinary ailments. He should also be able to take care of other people in emergen-

cies, to apply first aid, set a broken bone, revive a drunk or a victim of gas, deal with a fainting fit, administer the right emetic or antidote for a case of poisoning. And he should be able to feed himself, to cook, not only because some day he may need to, but because cooking is one of the fine arts, and a source of infinite pleasure. He should be able to scramble eggs, brew coffee, broil a steak, dress a salad, carve a chicken, and produce, on occasion, one first-class dish, such as onion soup. The more he can do, in these days of the delicatessen store and the kitchenette, the better. It is not effeminate, it is not beyond him, and the best chefs are all men.

Our hands, originally the keys used by man's brain to unlock the whole wide world, are in this age of patent appliances in some danger of withering through disuse. A man may go through life without using his hands for anything more difficult than gripping a golf club, signing letters, fumbling for coins, lighting a cigarette, opening a bottle, and holding a telephone receiver. When the furnace goes out, or the radio goes dumb, or a door won't close, or a pipe leaks, he has to send for an expensive expert. Therefore, our young man should learn to be handy in repairing the trifling faults of his home. Of course, he may live all his life in apartment houses and be spared such attention to trifling faults; but if he must live in apartment houses I had rather have him do so from choice than from incompetence. He should know how to use paint brushes, a saw, a hammer, and other common tools. It is much more fun than he might think; it adds to his self-respect; it satisfies the throttled manual ape, and it supplies one of his few contacts with the remote world of physical labor.

One of the best tools he can use is practically unknown among those who have not spent some time in a news-

paper office: the typewriter. Our young man should also have a beautiful and distinguished handwriting. He will not learn this in any school—schools are as likely as not to ruin whatever handwriting he might have had. But handwriting should be reserved for special occasions. The bulk of his writing, particularly if he is a professional man who has much of it to do, should be done on a typewriter. I do not mean poking at the machine with two fingers, but full-fledged touch-system, capable of turning out three thousand words an hour. This talent will be enormously useful. Spread widely enough, it might even revive the lost art of letter writing, and undo some of the harm, the laziness, the mental as well as verbal sloppiness induced by the appalling habit of dictating to a stenographer.

III

He should play one outdoor game well, and have a workable smattering of several more. To my eye, an American who cannot throw and catch a ball seems pathetic and grotesque. Perhaps I am prejudiced. And baseball, except for boys and a small band of professionals, is a lost cause. The usual American game is golf. So let him learn, for the sake of human contact and outdoor recreation, to go around the course in at most a hundred and ten. If it were a question of my own son, I should try to steer him toward tennis, a livelier game and prettier to watch, and one with more possibilities of mental release than golf, which often undoes in discouragement, obsession, and emotional strain the good it does as exercise. A game should not be an end in itself—as is often true of golf—but a relaxation and a complete contrast to the sedentary. There is something a little sedentary about golf.

The bicycle has gone, yet every boy

should know how to ride one. Don't ask me why. He should also be able to skate, sail a boat, and handle a canoe passably. Fishing is a specialty, like chess: those who have it in them will eventually find themselves doing it; those who do not feel the call need not bother. It is a singular commentary on college athletics to realize how few sports a man can get along with quite happily after graduation; how quickly the vast array of football, soccer, pole vaulting, basket-ball, water polo, lacrosse, hurdling, handball, rowing, wrestling, fencing, shrinks in after life to golf or tennis, or, surprisingly often, to occasional sweat in a steam cabinet.

Walking is a noble but neglected sport. Americans "hike" once in a long while but seldom walk. And hiking easily becomes hitch-hiking. The automobile, organized athletics, and the fact that American cities and American suburbs are dismal places to walk in have caused American feet to abandon the roads. For every climber in an American national park—some of which are quite as beautiful as any Alps—there are ten "hikers," fifty who "pack" on horses, and ten thousand who survey the wonders of nature from the windows of a sedan. Walking in this country is a lost cause, yet walking is one of the habits I should wish my son to acquire. No other exercise, if indulged in several days at a time in pleasant, moderately wild country, has greater power to remake a man, to iron out his creases, to produce deep health and spiritual calm. The first steps in this elementary course had best be taken in Europe, where the natives do not look upon people with heavy shoes and knapsacks as slightly cracked.

Everyone should know a great deal about animals. It is natural for boys to collect stray dogs, and all children seem instinctively to be much more interested in every other branch

of the animal kingdom than their own. It is equally natural for the city and suburban boy to grow up with no more contact with animals than Mickey Mouse and an occasional trip to the zoo. Kindness to animals and an understanding of them has become in modern life a skill that must be nourished and artificially trained. I do not expect my son to become a Raymond Ditmars or a William Beebe. But I shall think him lacking unless he has much to do with animals and gets on well with them. Civilization has hustled us all horribly fast and horribly far away from our primitive state, from the time, biologically not very long ago, when man's life depended a great deal on animals. A certain return to nature is healthy and desirable.

The best animal for the purpose of this return to nature is the horse. I insist then that a boy should have many horses in his life, and should learn how to stay in a saddle with pleasure to himself and a minimum of annoyance to his mount. Riding is one of the required studies in my curriculum, valuable both as one of the possible victories over physical timidity, and as a source of pleasure. With riding should go some knowledge of how to take care of a horse. But I should not like my son to become horsey. Horsey people are victims of an obsession even worse than golf. They lead, mentally, four-footed lives, and the spiritual aroma of the Noblest of Beasts clings to them as the smell of straw and manure clings to the stables. It is a clean, time-honored smell, but a bit too pervasive. I have three fears for the future of my son: that he will join the Army, enter the Church, or become horsey.

IV

Trivial, but important because one can be so uncomfortable if one does not

know them, are the parlor amenities. A boy should learn how to dance. Good dancers, like aviators, are born, but any one can learn to do modern real-estate dancing—that form of rhythmically bumping into other people in a small space with a technic dictated by the high land value of the places where dancing is usually to be found. The kind of dancing that is really fun is extinct in America. Social dancing is no great art, but essential if one wishes between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two to become acquainted with more than a few specimens of the opposite sex.

As to card games, I play bridge so badly myself that I am prejudiced against it. If one plays bridge well enough to enjoy it, one probably plays too much of it to the exclusion of better things. As a refuge from boring conversation, it is without equal. Backgammon, though useful for the same purpose, is a monotonous blind alley. Pool and billiards are specialties. From these indoor pastimes our student can pick one optional elementary course, which will be given at the pleasure of the instructor.

Even more trivial, but infuriating if one is clumsy at it: tipping. It would be very pleasant to go through life with a knowledge of how to tip naturally, justly, without fear and without reproach.

American social habits being what they are, there is one indoor skill which seems to me not only far more important than bridge or dancing, but actually compulsory—drinking. A young man who could convince me that his lips really would never touch liquor might be let off my required course in drinking. But he would be an exceedingly rare bird, and alcohol is so much more evident a liquid in the United States than water that it is probably quite as necessary for a young man to learn how to drink as it is for him to

learn how to swim. If the youth of the country had been taught how to drink, just as they were taught not to eat between meals or swallow before they had chewed, we should never have had Prohibition. It is a more difficult art than most, for every man reacts differently, and every man should know, long before the time when (according to our customs) he indulges in his first collegiate binge, whether liquor goes to his head, his legs, or his morals, whether he is the type that sings, fights, weeps, climbs lamp-posts, or pinches the girls. Furthermore, he should learn his capacity and stick within its limits; he should know something about the different kinds of drink, and which drinks produce chaos within him when mixed. By all means let him leave drink alone if he wants to. But since, nine times out of ten, he will drink, let him do so sensibly.

I have omitted from this list all mention of women, not so much because it is a subject of appalling breadth, leading to endless discussions of chastity, frustration, fulfillment, birth-control, curiosity, mate hunger, and other less printable but even more important topics, but because, in regard to the other sex, the fairly well-educated seem to be at as great a disadvantage as the rest of mankind. What every high school, boarding school, and college graduate should know is no different from what every man should learn in this darkest and most unteachable province of human conduct. I shall not be the one to tell students of this course what acquired skills can prevent mistakes and heartache. Where sex is concerned, nature clearly intended us to make many mistakes in her hope that some of them would be productive.

I shall certainly be in a minority in suggesting that our sons should know the rudiments of gambling. Gambling might be placed on the same plane as

drink—the less use one has for it the better. And the sooner America gives up gambling, not only at card tables, roulette wheels, and slot machines, but in stocks and bonds of equally mysterious and unpredictable corporations, the better also. But gambling in one form or another seems to be a national habit of mind. Almost every American gambles at some time in his life. And there are things valuable in other departments of life which gambling can teach: to be a good sport, to be a good winner as well as a good loser, especially when games are played for money; not to brood over the irrevocable, not to give way to retroactive daydreams and say, “if only I had put a big stack on double zero, if only I had sold out in August, 1929.” October of that year was the rout of the amateur gambler, and the crash revealed this country to be singularly full of poor losers. Important as it is to be a good loser in public, it is even more important to learn not to try to turn the hands of the clock backward in the privacy of one's own soul.

V

Higher than almost any other accomplishment on the list do I place music. There is no reason why any boy who is not absolutely tone-deaf should not learn how to play one musical instrument well enough for it to be a self-resource and a tolerable pleasure to others. If it were not for the certainty that our educators would make it as deadly during school and as shunned in after life as that badly embalmed language, I should advocate the substitution of music for Latin as a required subject. Music is, or ought to be, an essential part of every civilized human being's life. Economic necessity, the radio, and the phonograph have put the playing of music beyond most Americans. Our children should bring

this back. My choice would be the piano—the violin is far more painful in incompetent hands, and most other instruments are not meant to be heard singly. The saxophone and the ukulele should be placed on a par with the taking of drugs. There is much to be said for being able to sing parts decently, and any amateur who knows the words of even the commonest songs is a phenomenon. I realize that even this is asking a great deal. Perhaps I expect too much. My students will receive a passing grade if they can sit and listen to good music intelligently, and moderately often without pressure.

A civilized man should know how to read. The ability to read, or rather the habit of reading, is very rare even among intelligent people, and has to be taught and kept up if it is not to become rusty. The educators tumble over one another with new methods of teaching children how to make sense out of print, but not a single pedagogue, so far as I know, has successfully tackled the problem of how to keep people reading books once they have learned that it can be done. Incidentally, if someone were to write a little book called *How to Read the Newspapers* he would earn the undying gratitude of those who search hurriedly for the sports, the market, the obituaries, glance at the headlines, and then throw all of the newspaper on the floor.

If the young man over whose head hangs this list of accomplishments could not find time, because of the necessity of heeling for the *News* or keeping dates with co-eds, for more than a few of these skills, let a fluent reading and speaking knowledge of at least one foreign language be among them, French or German, preferably both. A parent must expect no help from schools in the teaching of foreign languages—or rather (such is the impression of the student who goes to the

average school) in the teaching of irregular verbs. Governesses and tutors, little trips abroad in adolescent summers, can start a false spring which withers and dies as soon as the child goes to a regular school. Everyone learns one language as he learns to walk—the learning of one more ought not to be so hopeless. But hopeless it is for Americans. Parents should form a foreign-language study association and devise ways to supplement, and combat, the schools. German children learn an amazingly good brand of English without ever crossing their borders. Why can't we? For one thing, we don't really want to. Yet we should. An American who knows only English is blind in one eye.

Corollary to this are the skills and experiences that come from travel, and the tolerances and curiosities about other sorts of people that only travel can produce. To travel well, efficiently, without fuss or complaint, without asking why porters are so stupid or blaming the Italians for speaking their own language is no small accomplishment. But what I have in mind is a wider mental habit, an ability to think as a citizen of the world, to meet foreigners upon their own terms, to circulate freely and receptively in London without giving in to that curious chameleon temptation to be at the same time a little ashamed of one's own country and to imitate the British.

The British have it over us in two particulars: their educated men talk well in public and handle their own language, in speech and writing, as if it were a familiar object. Our young man should be able to express himself clearly before a crowd of strangers, without shyness, muddle, or a pathetic resort to "so much has been said and well said" or "I did not expect to be called on." Children somehow get over the terror of saying "how do you

do" to strangers, but the American adult who can get to his feet, propose a toast, introduce a stranger, voice a civic protest, heckle a windbag politician, and give utterance to an unembarrassed thought is a museum piece. And a man should command the elementary tool of written language, and be able to put simple things on paper in clear words; for in its essentials writing is not a mysterious art, but a human function, as possible to learn as walking or eating.

On the borderline between skills like these and book-learning are all such things as a sound smattering of the theater, painting, opera, a good workable understanding of the structure of business, investments, and banks (which in real life are not quite as they seem in the textbooks of economics).

To these skills and knowledges I would emphatically add certain experiences. The educated young American male is in peril of too much shelter, too little danger and privation, and would be the richer if he had at some time in his life been without money and gone hungry for several days, been lost or shipwrecked, been robbed, been in jail, and spent a few months working as a common laborer. This last I place high on the list. Let every educated man, as a necessary part of his education, be thrown into the muddy stream of American industry and see what it is like to swim alone on daily wages.

The list of extra-curricular accomplishments must come to an end, or our young friend will not pass his board examinations. One more desideratum: he should before reaching twenty-two have done something because he wanted to, whether other people wanted him to do it or not—sailed a boat on a perilous course, or shipped as a common seaman, or taken a job on a newspaper, or motored across the continent, or gone off to Europe on his own, or learned boiler-making. Anything,

so long as it was his own idea. And how does one make healthy young middle-class Americans want to do something if all they want to do is enjoy themselves? Ah, if I knew that . . .

And into the young man's bag of tricks I should certainly insert the accomplishment of not acquiring property unless he needs it. The other skills I have proposed for him will not cost much money, so that he will be able, and also tempted, to record the increase in his standard of living by adding to his furniture, by buying a better car or an oil furnace, by going in for collections of medieval armor or ancient coins, and similar surrenders to the magpie streak in all of us. Property quickly crowds out and preys upon less tangible pleasures, and is so often preferred to the fun one can have with one's body or one's mind because the joy of its acquisition is so immediate and keen. Property of a decorative or useless nature is, indeed, often more fun in anticipation and at the moment of its acquisition than it ever is again. Insensitiveness to his personal property, unless of course it is extraordinarily beautiful, is a desirable skill for any man to have. And, like swimming, bridge, or German, it must be learned and worked at.

VI

What a ferocious program, you may say. And how in the world is it, or even a quarter of it, to be put into effect, granted a normal male specimen of the race? Only a fraction of it will be acquired in school, we all admit. Parents are busy, and except in rare cases parents are the worst possible teachers of their own children, who know them far too well. Summer camps can do some of it. American schools grant long holidays to their pupils from June to October, and the pupils, if left to themselves, use the

holidays to wipe out as much education as possible with a useless, unsystematic, healthy good time. For this idle summer, the camps substitute a schedule of outdoor skills, and the boy who goes to summer camp usually comes back knowing how to swim, fish, paddle a canoe, toss a flapjack, and not cry too much when hurt. The skills taught by the summer camp end with outdoor sports. Yet parents are dimly aware of how little school teachers really teach, and cling to supplementary education like that of the summer camps when they can get it. Why not enlarge the camps and to their outdoor curriculum add German, taught as thoroughly as they teach canoeing? Why not, in fact, apply the basic principle of Americanism and have two systems of education competing against each other? On one side, the formal schools, pouring contents into rebellious minds; on the other, summer camps where the children are taught definite humane skills, some of them much better taught than the schools can ever expect to do? Who knows—in course of time the competition might be too severe and the schools might go into receivership.

Ah, I thought so—there is one skill I had forgotten. When, as the result of some trips to Europe, of much prodding on my part, and of summers spent at the kind of summer camp that does not yet exist, I am eventually confronted with a son who can make onion soup like Savarin, ride a horse like an Indian, play a difficult sonata, speak French and German like a native, and repair a leak in the roof—will not there be something missing? Yes—an accomplishment vitally necessary to an American.

Unusual though this young man may be, he should not seem so. For his own comfort, and for mine. Is not a parent's basic ambition for his child that he be very different from other people, yet manage to seem almost exactly like them?



THE TARIFF DELUSION

BY HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

"HOOVER Asks Data for Rise of Tariffs on 16 Commodities. He Orders Inquiry on Whether Higher Duties Are Needed to Protect Workers."

Here speaks the typical high tariff statesman. He is scrupulously eager for elaborate and detailed tables and charts of costs, prices, and wages, in order that he may compare the cost of production of innumerable specific articles in this and foreign countries; but he is completely ignorant or indifferent concerning the basic social and economic principles that underlie all tariff manipulations, and to a large extent nullify all the complex lucubrations of the technical tariff experts, rendering them void and without significance.

Encouraged, doubtless, by Mr. Hoover's pre-election announcements that his would be a government of "the best minds," and that he would be guided by the judgment of competent experts, at least one thousand American economists have offered the President free advice about the tariff, which he promptly and categorically disregarded. It may be assumed that any one of these economists would have been willing to give a perplexed executive abundant information about the fundamentals of tariff theory, to sit down with him and expound at any desired length the logical analysis by which practically all modern economists arrive at the conclusion that the whole protective-tariff doctrine is a hodge-

podge of illogicalities, false assumptions, and distorted interpretations of evidence.

But this, apparently, is not what Mr. Hoover wanted. He already had his firm convictions about these fundamentals, rigidly set in the mold of his preconceptions, interests, and cultural and professional antecedents, associations, and experiences. What he wanted was mathematical minutiae about wage scales, cost sheets, and conditions of production, so that the tariff might be adjusted to relieve the areas in which employment is unfavorably affected by increased importation of competitive products, such as *Rag Rugs*, in Chicago, Lowell, Syracuse, Columbus, Topeka, and Milwaukee; *Grass Rugs* in St. Paul, Oshkosh, Newburgh, and Philadelphia; *Tooth Brushes* in New York, Bridgeport, Florence (Mass.), Toledo, and Chicago; *Hair Brushes* in Chicago and Troy; *Dried Beans* in Rochester, Lansing, Sacramento, and so on through the entire list.

In this particular Mr. Hoover did not differ from other high tariff exponents. Most of them take their major premises for granted, and focus their attention on a multiplicity of detailed facts concerning particular industries and productive processes. (For the moment we may close our eyes to the frequency with which a particular tariff advocate is immediately and personally interested in a particular industry.) In so doing these cham-

pions are likely to take the high ground that they are practical men, dealing with affairs concretely, and not befogged by the dense mists of abstract theory which envelop the academic economist. The first step in achieving an adequate understanding of the tariff problem is to dispose once and for all of this assumption. The difference between the tariff-making politician with his business mentor and the academic analyst is not that the one is practical and the other theoretical, but that the former takes certain basic postulates for granted, and proceeds to apply his reasoning processes from that point on, while the latter attempts to follow the method of logical analysis and the objective interpretation of evidence clear down to the bedrock of human nature and the cosmic qualities of this finite globe. For all tariff arguments must necessarily be theoretical in the sense that positive and conclusive demonstrations are impossible. Human relationships are far too complex for that. No matter what particular theory may activate a specific piece of legislation, or what concrete policy may be adopted, it is always possible to explain any unfortunate sequel by the operation of some other causal factor, or to discredit some happy sequence by the allegation that the result would have been even more satisfactory without the act in question. "Let no man say it might not have been worse"—or better. If unimpeachable proof were possible, it would certainly seem that, after centuries of legislative and administrative experimentation, with trade policies definitely in mind, some conclusion reasonably convincing to any intelligent and informed student must have been arrived at by now, even granting the amazing capacity of the human mind for illogical thinking and its resistance to the lessons of fact. But factual demonstration is more than can

be hoped for. Were this not true the situation would be worse for the present administration even than it is. Alas for the Republican party if it were not possible to explain away the fact that the passage of the Smoot-Hawley Tariff, which was to restore prosperity in thirty, or sixty, or ninety days (like the payment of a note), was promptly followed by an extension and aggravation of the depression!

II

The two basic assumptions with which practically all pro-tariff arguments start are that the tariff is necessary to protect American business and to protect the standard of living of the American wage-earner. These may be elaborated into the statement that the importation of competitive goods from countries where current wages and the standard of living are lower than in the United States forces producers in this country to lower wages to such an extent as to reduce the American worker's standard and at the same time to cut selling prices so as to diminish their own profits. The safeguarding of "American business" and the preservation of the American laborer's standard of living are the two main slogans of the tariff cohorts. That these two interests are in many ways intrinsically opposed to each other is no deterrent. The tariff is hailed as a measure of such supreme potency that it can aid both parties to an inherent conflict.

The protection of the American worker's standard is a particularly appealing objective. It is good campaign material, redolent of philanthropy and altruism, judiciously tinged with emotion, genuine "home and mother" stuff. Any program that proclaims this goal with sufficient vehemence is not likely to be subjected to too close scrutiny as to its logical or factual groundwork. For the goal

is indeed a worthy one. Materially speaking, nothing is more important to a country, nothing is more indicative of its external prosperity, than its general standard of living; and the standard of the wage-earning class is the base line from which the standards of all other important classes start. The relation between tariff and standard of living is, then, one of the genuinely significant criteria for judging tariff policy.

First of all, what is a standard of living? The term has been variously defined by the numerous students of the subject, the concepts ranging all the way from the "amount of economic goods which is required to maintain the highest industrial efficiency" to "the number and character of the wants which a man considers more important than marriage and family." In general, the definitions are divided into two distinct groups on the basis of the twofold significance of the word "standard." A standard may be an ideal or a goal, as is indicated when we speak of a man as having high standards of conduct—however lamentably he may fail to live up to them. But on the other hand, the word may have an almost opposite meaning, a type or average, that which is usual or customary, as a standard typewriter, a standard gear shift, or a standard-gauge railway. Each of these concepts is recognized in the works of various technical writers on the subject. But of the two it is obvious that the latter is the one that is in the mind of the tariff advocates. It is what the laboring man actually has that is to be protected, not that which he would like to have or thinks he ought to have. And it is this conception that has primary validity and reality for the purposes of any social discussion.

The standard of living of a group, then, is the average amount of material necessities, comforts, and luxuries

habitually enjoyed by the typical family in that group. As an average, the standard of living is necessarily a function of a group. Obviously, any kind of a group may be thought of as having its standard. We may think and talk of the standard of groups all the way from the bank presidents of New York City to the Greek boot-blacks of Chicago, or from the residents of a rural county in Iowa to the whole of the United States. The standard of the wage-earning class is of special importance only because it affects the most numerous class in the country, and because it represents the minimum norm of all the stable and adjusted groups in the country, leaving out the hoboes, paupers, and panhandlers.

So defined, the standard of living expresses itself in objective material goods, primarily of a consumable sort, and useful services; though saving for investment must also be taken into account. It is expressed in terms of *outgo*, but it depends upon *income*. Since the income of the laboring class consists of wages, it is customary to think of the standard of this group in terms of wages. This practice very easily leads to serious confusions and misconceptions; in fact, it accounts directly for many of the basic fallacies and delusions of conventional tariff arguments. Wages are of no significance or utility in themselves. They are not an end, but a means to an end. The end is a supply of desirable goods and services. The availability of this supply to a given working-class family is precisely as much a matter of prices as of wages. The money received and spent by such a family, like all money, is merely a measure of value and a medium of exchange. The real value is in the goods and services that are procured and enjoyed.

It follows that wages alone, or prices alone, are no indication whatever of the standard of living of a given group.

Wages are, after all, themselves a form of price—the price of labor; and if all prices, including wages, fluctuate harmoniously, either up or down, it has no effect at all upon the standard. The things purchased—what are called “real wages”—are what count. To make an application to the matter in hand, no matter how much the reduction or elimination of a tariff lowers the wages of a certain group, it does not hurt their standard in the least provided the prices of the things they buy decline correspondingly—provided also, of course, that they do not lose their jobs. The whole defense of the tariff as the protector of the American standard depends upon whether or not free trade would lower wages any more than prices, or would cause laborers to lose their jobs.

III

At this point a query presents itself which is seldom raised or even recognized in tariff discussions: how did the American people come to have the high standard which it now enjoys and which is said to stand in need of such sedulous protection? It certainly did not start out that way. The living conditions of the first white settlers of this continent were arduous in the extreme. For the first few years, or possibly decades, the standard of living of the white Americans was far below that of the corresponding classes in the countries from which they came. But very quickly an improvement set in, the standard proceeded to mount higher and higher, and before long it was at such a level as to afford a continuous inducement for the migration of the working, and higher, classes from much older, and in many ways more wealthy, countries.

What brought about this welcome change? Was it shrewd legislation enacted by sage statesmen, consumed with zeal for the welfare of the average

American? Far from it! During the first century and a half of its existence the American people were in subjection to England, dominated and dictated to by the British government. England did indeed build up an elaborate set of trade enactments affecting the colonies, embodying the most approved politico-economic dogmas of the day. But their purpose was anything but the promotion of American industry or the protection of the living standards of the American colonists. On the contrary, their specific and avowed purpose was to enrich the mother country and foster her trade, at whatever cost to the young and relatively helpless offshoots across the Atlantic. The whole spirit of England's trade legislation during this period was to subordinate the economic interests of the colonies to those of the home land. But all the while, the American standard continued to rise, and the discrepancy between it and that of the mother country became more and more marked.

It is clear, therefore, that during the colonial period the elevation of the American standard was achieved, not because of any wisely conceived political measures, but *in spite of* an elaborate set of regulations aimed in precisely the opposite direction. During the same period, incidentally, Spain was experiencing a rapid and profound decline, political, moral, and economic, largely traceable to legislative policies prompted by what was accepted as the best economic counsel of the day.

In the course of time the colonies became populous enough and had established a sufficiently high general standard to encourage them to break away from this onerous outside domination. The new nation started on its independent existence. It promptly proceeded to pass some simple tariff measures, but their purpose was revenue, not protection. The first tariff law designed directly to favor American

industry was enacted in 1816. It gave special protection to cottons, woolens, and irons; and the sentiment in its favor was by no means unanimous. From this time on the growing importance of manufacture was reflected in a tariff policy, vacillating and inconsistent, but on the whole trending toward ever more intricate and formidable tariff barriers.

In the meantime the standard continued steadily to rise, until the United States became the world Mecca for immigrants from every land which was permitted to send them, universally animated by the desire to participate in the better conditions of existence that this country afforded.

There is abundant evidence, and much authoritative opinion, in support of the view that this upward march of the standard of the American wage-earner—at least of the unskilled worker—reached its climax early in the nineties of the last century, and that from then to the outbreak of the World War there was a gradual but definite decline. Since then conditions have been so disorganized, and so complicated by waves of unemployment, that it is difficult to trace the course of the standard. But it is safe to say that no possible connection could be found between its progress and the multiplication of tariff barriers.

But by this time "business," as a definite and independent interest, had become sufficiently influential to impose its ideas effectively on legislative bodies. Its avowed motive, in part at least, was to protect this standard which had hitherto thrived so well without protection. A hint of the sincerity of "American business" in opposing free trade on this high altruistic ground may be gleaned from the fact that it has never raised the slightest objection to the unlimited importation of low-paid foreign labor to compete directly with the native wage-earner.

On the contrary, during the very years when our tariff system was being built up "American business" was sending an army of agents across the Atlantic to scour the countries of Europe in search of ever cheaper labor supplies, habituated to ever lower standards of living. If this practice had not been checked by the contract labor law and other features of our immigration statutes long before now the United States would have been subjected to a competition of standards of living within our own border, the logical culmination of which, as General Francis A. Walker perceived years ago, would have been the reduction of the economic level of our population to that of "the most degraded communities abroad." Almost to the very present "American business" has continued to oppose every measure designed to limit the annual influx of immigrant laborers or to guard particularly against the influence of the lowest-standard foreign countries.

What, then, are the factors that determine the standard of living of a people? Why does one country, in the same era of human evolution, and in the same mesh of international trade affiliations, have a standard so much higher than another? To enter into a detailed examination of the determining causes would involve altogether too much time and space in the present connection. But the basic principles are perfectly simple and easy of comprehension.

There are three main factors that determine the standard of living of any self-contained group of people that corresponds to the ordinary conception of a "society." Given a favorable conjuncture of these three factors, no power on earth can keep a people from enjoying a high standard of living; given a serious deficiency in one or more of these factors, no amount of elaborate legislation can lift a people

above a low level of existence. The only kind of legislation that has an appreciable effect in either direction is that which affects one or another of these factors.

The first of these factors is the land that a society possesses or controls. Land is to be interpreted with respect to both area and quality, and is to be considered as including not only soil, but rocks, water, and atmosphere. Land is the obvious final source of all material supplies, the great reservoir from which are drawn all the concrete products which are built into the substance of the standard of living. The second factor is the economic culture of a people, what has often been referred to as the "stage of the arts." This is a very comprehensive concept, composed of three main ingredients: first, the accumulated material equipment fitted for the production of wealth—machines, tools, railways, ships, stores, and so on through an interminable list; second, the scientific knowledge, technical efficiency, and manual dexterity of the total producing population, and third, the native economic qualities of the people themselves—their industry, thrift, inventiveness, stability, and physical endurance. Taken together, these three categories include everything that combines to enable the society to extract materials from the land and to make them available rapidly and efficiently for human use. The third chief factor is the size of the population. This is a somewhat complex factor, and may operate in two opposite ways. It occasionally happens that a society is too small in numbers to make the most advantageous use of its land and economic culture. Its economic progress is hampered by a definite lack of workers. Its standard of living is kept below the possible maximum by a dearth of productive units. This is underpopulation in the primary sense of the term; it is in-

herently self-corrective, and usually of very brief duration. On the other hand, a society may have so many people that the total social product has to be divided into such small units that the average individual or family receives too little to provide for a high standard of living. This is economic overpopulation. It is true, that in general as population increases, the total social product also increases. But beyond a certain point, the increase in product is not proportionate to the increase in population, and so the *per capita* allowance diminishes.

In a general way, the contemporary standards of any existing society may be explained on this basis. For example, among the low-standard countries there is China, with a vast area of land, an economic culture well adapted to its traditional mode of life and social norms, but with a population so numerous that adequate supplies for them all cannot possibly be produced; Japan, with a relatively small amount of productive land, fine economic qualities among the people, but a population so large and growing so fast that no amount of modernization of its economic system can keep pace with the requirements of the standard of living; and various primitive peoples, some with good land, some with poor land, but all with an economic culture too low to provide for more than a very meager standard of living, even with a scanty population. At the other extreme are the high-standard countries, such as Australia, Canada, and the United States, where all three factors are in favorable relations with one another. The countries of Europe range themselves at different points along the intermediate scale, according to the varying development of the three factors: Italy with an excessive population, but bettering its situation by a centrally controlled improvement in its productive methods; Russia, with a

vast area and a sparse population, held back hitherto by an undeveloped economic culture, including a tyrannical form of government, and now striving heroically to modernize its culture under the direction of a socialized government. Of all the countries of the modern world none has had such a favorable conjuncture of these three basic factors as the United States. For a time, the region was definitely underpopulated from the white man's point of view, and economic progress was retarded by a dearth of producers. But underpopulation is, as already observed, a state of unstable equilibrium, and is necessarily transitory. The new people quickly passed through that stage, and reached the point where it became at least questionable whether the number of people was not excessive compared with the land equipment and the economic culture. Under these conditions, as has been pointed out, it was inevitable that it should achieve the highest standard of living of any of the great nations.

IV

Now the question arises, granting the foregoing, is it possible for such a nation to preserve its standard in the face of modern conditions? Other great nations are rapidly modernizing their economic systems, world trade has developed, competition operates ever more intensely and with a widening scope. No matter by what favor of the gods the United States reached its enviable position, can it hope to maintain it in the face of competition with low-standard countries such as free trade would involve? This is the very crux of the whole tariff argument. Can a high-standard nation compete freely with a low-standard nation without prejudicing the standard of the former? As in so many social analyses, the search for the answer to this ques-

tion is likely to be encumbered with a mass of technical facts and detailed comparisons. Fortunately for the sake of enlightenment, all these minutiae are not essential but are in fact more of a hindrance than a help. The clearest understanding can be reached by a simple consideration of elemental relationships.

For decades a favorite method of economic exposition has been to imagine Robinson Crusoe on his island. The technic is capable of considerable abuse but it has its utility in certain cases. Let us see how it applies to the task in hand. Here is Robinson alone in his domain. It is a fortunate spot to land on if one must be cast away at all. There is an abundance of natural resources, plenty of edible berries and fruits, clear drinking water, groves of date- and coconut-palms, and in the center of the island a fresh-water pool in which there are fishes of convenient size and attractive flavor. Robinson soon takes stock of his resources, and works out a somewhat routine method of securing and preparing food. He discovers, among other things, that while there is about the same amount of nourishment in a fish as in a coconut, he can get two coconuts with the same amount of effort that it takes to get one fish. But as he welcomes a variety in diet, he does a certain amount of fishing.

After a few days Robinson makes a remarkable discovery. He finds that on a neighboring island, of about the same size as his, there is living another castaway, whose name proves to be Adamson Smithsoe. Eventually the two men get together, and proceed (both being Americans) to hold an economic conference. Neither wants to share his island with the other, but they consider the possibility of being of some service to each other. It transpires that Adamson's island, though of similar formation, is much less richly

endowed than Robinson's. By a singular coincidence, there is a fish-pond that is quite well stocked. But there are no fruits, berries, or date-palms. There are a few coconut-palms, but the fruit is rather inaccessible; it takes about twice as much effort to get one coconut as one fish. Adamson, therefore, does not suffer from hunger, but his diet is limited and monotonous—in other words, he is living on a much lower standard than Robinson. There are, to be sure, some clams in a muddy portion of the beach, as there are on Robinson's island, but they are hard to get and neither has hitherto taken time to go after them. Both of these men are primarily inspired by self-interest, but both are essentially reasonable, and as soon as the situation is clearly understood, the logical mode of action becomes perfectly evident. Robinson can get coconuts much more easily than fish; Adamson can get fish much more easily than nuts. Robinson accordingly offers to give Adamson one coconut a day for one fish, and Adamson is very glad to make the bargain.

Thus commerce is established between the two islands. Robinson still lives on a higher standard than Adamson, but his traffic with his less fortunate friend has not lowered his own standard in the least. In fact, he discovers that it has raised it. For, being able to get his fish now with less effort he has a little time to go clam-digging, and so adds an occasional delicacy to his table. And, strangely enough, Adamson reports that his standard, too, has been raised. For being able to get his coconuts more easily, he can occasionally take time off to get a clam or two of his own. So, on the basis of perfect free trade, both parties have been able to raise their standard without altering the relation to each other whatever. It is to be noted that the mutual advantage of the arrangement is not affected in the least by the actual

amount of effort required on the part of the men to get either fish or coconuts. Robinson might be able to get a fish with half the energy required by Adamson, and still it would be profitable for him to let Adamson do his fishing for him as long as he could get coconuts still more easily.

But, obviously enough, nothing but free trade was possible under the conditions. There being nobody else to whom either could pay something for the privilege of getting his living more easily, a tariff was out of the question. But in time all this was changed. Eventually, as everyone knows, Man Friday arrived on the scene. Robinson Crusoe, being in possession of the field and being of superior intelligence, now becomes the upper class, and also the government. Each man collects his own food, and Friday does various small services for his master. As it happens, at about the same time Adamson acquires a Man Saturday, and the trade between the two islands is continued on the same basis as before.

But one day, in a particularly expansive mood, Robinson has a thought. It occurs to him that his faithful man is competing with a worker living on a much lower standard of living, and that this is an outrage. He views the situation with alarm and promptly calls Friday to his side. "Friday," says he, "I can no longer bear the thought of your competition with this low-standard Saturday. Hereafter I am going to make you give me one coconut for every fish that you get from that other island. This I do for the protection of your standard of living, which is close to my heart." Friday, though of inferior intelligence, has wit enough to realize that there is no advantage in importing fish under these conditions. Thereafter he does his own fishing, although it involves so much extra time that he is no longer

able to go after clams. Under the conditions, naturally, he pays no coconuts to Robinson, who derives no profit from the transaction, except the approval of his conscience, and continues to live as before. In other words, the protection being perfect, there is no revenue. And so, with the tariff at last a reality, Robinson's standard remains unchanged, Friday's is lowered, and the standard of the community, which is the composite of the two, is also lowered, though to a lesser degree.

Well, this is just a bit of stereotyped economic exposition, but perhaps it will suffice to make clear that if a tariff is really necessary under modern conditions to protect the standard of the working class, it is not because of elemental relationships, but must be due to some features inhering in the modern industrial system, perhaps something connected with the relation of employer and wage-earner, or possibly with the intricacies of money and international finance. No such necessity could possibly develop as between these two primitive communities, even though they became much more populous and highly organized. Suppose that a kind fate wafted to these islands mates of their own race for both Robinson and Adamson, and that the humble weekdays were also provided with the means for multiplying their kind. Suppose, further, that Robinson and his spouse (being, as has been said, Americans) proceeded to increase at a much slower rate than their menials, and established their family as an employing as well as a governing class, and that Adamson and his mate did the same, it is quite evident that this would have no effect on the relative level of the standards in the two communities. This would continue to be determined by the comparative richness of their natural endowments. Nor would it create any new arguments for imposing a tariff.

V

The setting of the actual tariff controversy is, of course, a thoroughly capitalized, highly organized society, with production conducted in response to a money-profit motive, with businesses owned by private individuals or legal persons in the form of corporations, and labor supplied by a specialized group which has no other source of income than the wages received in this way. It, therefore, becomes necessary to continue the analysis in terms of a world group of such societies. Certain basic features need to be recognized at the outset.

In the first place, modern commercial transactions are carried out on the basis of money, not of barter. Each country has its own monetary system, but all are more or less harmonized and integrated through the system of international exchange, the universal assimilating factor being metallic gold. In spite of this adjustment, however, there is a definite difference in price levels in different countries; that is, a certain piece of money taken from the country where it is issued to another country, and translated into the money of that country, will buy more or less of general goods and services in the latter country than in the former. This differential is probably diminishing with the spread of world travel and commerce, but it still exists. But this difference in price level does not determine, nor is it necessarily correlated with, corresponding differences in the standard of living. Those are still determined basically by differences in *per capita* productivity.

The central tenet of the protective doctrine is that free commerce between a high-standard and a low-standard country inevitably tends toward the reduction of the former standard, with a tendency to reach the level of the lower. Let us attempt to determine

how much validity there is to this argument by the use of concrete examples. Let us take the United States as the high-standard country. At the outset it will be admitted that all goods imported into the United States must be paid for—we are not dealing with gratuities. There are just three ways in which payment may be made—three kinds of things that may be given in exchange. These are money, goods, and services. Credit is merely an anticipation of one or another of these. It is obvious that no great amount of imports could be paid for in money. There are only about nine billion dollars of money in the country at the present time. Our imports in recent normal years have amounted to over four billions. Therefore, even if we spent all our money for foreign imports it could last scarcely two years, unless some of it came back in payment for exports, which would be the equivalent of paying for our imports in goods or services. If we were a gold-mining country on a large scale we could continue indefinitely to pay for some imports in money; but in that case gold would simply function as one of our national products, and would in all essentials be a commodity along with other commodities. Without lingering on the *reductio ad absurdum* of paying money for all our exports, the whole question of money in foreign trade may best be left for later consideration. In point of fact, the great bulk of imports are always paid for in goods or services.

In order that goods of a certain type and quality may be imported into the United States at all, it is necessary that they be deliverable in our markets at less money cost than is asked for the native goods. This condition, obviously, is in no way dependent upon the existence of a lower standard of living in the country of origin. It may be due to more advantageous conditions

of production of this particular commodity in that country. For instance, the fact that coffee can be produced in Brazil and delivered in New York cheaper than it could be produced in this country has no necessary relation with the standard of living in Brazil.

Let us first of all, then, consider trade between two countries of equivalent standards of living. Suppose that the United States and a country which we may call "Hypotheca" have both been producing a certain commodity, let us say tooth brushes, each simply for its home market. Next let us suppose that Hypotheca suddenly makes some new discovery or invention that enables it to produce tooth brushes at considerably less cost, and at the same time to increase the quantity. It decides to offer some of them for sale in the United States. American users will be attracted by the lower price, and will buy. This will reduce the demand for brush workers in this country, and threaten some of them with unemployment. But in order that these brushes may be paid for, goods of equivalent value must be sent to Hypotheca. To produce these goods will require the expansion of some industry in this country, calling for an additional labor force, equivalent in the long run to those let out of the brush industry. Therefore, there is no real decrease in employment. In this simplified example the displaced tooth-brush workers would go directly into the plants of this other industry.

In real life, of course, it does not work out quite so directly. There is, unfortunately, in all modern industrial countries a vast reservoir of unemployed workers lying beneath the surface of business activity, even in the most prosperous times. Its composition is constantly changing. Certain new individuals are continually slipping into it, while others are climbing out. The shifts in employment occasioned by alterations in for-

eign trade would necessarily be conditioned by the existence of this reservoir; but there would be no increase in aggregate unemployment. In the meantime the purchasers of tooth brushes, having got their brushes cheaper, have a little surplus income to spend for other products, and so business in general is stimulated. The same thing happens in Hypotheca, and thus both are benefited as a result of the transaction.

But immediately the question arises, will not the American tooth-brush manufacturers when they realize the threat of foreign competition, instead of letting their men go, cut down wages, lower prices, and so shut out the foreign goods? One idea back of this supposition is that employers can lower wages just by making up their minds to do so or that they pay higher wages than they have to under any conditions. This involves the whole theory of wages, which cannot be entered into here. But certainly there is no demonstrable reason why the fact that there is a threat of foreign brushes entering the market at less than the prevailing price will enable employers to get their labor at a lower wage. Of course, if they take the alternative of releasing labor, that increases the number of laborers bidding for jobs, and might seem to have a tendency to lower wages. But the dismissal of laborers is predicated on the admission of the foreign brushes, and this, as has been shown, necessitates the employment of a similar number of laborers in some other industry. So the demand is increased in the same proportion as the supply, and there is no basis for a lowering of wages. It should be emphasized at this point that no change in a tariff system, however salutary its inherent nature, should be introduced too suddenly, or without due consideration of the disturbances it will create in businesses that have become adjusted to the existing system.

The ancient saying that "every old tax is a good tax and every new tax is a bad tax" has some significance for tariffs. The establishment of a sound tariff policy in its complete development would probably be a matter of years.

But suppose, on account of some feature of the wage situation, the brush manufacturers are able to reduce wages and prices sufficiently to keep the foreign brushes out. What happens? Taking the community as a whole, the amount of money lost in wages is saved in the price of brushes. The lowering of the standard of living on the income side is precisely offset by a corresponding lowering on the outgo side, and so the standard remains the same. Of course, the workers on brushes are not completely identical with the buyers of brushes, so a single procedure of this kind might injure one group for the benefit of the whole community. But the argument is for a general and inclusive free-trade system, under which the losses and gains would be evened up, and no one would suffer.

Free trade, then, between two countries on an equal standard, at its worst, has merely the effect of leaving things where they were, and at its best results in raising the standard of both countries somewhat as a consequence of both concentrating on goods that they are especially fitted to produce. The imposition of a tariff on the foreign brushes, equivalent to the difference of the selling price, resulting in the exclusion of the foreign product, would at best neither raise the American standard nor keep it from falling, and at worst would deprive the American consumer of the advantage already described. It would obviously produce no revenue, for no brushes would be imported.

But now suppose that Hypotheca has a definitely lower standard among its

working class than the United States. Does this affect the situation? Obviously not in the least. The thing that determines the effect of the foreign brushes on American conditions is the price at which they are offered, not at all the living conditions under which they are produced. There is no necessary connection between the standard of living and the cost of production of a commodity. Low-standard production may be very high-cost production. Competition with low-standard countries is not in itself the slightest menace to American labor.

Professor Ellsworth Huntington has worked out some very illuminating estimates of comparative per capita productivity of farm products in Russia and in different States of the American Union. The indices of productivity per man on the farms are as follows:*

Russia	1
Mississippi	5
United States	11
Iowa	22

In other words, the farmer in Russia has to work twenty-two days to produce as much grain as an Iowa farmer can in one day. Would free trade with such a country constitute a menace? If the national proportions held for all products, and if the numbers of workers were equal in the two countries, it would mean that the American workers could buy the whole of the product of Russia with less than three working days a month, and have all the rest of their time left to produce other things for their own consumption or export elsewhere. How can such competition injure a well endowed country? Does the Iowa farmer need a tariff wall to protect him from the competition of the low-standard toiler in Mississippi? Quite the contrary—it is the low-standard farmer who is at a disadvantage. We are a nation of forty-

eight States, some of them larger in population and area than many European countries. The standards of living vary widely among them. Is it conceivable that the interests of any or all of them would be promoted if high tariff walls were built along all the State boundaries? Or would the economic situation be altered if these States suddenly became independent political units? If there were any need for a tariff at all, indeed, it would be as protection against the high-standard country rather than the low-standard one. For with respect to products in general, high-standard countries are likely to be countries of rich endowments and, therefore, low actual costs of production. But in reality, a tariff is no more needed against a high-standard country than a low one.

The only condition where there is even the plausible semblance of a danger from cheap foreign importations is where there is an actual difference in price level. Suppose that Hypotheca has a definitely lower price level than the United States—its standard may be higher, or lower, or the same; that makes no difference. But on the basis of gold prices, its wages, costs of native raw materials, and overhead are all cheaper. Will not its competition drive the American standard to a lower level? A moment's consideration will show that it cannot do so. The effect will be precisely the same as in the previous cases. Either its goods will be admitted, with a consequent increase in the production of reciprocal goods in the United States and no loss of labor demand or else its goods will be kept out by a lowering of wages and prices by the American manufacturer. If this process were general and continuous, it would result in a lowering of the *general price level* in this country without any prejudice to the standard of living. The ultimate limit toward

* From a volume to be published, entitled *The Soviet Union*, edited by Jerome Davis.

which this process would tend would be the equalization of price levels between the United States and Hypotheca, or, if the process were universal, the equalization of price levels all over the world, which would be an excellent thing in itself. This result, it should be observed, would have no influence on the relative standards of living of the various countries, these being determined by the factors that have already been considered.

Note carefully that the whole process which so alarms the tariff champions starts with the introduction of foreign goods at prices lower than are charged for the corresponding American products. To meet these prices, domestic prices must be reduced and wages correspondingly. That is, the *outgo* side of the family budget is lowered first, and then the income side is brought down to match it. But this does not affect *real wages* at all. The same commodities can be bought with the new wages as with the old. The result is simply a lowering of the general price level. To be sure, in the case of many commodities it would be preferable to let the foreign goods come in at the lowest price possible, and turn the labor so released to the production of some other goods, to be exported in payment, in the production of which the United States has a differential advantage.

This helps us to understand what would happen if the United States undertook to pay for any large part of its imports in money. The diminution in the volume of money would inevitably be followed by a lowering of the general price level in this country and a raising of it in the countries from which we bought, eventually wiping out the price differential and removing the basis for the movement. In the meantime the American people would be getting some of their commodities cheaper, and so would have some of

their income left to spend for other American products, and also the lowering of our general price level would be attracting new foreign purchases and stimulating our export trade. As a result, on the assumption that imports are paid for in money, some of our gold would flow back to us. If, as stated above, the net result was the equalization of gold price levels all over the world, that would be a welcome contribution to the stability of international commerce. In any case, it could not alter the conditions that really determine our national standard of living.

The net effect, then, of universal free trade would be to encourage every country to specialize on those lines of production for which it was best fitted, sending its surplus product all over the world and receiving in return from each other country the surplus which resulted from its concentrating on its own most efficient lines of production. This could not injure the standard of any country and would have the effect of enriching the material existence of all. If any country discovered that there were few lines of production in which it excelled, or none, it would be out of luck. It would have to be content with producing for itself as best it could. Its standard would almost certainly be a low one. But so it would be in any case, and no intricate structure of tariff walls on its own part, or that of any other country, could be of any help.

VI

It is evident, accordingly, that the voluminous palaver of American politicians and business men about protecting the standard of the American worker behind a high tariff wall is either the expression of crass ignorance of fundamental principles or a sheer smoke screen thrown out to hide the demands of greed and self-interest. Assuming that the American business

man is entitled to pursue his own interest, though not granting that he has a right to be deceitful and hypocritical, the next question is, is a high tariff necessary to protect American business, or, to speak more accurately, to protect the profits of American business men? The profits of business depend first upon selling goods, and second upon selling them as much above the cost of production as possible. The foregoing analysis should make clear what is the bearing of tariffs and free trade upon the selling of goods in general. If tariffs are high enough to keep foreign goods out, the native goods are sold. But if low tariffs or free trade let foreign goods in, then other goods of equivalent value must be produced to pay for them, and the net profit of business is as great as ever. Or if the result of free trade is to lower the general price level, business loses nothing by it, just as labor loses nothing. For costs of production are affected by the general fluctuation in the value of money, and fall with the fall in selling prices. And profits, like the standard of living, are not a matter merely of money received or of money spent, but of satisfactions derived from money received and spent. The success of a nation's business, viewed as a whole, is determined by factors quite apart from tariff regulations, just as is the standard of the workers.

It must not be forgotten, moreover, that the protective tariff, like every shield, has two sides. The other side is that American business is interested in selling its wares not only in the home market but also abroad. Foreign trade has for decades been the great hope of really satisfying prosperity. But every time American business, by an effective tariff, keeps a certain foreign product from entering this country it prevents an equivalent value of American goods from going abroad unless our exports are paid for

in money, which, in the long run—and it would be a very short run—would be the worst thing that could happen to us. Of course, each particular business hopes to keep out the specific foreign product that competes with its own, and at the same time to dispose of a large part of its own output abroad. But as a general national policy, that just will not work. A nation cannot sell without buying, and it must buy just as much as it sells.

But how about specific businesses? Ah, there's the rub. And here, it must be suspected, is the real crux of the whole tariff problem. However smoothly the average American business man may mouth about "American business," "the country's trade and commerce," and "national prosperity," he is primarily interested in his own business and his own prosperity. And the superficial logic is all in favor of the conviction on the part of any particular business man or any specific industry that if only he or it can get from Congress the protection that is sought, the tide of prosperity will sweep that way. The result is the nauseating spectacle of lobbying and log-rolling that goes on habitually in Washington; and the final product is that amorphous, incredible monstrosity which is called a tariff act. It is just another case of the Great Economic Paradox, "what each can do, all cannot do"—and the country foots the bill.

In all discussions of the tariff there is frequent reference to "competitive products" and "competitive industries." The notion is that protection is needed only on competitive products. But what is a competitive product? Since this is so important an item in what passes for tariff theory, one might suppose that long before now our highly paid and presumably expert Tariff Commission would have settled the point. The fact is, however incredible

it may seem, that the Tariff Commission has never adopted an official definition of competitive products or industries. If an article is wanted in the United States but not produced here, and is consequently imported, it is considered non-competitive. The obvious corollary is that whenever an article is produced in the United States, under no matter what conditions, it immediately becomes competitive. If some ingenious business man, with some surplus capital to invest, decides to raise rubber in huge hothouses in New Jersey, rubber thereupon becomes a competitive product, and the producer is justified in sending his public relations counsel post haste to Washington to secure the indispensable tariff. That this is not merely a fanciful case is shown by the fact that our Congress found it expedient to set up a special tariff to protect the gold-fish industry of the United States.

Let it not be imagined that this article, protracted as it may seem, assumes to have exhausted all the aspects of tariff controversy. There is the question of infant industries, which merited some consideration in the early days when the foundations of the American industrial edifice were being laid. The trouble with such industries

is that they insist on remaining infants, and long after they have outgrown their perambulators they demand that their nourishment be still furnished in a nursing bottle, which a solicitous paternal (or maternal) government is reluctant to refuse.

Then there is the question how a policy of free trade can be consistent with the restriction of immigration—a question arising directly out of the confusion of men with goods which has darkened counsel in economic and political quarters all too often.

Also, the relation between a high tariff and law-breaking—why did the Wickersham Commission concentrate its attention so largely on bootlegging, to the almost entire neglect of smuggling?

In answering these, and all other questions concerning the tariff, the first step toward understanding is to free oneself from the besetting producer complex, to learn to think of oneself and one's fellows primarily as consumers, to remember that production exists only for the sake of consumption, and to recognize that every argument for the tariff from the point of view of the producer can be neutralized by an equally cogent, and much more logical, statement of the consumer's interest.



FINDING A FORMULA

A DIPLOMATIC EPISODE

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

LOOKING back over forty years of diplomatic experience, I can see that it was a very pleasant life that we led at dear old Geneva. Geneva, I always prefer to call it, though some of the boys (we were a highly international crowd) called it Genf or simply Gimp, or Guff. International they were, indeed, and yet some of the best fellows that ever signed a protocol or decoded a forty-eight-hour ultimatum. There was Billy Pantechnicas, the Greek ambassador, Lord Fud from England, the Italian Marchese di Malo Chianti, and a lot more. Our life, I say, was pleasant, good fun most of the time. But of course there was lots of work in it as well—drawing up protocols, and *modus vivendi* and ultimatums. Many a time after playing bridge till three in the morning I would go home to sit down and work on a *modus vivendi* till breakfast time; and even then very likely the chief would come into my room and throw down a bundle of papers and say, "Find out a formula for that, will you?" And I'd have to work for the rest of the day. If one failed to find a formula then most likely two nations would get into an *impasse*, and anything might happen. Casual readers of the newspaper when they read such an item as that Italy is trying to find a "formula" which will satisfy Turkey and yet not be too hard to guess have

little idea of the desperate struggles involved.

That was our bugbear, our nightmare at dear old Gimp, the fear of an *impasse*. It was a fear that never left us.

So you can imagine what my feelings were when one morning, along in the year 1932 or 1933, Lord Fud came into my office with a face as white as *carte blanche*, flopped into a chair and gasped out:

"There's an *impasse*!"

"Good heavens," I said, "an *impasse*!"

"Yes," he repeated, "an *impasse*."

In diplomacy we always repeated everything three times to prevent error.

"Is it likely to embroil all Europe?" I gasped.

"It is half broiled right now," groaned Lord Fud.

"You mean that England will inevitably be drawn in?"

He nodded.

A sudden thought filled me with apprehension.

"The United States?" I asked.

"In," he answered, repeating his groan. We were both silent for a while. Then I tried to pull myself together. It might not be too late.

"Fud," I said, "we must see what can be done. We mustn't give up hope. Think of what diplomacy has already done, think of The Hague, of Locarno of Monte Carlo—"

"That's right," he said gathering courage, "and of Salonica, and Portsmouth, New Hampshire."

"And Ottawa, Ontario," I said. "Can't you think of any others?"

"I don't need to," he answered, "I feel better."

"All right," I continued, "now let's face the thing as it is. To begin with, where's this impasse?"

Lord Fud took out his little pocket atlas and put on his eyeglasses.

"Inner Thibet," he said, "and Outer Kurdistan."

"Give me the book," I said. "Which page?"

"Page seventy-one."

"Seventy-one," I repeated. "It certainly looks pretty tough. It's so far off, so disconnected." I was thinking the thing out with all the power of brain I could apply to it; but I couldn't get enough.

"Don't you see," said Lord Fud, "that impasse will drag in China?"

"Inevitably," I admitted.

"Then China draws in Japan, Japan draws in Russia, Russia draws Europe, and Europe draws America."

"In other words," I said, "we are faced with a war between Europe, Asia, Africa, and America."

He nodded.

"In that case," I concluded, rising, "we must act without delay. We must find a formula. You remember, Fud, how we saved Italy last year by finding a formula; you remember the formula that broke the Polish-Silesian impasse?—a quite simple one after all. We'll have to find the formula."

"And how?" he said.

"I don't know yet," I replied, "we must ask round among the different chancelleries of Europe. Have you forgotten the chancelleries? Telegraph at once to the Quai d'Orsay, call up the Ballplatz. You're getting rusty, old boy, if you forget the Ballplatz."

"No, no," he said, "that's right—the

Ballplatz, and get in touch, of course, with the Yildiz Kiosk."

"And the Wilhelmstrasse," I added, "and the Tsun-li-Yamen." In a few moments we were filled with enthusiasm. Was there time? Could we within twenty-four hours find a formula that would conciliate the claims of Outer Kurdistan and Inner Thibet?

The wires were kept busy. People who know diplomacy merely from the newspaper, I repeat, have no idea of the intense and anxious work entailed in getting a formula. They merely read at their breakfast table that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, or President Lebrun, or the American Secretary of State has found a "formula" and that everything is all right. The desperate search, the tense anxiety, they never know.

At ten o'clock that morning the formulas began to come over the wire. But to our intense disappointment, as formula after formula came in, not one seemed to suit.

The first formula that reached us was

$$(x - y)^2 = (x + y)(x - y)$$

I knew at once we couldn't use it: not snappy enough.

Then came another, painfully decoded word by word. (Remember that every one of these formulas had to be decoded.) This one, in a specially guarded cipher, came in from Washington. When at last transcribed, it read:

Take one pint of Italian Vermouth, one pint of dry gin, and one spoonful of grenadine; mix and shake over cracked ice and serve cold.

We saw at once that it wouldn't do: it was the formula for a Martini cocktail, and we had used it already in four big international difficulties.

"Won't do," said Fud disconsolately. "They know that one already."

Meantime with every hour the impasse was rapidly spreading from Asia to Europe. In spite of all the efforts of trained diplomacy it seemed impossible to check its advance. By noon it had reached the frontiers of Austria. By three o'clock it was reported in Switzerland. At five o'clock it covered all Western Europe.

At half-past five Lord Fud broke in on me in great excitement.

"There's one chance left," he said. "I've just thought of it—a conversation."

"A conversation!" At once I saw its possibilities and wondered why he had not thought of it sooner.

All the world realizes, of course, that very often in our diplomatic work what cannot be done by direct formal means can be done by means of informal conversations. For example, again and again the peace of Europe has been saved by getting in a timely "conversation" between the foreign minister of France, the British prime minister, and one or two other dignitaries. The press never gives out details. It merely says that there has been a conversation.

I saw at once the brilliance of the idea.

"Where shall we have it?" I asked.

"What do you say to Monte Carlo?" said Fud. "Yes, or wait a bit, what about the Golf Club at Deauville?"

"Or the Jockey Club at Biarritz. Have they a license?" I asked.

"I think so," said Fud; "but if you think that point important let's hold it in Henry's American Bar, Rue Volney."

"Excellent," I said, "let's get them there."

Our action was as swift as our thoughts. I shall never forget the tense excitement as we called up Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mussolini, President Herriot, and the Queen of the Netherlands and asked, "Can you fellows all come together for a conversation at Henry's? Yes, yes, at our expense—costs you nothing."

That evening while the world slept, humming airplanes gathered them in Paris.

What happened there—except that we started them with *canapé aux anchois* with white wine and carried them clear through a *soup croûte au pot*, and a *filet de sole Marguery* to a *poulet en casserole bordelaise* with absolute harmony—remains a diplomatic secret. Best of all, the whole thing was done with absolute secrecy and with no fear of that unfortunate "leakage" which spoils so many diplomatic conventions of the sort.

Suffice it to say that the press next morning carried the news that "following upon informal conversations held in Paris last night the impasse which existed in the Desert of Gobi in Inner Thibet is definitely lifted. No details are announced but it is understood that a formula was found which allows a *via media* on the basis of the Locarno agreement, the Balfour note, the Kellogg Pact, and the Briand Protocol, each of the great powers consenting to stand in the light of a *particeps criminis*. Beyond that the public is not informed."

Anyway that will hold it.



CLOSE-UP OF A WARD POLITICIAN

A STUDY FROM THE LIFE

BY J. T. SALTER

NICHOLAS FISHBOURNE knows nothing of books on political science—he was forced to quit school at the age of eleven to help his mother; but that was nearly thirty years ago. Since then he has acquired much first-hand knowledge about politics and law in face-to-face situations. Like another politician, Edmund Burke, he is a profound believer in the prescription, “Never entirely nor at once to depart from antiquity.” Yet his salty worldly-wisdom is terse and pungent, and he is apt to depart from custom abruptly if the peculiar exigencies of a hard-pressed election battle or a sudden raid on his policy writers indicate that a new line of attack or defense is needed.

One night, seated comfortably in his political club down in the old mill district, I produced an old torn volume of *Solid for Mulhooly*. Nick is a friend of mine and listens courteously to any suggestions that I make. I opened the book to Chapter VIII and read the sayings that one of Mulhooly’s disciples had jotted down fifty years ago. “Which of these are good in Philadelphia to-day?” I asked. He sat back in his big chair, his men deployed about him on both sides, and meditatively puffed his cigar as I read. Here are the maxims that he had tested in his laboratory, his district, and had already incorporated in his own (un-

written) political catechism as containing sound political truth:

“The government means, not those who vote, but those who receive, count, and return the votes.”

“One election officer well in hand is worth a score of voters on the half shell.”

“Elections are ratification meetings which we hold to endorse our nominations.”

“The result of an election is only a question of figures. A stroke of the pen before the figure 99 is as good as the votes of a hundred millionaire taxpayers, if you’re smart enough to get away with it.”

“What we want all the time is a solid election-officer, a solid jury, a solid judge, and a solid governor, in case of slips, and the people may be damned!”

“That man who intimates that I can be bought insults me—not the fellow who talks biz.”

“Give the people plenty of taffy and the newspapers plenty of advertising—then help yourself to anything that’s lying around loose.”

“A chunk of meat will cure the bark and the bite of a dog; therefore, if you don’t know how to silence a Reformer it’s your own fault.”

After I had read these maxims Nick commented on the importance of election officers. “You know yourself the value of owning the election board.

Where would I have been last time if the judge hadn't been my man?"

This last election was only a month ago, and I had spent four hours in the polling place observing Nick, the master mechanic, operate a voting machine. I had arrived at nine—two hours after the polls had opened. The polling place on other days is the front room of the house of a loyal family with seven votes. They are patriotic and willing to rent out their best room to Nick (for twenty-five dollars) on primary and election days. It was ample in size for the huge mechanical vote tabulator, and a long table at which were seated the two ward committeemen, the lean, ramrod-like "custodian of records" with pale sunken cheeks and heavy dark eyebrows; three party workers; the ward leader's father who was living over the battles of his youth when Penrose was in the legislature and Iz Durham gave the orders; and the two Pinchot watchers—the opposition. (Of course the judge of election and the inspectors were there too.)

Nick had noticed me standing on the curb. He called me in. As I stood in the doorway he looked at the Pinchot watchers and peremptorily said, "You fellows don't care if the Professor comes in here, do you?" (Of course, the law says—but why mention the law? It is not so much the law that counts as custom and personality.) They assented, so I took a place at the opposite end of the table from the small, wiry, dark-visaged judge. I lent the senior of the Pinchot watchers my morning newspaper, and won the good will of the strangers.

While I observed, one hundred and seventy-seven men and women voted. Of that number, eleven voted without assistance. The one hundred and sixty-six were assisted partly because the machines were new to these people,

but more truly because Nick was their friend, and they wanted to show him that their vote was his. Voting was almost continuous while I was there. A voter would come in, and Nick would call him by name—not once did he fail in this. While the clerk was writing down the name, the voter would ask for help—say that he or she could not work the machine. The judge of elections would look at Nick and say, "Who do you want to assist you?" Sometimes the person would point to Nick and other times he would call him by name. With a practiced hand Nick would pull aside the curtain and the two would enter. In a jiffy the lever would be pulled and they would come out. I timed Fishbourne on Voting the Voters. Once it took him twenty seconds, another time it was twenty-four, and a third time it was thirty. It was never more than a minute and a half, save twice when there were mild arguments behind the curtain. The matter was adjusted by Nick's turning down the meaningful pointers and the "voter" pulling the lever that registered a vote for the names below the turned pointers. This was voting with dispatch, since it was a primary election and straight ticket voting was not possible, and nineteen individual pointers had to be turned down. When Nick noticed my watch he said, "My time is pretty good, ain't it—the machine works fine to-day."

As he came out of the curtains and approached the ballot box he would hand the paper ballot to the voter (there was a paper ballot too—the machine was not big enough to provide space for all the candidates), and say, "Here, put this in the ballot box—it's your ballot." The voter would grab the ballot and shove it through the opening.

The election official or Nick would ask the voter to tear the coupon off

the ballot before he went into the booth. (The corner coupon was to prevent chain-voting; the number entered on the voting lists when the citizen received his ballot should have been compared with the ballot that he was about to deposit in the ballot box, and if the two numbers were identical the stub was to be removed before the ballot was deposited in the urn. It is painfully obvious that the separation of the coupon from the ballot before voting completely nullifies the value of the coupon and defeats the purpose of the legislature in providing for it. None of the boys knew what the coupon was for, nor did they wonder about it. They did know, however, that if a ballot were found in the box with its number attached, the judge of elections would be subject to a fine of ten dollars. To forestall that possibility, the numbered coupon was detached early in the voting process.)

Sometimes when a voter asked for assistance, the opposition watcher would protest and remind the judge that a voter is legally entitled to aid in voting only (1) if he cannot read the names on the ballot or voting machine, or (2) because of physical disability he cannot mark the ballot unaided. Often before the opposition watcher had completed his explanation, Nick would tell the watcher to "shut up." Or the watcher might say that the voter might be instructed, not assisted. Then Nick might take the small demonstration machine and appear to demonstrate its operation to the voter. These mechanical inventions are more complicated than they look—the franchise-holder still asked for help; the men or women would swear to their disability on the Bible—and select Nick—or occasionally it was Joe, Nick's partner—to assist them.

Nick's attitude toward the Pinchot watchers interested me. Instead of being conciliatory, he was domineering

and insolent. Yet when he ordered sandwiches and pop at noon, he supplied them too. His polling-place technic was good and, regardless of laws, he dominated the picture.

One of those assisted was an aged Catholic priest who brought along his own machine operator; and three others who were helped were party workers. Nick just wasn't taking any chances. That night he was able to report to his leader 319 votes for the organization, and 17 votes for the opposition candidates. (No more zero divisions for Nick—they're the kind that get you into trouble and cause investigations. And no more ballot-box stuffing either—"this is 1932—things are different now.")

Nick usually employs from ten to twenty men, and one or two women at a primary or an election. The number depends on the nature of the fight and the number of unemployed in the district. The majority of workers are paid \$5 or \$10 a day. A few more influential ones that can carry a handful of votes with them are paid \$20, and one incipient rebellion was entirely dissipated before it materialized by paying \$100 to its leader. These workers call on the voters at their homes and say, "Nick wants you to come and vote." Every registered voter is visited and the appeal is always effective except in the case of one old man from Ireland; he moves about with difficulty and will not budge an inch toward the polls unless Nick, in person and with his automobile, calls for him. The major part of the money spent for workers is given as a largesse by a sovereign to his deserving people on the eve of a victory—\$100 is given to Nick by the leader at a primary election and \$75 at a general election. The exact amount varies, but this is the average over a period of twelve years. The difference is made up out of Nick's pocket.

II

This pocket has been amply supplied with cash ever since Nick made his first entry into politics. Before that time he had had money too, but in more uncertain amounts. He was originally proprietor of a combination pool room and blind pig. Then as now, however, his main source of revenue was gambling. As a youngster of twenty-three he had friends, many of them, he said, "but they didn't mean a damn thing in a pinch!" He was arrested and he promptly turned to his division leader. This man removed himself from politics by telling Nick to go to hell—that he wouldn't help a law violator. This was like lashing Nick across the face with a whip. He wriggled out of his difficulty and thereafter devoted himself to politics. He had a new ambition now. He would become a division leader and protect his own interests.

By promises and cash he won over one of the key men of the leader he was going to defeat, and he systematically told the electorate what he stood for; above all he emphasized two words—*personal service*. (An examination of his life from that time on reveals that no Roosevelt or Wilson ever lived up to his platform as did Nick to his.) In a poll of about 700 votes, he won by more than 100. Since that time the only candidate for public office that has caused him any serious concern was Al Smith. He now carries his district in his pocket.

This is why the leader of the ward welcomes him to the fold, though he fears him and profoundly dislikes him. For Nick is not the abject order man that all good politicians must be. Besides, Nick has possibilities that no one can foresee. His name is already a tower of strength in the ward, and if this persistent conniver is not stopped by a bullet or permanently lodged be-

hind the gray walls of some Old Bailey, he may become ward leader. However there are times when the Boss, though often suspicious of Nick's increasing power, is profoundly for him. A block of nearly 600 votes delivered each time like clockwork will help any ward leader forgive much.

Nick feels the leader's attitude and knows of the jealousy he fomented on crucial occasions among his other division leaders. It quite bewilders him and fills him with sorrow. "I don't want to harm anybody. I just want to do good for people. I will never take Mac's job. If he will make me a magistrate I can make him the most powerful ward leader in the city. Every time a person is brought before me, if the charges against him ain't too bad, I would say, 'See here, I'm letting you off easy. Not because you are innocent, not because you are well-dressed, or good-looking, but just because of the Republican party. Thank Mac, your ward leader, for your freedom.'"

I do not know just when Nick gave up the pool room and became the one-man convoy for a truck laden with liquor. He trailed the truck in a fast roadster and carried a shotgun across his lap, and a roll of bills in his pocket. "I was prepared for hijackers and government officers." But the risks were too great, even for a man of action. He became a bootlegger next, selling to smaller dealers. One of these was Joe, his partner on the ward committee. Nick told Joe that he didn't want to make a nickel on him. He charged \$32 a case; Joe thinks the stuff cost \$19, and gave up the business. Liquor is bulky, so Nick transferred his major attention to gambling. He entered the number racket before it became the \$1,000,000 big-time racket which Charles F. Lee, former captain of the vice-squad, stated that it is in Philadelphia to-day.

One registration night I observed Nick and his men at work. I told him that some of my friends had asked me to explain the number game to them and that I was not able to do it. Without saying a word to me, he turned and called, "Tiff!" A small, dark, secretive individual came to the hallway where we were standing. "Let me see your book," he said, and Tiff drew forth a small book with paper covers and pages the width of a cigarette paper and about five inches long. Nick succinctly explained the lottery and said that he was in it as banker, in order to give employment to some of his men during the depression. His political influence with police, magistrates, and judges is most vital here, for when one of his men is arrested Nick can invariably fix it.

Nearly a year later I was talking to Nick at the club, in the inner room where all of the party heroes of the past were looking down upon us from their high frames on the wall. It was late, and after we had talked an hour he asked me if I wanted a ride. We got into his car and drove a few blocks to the home of one of his lieutenants, who joined us; then we started for another section of the city—five wards away. We stopped a half block from a small corner cigar store. On the way there Nick's man Friday was dispatched to a nearby point where a buxom woman lived who sells numbers for Nick.

When I saw the man that greeted Nick I thought of what Nick had said several times on the way over that night about the agent Blum: "He is a great, powerful man. He is even bigger than I am." This man was monstrously large, with massive, hulking shoulders that sloped, a bull neck, and a great bald head shaped like a torpedo. His eyes peered out from bushy eyebrows; his skin was yellow; if he had not been so big he might have

been Lon Chaney in disguise. He was standing on the curb when we arrived. He had been waiting for Nick, for he had been arrested that day. The man paid little attention to me; I had been introduced as Professor Salter—"a personal friend of mine." He spoke falteringly and in a low voice—almost in a whisper.

We three walked into the rear room of the store, past a middle room where four men were playing cards. We sat down at a round table with a soiled white table cloth on it. There was a high-school student there trying to study Cæsar, although he was more interested in following the conversation. The big man asked him to get out. The boy didn't move. The man started to rise; the boy dodged and ran through the door, which he closed behind him. Then Blum again started to explain the situation, when he stopped, looked at me, and said, "Who is this man, Nick?" Nick said, "The Professor." Blum sneered, "Professor Cook, eh?" Nick abruptly reassured him and the man continued, "I was arrested" (for selling numbers). "Paid the special officer \$60. The officer had the charge dropped by the magistrate. Officer told me that they would put it down as playing the horses or anything. I guess I must have mentioned it while there was some loafer in the store. Some one told the officer that he had given me a special break. He came back, wanted to return my money, and arrest me all over again. I talked him out of it. I thought you ought to fix this special officer so he won't bother me again. He knows who you are, I think."

Nick broke in, "No, he don't."

But Blum answered, "Yes, he told me your initials, and he said that you were a big-hearted fellow." Nick was satisfied with the description. "Well, maybe he does know me." Nick promised to secure protection for him

and credited him with \$30—half of the bribe. The man then paid Nick \$18—the balance on the day's takings—and we left.

As we rode away, Nick ruminated on the perfidy of human nature among those ubiquitous individuals that wear police uniforms. Two weeks ago a special officer had gambled with Nick on numbers and won \$475; a week later he lost \$620 and refused to pay. There were other cases—"an honest man is helpless when dealing with the police. I buy them, and they won't stay bought!"

The next day I was in another world. I was one of a select group addressed by Kern Dodge, director of public safety. After he had finished denouncing the Communists for holding meetings on the square, I asked, "To what extent, if at all, are the police working with the number writers?" He promptly answered, "Of course some are working in the number racket; they are both collectors and pay-off men. My job is to find out who they are." But the problem is difficult; for gambling, like the love of liquor and the desire for sex experience, is commonly found in the generality of mankind; and the only equipment required is a name in which the gamblers have confidence and a book not many times larger than a book of stamps. Thus it is that Nick, in backing the number racket, is catering to a public though an illegal demand.

III

Early in his political career Nick was an employee in an office in the City Hall. The official head of this office is a powerful ward leader, but the actual managing director of the work and employees, is a trained accountant. Nick usually had station-house calls that required his presence at the police station before he went to City Hall.

One morning he arrived at the Hall at eleven o'clock. The director said that he would have to be there on time in the future. Nick replied that he had been busy serving the party in the division. "You don't suppose I carry my people at the polls because they are interested in my ticket, do you?" Two days later he was two hours late again. The director began to censure Nick. But Nick held up his hand, "See here, I worked a hell of a lot harder before Magistrate X than you have been working here at the Hall. I'll tell the leader about your crabbing—you don't know what it is all about!" Nick started to go into the inner office where the big fellow often met his friends. He was stopped by the director and assured that hereafter it would be all right for him to serve his friends before reporting for work.

When Nick told me this story about getting his personal freedom in politics, I said, "I suppose from then on you never appeared before twelve." He said, "What?" I repeated my statement. He replied, "I never appeared again—except to get my pay-check. You must talk up, or, by God, you don't get no place! I found that out long ago."

Nick Fishbourne takes the same sort of pride in his art as any artist might in his. The source of Nick's power is the ballot box, and he does not neglect it. Heart and brain, bone and sinew are thrown into the contests there. One other maxim of which he partially approved is not quite correct. "It is, therefore, more important for you to see the election officers than the voters of your district." He added this to it, "I do both, and that is why they can never beat me—you know some of the things I do for my people."

In the first place, though Nick is not jovial by nature, the least he does is to speak whenever he meets a person who lives in his district. I know too that

the little boys for streets around look up to him as a Robin Hood or the hero of their dreams. Once he wore a soft gray Stetson for a while that was turned up, instead of down, in the front. Soon all the young male voters of 1942-3 were wearing soft gray hats turned up in front.

Nick's benefactions are real and substantial—the sort one can see and feel. First, there are the merchants in his district. They are assessed an annual mercantile tax of from \$20 to \$60, depending upon their reported sales; but those merchants who took their assessments to Nick instead of to City Hall got them reduced, through some legerdemain all of Nick's own, to from \$2 to \$8. Once I found him very much perturbed. The son of a merchant tried to pay his father's tax at City Hall. He was asked to pay the correct amount instead of the sum that he had paid the first year. When he came to Nick about it, Nick wanted to know why he had not come to him originally. The son said that he had thought he could take care of the matter himself, but now he begged for Nick's help. He got it and was warned not to fool around with these things himself.

Just three weeks ago Sunday when the club was closed there were seventeen or eighteen men from the district in Nick's house. He gave each of them a shot of liquor and then took them over to an Italian restaurant and bought each of them a dinner at a dollar a plate. He often lets a fellow have a dollar or two without expecting to see the person return it in cash. He likes to help people out, and, besides, "doing good" is the greater part of his political capital. At that time and for at least six weeks before he had been giving four families \$3 a week. When the poor need a friend he does not fail them. Last Christmas he gave out eighty-one baskets of gro-

ceries to destitute families in his neighborhood; each basket contained two loaves of bread, five pounds of potatoes, six cans of vegetable soup, one can of beans, one pound of coffee, two pounds of sugar, one can of milk, one large can of tomatoes, one can of tomato paste, one box of salt, one pound of lard, and one three-pound ham. Although he has twenty workers, he took these baskets round himself on Christmas Eve and wished each family a Merry Christmas. At Easter-time there was much suffering in his section; people needed food, coal, and money for rent. Nick saw that something had to be done. He obtained a special permit to hold a boxing bout in his ward. The tickets were sold at \$1 apiece. He himself sold 250 to eight men who wanted to stand well with him; his workers sold the rest. As a result of this venture he was able to distribute in the following weeks \$600 in cash and supplies.

IV

However, Nick's greatest role is that of buffer between the voter and the law. He is so successful in this that some of his envious colleagues on the ward committee call him "Old Eagle Eye." People in other districts know so much of his skill as an adjuster—"a fixer," to be more exact—that they will send for him when trapped by the police instead of for their more uncertain district leader at home. When Nick helps them he always explains that he is doing it for their own leader and not for them. Just the same, these far-reaching services arouse the jealousy of the other members of the ward committee and the fear of the ward leader. (The leader is always worried when any other person becomes too powerful.) Hence the monicker, "Old Eagle Eye" for Nick, and it is always said with a tinge of sar-

casm. He is puzzled at this attitude. "All I want to do is help someone," he says.

One of his most unusual cases before a magistrate was one in which Dan Jones, a negro, was arrested for selling lottery tickets on the Maryland horse races. Dan had a friend who knows Nick and who arranged for Nick to get him out. Nick obtained the signature of a magistrate to a "copy of the charge." This permitted the negro to leave the police station in Nick's custody until the date set for the hearing. The negro promised to be there, but the case against him looked bad; he did not know Nick's special abilities with police and magistrates, so he skipped the city. The grapevine brought this word to Nick, on the morning of the day set for the hearing. This might have been an embarrassing predicament for one less resourceful. But Nick got one of his colored standers-by to substitute for Dan Jones when Dan's name was called in court. He stood before "His Honor," and after hearing Nick explain the case, was "discharged," as Nick said he would be. This happened a year ago, but even to-day to recount this tale gives Nick the nearest approach to a belly laugh of which one so naturally sober is capable. "The magistrate doesn't know the difference yet!" And then he adds, "The cop did, but I gave him ten dollars to keep his mouth shut."

But the case that best revealed Nick's ability to produce results in a magistrate's court arose in connection with two overloaded trucks. A friend of his owned them and he came to Nick shortly after the arrests were made. The case was to come up on a Tuesday morning before Nick's boon companion, the enthusiastic poker player, magistrate McGannon. (McGannon and Nick are such good friends that often on week-ends they will play

stud poker right round the clock—from four on Saturday to four on Sunday.) This judge is one who will go far for a friend, and Nick had already explained the difficulty to him. As I accompanied him to the magistrate's court I was told what the verdict would be. "The judge will give M. \$40.20 [fine] on each truck—\$80.40 in all—because there will be an assistant highway inspector there to check up on this; and then after the hearing he will cut the fine to \$11.50; he will pay only the cost." (And this is exactly what happened.)

When we arrived, the small, officelike court was jammed with about forty people, and court was in session. Nick took a place on the platform beside the judge. I stood some ten feet away in front of the judge, but there were so many people in between us that only by standing on tip-toes could I see the dispenser of justice and favors. Nick noticed my difficulty and he called out for me to come up on the platform. "You can see better." In a short time I was standing directly behind the magistrate's chair—an excellent place for observation. The owner of the trucks had not realized that his loads exceeded the legal maximum, etc. He had been arrested for this offense before? Yes. He was warned and fined, as Nick had said he would be.

The hearings were adjourned and Nick, the owner of the truck, and the assistant highway inspector, stood outside. The inspector pointed to Nick and said, "He is the one you want to thank—he got you off easy." (Nick had spoken a word concerning the man's character in court.) "Thank him." But the inspector did not fully realize the extent of Nick's influence in that case. For shortly Nick went into the back room behind the court, and there he and the magistrate straightened this case out to the satisfaction of everyone

except the inspector, and he need never know.

One morning I chanced to meet Nick on the sixth floor of City Hall. He was talking to two detectives and the representatives of a downtown men's store. He called me over to the conference—one of the myriad number that daily takes place in the broad corridors just outside of courtrooms, the district attorney's office, and other key places. Two of Nick's constituents—boys about twenty—had been arrested for stealing two overcoats. They had walked out with the new coats on their backs, leaving their old ones in exchange. They were detected because they inadvertently left a price tag on one of the coats. Nick was trying to get the men from the stores not to appear in court against the boys. He argued that the boys were young, that they would never go into the store again, and besides, "business is bad now, I will pay for the coats, and you will have made a sale." Not at first, but finally the store men agreed.

This was the sort of case in which Nick called in one of his attorneys. (He has attorney number 1 for the more legitimate cases, and number 2 for the more difficult ones. This was a number 1 case.) While Nick was maneuvering about, his lawyer said to me, "The boys owe me a fee of \$45, and they must pay that before their case comes up, or I will tell the judge to sock them." (Nick gets 50 per cent of the fee from the cases that he turns over to his attorneys, and he also receives a split on the fee for a bond.)

The families of the two boys were there in a huddle, with worried looks on their faces. It had been twenty-one years since they had left the Italian homeland, and as they crowded against the opposite wall of the corridor, they never took their eyes off of Nick—he was their benefactor, the Mayor of the City, and the Constitution of the

United States all in one. They would raise the money for the coats; and although the words were not spoken, they were none the less felt—they would vote for Nick always and tell their friends.

One morning Nick was called to the 43rd and Tuppen street police station; a man was held for having killed an ice-man with his truck. There were two ambulance-chasing attorneys after the case and three relatives of the prisoner. One of the relatives pointed out Nick and said, "Take him." The other relatives asked Mr. Fishbourne if he were an attorney; he said that he was not but that he thought he could handle the case. The attorneys were heart-sick at the possible loss of a fee. They vigorously protested. Nick didn't argue with them; he ignored them. He told the relatives that he was going home, that he would be there for thirty minutes, and that if they wanted him, they were to call within that time. He had no sooner reached home than a call came. He promptly returned and found that the prisoner was being held for court without bail. He thereupon got an allowance—that is, the privilege of taking the prisoner, in custody of a policeman, to the District Attorney's office, where he arranged for bail. The bail was fixed at \$1500 and finally approved by a court.

A few days later the matter came up before the coroner. Nick was there with his attorney number 2. This attorney, a Mr. Visor, questioned the prisoner, but the truck-driver got "all bawled up on the witness stand, although we had coached him on his story, and he had known it by heart before he got on the stand. For instance, the truck that killed the man crushed him against a telephone pole on the left of the truck. The truck was going south, and when Mr. Visor would ask the man which way he turned, he would

always say that he turned left." Visor wanted him to answer the question again. The plaintiff's lawyer objected, but the coroner (who had been spoken to by the ward leader) "allowed the question." The case was continued for a further hearing, and then it was discharged by the coroner. "All that was required was a few dollars for a few officers and clerks. Of course, you know how that is." I thought that I knew, but one night at a propitious moment I asked Mr. Visor for a bill of particulars. Here it is:

Detective Craig—\$10.

Tinke and Company (2 motor-cycle policemen)—\$20.

Tim C——, a deputy coroner—investigator told the coroner the death was accidental, etc. \$15. Ditto later—\$5. Ditto later another \$5.

Irish Sergeant at 43rd and Tuppen sts.—\$5.

(He was nice to us—gave us the records. Told us who we could fix, etc.)

In addition I paid \$135 toward the funeral expenses of the dead man.

V

The most amazing thing about Nick is his energy. This enables him to live two full lives, while lesser politicians live but one. To know him is to be reminded of Prince Henry's description of Hotspur: "I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work!'"

Nick has a massive frame, and were it not for his blond hair, he could double for Jack Dempsey. I have often seen him in late afternoons at Irish George Henley's gymnasium, throwing a medicine ball. He plays with two men, neither of whom is under weight, and then when they are exhausted, he throws the huge ball to fresh ones. He has a shower, a rub-down, and he is ready for what the night may bring.

His vigor would be less incomprehensible if his sleeping hours were regular like the voting in his district. His hours are necessarily uncertain, but fortunately he sleeps like an innocent babe whenever his head touches a pillow. He chooses his food with intelligence and drinks sparingly; if it were not for the social amenities, he would not drink at all.

Mr. Fishbourne has never married. He lives in a small, modest home on a narrow street. His front room is large; the partition that originally separated this room from the next one has been removed. It is comfortably furnished with an unusual number of over-stuffed chairs. The one decoration is a high photograph in a gilt frame. It is a picture of an impressive-looking man in a uniform of some sort, Nick's father who died many years ago. Now Nick and his pleasant and shrewd mother live alone—save that they are never alone. When Nick is there, so are his friends.

He spends much of his time at the club in his own ward. (He is a member of four other political clubs, for important contacts are political power.) But when the ward leader is at the club Nick is not; whatever his world is, he must be the sun in that world; he cannot remain in the reflected glory of another man. Fortunately his leader is an old man and rarely makes more than a perfunctory call at the club in the evening, always at the same hour. Nick knows his habits as I know those of my dog. He arrives just after the boss departs. He never speaks ill of his titular leader, however; his respect for position and ceremonial is too deeply ingrained.

In walking about Nick's bailiwick I have approached his home from every angle, and twenty times I have asked people in houses or on the streets where Nick Fishbourne lived, and every time I was told. He bulks large in his

OUR TERRESTRIAL INVALID

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

"NATIONS can no longer be conceived as ends in themselves. The march of ideas and the progress of civilization have made them members of a commonwealth of nations, with all the obligations, duties, and opportunities of citizenship in that commonwealth. The last place to look for security is in armaments and the last way to seek prosperity is through isolation."

So said Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler on a card of Christmas greeting. The position which he takes about the return to prosperity is not the only one that is considered. There is another idea about it that we of the United States should concentrate on our national salvation and let the rest of mankind find its legs and keep them as it can. The decision between these apparently conflicting views will come not much from sentiment, oratory, Christmas cards, or preaching but rather from events. We have, of course, a job to save ourselves, our solvency or credit, our prosperity. We have been slow in getting seriously to work on it. That is because of the prevailing incredulity that there was anything much the matter with us. We had been so long pronounced rich, healthy, and prosperous that what symptoms we showed of ailment were thought to be passing maladies. Now at last it is recognized that, along with

most of the rest of the world, we are up against it and must take any remedies needful, no matter how bad they taste, to improve our own condition. The current talk as administrations change is all of budgets and taxes. In cities and in States it is the same. The cry is all pay more, spend less; cut down appropriations; get down to bedrock and brass tacks.

All that is timely and suitable. We have got to get down to brass tacks. We have got to shoulder the needs of the unemployed. We have got to diminish various forms of largess dispensed to favored groups. We have to put our own house in order, and for that we do not have to wait on agreement with other nations; but even for economy's sake we have to see to it that so far as lies in us the peace of the world shall be kept, and there and thereabouts is where the sentiments expressed by Doctor Butler come in. We can doubtless pay our bills and protect our credit out of our own national resources; but if we aspire to a return of prosperity we must think and act as a member of the family of nations and be faithful to the obligations to that state.

So, after all, foreign policies and domestic policies go hand in hand. We look to domestic policies to restore us to health and to foreign policies to protect our convalescence and help us

get some good out of health after we have attained it.

WHEN I went to Confucius Stanton about an impending entertainment that he was managing, he was kind and helpful just as usual, but he said, "I am thinking worse of the human race every hour. Life was better in Sumeria and Akkad—they had better manners."

Now Confucius was doubtless worn and somewhat peevish from excess of bother over the details of his show; but still there does seem to be a basis for increasing distaste for the human race. Persons who know that race mainly from newspapers, newsstands, shop windows, and streets have certainly basis enough to be out of conceit with it. Manners in Akkad, Confucius Stanton thought, were better. Manners? One might rather say taste, much of which seems currently incredibly bad, whether it is applied to behavior or other things. Our world just now seems bedeviled by an enormous appetite for publicity, fed and increased by camera men, the radio, printers' ink, and other agencies which practice to leave nothing unrevealed. If you contrive a dance, or go perhaps to a speakeasy, or to some of the shows or sun-baths, or contemplate the magazine covers on the newsstands, how can you escape wondering how far the pendulum will swing the other way when it comes back?

For certainly it will come back. That is as sure as taxes, which also are ahead of us in increasing volume. There is plenty in sight hereabouts just now that promises to be difficult to digest. There seem to be too many tall towers, too many big theaters, too much of this and that—which makes one wonder what sort of new powers are under way that will handle these difficult things and subdue them to a profitable human use. But let us

hope we are not in for a violent excess of rigidity. When we have rescued our corner of the world from the clutches of the Prohibitionists, the hold-up men, and the racketeers, will it not be possible to avoid excess in celebration and so avoid a new crop of asceticism and self-denying ordinances?

There is a prospect of beer. Beer is very well if it is good beer and if it is rightly handled. Do you remember the drivers of the beer wagons and the handlers of the beer barrels? Big men, much too fat, who drank beer all day no doubt, could handle beer barrels and seemed cheerful, but possibly were short-lived and not very healthy. It is not well to drink beer all day. Do you remember the folds of fat in Barclay Hubbard's neck in Howells' novel after the said Barclay began drinking beer at lunchtime? Printers used to drink beer at lunchtime—it came to them in pails. So did other more athletic outdoor workers. They drank beer and ate wonderful slices of hot roast beef off counters right in the middle of the day, but they were robust men doing exhaustive physical work. They could stoke up like engines and go on and work off their fuel.

That's one way to drink beer, but, of course, not the way to use it to promote thought or recreation. In various parts of the town, east of Madison Avenue for one, there used to be beer gardens where men and women sat in the evening and drank beer and ate what they would, and doubtless had peace in their souls. These places were respectable, restful, and pleasant. One would like to see them come back. But at this writing beer has not come yet and, though it seems to be on the way, its arrival may be retarded. California wants to sell us wines, and we shall be glad of the chance to buy them again, but for

reasons of legislative policy the native wines were not included in the effort in behalf of beer. But they will come back sometime, and life will probably run smoother for having them.

IN THE present stage of our affairs we have two very considerable afflictions—one is of a great many people addicted to disorder, disregard of comity, racketeers, violent persons, and that part of the Italian population in particular which has inherited the tradition of Sicily and the Mafia; also a considerable cohort who seem more than ordinarily indifferent to morals of sex. The other, a great disturbing element, is made up of people addicted to the management of organized religion and consumed with the conviction that what they think is true and what they do is good, and that other people who agree neither with their thoughts nor conduct are proper subjects for the penal code. Now the first lot of people are recognized as detrimental to the public interest, and it will be easier to reduce them to a fair degree of order than it will be to handle the zealots who are persuaded that they represent righteousness and especially Christianity. There was an article in the January number of this magazine by that remarkable writer, Mrs. Pearl Buck, who talked about missions, especially in China, and discussed what ailed them and whether they were worth while or not. Out of the great faith that was in her she felt sure they were worth while, but as to the trouble with them she said their main ailment was too many missionaries from the United States who represented the level of thought and the ideas of Christian conduct and belief which obtain there. When she saw crude American piety practicing in China on an ancient people who had ideas of conduct of their own and quite a lot of religion she did not wonder that the

advance of Christian thought in the Middle Kingdom was not more rapid.

Mrs. Buck grew up in China and seems to know that country, its people, and their thoughts in a degree quite extraordinary. In the great liberality of her mind, and indeed its power, she reminds one of that Methodist missionary in India who wrote *The Christ of the Indian Road*. The notion that there was no true religion in the world until Christianity came to it, that all the religionists that preceded it were Pagans and had probably gone to Hell, is not useful and, of course, is not true. The sounder idea of Christianity, and the more orthodox for that matter, is that it is the culmination of religious teaching, and possibly, once it is understood, the final teaching in that department of life. Accordingly, we see nowadays organized Christianity in its various forms considerably under attack, violently in Russia, but more or less all along the line. It has been greatly modified in the last two generations and the modification is going on, not a little to the concern of ecclesiastical officers, to many of whom, however, it is obvious that disturbance is needed, that the Churches as they exist are mistaken in some details of their practice, and that some dislocation is unavoidable if a truer and sounder understanding is to come through.

There was no sect more under attack by the great teacher of Galilee than the sect of the Pharisees, who were pious people, highly religious and of excellent habits but prone to be confident that they had the Absolute by the wool. St. Paul was of that sect until he got over it. There are plenty of them now but they seem to be more than usually under treatment. That Jones, of the Indian Road (he must be a Welshman since his name is Jones), has an understanding mind and is not of the sect of the Pharisees, nor is Mrs. Buck. It is great good fortune that such people

should be good writers and able to communicate their thoughts in a manner that gets across. The great missionary countries are the United States and Great Britain, not the only ones of course, for Rome is always active; but the English-speaking peoples are the most profuse, tireless, and energetic in circulating the Bible and spending money to send out missionaries and maintain them. But in this matter there is give and take. It is a good deal like trade; you cannot successfully export unless you also import. You cannot teach the millions of India and China unless you can take in what they have to give.

Groups are constantly coming to notice who buck the line of organized orthodoxy with more or less disregard for the approval of the polite. Such a group was The Salvation Army when it started, but there was a great spirit behind that effort and it has won wide support and almost universal respect. Just now there are the Buchmanites, called The Oxford Group, who seem to work in a much more restricted field than General Booth and are a good deal disapproved by persons who are satisfied as they are. Still they win increased support and sympathy even from scholars and ecclesiastics, because they seem to be successful in working out a new method of making people good.

For that is the big job just now—to make people good—more liberal, more tolerant, more scrupulous, and kinder to one another. Anybody who shows a capacity to do that is likely to overcome a good many impediments. The common run of us would rather that the world be managed to suit us, and be comfortable for us to live in as we are, than to be changed to suit a world more as it ought to be.

A lot of old, old history is being dug out that considerably concerns religions. Back of Ireland there was a great Celtic piety and civilization about which there is very little general knowledge, and what there is is considerably speculative. There are monuments in many countries to religions that have passed away—in South America especially in Peru, in Yucatan, in Mexico, in islands of the Pacific, at Tara in Ireland and in various parts of France, in Egypt and abundantly in Africa and Asia. These are markers of the progress of the human mind but some of them, especially in Egypt, seem to be records of extraordinary progress made, recorded, and then lost. We do not yet know as much as we need to know about this world we live in, but happily we seem to be learning fast, and the disclosures, the excavations and the decipherings of the last half century beat all previous activities of their kind and seem to be going on more rapidly than ever.

Happily, however, extended acquaintance with what has happened on earth, though very valuable for some people and some purposes, is not essential to that understanding of life which makes for good living, and which may be of the nature of that pearl of great price so highly regarded and recommended as a human possession. It might well be and perhaps it is the aim of all education, and people speak of education as though it would bring it and look for the cure of the world by more schools and more diligent scholars. But there seems to be a gap between education and wisdom and, happily perhaps, understanding of life is no exclusive possession of the literate but still comes a good deal by what is known as grace.



MEXICAN LANDSCAPE

By Richard Day

Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries



Harper's *Magazine*

A NEW DEAL IN FOREIGN POLICY?

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS

IN ONE respect at least the change which has just taken place in Washington is without parallel in recent political history. In fact, not since James Buchanan left the White House on the eve of the Civil War has the passing of a president seemed in the eyes of the contemporary audience so plainly to mark the end of an era as did the departure of Herbert C. Hoover.

The Democratic defeat of 1920 was unmistakably a party disaster of major proportions; but it was a defeat encountered under a great leader and in the service of a grandiose ideal. By contrast, the disaster of 1932, like that of 1860, had its origin in the visible bankruptcy of a party long dominant alike in leadership and policy. It was, too, the realization of the approach of this bankruptcy which, even before Election, led to the association of the idea of a new deal with the victory of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

As issues of foreign policy were,

however, hardly mentioned during the campaign, the scope of the prospective new deal was at the outset restricted to domestic affairs. Not until after the November verdict, when problems of international relations such as war debts, depreciated currencies, and world economic conferences began to thrust themselves upon public attention, was it generally perceived that Roosevelt's first great decisions would have to be in respect of foreign policy. And concomitantly, the continuing domestic depression was increasingly identified with a world situation in no small degree precipitated by the mistakes of his predecessors in dealing with international relations.

Consideration of the prospects of a new deal in American foreign policy must, however, impose at least a passing glance at the nature and causes of the collapse of the old. And here in both respects the facts are clear. Swept into power twelve years ago on

the flood tide of a decisive victory at the polls, Republican leadership failed to appraise correctly the character of its opportunity. As a consequence, its attempt to restore normalcy after the defeat of Wilson—like the performances of the Stuarts after the death of Cromwell and the Bourbons after the fall of Napoleon—constituted one more blind and defiant attempt to set the clock back and proceed as if nothing of permanent importance had resulted from an upheaval which had shaken the nation to its foundations.

As a result, while the hands of the clock were temporarily reversed, the calendar continued to march inexorably. For in its effect upon the relations of the United States with the world the great conflict did constitute an authentic revolution, and the consequences of this revolution could not be abolished by the outcome of a single domestic election. Almost over night the United States had exchanged the position of a debtor nation for that of one of the greatest creditor countries in history. Again, where in August, 1914, it had been a relatively self-contained economic unit, it had become by March, 1921, the largest exporting state in the world. Actually, not by design, but through the accident of war, America had been abruptly thrust into the place which Great Britain had won for itself by a systematic and sustained effort continued over more than a century. Politically, the pattern of the United States remained unmodified, but economically and financially, post-war America was entirely different from the pre-war state.

The victors of 1920 had, therefore, at the very start to make a momentous decision. They had to face the question whether the objective of their endeavors should be to bring American foreign policy into line with the new economic and financial circumstances of their country or to embark upon the

difficult and doubtful experiment of trimming the post-war material circumstances of the United States to accord with its traditional doctrine. In a word, the Republican Party had now to go forward or backward.

One thing, however, should have been apparent even then. The United States could not hope with success to attempt to combine the mutually exclusive roles of debtor and creditor states. It could not with any show of wisdom undertake to harvest the profits of a Free Trade Britain while retaining the benefits of a Protectionist America. The United States could not have it both ways. In the then popular phrase of André Siegfried, America was at last "come of age" and it had now to make up its mind how to administer its vast inheritance.

The problem, too, was essentially simple. On the material side the United States could expect to sell abroad only as it bought foreign goods or made foreign loans. If it chose to lend rather than to buy, in the end the process came to the same thing, because it could collect interest and capital, whether on governmental or private debts, only as it eventually opened its markets to the influx of foreign goods. And, in the same fashion on the political side, as its foreign investments swelled to astronomical proportions, its actual stake in world peace expanded correspondingly.

A return to the tradition of political isolation might insure that a new *Serajevo* would not involve the United States in another European Armageddon; but by what means could an absent America assist in preventing such a catastrophe certain to be destructive beyond calculation to the treasure the United States was now piling up beyond the Atlantic? America might return home and stay there; but what would then happen to the interests upon which it thus turned its back?

Yet confronted by the necessity of choosing one of two things, the Republican Party deliberately set out to adjust foreign policy to two irreconcilable objectives. It endeavored to direct the international relations of a country whose foreign lendings were rising rapidly from the pre-war zero to the fifteen billions of the post-war era in accordance with pre-war practices. It sought to force American exports ever higher, until they passed the five-billion mark annually, while maintaining at home the economic precepts of McKinley and the political principles of George Washington.

Such an attempt amounted to reducing foreign policy to the limits of a mere concern for the movement of traffic in a one-way street. On the material side everything was to go out and nothing but money come in. Europe was to buy and pay, America to sell goods and collect debts. But how was Europe to acquire the requisite money to purchase and repay? Obviously only by getting new loans. This was, however, to found a national finance upon the conceptions which John Law illustrated in his notorious Mississippi Bubble. And even before the drying up of foreign loans precipitated the deluge, American exports might be halted by a European upheaval the prospects of which it continued to ignore.

In brief, the story of the rise and fall of the Republican Restoration, the explanation of Coolidge prosperity, the secret of the Hoover débâcle are all contained in the record of the surrender to this enormous and double delusion. Here, too, is the reason why an era which began to the nonchalant strains of "Yes, we have no bananas," closed to the appropriate tune of "Brother, can you spare a dime?" And not the least illuminating circumstance was the deathbed confession of a regime which had set out boldly to abolish

every American involvement in European affairs that the great depression, which was imposing ever-increasing misery at home, was chiefly a consequence of Old World events.

II

But why did the Republican Party originally commit itself to a foreign policy at once contradictory in itself and inconsistent with the interests of precisely those national elements it had always sought to serve? For it had always been the chosen political agent of Big Business, High Finance, and generally of Western Agriculture as well, and all these were vitally concerned with foreign trade. The answer is unmistakable. To win the election of 1920 the Republican Party committed itself and the country alike to a course which made the ruin of 1932 inevitable.

More clearly than any American of his own time, Woodrow Wilson grasped the fact that the World War had produced a profound change in the American relation to the world. Increasingly during the struggle and at the Peace Conference, he discovered the extent to which America was involved in the fortunes of Europe. His mistake lay in the conviction that the change was moral rather than material. As a consequence he based his program of internationalism upon an appeal to the conscience and not to the more-or-less-enlightened self-interest of his fellow-countrymen.

On that issue Republican leadership, skilfully exploiting the weariness and confusion of the immediate post-war era and re-awakening the always latent American suspicion of Europe, challenged Wilson and defeated him. But if Wilson had fallen into error in estimating the nature of a change which was, nevertheless, real, his opponents were guilty of the far greater blunder of

proclaiming that there had been no change whatsoever. And henceforth they were the captives of this error.

Inescapably, the Republican Party was forced into a situation at once paradoxical and disastrous. From the White House three Presidents were condemned to conduct the foreign relations of their country on the basis of a material involvement in Europe which was great and continued to grow. On Capitol Hill Republican majorities held themselves bound to act in accord with that doctrine of political isolation which had been the basis of their great triumph. Thus the Dawes Plan, the Kellogg Pact, the Moratorium expressed the effort of successive Republican chief executives to deal with the facts. By contrast, the debt settlements, the rider applied to the Moratorium, the reservations attached to the Pact of Paris disclosed the Congress faithful to the fiction of 1920.

Occasionally, too, as in the case of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff, a Republican President and a Republican Congress allowed themselves to be converted by the fervor of their own professions. Always, however, the Republican Party was trying to go in two directions at once; to combine the doctrines of Manchester and of McKinley. And, in the end, if one may slip into Hibernian, it found itself in two places at once and could do nothing in either.

In addition, the nature of the attack made upon Wilson ever thereafter imposed crippling restrictions upon useful and even necessary action abroad. In the contracts which Wilson had signed in the name of his country his opponents discovered not merely the proof of his blindness and consuming egoism but also the evidence of the cunning, selfishness, and essential dishonesty of European statesmen and nations. Distrust, contempt, hatred of the foreigner—all these emotions were deliberately awakened by the campaign directed

against a Democratic President and his program. The appeal of the Republican Party to the country was based upon the pledge to rescue American security and prosperity from the perils which Wilson's course had created.

But, once more, the effect of a domestic operation was fatal to the advancement and protection of American interests abroad. Economically, financially, the United States was at the close of the World War not only the most powerful nation on the planet, but in addition it occupied a position hardly rivalled in modern history. And yet, such had been the state of fear and suspicion created by the campaign of 1920, that it was thereafter impossible for an Administration to turn to national advantage the incalculable instruments now in its hands.

Bankrupt, devastated, divided, the Europe of the post-war period waited upon the time when the United States should make up its mind to deal realistically with a situation in which its power was well-nigh unlimited and its influence unrivalled. But that decision never came, because in 1921 and the years immediately thereafter the nation which alone could be reckoned a winner by the War was hiding its head under the bedclothes because of its fear of European goblins; and the representatives of the party which had raised up these goblins were condemned to deal with Europe on the basis of the national suspicions they had aroused.

The consequences of that emotional frenzy and economic folly are to-day unmistakable. Where, a dozen years ago, the recent associates and former enemies with the same eagerness sought individually the material aid and the political protection of the United States, at the present hour the United States finds itself in the presence of a united Europe. Concomitantly, too, it finds itself destitute of all those resources, economic, financial,

political, which were in its hands barely a decade ago.

Yet this unique front of European nations, constructed at Lausanne, and to-day the basis for widespread protest and denunciation on this side of the Atlantic, so far from being a monument to the diplomatic genius of the Old World diplomats and the crowning proof of the selfishness and ingratitude of European peoples, is the inevitable and unmistakable result of American policy. It was not established until London and Paris, after interminable delays, had at last arrived at the conviction that American foreign policy was completely at the mercy of domestic political considerations. And even for the agreements of Lausanne—now so roundly abused in Congressional circles—Europe had at least the color of a reason for believing it possessed the sanction and even the encouragement of a Republican President. In this respect, as in all others, if the United States has lost by the old deal, it is not primarily because its European associates cheated or declined to observe the rules, but because America itself would not consent to play the game in accordance with any known rules.

When, therefore, to-day at the outset of a new administration the question of a new deal in foreign policy is raised, it is plain that this project is not limited to any minor shifts and incidental changes in method. Indeed, the figure of speech itself, borrowed as it is from poker, is misleading. For in poker a new deal means merely a reshuffling of used cards or at most the continuation of the same game with a fresh deck. And this implies further conduct of a foreign policy as if it were a mere game of chance depending upon the variable flow of the cards.

In fact, however, as war is by definition only the pursuit of policy by other means, foreign policy is in its turn no more than action abroad designed to

foster and protect domestic interests. It involves two things—a definite appreciation of the ends to be served and a just appraisal of the means available to serve those ends. The United States has first to make up its mind what role it purposes to play in the world and, second, what price it must pay alike in the organization of its life at home and in the adjustment of its rights to those of others abroad.

Pending that decision, what earthly use is it to summon Ramsay MacDonald to cross the ocean to discuss the question of debts which the United States will not cancel and refuses to permit to be paid? What reason for despatching American delegates to a world economic conference to deal with tariffs, currencies, commodity prices, if American purpose is to maintain its present course and limit its activity to an attempt to trade debts which are dead for special advantages, which must inescapably constitute new barriers to world recovery? What profit in sending other representatives to Geneva to renew the futile endeavor to use these same debts to persuade exposed nations to modify their means of defense to suit American ideas without any American undertaking to reinforce their security thus compromised?

III

The first step in a new deal must be to decide whether American foreign policy is to be realistically international or consistently isolationist. If the United States is to receive even a token-payment for the war debts, to recover any material portion of its private investments abroad, to restore any considerable fraction of its once great export trade, then it must be prepared to modify its own tariffs, expand its foreign purchases, readjust its whole financial and economic policy in the world to accord with such a purpose.

By contrast, if it chooses to buy American, ship American, travel American, then it must be prepared to say farewell to the private debts as well as the governmental, to see exports continue to shrink, to face the impact of depreciated currencies, to be confronted by European combinations which resemble the new tariff agreements of the British Commonwealths. For as the Hawley-Smoot Tariff was the natural forerunner of the conventions of Ottawa, these point plainly to new Continental bargains.

Again, as America has to make up its mind as to the ends to be sought by a new deal in foreign policy, it has similarly to count the means, particularly if it is still resolved to maintain itself as a great trading and creditor country. And this involves a clear recognition of the extent to which these means have shrunk to-day. Necessarily, Europe is still eager to find a basis for common action to end a depression which is world wide but, as Lausanne and the debt defaults indicated, Europe will not wait or longer subordinate its interests to American Congressional passions or to popular misconceptions based upon prejudice or emotion.

The Roosevelt Administration is condemned in advance to deal with a Europe which is in a far different mood from that of 1919, when Peace was made, or even of 1929, when the Young Plan was framed. It is a Europe driven by the grim realities of its economic and financial situation to face facts without regard to sentimental associations of a recent war. It is turned from sentiment to surgery. It has jettisoned its own cargo of reparations, it has resolved to throw overboard the load of war debts; because the present problem of every nation is to keep afloat.

When the British despatched their last debt payment in gold to New York the single explanation of their action was a belief, general but un-

founded, that American public opinion was beginning to wake up to realities and that before a new due date came round the United States would share the British view that payments which were perhaps morally justified were economically suicidal. But behind the payment lay the cold and clear resolution to end the matter there.

When the French defaulted upon their payment, at least temporarily, their design was identical with the British. The latter believed that the arrival of gold transferred by a country driven off the gold standard and by virtue of that fact enjoying competitive advantages in the world market would profoundly impress the American people. But the former were not less satisfied that a brutal interruption of all payment would accomplish the same end. Both were—at least in the immediate premises—mistaken; for American public opinion did not go beyond evincing a willingness to give the British a minor reduction as a reward of virtue and to undertake reprisals against the French as a punitive measure.

The notion that a new deal in foreign affairs can be limited to separate debt settlements with European countries, and thus avoid what has been pleasantly described as submitting to "gang-ing tactics," is absurd, because while European countries may discuss debts individually, their policy will be dictated by their basic community of interests. The idea that an extra-special bargain can be made with the British and later imposed upon a world economic conference is childish; for as the British Ambassador told the press at Warm Springs, after his talk with Mr. Roosevelt, "America and Britain are pretty fine fellows, but they are not the whole world."

And these two misconceptions are equally illustrative of that state of mind, still existing in this country,

which believes that the United States can now obtain foreign advantages, whether in the matter of debts, currencies, or tariffs, by cancelling old obligations. Actually, it can gain them only by the proffer of new opportunities. Actually, the British refused to discuss debts in terms of economic or financial bargains because they held the debts dead and the object of any discussion of them funereal and not of future significance.

So far the United States has steadfastly refused to discuss debts save in terms of domestic opinion; disarmament except in accord with parochial appraisal; world prosperity, unless every concession were to come from abroad. The American people have declined to admit that other peoples suffering as acutely as themselves from an international catastrophe will inevitably react in the same fashion and their political representatives be similarly subject to the emotions of their constituents.

Thus, whatever direction it may give to its foreign policy, the first task of the new Administration must be to cut clean through the present state of public opinion and bring the people of the United States to a clear perception of the realities in the world in which it is living and with which it must do business. In theory, at least, Mr. Roosevelt is free to accept the advice of his recent supporter Mr. Hearst and adopt a program of "Hundred per cent" Americanism.

To buy American for a hundred per cent is, however, to sell American for less than thirty. It is to insure that the present process of deflation will continue for a time which cannot be calculated in advance and must prove long. It involves the readjustment of the entire industrial and agricultural production of the country to the home market. In the end a self-contained America may emerge, but the process,

however profitable eventually, must be excessively costly in progress.

In practice, too, Mr. Roosevelt does not have any freedom of choice. He is bound to seek internationally to advance American economic and financial recovery by realistic action, because only in that direction is there any chance of speedy improvement. By contrast, every frantic endeavor to limit the spread of international depression by national particularism leads to the same parallel rise of domestic tariffs and fall in domestic exports. Every country in the world is now engaged in trying to eke out an existence by taking in its own washing; but although this may promote cleanliness, it does not produce prosperity.

Mr. Roosevelt has before him two years and then a congressional election, four years and then a presidential campaign. If in that time he cannot find some way to promote the recovery of commodity prices in the world, in the price of cotton, wheat, copper, and meat, he is doomed. Short of such a rise, the campaign of 1936 is lost in advance. And such a recovery cannot be promoted by domestic legislation or by the collection of foreign debts or their exchange for separate tariff favors. Like Wilson in 1913, Mr. Roosevelt to-day may believe that the mission of his administration is to establish the Democratic party as a liberal organization and thus give it a wider domestic appeal. But like the World War in the case of Wilson, the Depression has compelled Roosevelt to stand or fall on his foreign policy.

If, too, intimidated by the state of public passion and prejudice which his predecessors have aroused to cover up the extent of their own blunders, Mr. Roosevelt now consents to climb into the old treadmill and repeat the performance of Mr. Hoover, nothing can save him. As time passed, whatever his original misconceptions, Hoover began

to grasp economic realities, as Stimson perceived the truth about international circumstances. But in the face of political opposition and popular misconception both felt condemned to do the right thing by indirection, to cover wise action by stupid evasion, to disguise necessary steps by misleading explanation. And, in the end, without ever satisfying the politicians by their compromises, they bewildered public opinion by their contradictions.

Fourteen years after the close of the World War the American people know less about the realities of world conditions than at the close of the great conflict. In addition, systematic and continued exploitation of their emotions has totally obscured their understanding of the interests and ends wise American foreign policy should serve. They are engaged in a frantic denunciation of a debtor whose payments they demand but will not accept and in a wholesale destruction of the markets upon which in no small measure their prosperity depends.

To-day, American attitude toward Europe is comparable to that of the country greenhorn who, having bought a goldbrick on Broadway, now fills the air not merely with the denunciation of the sharpers who tricked his credulity—and avarice, but also of the city in which he was cheated and the world in which such a thing could happen. And, similarly, Congress is engaged in demonstrating that Americans are congenital morons in order to prove that they are authentic victims.

Yet the very slightest examination of the record of the past twelve years demonstrates that these wise and wicked Europeans have not been more fortunate or more inspired in directing their own affairs than the honest but naïve American. The depression in the Old World is not less terrible than in the New. The European statesmen may be Machiavellians abroad but

they are obvious muddlers in their home town. The picture of a gleeful Europe contentedly dividing the contents of Uncle Sam's wallet which it has skilfully emptied is a conception worthy only of the comic strips.

Mr. Roosevelt's task is patently made difficult by the existence of this national state of mind. But he has advantages which are incalculable. Not in this generation has there been such a nation-wide demand for courage and leadership. And not at any time in history has the Congress of the United States been so utterly discredited as at the present hour. Neither his political opponents nor a combination of party groups in the legislative branch of the national government can permanently block the new President if he goes to the people with a frank and fearless statement of facts which, although unwelcome and so far generally unknown, are facts.

In sum, any new deal in foreign policy will necessarily consist—for at least three parts—in debunking and disinfecting the public mind to one of actual program-making. The Metternichs of the new President's bed chamber and the Talleyrands of his kitchen cabinet may surpass the originals in grasp of world circumstances and subtlety of diplomatic art, but unless they can discover a way to create in this country a realistic appreciation of American interests and an accurate appraisal of European conditions, it will be unnecessary to invoke the Sherman Law to dissolve this "brain-trust."

Meantime, for reasons of national pride quite as much as for considerations of a more practical sort, one must wish them swift and sure success. For, while America is still relatively a young country, it must almost have reached a point of maturity inconsistent with the practice of throwing stones through its own windows to punish the rest of the world.



REUNION

A STORY

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

MR. SINKINS took the money the lawyer gave him and counted it carefully. His nose quivered slightly as the smooth new banknotes flicked through his fingers, but he gave no other sign of excitement.

"O.K.," he said with an effort at nonchalance. "It all seems to be here. Well . . . Thank you very much, Mr. Barron. If you ever get out my way . . ."

The words trailed off to nothing, for Mr. Sinkins was quite well aware that the resplendent Mr. Barron, a lawyer with clients, was not likely to squander his leisure upon visits to the wilderness of Brooklyn. Mr. Barron smiled vaguely, shuffled some papers, put out a plump and casual hand.

"I hope you'll get some good out of the money," he said, already thinking of something else. "Your aunt—er—didn't. You should be careful how you invest it."

Mr. Sinkins adjusted his nose-glasses, tried to smile, took the lawyer's hand, and then began a nervous collection of hat, coat, and gloves. He was thinking that Mr. Barron might well advise careful investment; five hundred dollars was both too much and too little to invest rashly. Mr. Sinkins knew exactly how he meant to dispose of the stiff new banknotes which reposed now in the inside pocket of his coat. He retreated through the door, still smiling with gratitude, and made

his way out through an office occupied by two indifferent stenographers.

As he fell through space in the elevator of the Woolworth Building he was conscious of new reserves of serenity and confidence. Five hundred dollars was a respectable sum, a sum measurable by the purposes to which it might be devoted. It would not, for example, buy the Woolworth Building, but it would be more than enough to pay for a taxicab uptown and a luncheon at a really good restaurant.

He came out on Broadway and hailed a taxicab as naturally as if he had been accustomed to doing so every day of his life. And then a sudden doubt assailed him; he could not remember the name of a single good restaurant. It seemed to him that he had heard that all the best restaurants nowadays were speakeasies, to which it was necessary to have a card of admission or some form of introduction. Mr. Sinkins had never been in a speakeasy in uptown Manhattan, and very seldom in a speakeasy anywhere. There was, of course, the little bar around the corner from the office in Brooklyn, where some of the other clerks occasionally went for a glass of beer or a drink of supposed whisky. But Mr. Sinkins' intentions were of another order altogether. He sat back in the taxicab and sighed.

"Just drive uptown," he told the

driver. "When we get up on Fifth Avenue somewhere, above Forty-second Street, I'll tell you where to stop."

On the way up Broadway he watched the sullen motions of the traffic, the angry haste and confusion of the crowds, with a placid interest into which there entered no element of reflection. The possession of five hundred dollars seemed to have removed him from any relationship to these agitated myrmidons; his mind was almost completely blank, like a screen upon which the pictures before him were reflected without leaving an impression. His customary nervousness had deserted him, and his hands rested quite motionless in their worn gray gloves upon his thin knees. When he thought at all, it was to observe with pleased surprise how the five hundred dollars had filled him with contentment and repose.

"I feel pretty good," he said.

Some minutes later, as the taxicab trundled into the stone prairie where Broadway and Fifth Avenue meet, he added:

"Do me good to get five hundred dollars every day."

He was moved to chuckle a little bit, chiefly at the sheer fantastic novelty of the notion, but also because Fifth Avenue was even more conducive to cheerfulness than lower Broadway had been. Here were shops and women going into shops. The New York Public Library suddenly heaved its bulk into his line of vision; it was a bright spring day, and young men and women conferred upon the steps of the areopagus. At least, if they were not young, they seemed so to Mr. Sinkins, and when his taxicab was stopped by the traffic he eyed them benevolently.

"Good place for young folks to make dates," he remarked to the taxicab window.

The wildness of his own adventure caused him to acknowledge a kinship

with the date-makers, and with all sudden and illicit freedoms: he became an accomplice, going uptown to luxury with his five hundred dollars in his pocket.

"And I don't blame them a bit," he concluded.

"Hey, where ya wanta go, Mack?" the taxi driver called, throwing his voice around the side of his head and into the cab with the ventriloquial ease of long experience.

Recalled to decision, Mr. Sinkins rubbed his nose thoughtfully with one long finger. The good restaurant of his intentions was no nearer than ever, although he suspected the district of concealing innumerable redoubts wherein a man with five hundred dollars would be welcome. In the present perplexity his mind turned towards another subject: he would, he saw clearly, need to buy some new clothes.

"Go along up the Avenue to Lenwood's," he directed. "I'll go in there, I guess. That's on the Avenue, isn't it?"

"Sure," said the taxi driver. "It ain't anywhere else. Never has been. Going to get yourself some fancy clothes, eh? Well, I knew a feller once went into Lenwood's . . ."

The reminiscences of the taxi driver made no impression on Mr. Sinkins' placid mind. He was directing his attention now to the problem of clothes: what clothes would he need, and how much should he spend? He decided upon a suit, shoes, and hat; a new coat would help; but beyond this he felt that his five hundred dollars would not comfortably extend. After all, he had a great many things to do with his money. He got out of the cab importantly, paid the man, and went into the establishment where—as he knew from the advertisements—elegant clothing could be bought ready made.

The establishment was large and

had a great deal of stucco applied to its front. Mr. Sinkins ignored these pretensions and moved calmly through the main doors to a vast and quiet interior. Numbers of young men sprang to attention; he was instructed—almost implored—to take the elevator to the fourth floor. It was unreasonable to suppose that all these attendants knew of the five hundred dollars in his inside coat pocket; he could only conclude, therefore, that their attitude indicated a general eagerness to be of service to any visitor.

"Maybe they don't sell much stuff nowadays," he reflected; and the notion that he, with his five hundred dollars, represented a desirable and important element in the economic situation at Lenwood's gave him confidence. He was, in himself, very nearly what the newspapers called an upturn.

In half an hour he was clad anew. The fashionable cut and color of the Lenwood clothing had, for one brief moment, almost intimidated him; but such was the cunning arrangement of the mirrors and such the restrained eloquence of Mr. Sinkins' personal salesman that no qualms could last very long. The ensemble was completed by a gray hat which leaned somewhat raffishly over Mr. Sinkins' right eye, giving his whole appearance a touch of worldliness and *savoir faire*. As the salesman had pointed out, Mr. Sinkins possessed an average figure, a very average figure; consequently the garments fitted to perfection. Mr. Sinkins adjusted his nose-glasses, handed over a surprising number of twenty-dollar bills, and ordered his old clothes sent to his office in Brooklyn.

"And, say," he added, looking at the salesman with a tentative, conspiratorial air, the look of a wary accomplice, "you don't happen to know of a good restaurant-speakeasy

right around here, do you? I want to go to lunch, and I'm not very well acquainted with the town."

The salesman, pretending that such requests were a part of the routine at Lenwood's, engaged in consultation with a department chief, with other salesmen, with other department chiefs. Before Mr. Sinkins had quite adjusted himself into his new clothes the result of these consultations had been pressed into his hand: a small square of card-board bearing the legend, "Ernesto and O'Malley," with an address in Fifty-second Street. On the back of this card, which had been initialled by Ernesto or O'Malley or both, one of the department chiefs had scrawled a message: "Introducing my friend Mr. Sinkins."

Mr. Sinkins did not look particularly dangerous, even after Lenwood's had reclothed and transformed him. The waiter who admitted him to Ernesto and O'Malley's restaurant had no hesitation in doing so.

"I thought," said Mr. Sinkins with a sudden relapse into the old timidity, "that I'd like to have lunch."

"Sit right here, gentleman, sit right here," said the waiter with enthusiasm.

A girl came and got Mr. Sinkins' new hat and coat; another waiter came and thrust a menu in front of him. He was in a long, low room in a basement; there were brightly colored pictures on the wall, a bar at one end of the room, and two or three customers eating and drinking their lunch. The place did not look or sound in the least like the luxurious speakeasies Mr. Sinkins had heard about; it was neither crowded nor noisy, and its general decorous routine suggested an infinite respectability. Slightly disappointed but resolute, Mr. Sinkins ordered a double Martini cocktail and *hors d'œuvres* and a minute steak with new peas. After wavering for some time between the names presented to him on a card, he

settled upon a bottle of Clos Vougeot 1918 as being the least familiar and most expensive thing to drink with his food. By the time he had finished the steak and three-quarters of the Clos Vougeot he was more than ever at peace with the world.

"Look here, my friend," he said to the waiter, speaking with a certain lordly amiability, "how much could I get some good Scotch whisky for? Say half a dozen bottles."

The waiter called the manager, and after a quantity of parliamentary debate, during which Mr. Sinkins calmly finished his bottle of Clos Vougeot, it was decided that the most satisfactory thing would be to take a whole case of whisky at seventy-five dollars.

"Lika that," the waiter pointed out, "you save more than twenty dollars."

When Mr. Sinkins had bought the case of whisky and paid his seventy-five dollars for it, and had also paid a bill amounting to some twelve dollars for his lunch, the manager affably invited him to have a drink on the house.

"Better take a little coffee and cognac," he said. "Have one with me. Nothing like a little coffee and cognac for the digestion."

Mr. Sinkins had coffee and brandy. But at the conclusion of this rite his program would not allow of further delay; he refused to take any more to drink, even at the manager's expense.

"I want a car," he confided to the amiable bootlegger. "You know, the kind they rent out by the day—a big limousine, the real thing. You call it for me, will you? So's I can get this case of whisky out, y'see. I'll need the car for two days."

"I know just whatta you want," said the manager, bustling to the telephone. "I gotta good company, justa what you want."

In another fifteen minutes Mr. Sinkins and his case of whisky had been

deposited in an interminable closed car, the kind of glossy sarcophagus he had previously seen only in films or from the inconceivable distance of the curbstone. He leaned back in cushions both firm and soft; a glittering object beside his hand excited his curiosity and turned out to be a cigarette lighter.

"Company says you'd better make a deposit," said the chauffeur. "It's thirty dollars a day. O.K.?"

"O.K.," said Mr. Sinkins. "We're going to Parkinville, New York. That's four or five hours from here, I imagine. Up near the Vermont line. Know how to get there?"

"We make this deposit at the garage, right around the corner," said the driver obstinately. "Then I can look it up; no sense in getting lost."

Mr. Sinkins handed over sixty dollars and sat quietly while the chauffeur consulted his oracles. The glitter of the cigarette lighter suggested something; for some moments Mr. Sinkins tried vainly to determine what it was. When the chauffeur returned the elusive notion asserted itself.

"We'd better stop and get a couple of boxes of cigars somewhere," Mr. Sinkins said. "Know where I can get some really good cigars?"

"Yes, sir," said the chauffeur.

With the really good cigars and the case of whisky Mr. Sinkins rested content. His lunch, his Clos Vougeot, his new clothes, and the smooth whisper of the motor over level pavements combined to persuade him into slumber. He propped his feet up on one of the little seats which let down in front of him; for some time he snored gently into the cushions. Near Albany he woke up and addressed the chauffeur.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Trumbull, sir," said the driver.

"How long'll it be before we get to Parkinville?"

The driver, a grim-looking young man with a jaw, answered with precision.

"We'll be there at seven," he said. "It's four hours from New York."

"That's good," said Mr. Sinkins. "Well, look here, Trumbull, I wonder if you'll do something for me. I—er—that is, I'm going to see some friends up in Parkinville, and I don't suppose the question is likely to come up, but in case anybody asks you about the car—"

"I understand," said Trumbull. There was a suggestion of scorn in his smile; he had heard this request before. "The car's yours, you mean," he specified. "Very well, sir. But I don't think I got your name."

"You don't have to say it's my car," said Mr. Sinkins. "You don't have to say anything. They'll think it's mine. My name is Henry Sinkins, and I'm staying at the Ritz. I've only been in New York a few days, and you are working for me while I'm there. You got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"It'll be worth your while," said Mr. Sinkins grandly. "Henry Sinkins, the Ritz. Don't forget. . . . Maybe pretty soon we could open one of these bottles of whisky when we pass a place where they have soda water. What do you say?"

"I don't suppose one drink would hurt me," said the grim young man.

In this admirable state of collusion with circumstance Mr. Sinkins arrived at Parkinville towards seven o'clock of a clear spring night and rolled majestically down the main street of the town.

"We're going to Parkin College," he instructed Trumbull. "It's right down at the end of Main Street. When we get there we turn left, on Dewitt Avenue, and we'll come to a row of fraternity houses. I guess we'll have to stop and ask which one is mine; I'm going to one called Chi Nu Rho. Go ahead until I shout."

Main Street ended at the Parkin College campus, an elm-shaded area with gray buildings rising around it. The street which bordered the campus was Dewitt Avenue; along its one side, opposite the silent college, were the lighted and noisy chapter-houses of the fraternities. Mr. Sinkins leaned out the window of his car and addressed a scurrying young man.

"Hey, buddy," he said. "Tell me where Chi Nu Rho is?"

The boy answered without even looking up.

"Third house along, number 47," he called.

Trumbull brought the car up neatly in front of number 47.

"Try to park," said Mr. Sinkins. "There seem to be a lot of cars around. When you've parked you'd better lock the car, on account of the whisky. Then come up to number 47 and ask for me. I don't know whether I'm staying here for dinner or what. I'll tell you when you come."

Straightening hat and tie, and breathing once deeply as if for an encounter with destiny, Mr. Sinkins walked up to the broad veranda of number 47 and rang a bell. There was a brass plate above the door with Chi Nu Rho in heavy Greek letters engraved upon it. XNP, it looked like. Mr. Sinkins allowed his eyes to dwell on it briefly; his heart was beating with unaccustomed celerity. The door was opened by a boy no more than sixteen or so—a very obvious freshman.

"I'm Sinkins, class of 1909," said Mr. Sinkins, extending a hand. "Thought I'd drive up for the Reunion and the Sing. It's to-night, isn't it?"

Taking the thin paw of the child in his own, he executed the fraternity grip fiercely and in detail. To his delight the freshman replied in kind; he had not, therefore, forgotten how to give the grip.

"Come in, Brother Sinkins," said the freshman. "There are a lot of alumni here. You'll meet a lot of your friends. We're glad—we're glad to see you. Let me take your coat."

The agonized hospitality of the freshman was succeeded by cooler welcomes. A self-possessed young man came into the hall, followed by another.

"Sinkins, class of 1909," said Mr. Sinkins, exchanging grips with each of the young men in turn. "Thought I'd drop around for the Sing. I suppose there are some other members of my class here."

"Glad to see you, Brother Sinkins," said the first young man. "I don't know whether the class of '09 is represented or not, but I suppose it is. We're just about to go in to dinner. You'll have dinner with us, I hope. Come on in and meet some of the other alumni."

Two large rooms were filled with men, with talk, and with cigarette smoke. Mr. Sinkins was introduced to half a dozen men whose names he did not get, whose ages or classes he could not even guess. Not one appeared to have any recollection of him or to expect any recollection from him. They stood jovially, aimlessly, and talked.

"What class are you, Brother Sinkins?" one of them asked.

"1909," said Mr. Sinkins.

His interlocutor, a robust fellow with swelling chest, stared down at him.

"1909?" he echoed. "That's funny. I'm 1910 myself, but I don't remember you. I'm Baldridge, '10."

"Well," said Mr. Sinkins, his newfound confidence rapidly oozing away. "I was only here one year, y'see, my freshman year—1905-1906. After that I—I didn't come back to college. But if I'd stayed I'd have been in the class of 1909."

"Ah, so that's it," said the other man, faintly disapproving. "You're

not 1909, then. You're *ex*-1909. There's a difference. . . . Hey, there's Don Moffatt. He was in the class of 1909. You'll remember him. Hey, Don, come here and meet a classmate of yours."

A massive middle-aged gentleman approached them.

"Hello, Baldridge," he said, and stared at Sinkins. "Where's the classmate?"

"I'm Sinkins," said Mr. Sinkins with rapidly increasing terror. He saw himself driven out into the night as an impostor. "Don't you remember me, Don?"

"Sinkins!" said the massive gentleman. "Well, I'll be—Sinkins! I haven't seen or heard of Sinkins for twenty-five years, twenty-eight years. Old Sinkins!"

The massive gentleman was obviously making the strongest effort to localize, to pin down, to concentrate his memories of that nebulous figure, old Sinkins. There was some vague recollection, but it had so far escaped him. His beefy and affable countenance trembled with the effort to be friendly, but not too friendly until he had adequately identified the object.

"I—I used to do your Trig for you," said Mr. Sinkins desperately. "When we were initiated I got a burn on the arm. Remember? Then I dropped out after the freshman year."

The massive gentleman began to smile without particular warmth as memory returned.

"Sink!" he said. "We called you Sink! Well, of course I remember, you old . . . Well, what do you . . . Well, think of . . ."

There was a ring at the door, and the same agonized blond freshman hastened to answer it. In a few moments he returned, whispered to an upper-classman, looked puzzled and awed. The upper-classman approached the group of which Mr. Sinkins formed a part.

"Beg pardon," he said, "but aren't you Brother Sinkins? Your chauffeur is at the door. He wants to know what your instructions will be for the evening."

There was a magical quality in the words. The circle of middle-aged gentlemen around Mr. Sinkins abandoned all effort to remember him as he had been twenty-eight years before; the present became sufficient. The gentleman of the class of 1910 dropped his air of disapproval. The massive gentleman, Mr. Don Moffatt, football captain and class president in 1909, put a possessive arm across old Sinkins' shoulders.

"Hell," he said, breaking the rule against profanity in the house. "Old Sink is going to stay here until the whole show's over, aren't you, Sink? Tell your chauffeur to go away, you old plutocrat, and stick around. The Sing won't be over until ten-thirty or eleven. He can come back at midnight."

Such cordiality warmed Mr. Sinkins again, restored to him something of the tranquil confidence which had been his just after lunch.

"I'll send him away, but I'd better speak to him," said Mr. Sinkins. "I want him to take a suite at the Parkinville Hotel for me. Later on a couple of you fellows might like to come up there for a quiet smoke. I understand the house rules . . ."

Don Moffatt guffawed jovially.

"Attaboy!" he said. "Good old Sink! Probably got a coupla pints of rye out there under the seat, eh? Well, you tell 'im."

Mr. Sinkins slipped out to the door and gave Trumbull his instructions.

"Take a good-sized sitting room for me at the Parkinville Hotel," he said. "That's down at the other end of Main Street, in the town. Bedroom and bath, of course, but the important thing is to get the best sitting room

they've got. Doesn't matter about the price."

"O.K., Mr. Sinkins," said Trumbull, who had already begun to taste the flavor of the enterprise. "And when do I come back here for you?"

"At eleven," said Mr. Sinkins. "We'll be leaving soon after eleven."

He went back to an altered group of brothers in the bond. Don Moffatt, the pride of the class of 1909, was now his sponsor and his bodyguard. He made a triumphant tour of the room, introduced as "Brother Sinkins—call him Sink—the Old Plutocrat," and was surreptitiously given swigs of very bad liquor from time to time. Such refreshment was forbidden under the fraternity house rules, and the alumni made a pretense of concealment at each new disobedience. Mr. Sinkins met four or five men he could remember, and two of them professed to remember him. Most of the men in the house were either of Mr. Sinkins' own generation—the classes of 1905 to 1914—or else infinitely their juniors. The members of the active chapter of Chi Nu Rho, slim worried undergraduates, hovered about and tried to be polite. At a given moment they began to propel the alumni toward the dining room. Mr. Sinkins, with Don Moffatt on one arm and a man from the class of 1908 on the other, was urged into a place of honor near the head of the table.

The meal was neither very good nor very plentiful; everything which was supposed to be hot had grown cold, and everything which was supposed to be cold had grown warm. The ice cream had melted and the coffee was deplorable. But to Sinkins the dinner was a Lucullan feast: he tasted it with the sauces of adulation and concern.

"What you been doing all these years, Sink?" Don Moffatt had said. "Something pretty good, or you wouldn't be traveling around in that

bus I saw outside. Come on, confess everything."

"Well," said Mr. Sinkins, expanding, "when I left college I went down to New York for awhile and then to South America. I've got an uncle in the export business, you know—manufactured steel stuff, mostly. I did pretty well down there, and then a relation died and left me a little something, and so . . . Well, the truth is, I'm thinking of retiring now. I've only been in New York a few days."

"That so," said Don Moffatt admiringly. "Well, you've certainly . . . Well, who'd have thought . . . I went into the bank here after I graduated, and I'm still here. Don't do so badly, of course, but it'll be many a day before I can afford a fancy wagon and a chauffeur like that. Or retire, either. Zeb Baldridge did pretty well, up to about 1929, but he's in the same boat with the rest of us now. Well, you're the same old Sink anyway. I'd have known you in a million."

"What ever happened to Frank Waters?" Mr. Sinkins enquired. "He was a freshman with me. Smart as a whip."

"He's here," said Don Moffatt. "Faculty. Been here ever since he graduated; started teaching history and now he's an associate professor. Frank'll be at the Sing, but I guess his wife doesn't let him get far away from home at dinner time. You might try getting him to come up to the hotel for that quiet smoke you were talking about, eh, Sink? We'll see some other people from our class at the Sing. Remember Joe Peters? He's a Beta, of course, but," said Mr. Moffatt generously, "he's a good fellow. We might ask him up if he's not busy."

"O.K.," said Mr. Sinkins. "I'd like to see 'em—to see 'em all. We'll have a look around at the Sing."

When the meal had touched its lamentable climax and the coffee was

upon the table Mr. Sinkins handed a cigar to each of his neighbors.

"Try one of these," he said. "From Havana. Not bad."

The senior who presided at table rose to his feet to address the brothers.

"We're all glad to welcome the alumni to-night," he said. "Every year the Interfraternity Sing and Reunion brings out a lot of you fellows, brothers in the bond, and—and we're all always mighty glad to welcome you. It must be a wonderful thing to come back to old Parkin like this and find Chi Nu Rho just the same, and the chapter certainly appreciates your interest and—and your loyalty and your—er—interest. The House Fund has benefited by your generosity in other years, and since this is a particularly bad year we'd be particularly—er—happy to think that you'd—ah—be interested enough to contribute whatever you think is right. We won't spoil the Sing by any kind of appeal for funds, but of course you fellows all know—"

He was a statuesque young man of the football category, and the effort to speak brought drops of perspiration to his somewhat heavy face. When he finished it was with the injunction to sing five of the best of the fraternity songs. The first and last of these, sung standing up at the table, were the same: the immemorial, the classic, "Wherever We Go." Mr. Sinkins felt his stature increasing, his heart stout and full, as he joined in the melancholy refrain:

Chi Nu Rho,
Wherever we go,
In desert or in the fields of snow,
We're loyal to you,
Tried and tru-u-ue,
Chi-i-i Nu.

A gentleman of the class of 1911 supplied a piercing tenor harmony in the last two lines, abetted by a member of the class of 1934 who could sing bass.

The whole roomful of men, somewhat abashed by the profundity of sentiment thus stirred up, sat down again when the last ululation had died away.

"I'd like to get a little more harmony into that," said the senior who presided over the table. "You remember last year the Alpha Delts put it all over everybody else on account of all those birds they had in the Glee Club. I don't know just how to do it, but if we all sing out maybe it'll be all right. Let's try 'Chi Nu Rho Forever,' and make it plenty loud."

After dinner there was a resumption of the jovial and aimless talk in the two front rooms of the house; flasks appeared from alumni pockets again, and Mr. Sinkins was plied with attentions. Towards nine o'clock the head of the active chapter marshalled his flock.

"We'd better get moving," he said. "Any kind of formation will do until we reach the Quadrangle; but afterwards, remember, it's in column of fours."

They moved, a miscellaneous collection of men of all ages, shapes, and sizes, towards the majestic buildings of the campus. Mr. Sinkins had seen taller edifices, but it seemed to him that he had never seen more imposing ones than those which constituted Parkin College. He looked up at their façades as the fraternity trickled through Parkin Gate. There was a great bronze seal, just inside the Gate, upon which no freshman was ever allowed to step. Mr. Sinkins had never been anything but a freshman at Parkin College, but he walked upon the great seal now with a feeling of emancipation. The fraternities, all of them, converged upon the area between the main buildings, known as the Quadrangle.

Here some hundreds of other men had already congregated or were rapidly assembling. Each fraternity had its appointed space, and the undergradu-

ates and alumni crowded quietly into line. The faculty sat on the steps of Administration Hall. The fraternity men occupied the four sides of the Quadrangle; the barbarians and townspeople were wedged in at the corners to watch and listen. The hats and scarves of girls were bright in the moonlight. They all stood up to sing the Alma Mater, and then they all sat down again.

Mr. Sinkins, doubled up on a grassy slope with Don Moffatt on one side and the man he knew from '08 on the other, was silent in sheer content. The Alpha Delts defiled, and the Dekes, and a series of others, called in their turns by the herald. Each fraternity marched with banners, singing its songs. Chi Nu Rho was not among the earliest called; for Chi Nu Rho was not, as a matter of fact, one of the most distinguished fraternities at Parkin College. A really distinguished fraternity would not have accepted Henry Sinkins when he was a freshman, twenty-eight years ago. But such discriminations meant nothing to Mr. Sinkins now. His eyes dwelt placidly upon the gray outlines of Administration Hall and caressed the incongruous red brick of Parkin Library. The songs of all the fraternities rose in the still, moon-enchanted air. The years seemed to peel off Mr. Sinkins, to leave him eager and promising, a freshman awed by stone and mortar, seventeen years young. A fellow-alumnus squatting near him on the grassy slope poked him in the shoulder, offered a flask of gin.

"It's our turn now," said Don Moffatt. "Sing out, Sink—plenty loud."

They got up, the whole phalanx of Chi Nu Rho, and began to march into the center of the Quadrangle in column of fours. When they reached the center they paused, saluted the steps on which the faculty sat, and proceeded to march all around the square. When

this was completed they returned to their places. While they marched they sang:

Chi Nu Rho,
Wherever we go,
In desert or in the fields of snow,
We're loyal to you,
Tried and tru-u-u-ue,
Chi-i-i Nu.

Mr. Sinkins trod lightly and sang loud; for nearly thirty years of dull, relentless life had been lifted from his shoulders. When the fraternity had seated itself again in its particular area he leaned over towards Don Moffatt, his spirit mysteriously alive to the enchantment of the freshman's moon of thirty years ago.

"Gee," he said, "that was swell."

"You said it," said Don Moffatt. "Nothing like old Parkin. Want a drink?"

After the Interfraternity Sing had come to an end with the singing of the Alma Mater and a benediction, it was customary for the alumni to repair to their various fraternity houses and bore the undergraduates for an hour or two. Mr. Sinkins, conscious of his case of whisky at the Parkinville Hotel, appealed to Don Moffatt again.

"Think we could get hold of Frank Waters now?" he asked. "And Joe Peters, or anybody from our class—anybody you want. You know, I've got a coupla drinks and a box of pretty good cigars over at the hotel."

"Sure thing," said Don Moffatt. "They're all here. We'll mill around a little and see who we can find. There's Frank Waters over there. Hey, Frank! Here's Sink—you know, Sinkins—hasn't been back in years—richer than Croesus now, come back to see us. You remember Sink, of course. He was asking about you at dinner. Got a coupla drinks over at the hotel; we wondered if you wouldn't come up and have one."

They paid a perfunctory visit to the

Chi Nu Rho house. Mr. Sinkins was still uplifted by the ceremony in which he had just participated. He put his hand on the arm of the senior who seemed to be in charge of the active chapter.

"When I get back to New York," he explained, "I'll see just what my commitments are and what I can do for the House Fund. In the meantime, won't you let me give you this—ah—just to make sure? I had a swell time to-night."

He gave one of his crisp new hundred dollar bills to the startled undergraduate.

"It's nothing," he said. "Don't thank me. I had a swell time to-night. I wonder if I could bother you—will you have one of the freshmen see if my car is out there? I'm afraid I'll have to be getting along to the hotel."

Don Moffatt and Frank Waters and some six or seven others accompanied him to the car, which appeared to be able to absorb them all without undue discomfort. They stopped at the Beta house to tell three or four members of the class of 1909 what was afoot; and at the Alpha Delt house, and at the Psi U house. When they reached the hotel Mr. Sinkins could see that Trumbull had executed his instructions even beyond the letter; for the suite engaged for them was the largest and best, and soda water, corkscrews, ice, glasses, sandwiches—everything was there. Don Moffatt picked up his first drink and lifted it solemnly in the air.

"Fellows," he said, "I can't say Brothers because you don't all have the privilege of belonging to Chi Nu Rho—but what I want to say is a toast, that is, to propose a toast. I say we toast old Sink, our host here to-night. He was a freshman when some of the rest of us were, and I only wish we'd all made our mark in the world the way he has, even though he didn't go on and finish his college career. A good guy,

our classmate—the most successful member of the class of 1909—Sinkins!”

When Mr. Sinkins reached New York on the following afternoon he tipped Trumbull at the garage.

“You needn’t take me on to the hotel,” he said. “I’ve got things to do around here. Here’s a little something for your whiskers.”

He pulled out of his pocket his last ten-dollar bill and extended it jocosely to the unsmiling chauffeur. Then he turned and walked towards the subway.

At his office, now rapidly emptying for the day, he found his package of old clothes from Lenwood’s and changed into them. The familiar shine of his worn clothes, a little less neat than usual because of the packing, made the events of the past twenty-four hours seem remote in time and space. He folded up the new clothes and put them away in his locker. Some day he would be able to bring them out as having been newly bought. Now he put them away, and with them the last bit of the witchery of the five hundred dollars. When he emerged into the outer office of Varick and Rose, Inc., the firm of wholesale hardware merchants for whom he exercised the functions of bookkeeper, he was again

what he had been three days before—the nervous, scurrying, anxious Mr. Sinkins on his way home at the end of the day’s work.

He was at home before Mrs. Sinkins and sat for awhile at the window of the front room, looking at Flatbush. When she came in, her thin and harassed face quivered in surprise.

“Henry Sinkins,” she said. “Where have you been? The office said you’d taken two days off. You know they’ll dock you; you know we can’t afford it. It’s hard enough to get along on forty-five dollars a week anyway, without being docked. What on earth did you do it for?”

“An old aunt of mine died, and I went to her funeral,” said Mr. Sinkins. “I tried to get you, but the Cogswells didn’t answer their ’phone. Where’s Flora?”

“She’s down at the high school; she’s going to be in a play,” said Mrs. Sinkins, “and I don’t know how on earth we’ll pay for her costume, but anyway the poor child . . . I can’t understand what’s the matter with you, Henry Sinkins. You’ve never done a thing like this before in twenty years; they don’t understand it at the office, either. Do you feel all right?”

“I feel pretty good,” said Mr. Sinkins.



CHAIN GANGS AND PROFIT

BY WALTER WILSON

THE first thing I can remember about chain gangs is a story told by my uncle when I was about seven years old. We were living on a rented farm in West Tennessee. My uncle's friend, Jim Tanner, got into a fist fight with his landlord, an influential farmer. He was fined and when he could not pay the fine and the court costs, which were much more than the fine, he was sent to the chain gang to work out the amount at fifty cents a day. Along with a lot of other prisoners, he was made to do hard labor on a road. One day a man was mangled by some dynamite being used nearby in connection with the work. Jim Tanner and two other prisoners refused to work until the blasting ceased. I can hear my uncle now.

"Jim said the guards cursed him somethin' scandalous and threatened to kill him if he didn't git back to work. Jim told them he'd soon be killed as blasted all to hell. Then what them guard-devils done to poor Jim was a-plenty. They took and put him in a great, big, wooden tank. And they fastened his feet to the floor in a wooden vise. But the worst part about it was that water begin to pour into the tank in a steady stream from a pipe in the wall above Jim's head. There was a pump in the tank and the guards told Jim, 'now dam yore onery hide, pump or drown.'"

Many times afterwards I woke in the dead of night completely exhausted from terror after pumping a losing fight

for ages to prevent an ominous stream of choking, strangling water from submerging me in a tank as big as a house.

I have visited chain gangs in every Southern State except Florida. There stands out vividly in my memory of chain gangs an occurrence in Houston, Texas, in 1926. Wiley Zeigler, a middle-aged white man, temporarily unemployed because of illness, was sent to the prison-farm-gang on a "likker" charge. Though unused to farm work of any kind and though he had not entirely recovered from his illness, Zeigler was put to "chopping" cotton alongside of others.

He was unable to get on the row, which meant keeping up with pace setters hoeing cotton under the broiling Texas sun. Reprimands having failed to speed him up, the guard, a huge man with a revolver in his belt, dealt the lagging man a sharp blow with his nine-pound black-snake whip. His victim taunted the guard for being so cowardly as to hit an unarmed, sick man. The guard retaliated by beating Zeigler until he fainted. He gouged the needle-pointed rowel of his riding spurs into the unconscious man's neck and rolled it viciously, once, twice, and a dozen times. Two Mexican prisoners were made to carry the senseless man to the stockade. He was reformed. He'd never offend society's laws again. In a few hours he was dead.

I viewed Zeigler's body at the morgue.

His back was disfigured by a mass of long, deep, criss-crossed, blood-shot cuts the size of a man's finger. On his neck were hundreds of tiny holes like pin pricks made by the guard's spiked, revolving spurs.

At about the same time as the Zeigler death whipping I learned of a big prison scandal that broke in Alabama. Robert Knox, a young white convict, had been beaten with a heavy steel wire and then dipped repeatedly into a laundry vat full of scalding water. The state charged at the trial which followed his death that the Warden, who was present at the dipping, ordered bichloride of mercury pumped into Knox's body to simulate suicide.

The latest case to draw the country's attention to the Southern prison gang situation occurred in June, 1932. Arthur Maillefert, a boy in his teens from New Jersey, was beaten, steamed, and strangled to death in a "sweat box" at the Sunbeam, Florida, prison camp. Prior to his death this young man was stripped naked and encased in a forty-five-pound white oak barrel with only his head and lower legs protruding. Leather straps and heavy cleats of wood locked him in his portable prison. Driven to desperation—he could neither sit nor lie down—by the stings of myriad insects in the mosquito-infested swamps surrounding the prison, he gnawed his way out of the barrel and escaped naked into the everglades. Bloodhounds soon picked up his trail and he was recaptured, brought back and punished.

"I'm doing this for your own good. I'm trying to make a man of you," newspapers quoted the two-hundred-pound whipping boss as saying, as he belabored Maillefert with a rubber hose. Finally desisting from sheer exhaustion, the guard entombed the youth in the "sweat box," gently fastening a heavy trace chain about his neck and fitting heavy vicelike stocks

snugly about his ankles. In the morning they took the nineteen-year-old boy's dead body from its ingenious gallows. The torture had been more than human flesh could endure.

II

One of the prime qualifications of the Southern prison warden is to have had previous experience as prison guard or experience "handling niggers and bloodhounds" as foreman for a private turpentine, saw mill, or contracting company of some sort. Guards and wardens are selected because of their particular fitness for driving men; for getting work done. Everything else being equal, those who will work cheapest are selected. The average monthly salary for guard work is fifty dollars.

In several States convict-trusties are used as guards. The utility of this can be seen at once. Why pay fifty dollars a month for a guard when a trusty is more than glad to serve without pay? Often killers or men with reputations as bad men are selected to act in such capacity. One of the most notorious of such guards was one Cecil Houston, a lifer in for murder, who operated as a straw boss and guard for the Sloss-Sheffield Steel Company in its coal mine near Birmingham until 1927.

Houston's favorite method of subduing recalcitrant fellow-prisoners was to slip up behind them or catch them sleeping and knock them cold with a hickory pick handle. Before his victim regained consciousness this killer broke both his arms to prevent his fighting back. He was given a big bonus for all coal produced over a given requirement. By driving the men he was able to support a family and to save up a large sum of money. As a further reward he was given free range and often left the prison for weeks at a time.

Often the trusty-guards encourage newcomers to the gangs to attempt to escape. This gives the trusty a chance to shoot the would-be runaway as he makes his break for liberty. For this the trusty expects a reward of money, special privileges, a commutation of sentence or a full pardon. Thus a premium is placed on murder. Mississippi had to pass legislation to curb the practice.

Perhaps a word should be said about one of the most common of the gentle correctives used to rehabilitate violators of the law. There is the sweat box or dog house—a small coffin-like cell just large enough to permit a man to stand erect. It is made of wood or tin and has almost no light or ventilation, only a dollar-sized hole at nose level. It is placed in the open, and under the scorching Southern sun it becomes an inferno. After a few hours in it a man's body swells and sometimes bleeds. Often prisoners are hung up in the box by their arms with ropes and chains like a ham on a gambrel stick. Recently a group of women, investigating a Southern chain gang, found a young negro suspended by his numbed arms with his toes barely touching the floor. The guards had played a trick on the prisoner by placing quicklime in the bottom of the box, which had eaten his feet, swelling them to twice their normal size. By admissions in official reports, four hundred prisoners served four thousand hours in sweat boxes in Alabama in the fiscal year 1925-26.

Then there are the stocks, modeled after those used by the Puritan Fathers, except for innovations which have come with the many mechanical inventions of industrialization. The modern stocks have ingenious frames that jerk the body of the victim into a kink. The same principle is used in another corrective. In it the victim's legs are placed in horizontal stocks which force him to keep an upright position. A

chain is then tied to his arms or neck and fastened to a windlass a few yards away. In this way the windlass is turned and the body is stretched—often dislocating the arms.

There are many occasional punishments. A guard in Stanley County, North Carolina, hooked a chain around the leg of a sick negro and dragged him behind a tractor over a rocky field. Men have been placed in dungeons covered with spikes except for a space large enough to stand in.

In another prison camp a convict was placed in an open field several hundred yards from a small clump of trees. Bloodhounds, including young dogs that had to be trained, were held by guards until the prisoner had gained a slight start. The dogs were then released and streaked after their game. The man had barely time to climb to safety in the tree. From this refuge he was made to tease the leaping, snarling dogs with a long pole. When they were crazed with rage, he was forced to jump from his perch.

But the most common corrective administered in the rehabilitation of prisoners in the South is one that has been deliberately authorized by the state legislatures. The whip is legalized in Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia. Governor Gardner of North Carolina abolished it by proclamation two years ago but it is still legalized by statute. Another Southern State, Florida, does not permit whipping legally, but we have seen that Arthur Maillfert was beaten with a rubber hose. His fellow-prisoners testify that they were whipped regularly. In spite of the chivalry of the South, women are subjected to these tortures. Yes, white women too, though not so commonly as the negro. Sometimes the women are stripped naked before they are whipped.

It is significant that punishment on Southern chain gangs in over seventy-five per cent of cases is for not doing enough work. A prominent official in the Alabama League of Women Voters tells me that ninety per cent is a better estimate. Under the notorious task system each prisoner must do a fixed amount of work, usually determined by skilled pace setters; each prisoner must do the task regardless of prior experience at the work, physical fitness, or anything else. The clerk digs his quota of coal or he is "corrected"; the industrial worker hoes as much cotton as the farmer; the farmer crushes his assigned loads of stone. In short, convict slaves in the South are punished for the same reason—and with much more severity because they have no capital value to a master—that chattel slaves were punished: namely, to increase production.

In order to gain temporary sanctuary in the hospital from such guards and from the task system, men mutilate their bodies. At the risk of their lives, they explode dynamite caps in their shoes, deliberately blasting off toes and feet; they deliberately cut off fingers and toes; they allow heavy timbers and stone to crush their limbs. And some have been known to commit suicide.

Such environment and treatment brutalize a man. He loses his identity as his spirit slowly weakens and breaks. His moral resistance to vice of every sort is almost inevitably battered down. One result is the widespread practice of homosexuality. This is made worse by the fact that young prisoners are placed in intimate contact with hardened old men. But what is worse, prison officials have been known to assign "gal-boys" to model, hard-working prisoners as a reward for their conduct!

It seems impossible that such conditions should exist in 1933 in a civilized

nation. But it is all a matter of public record. Then why isn't something done? Surely there is someone with enough social conscience to want to stamp out these horrors.

III

In the first place, Southern as well as outside reformers and humanitarians have not been inactive. Prison reform has long been a subject close to the hearts of great-souled people. After each prison scandal a hue and cry is always raised for reform of the abuses of prison life. The extent of public interest in chain gangs can be gauged at present, at least in part, by the number of magazine articles, books, and motion pictures dealing with it which have appeared. As a result, prison conditions have been probed, investigated, exposed, condemned, perhaps more times than any other evil of American life. Resolutions have been passed at afternoon teas; letters have been written to editors; candidates have pledged prison reform and have been elected. What has been the result?

In 1885 George Washington Cable wrote of the chain-gang horrors in his book, *The Silent South*. He found conditions worse than they had been for years. In 1921, more than thirty years later, Frank Tannenbaum wrote *Darker Phases of the South*. He proved with much documentary evidence that conditions had not improved since the days when Cable wrote. In 1925 an Alabamian, William H. Skaggs, wrote *The Southern Oligarchy* in which he used documentary evidence to show that conditions were still bad—he declared them worse than they had ever been. Yet in 1932 we find over half a dozen reported cases of men tortured to death on chain gangs. How many others there were we have no way of knowing except by the reports of the

men who do the murdering. The North Carolina Bureau of Vital Statistics of the State Board of Health says that no class of deaths is so inadequately reported as those that occur in prison camps.

Gains have been won it is true, and abuses have been corrected. But let us review a few of the broad, long-run successes. We have told in brief detail of the murder of Arthur Maillfert who was strangled in a sweat box in Florida in June of last year. Florida officials—being slightly tourist-conscious perhaps—hastened to declare that it was an unfortunate happening, but they were glad to be able to say that it was an isolated case; that by and large the system was fundamentally sound. One Florida investigator went so far as to say that he had read of such horrible cases in Europe a century ago but he didn't ever expect anything like it to appear in the United States and especially in Florida. In 1923 attempts were made to boycott "barbarous Florida" following the death whipping of Martin Tabert, a young North Dakotan, who was given one hundred and nineteen lashes while a prisoner on a Florida chain gang. The North Dakota legislature met in special assembly and forced the Florida legislature to "investigate."

In 1902-1903 and in 1915 other big scandals broke in Florida. After each of them State officials claimed that a clean-up had been effected. The same was said after the Tabert case. Let anyone who thinks the criticism in this article too harsh turn back and read the liberal magazines dealing with the Martin Tabert case in 1923. Yet ten years later we have the murder of Arthur Maillfert.

North Carolina humanitarians won a big victory two years ago when Governor Max O. Gardner abolished the lash by proclamation—although it is still legalized by statute. Soon after,

in 1930, however, Willie Bellamy, an eighteen-year-old negro boy, was unmercifully beaten and then incarcerated in a sweat box. Strangely ungrateful for the efforts that were made to rehabilitate him, he died. A Marion, North Carolina, textile striker whom I visited on the Hendersonville gang in 1930, long after the lash was "abolished," told me that he often saw and heard men beg for mercy as they were scourged with a heavy leather whip.

Alabama reformers have won big victories too. In 1922 Governor Tom Kilby sent orders to all State and county prisons to abolish the lash. The humanitarians wept on one another's shoulders with joy at such an unexpected victory. In October, 1923, Governor Brandon's State Board of Administration, finding that the Kilby orders were not officially recorded, declared them void and continued the use of the lash. A few months ago a disabled ex-service man, James C. Kirby, was severely flogged. The American Legion protested. Governor Miller investigated and reported his findings that neither the letter nor the spirit of the law was violated in whipping Kirby. A short time ago a prominent Alabama woman told the writer that over seven hundred persons were flogged in Alabama in 1928 and that women are being whipped along with men.

But the most signal prison reform successes have been won in Georgia. After many long, weary years success crowned the efforts of the reformers and the lash was abolished. More "humane" methods of convict-rehabilitation were adopted in place of the whip. But these included the sweat box and the stocks, which have already been described.

In 1926 a special investigating committee reported on Georgia prison conditions. This committee found that more barbaric instruments had been

created. "Stocks, capable of causing unspeakable agony, were found in several camps. In others the committee found that the wardens had an arrangement whereby the convict was condemned to be swung by his handcuffed wrists to a beam and left suspended in mid-air. Ninety per cent of the prisoners pleaded with the investigators for the return of the lash." The committee so recommended. The prison reformers, apparently having forgotten the record of the lash, were aroused over the report and began working for the introduction of a more humane corrective—the lash. In June, 1931, their efforts were crowned with partial victory when the House Penitentiary Committee of the Georgia Legislature voted favorably on a bill restoring the whip.

Despite all this, on July 22, 1932, a county warden at Griffin, Ga., was indicted by a grand jury for killing a prisoner "by hitting, striking, and beating him with his hands, fists, sticks, pieces of wood, and other weapons to the Grand Jury unknown." Perhaps this prisoner died thanking Heaven that whipping was illegal in the State of Georgia.

IV

Why is it that these chain-gang horrors cannot be abolished? Is it because of human nature? Or more specifically is it because Southerners are naturally depraved? A great many people profess to think so. But it isn't that. Humanitarian efforts—no matter how well motivated—to reform Southern prison gangs will continue to fail so long as the prevailing penological system exists. They will continue to fail for one important, challenging reason—profit. Southern prisons and prison gangs do not exist for doing the job civilization would seem to demand of them: namely, to rehabilitate the

law violator. *They exist to exploit the labor of human beings for profit*—profit for private business men and the State—and indirectly for politicians. The humanitarians do not see this. They see the viciousness of individuals but not the viciousness inherent in the whole system.

Very few realize that the beautiful highways one sees in the Southern chamber of commerce advertisements were built with unpaid labor driven under the lash. Of course prisoners are made to do many other kinds of work, including rock crushing, farming, levee building, coal mining, and general construction work. But in recent years road work has been the most important.

One way of making profits for the State and private business men and at the same time teaching citizenship and love of country is to force convicts to work on jobs of a patriotic nature.

Jobs of this sort on which prisoners were employed in 1930 and 1931 include clearing underbrush and roadways in preparation for President Hoover's prosperity speech at Kings Mountain, South Carolina, in 1930; work on streets in Arlington, Virginia (over the protest of the citizenry), work on the bridge across the Potomac leading to the Lincoln Memorial, and work on the Lee Memorial Boulevard. President Hoover was to have brokered ground for this latter job but canceled the engagement after his press secretary, Theodore Joslin, had been asked by a newspaper correspondent whether Hoover's acceptance of the invitation came after the State Highway Commissioner had imported one hundred convicts to do the actual work on the new road.

There are no complete figures extant on the total value of all road work done by convicts in the South in any one year. In 1923 the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics estimated that about

\$11,827,714 worth of road work was done in that year for the entire country. Of course, most road work by convict labor is done in the South. But this estimate dealt only with *State* prisoners. Louis N. Robinson has testified to the fact that "The counties of the South are the largest users of prison labor for road work. In fact it is customary in some of the States to send to county chain gangs all able-bodied convicts. . . ." If Robinson is right, and there is reason to believe that he is, then both State and county prisoners in the South must do work valued at about \$25,000,000 annually. The authorities can afford to take a little criticism as to their methods in view of such an output.

Warden R. M. Youell of Virginia estimated that convict road work done in his State in 1927 was valued at about \$4,000,000. In 1930 work of like nature was valued at \$3,777,000. Georgia, according to the 1923 Bureau of Labor Statistics figures, showed a convict labor production in road work valued at \$5,030,350.

But road work isn't all. *The Handbook of American Prisons and Reformatories* for 1929 stated, "Few States have prison systems which show larger financial profits than that of Mississippi (a prison farm State); few States, on the other hand, have systems organized on more unbusinesslike lines. The prison farms of this State are comparable in extent and importance to those of Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas. They appear to be operated almost exclusively for financial profits." Cotton, sugar, rice, livestock, and other commodities are produced on these big farms and sold in the open market. Mississippi prison farms showed an income in a four-year period ending June 1928 of \$2,354,260, with goods on hand valued at \$376,687.

In a four-year period ending September 30, 1926, Alabama's gross income

from her prison labor was \$15,110,398. This, bear in mind, represented only the State's share. Private business men made huge amounts in addition. At the present time Alabama has the only completely integrated prison industry. Cotton raised on the prison farm is ginned, woven, and made into shirts by prisoners for the Reliance Manufacturing Co.

Ever since the Civil War huge profits have been made out of convict forced labor. In fact, to a larger extent than is realized, the convict labor system superseded chattel slavery.

Some of the finest flower of the old South's manhood—leaders at the high tide of American civilization, according to a recent group of young Southern writers—exploited and trafficked in convict slaves much on the order of the modern trade in grain and livestock futures.

The records of these Georgia gentlemen could be duplicated elsewhere in the South. Prior to 1866 convicts of Georgia were confined in a central penitentiary at Milledgeville. The total number of prisoners, about two hundred and fifty, were all white. By 1866 this situation was reversed. Almost all prisoners were negroes. It was suddenly discovered that such a race of criminals as the negro had never before existed on land or sea. From then on the prisons overflowed—solid black. The modern convict-lease system came into existence, under which convicts were sold into the absolute custody of private business men—turpentine-camp operators, saw-mill operators, planters—to guard, feed, work, and discipline at will. The State had no further responsibility; it was enough that it acted as a clearing house or employment agency. It was slavery without capitalization of the slaves.

The "Georgia Penitentiaries Company" was organized to speculate in convict-labor futures. This company

leased all of the long-term prisoners of the State of Georgia for a period of twenty years. It paid the State \$500,000 for the lease. The first three hundred prisoners were used by the Dade Coal Company. The stockholders of the company included the Confederate generals Joseph E. Brown and John B. Gordon; Brown's son Julius and later on General Joseph M. Brown, one time governor of Georgia, exploited convict labor in the Dade County coal mines.

V

What are the factors which make it possible for profits to be made from the labor of convicts? Perhaps the most important single fact is that no wages are paid to prison laborers. Only one or two Southern States pay anything at all. One of them, Alabama, pays certain classes of her prisoners the princely wage of about 2 cents a day out of which certain luxuries such as tobacco must be purchased. One or two others pay a bonus for extra work which sometimes amounts to as high as \$2 a month. Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas are more honest and make no pretense of paying anything. Georgia, however, gives each discharged prisoner a handsome purse with which to start life anew. On this point the *Handbook of American Prisons and Reformatories* for 1929 said:

Prisoners in Georgia receive no wage. On discharge they are given civilian clothing not to exceed eight dollars in value and a railroad ticket to the station nearest the place of their conviction, even if their home is in another part of the State. When they get off the train with neither money nor a job they are liable to arrest and imprisonment as vagrants.

Prison reformers were once able to secure the passage of a law in Kentucky providing for paying the convicts there. But the law was held unconstitutional on a technical point. A similar law in

Texas met a similar fate but on the ground that the convict was a slave.

Another way in which convicts contribute to profit is to work a "full day." Usually the day's work on the chain gang is from "sun to sun," or from "can to cain't"—when you can see until you cannot. This often means 14 to 16 hours a day. A prison official in Tennessee was heard to say, "Oh, yes, we work our prisoners eight hours a day—eight before noon and eight after." Prisoners who work inside prison walls average from 10 to 12 hours a day according to the season.

The profit motive is seen in other prison conditions. Food is always the cheapest obtainable. It ordinarily consists of corn bread, sorghum molasses, dried beans, potatoes, and occasionally "fat back" pork. Very little fresh meat, vegetables, or fruit are served. The food is prepared by cooks selected from among the prisoners. A county in Alabama recently boasted that it was cheaper to feed a convict than a mule, as it cost 55 cents a day for a mule and only 14½ cents to feed a prisoner. Usually the county or State gives the officials a fixed allowance to feed the prisoners under their care. Whatever the officials can save lines their own pockets. In one county in a border State it was found that the sheriff received 45 cents a day for each prisoner and spent only 8 cents.

Housing furnished by the profit-conscious officials is always an item of little expense. There are three kinds of homes for prisoners. One is the wooden barracks, used where employment is fairly permanent. They are often unsanitary firetraps and are often so designated. Tents are used in semi-permanent camps.

The steel-cage wagon is the third type of home. This wagon is ordinarily about 18 feet long, 8 feet high, and 8 feet wide with two or three tiers of bunks in each cage. This is the sleep-

ing and living room for about twenty men. Because it can easily be moved about with the progress of the job, the cage is especially suited for road work, if one doesn't consider the welfare of the prisoners. It is a sight not soon forgotten to see the cages, which look for all the world like animal cages in a circus except that they are never gilded, filled with their animal-like occupants as they move to another job. Country people flock to the front gates to watch and listen as the procession of cages, loaded with vermin-infested men, creaks and rasps along the hot, sandy, dusty road.

In rainy weather a tarpaulin flap is dropped over the walls of the cage to shut out the water; it also shuts off ventilation and light. A tub underneath a hole in the floor is the toilet. A horrible stench arises from it all night. On Sundays, nights, and holidays the men are locked in the cages. A long chain is passed through the leg chains of each prisoner—these latter are permanently riveted on by a blacksmith. In this way all the prisoners are fastened to a single chain and can be released only by a guard unlocking them. Obviously such an arrangement has its good points, for fewer guards are necessary to watch fettered prisoners in a steel cage, and money is saved.

But from the prisoner's point of view the arrangement is anything but happy. Disastrous fires may occur while the men are chained—they are also chained in barracks and tents. Eleven prisoners were burned to death in Kennansville, North Carolina, in 1931 when a fire raged through the wooden stockade there. A short time ago there was a big loss of life on a Texas prison farm. In 1930 one man in a Coral Gables, Fla., gang was burned to death and several others maimed when a guard tossed a cigarette into some dynamite near the guard-house. But the most disastrous fire involving prisoners

actually working at the job occurred in the Banner mines operated by the Pratt Consolidated Coal Company near Birmingham in 1911 when one hundred and twenty-three helpless men were killed by an explosion and fire.

Chain gangs are particularly characterized by an absolute disregard for the life and limb of the convict slaves. This is not because of evil-natured officials. Obviously it would be an added expense to install safety devices. It has been estimated that it is from two and a half to three times as hazardous to be a convict laborer as it is to be a free one. In addition to fire hazard, which is always present, there are accident and occupational disease. In 1931 an investigating committee from the Tennessee State Legislature found 300 prisoners out of a prison population of less than 800 sick with influenza and pneumonia at the Brushy Mountain coal mine. There were also many cases of gonorrhea, syphilis, and other diseases scattered throughout the prison population. These conditions are typical of the whole South. It is seldom that adequate medical care is given sickness or accident cases. The resourceful guards administer pills for practically all ailments from typhoid fever to a broken leg. Men with broken arms have been forced to continue at work without having the broken bones set. In addition to these "natural" accidents and diseases, there is the constant danger from mutilation by angry guards.

Because of all these dangers, a sentence to the chain gang for a few months for a minor infraction of a law often in reality amounts to a sentence of death with execution either by fire, shooting, whipping, or more often perhaps by overwork.

Several profit-factors make this possible. A prisoner serving out a ten-dollar fine for public profanity or some other similar crime may be killed on a

chain gang, because of the State's negligence. This prisoner may have a family entirely dependent upon him. Yet his family cannot collect a cent of compensation, for there is no workmen's compensation for convict slaves. Georgia courts, for example, have held that in the absence of Statute there is no liability to a prisoner who becomes diseased or who dies as a result of unhealthy conditions in a penal institution. Otherwise, as Nathaniel Cantor in his *Crime, Criminals and Criminal Justice* says, "many of the States would face innumerable suits involving the injuries of prison inmates, so precarious are the conditions of the penal institutions, especially the road camps of the South."

In addition to keeping expenses at a minimum through non-payment of wages, poor food, poorer housing, no safety devices, no medical care, and the use of non-paid trusties as guards, the authorities save also by not providing educational, recreational, or vocational training for the prisoners. Of these perhaps vocational training is the most important in preparing the prisoner to take his place in society upon release. Yet if there is any vocational training at all it is entirely by accident and not design. Or perhaps the State regards it vocational training to force a bank clerk to dig coal, an industrial worker to do farm work or a farmer to crush rock.

Aside from prison officials and private business men who profit from convict labor, there is another group of men who profit in traffic in convict slaves. Sheriffs, judges, clerks, and others serve as employment agents to keep the chain gangs well stocked with workers. Under the notorious fee system law-and-order enforcement, officials are paid a commission on the basis of the number of arrests and convictions they secure. The prisoner is made to pay these fees or "court costs" in addition to fines and jail sen-

tence. An authority on prisons cites one instance of a negro in Alabama who was fined one dollar and costs. The costs were seventy-five dollars. As the officials depend on arrests and convictions for their livelihood, they are always zealously on the alert for criminals. Let a shabbily dressed, friendless stranger wander into town or an unemployed worker get caught riding a freight train or a hungry negro steal a pound of butter—the law draws in all such as an electric magnet draws steel. And if no "criminals" are found, the sheriff sends out an undercover man to engage a group of negroes in a crap game. Then the game is raided. The mill of criminal justice grinds most industriously when men are needed for a big road-making job.

Eloquent testimony to the industry of fee-paid officials is shown by salaries earned. According to leading citizens of Alabama, the sheriff of Jefferson county in 1912 was earning \$50,000 to \$80,000 a year in fees. A clerkship in this county was worth at least \$25,000 in fees. Several sheriffs in Mississippi in 1930 earned over \$20,000 each. The leading one made \$24,350. The average for 82 counties was only slightly less than \$6,000. The same individuals in civil life would probably earn \$100 a month if they were so fortunate as to find a job.

The Southern vagrancy laws—chain-gang feeding laws—which penalize poverty and unemployment grew out of the "Black Codes" adopted by Southern States soon after the Civil War with the conscious intention of securing forced labor under another name than that of chattel slavery. These laws are still used to secure forced labor. There have been several newspaper stories during the past few months about the use of the threat of vagrancy laws to force unemployed workers to pick cotton at any wage offered.

Another important law is one which penalizes the breaking of a contract by a tenant farmer or laborer after "advances" of cash or supplies are made to him by his employer. Georgia, Florida, and other States have this law and enforce it. Peonage, which is still widely prevalent, arises chiefly—aside from out-and-out physical force—from these two laws.

Some of the minor offenses which feed the chain gangs are prohibition law violations, petty property offenses—chiefly because of these two there is a noticeable trend toward an equalization in the number of white and negro prisoners—swearing before a female, public profanity, riding a freight train, playing cards on Sunday, disturbing public worship, dice shooting, shooting across a public highway, labor organizing, letting an employer's mule bite a neighbor's corn, and many others. The tortures of the third degree are frequently utilized in getting "confessions" in these crimes.

VI

It is contended by several well-known penologists that the chief evil of American prison life is none of the things mentioned here but that it is idleness—lack of work for prison inmates. Recently one of them wrote a book which had the thesis that "to make brick without straw is easy compared with the task of making decent citizens out of criminals without work." But even this author was forced to admit that prisoners really do work in the South. He said, "But in the South . . . prison idleness is reduced to a minimum—where 92 per cent of the prisoners are employed." Some of the other eight per cent were sick or not reported.

Yet, as has been shown here, the mere fact that prisoners are made to work is no evidence that they are being

reformed. No one at all familiar with the history and status of Southern prison gangs can seriously contend that they are intended to accomplish, or in fact do accomplish, the rehabilitation of the law violator. Can the spirit of reform thrive in an atmosphere of constant humiliation, degradation, and brutality—slop buckets, rotten food, steel cages, steel chains, steel shackles, sweat boxes, stocks, bull whips, brutal guards, frame-ups, murder? Is it because of a desire to redeem the prisoner for society that the fee system is used; that no wages are paid; that there is no compensation for disease or accident; that the task system is used; that the hours are cruelly long; that the toil is so brutalizing?

Yes, convicts should work, but for their own salvation primarily and not to make money for anyone else. The State must cease exploiting its prison inmates for profit and it must cease conniving with private business men to exploit them. An intelligent social attitude toward this problem must be adopted by the South. The present profit-making attitude is responsible for the abuses and horrors described in this article and in the many recent books, newspaper stories, and moving pictures dealing with Southern prison life. It is responsible for the failure of the many campaigns in the past to end chain-gang conditions. Such campaigns, no matter what the motive, must continue to fail until prison profit is abolished.

The only possible way to make headway against the chain-gang horror is to abandon useless campaigns against the use of torture and to unite on a program against convict profit. Such a program would call for a substantial wage for the convict's labor, workmen's compensation, provision for safety devices and safety rules, adequate medical and hospital care, and the reduction of the inhumanly long hours of labor. It

would call for decent food and decent shelter and the abandonment of steel cages, leaky tents, and fire-trap barracks. It would call for trained prison officials and guards.

Under such a humane arrangement profit and the task system must disappear. It will no longer profit the State to herd innocent men into gangs along with the guilty, and it will be found necessary to reduce the bounty paid to sheriffs, justices of the peace, and other

officials for maintaining the supply of convict slaves. Nor will it profit the State to penalize unemployment and vagrancy under the present vagrancy laws. Otherwise the years and the blood are vain, and the famous words "I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be, free" are as dead as the President who uttered them.

FISH FOR BREAKFAST

BY HENRY T. CHAMBERS

IN UTAH BECKY'S place
I drank a toast to spring,
And a farmer lad with a priest's face
Said this owlsh thing:
"How, when the heart is leaping
Can the hand sow for reaping?
Drink me no toast to spring;
Spring is a young man's foe.
When larks and lasses sing
How can a young man hoe?
How, when the wind is warming
Tend strict the farming?
Each year I am afraid
Since I was twenty
I shall go wed a maid
And troubles plenty.
And then to tamp my larder
I must plow harder.
If you must waste the wine
Drink to the year's cold end—
Spring is no friend of mine,
Spring is an old man's friend."



IS LOVE ENOUGH?

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

WE SMILE, not without reason, at the sentiments and antics of the generations that flourished under Queen Victoria. We are not always honest with ourselves in this matter, failing commonly to distinguish between a great Victorian tradition, which we might well follow and do not, and a silly Victorian tradition which we, in fact, do follow while pretending to ourselves that we are ever so realistic and dry of heart. What could be more amusingly old-fashioned to-day than William Morris in his high-flown mood and manner? He "sang" as follows:

Love is enough: ho ye who seek saving,
Go no further; come hither; there have
been who have found it,
And these know the House of Fulfillment
of Craving.

I spare the reader the rest about the "Cup with the roses around it" and about "the World's wound and the balm that hath bound it," and ask him to consider in all sobriety whether he and many of his fellows in this hard-boiled and disillusioned age have not taken Morris at his word by trying to make love enough, by asking of love what it has, for all its proper and native wealth, not in its power to give, by finally being disillusioned with love because love broke down under strains it was never meant to bear.

Who, in other words, has not seen dozens of unions, especially among educated people of the middle-classes, break down in disappointment and

ache, if not in hatred and recrimination, because the partners to the union had entered it with the understanding that the relation between them was self-sufficing, self-sustaining, an end in itself—that is, upon the principle of William Morris that Love, capitalized, is enough?

There is no doubt that contemporary life offers the strongest and most varied temptations toward the commission of this error. Especially among great urban populations the structural frames of life, domestic, social, and institutional, have threatened to break down. This has been especially true of our great American cities where lack of space and the exorbitant cost of proper service have robbed people of even the secondary elements of a humane existence—the building up, within adequate interiors, of an environment expressive of the united tastes and personalities of wife and husband, the dignified dispensing of hospitality, the consequent creation of a symbolical center of life with the attendant growth of attachments, obligations, and pieties. This situation with its lacks has become commonplace; it has likewise and very disastrously become a commonplace to accept it and to try to substitute for it the naked personal relations between man and woman. In brief, people have submitted to these conditions and sought to adapt themselves to them, and even fooled themselves by calling them "modern" and "progressive."

But these conditions, though doubtless "modern," are retrogressive; they do not sanitize marriage but destroy it. This moral supineness, which is one of the chief marks of contemporary life, is part of that larger and more devastating delusion that all change is change for the better, that everything now is necessarily an improvement, and the last word the wisest. The breakdown of education has led to a dulling of the critical faculties. So men and women, instead of rebelling against the servantless kitchenette apartment, have invented the theory that a rational life could be built upon perpetuating the excitement of falling in love. Now this is no doubt the most beautiful and divinest of excitements and in a wholesome marriage it may well be from time to time measurably renewed. But only in marriage.

For marriage creates a whole range of interests, in addition to the purely sexual and emotional ones, through which the partners can express their love and the solidarity of their union. Upon these other interests, upon this practical sense of being, as it were, two against the world, they can rest at intervals from the strain of a stripped relation and afford passionate excitement a chance to re-form and renew itself. But this renewal cannot, evidently, take place in the companionate or kitchenette unions so widely practiced and even defended. In them passionate excitement is the only substance of the union; each partner will be aware of its rise and fall in the other; each will, in hours or days of the subsiding of emotional activity, try to "act up" to the other's expectation. A mutual terror that love, on which they have risked their all, is dying will lay hold upon both. This terror will be converted by husband or wife, or both, into a feeling of sexual humiliation, into the question: Can I no longer interest or hold another? And from

this question it is but the shortest step toward the reestablishment of sexual self-esteem by creating a state of emotional excitement with and through a new love-object. So the union is broken. But the new unions entered upon by two such people will be broken too, and each will probably end in a forlorn and embittered old age.

Very often the partners of these modern unions will be sensitive and high-minded and essentially virtuous persons and will wonder why they have been so wretched. And such is the confusion wrought in even good minds by certain contemporary superstitions of a pseudo-scientific character, that it will never occur to these people that they have flown in the face of nature just as surely as one who were to insist on reading in complete darkness or on deliberately drinking from an infected well.

II

From these rather desultory observations we can strike at the heart of the subject. We can correct the topsyturviness of so much contemporary thinking about it. The abuses of institutionalized religion have been possible not because priests are wicked and astute, but because man is a religious animal. The abuses of institutionalized marriage, such as the scandal and difficulties of divorce and our American practice of transforming alimony into blackmail, have been possible and have been endured because man is not only a marrying but a monogamic animal. His biological structure, his psychical interests, the length of his infancy—these are the unchanging factors that create marriage. It is not the institution of marriage that has produced the family. It is the family that has produced marriage.

Now there is a good deal of talk concerning the decay of the family. And it is tragically true. But the re-

proach to be addressed to so many of our contemporaries, especially to the half-educated, is that they never seek in this decay the root and cause of their restlessness and homelessness; that they seek the remedy for their ills not in remedying this decay, but in fancied substitutes and wretched makeshifts. On this one point all so-called radical theorizing is the last refuge of idiocy. What woman will want to go through the long process and final agony of childbirth only to hand over her child to the state? And what interest will any man have in the preservation and enrichment of human civilization if he cannot first of all try to pass on what he possesses of wisdom, of faith, of personal ideals to his offspring? Temporarily starving populations may consent to spawn undifferentiated soldiers and workers for a depersonalized state. So may darker ages than any that history relates come upon us and a more disastrous breakdown of civilization. The rational man's quarrel is with those intellectuals of his own time who seek to make these horrors portents of a better day and to represent the universal barrack and the return to undifferentiated tribal stupor, relieved only by swiftly changing sex connections, as the desirable ideal of the society of the future.

These intellectuals are, by the way, all bitten with the old romantic and Victorian fallacy that "love is enough"; they dream of a society in which, whatever other lacks and humiliations there may be, they can keep up endlessly the excitement of falling in love and the first sting of passion. But even this point of view is lecherous and middle-aged. For to youth the excitement of love is also a love of permanence and a dream of immortality; it is a faith that *this* rapture will endure. And this faith of youth is, whether youth knows it or not, faith in the race, faith in his group, and in the values

which his ancestors have created for him to enlarge and cleanse and perpetuate.

Love, then, is not an end; it is an instrument and a means toward a number of ends which are necessary to man both biologically and psychologically. To tear it out of its context is first to warp and next to devalue it. Hence those who find it devaluated for them and disillusioning should inquire what there is in contemporary society that has caused love to be regarded as an end, not as a means, and has hence torn it out of that context of life in which it is not so much a value in itself as a begetter of most of the values by which men and women must live. And next they must inquire whether they have not contrarily found love disappointing and devaluated because they have, irrespective of conditions, themselves through some weakness or perversity abandoned those permanent ends toward which love is an instrument. A valetudinarian thinker who has just strength enough for his productivity; a woman dancer whom pregnancy would put out of work longer than she dare risk from the point of view of either excellence or breadwinning; hopelessly narcissistic persons, like most minor practitioners of the arts—such "sports" or exceptions may be forced to tear love out of its context and forego the development of love toward rational and human ends. The trouble is that such persons—once despised, not wholly without reason, by the solid citizenry of every land—have now become its ideals and the objects of a mythologizing process.

Who has not seen and known, as I have, the pretty young wife in a smallish American town who refused to let her union with a perfectly acceptable husband who adored her ripen into marriage because her head was filled with the shifting amours of screen ac-

tresses which she took for "life"? She wanted, above all, not to be "old-fashioned." And no one was there to tell her that the conclusion of latest science—a word which she, too, not quite wisely respected—was that the interpretative artist, whose medium is his body, is very often too narcissistic—that is, too vain and foolish and self-centered—to be capable of a rational life in which biologic urges mature into social and religious forces and forms. In brief, there was no one to tell her that the screen-divas fell below the norms of a satisfactory human life and probably paid for their notoriety and their high wages with loneliness, emptiness, and meaninglessness of life, and hence with neurotic flight into the various forms of intoxication and forgetfulness.

This example is but one of many by which one might illustrate the contemporary delusion that "love is enough." Another and more honorable influence in this unhappy situation is the growing unwillingness on the part of men and women, despite the brief clamor of certain small groups, to accept the biological aspects of life as fundamental and fundamentally significant. Pseudo-science has so long repeated the meaningless phrase that man is merely an animal, that people have either scorned to be "animal" with any naïveté at all, or else, out of spite and self-spite, have determined to be as "animal" as they could. Now there is no sense in disputing the fact that man is an animal. But he is, at least, a peculiar animal and the only one, moreover, concerning whose inner processes we have first-hand information. Hence we know that in this animal called man the biologic processes, not only but very especially the reproductive ones, are most astonishingly implicated with the higher nerve-centers and with the totality of the emotional life. Of that fact the com-

plete proofs, whether from common experience or the physiological laboratory or the analyst's cabinet, are overwhelmingly in. To man everything biological is a symbol. You cannot be merely biological either low-mindedly or high-mindedly, though the former is the smaller danger. A marriage, though wounded, need not be killed by either partner's infidelity during a drunken orgy. But Mr. Bertrand Russell's cool pronouncement that among reasonable and decent people marriage may be expected to "be lifelong, but not that it will exclude other sex-relations" represents the very nadir of the twin-delusions of the Victorians: 1. that the biological, being "merely animal," has no significance, and 2. that romantic "love is enough." It is these two particular delusions which, in their various forms, have probably caused more moral suffering than any others.

III

Let us examine the facts. Whenever two people genuinely fall in love the psycho-biological urge and instinct is toward a complete and exclusive possession of each other. Now this is not an instinct of "possessiveness," as it is claimed to be by irresponsible or neurotic people who cannot accept the fundamental terms of human life. Nor is there involved, despite the amusing Marxian notion, any economic motive. Of course an unfaithful husband may spend money on mistresses and a traipsing wife ruinously neglect her house. But such plain and respectable and old-fashioned human facts are not what the Marxians mean. No, the desire and expectation of exclusiveness in love is a creative principle. Its content is the creation of marriage out of love; its instinctive wisdom is the knowledge that solidarity is the condition of human marriage whence arise both its lower and its

higher benefits. It assumes the eternal fact, known to longshoremen but hidden from mathematical philosophers, that in man erotic involvement means psychical and emotional involvement; and that hence infidelity on the part of either husband or wife—especially and above all the high-minded and deliberate infidelities envisaged by Russell—must fatally break that solidarity without which marriage is either a makeshift or a blunder and a shame.

A good marriage requires the whole woman and the whole man. Eros has been from of old known to be a cruel and exacting master. The proposals of Mr. Russell and his fellow sex-radicals would be monstrous were they not so unbelievably silly: that wife or husband should continue to give that devotion or whole-hearted interest to marriage which alone makes marriage fruitful, while the partner to the union writhes with the pangs of disprized love or glories in the ecstasies of a successful passion. It is symptomatic of our contemporary confusions that people gravely read the grave words of a philosopher which if translated into action by healthy human beings could issue only in bloody tragedy or slapstick farce.

The first step, then, of the biologic urge toward marriage is the desire for solidarity between a man and a woman primarily founded upon the exclusion of other sex-objects. Like all the creative urges of man, it is an urge toward form. Now all form requires selection, and selection presupposes choice, and selective or preferential choice is based upon the rejection, the renunciation of that which we have not chosen. Simple but profound facts, which can be illustrated by the wisdom of the folk-saying that you cannot have your cake and eat it too, and from innumerable analogies in art and in nature. The sculptor's chisel must ruthlessly hew away the stone that

hides the statue in the shaft or block. Who has not seen, in old-world gardens against sunny walls, pear and peach trees ruthlessly pruned so that their virtue shall be concentrated in two or three perfect fruits? Not all people need marry; a restricted birthrate will do the world no harm. But the creation of marriage out of love presupposes according to its first aim of solidarity the exclusion of other sex-objects.

How extraordinary that one need labor this point! But it is worth repeating that one has to do so because through the gradual substitution of super-tinkering for education people have lost touch with that fundamental wisdom of the race, embodied in literature, philosophy, and religion which, in its totality, expresses what such a creature as man in such a world as this can do and cannot do. The things universally forbidden are not wrong because they are forbidden; they are forbidden because they are impossible, because they do not work for human beings. Or, one might say that the fundamental ethics of any considerable group or racial or cultural community are a description of that group's possibilities and impossibilities, of the minima of what the members can do or cannot do without inner or outer disaster, what they can or cannot get away with. Thus Western man can get away with successive sex-unions; it is a matter of common experience that second marriages, entered upon with maturer self-knowledge, are very often happier and more fruitful than first. He cannot get away with simultaneous sex-unions.

IV

Now love, having taken its first step toward marriage by establishing solidarity through the exclusion of other sex-objects, cannot operate in the void. A man and a woman, having achieved the solidarity of marriage, cannot make

that marriage creatively effectual in an apartment hotel or a kitchenette flat. There are exceptions, of course; but they represent spiritual efforts and adjustments that are beyond the reach of the common run of men and women. It must be added that during certain hectic years, and for definite but very vocal classes among us in America, this problem was avoided by the gainful occupation outside of the home of both man and wife. But even the technic of the boom years was only a technic of avoidance. Who has not seen at intimate and unashamed moments the American business woman of forty, childless and—though with a wandering husband somewhere—homeless, weep over the choice of worldly effectiveness which she made fifteen years ago? I do not underestimate the difficulties of that modern woman. Even though she has made the better choice and built a home and given birth to two children, she will be left too little to do even before her powers have begun to decline. But the use of leisure is now seen to be not the specific problem of the mature married woman but one of the immediate problems of all mankind. This is the problem that is to be faced, and not the absurd and insoluble one of making bricks without straw or creating marriage out of the initial solidarity without a home.

The American home has been so drenched in sodden sentimentality, and so many abominable cruelties have at the same time been committed in its name, that it takes some courage and strength of mind to defend the notion of a home at all. But nothing in human civilization is better than the people who make and use it. A cheating shopkeeper will not keep us from having to buy groceries; if all the shopkeepers within our reach were rogues we should have to let ourselves be cheated. Next we should rebel and establish consumers' co-operatives. But

if we could not find honest men to whom to delegate the functions of these co-operatives—honest purchasing agents and managers and shopkeepers and clerks and errand-boys—our last condition would be no great improvement on our first. Wherever one turns in human civilization, the ultimate factor is a moral factor and the ultimate quality of any agreement or covenant among men is the quality of the agreeers or covenanters. It is necessary again and again in this witless age to recall the immemorial adage of the law that you cannot argue against the use of a thing from its abuse. The adage cuts deep. For in it is summed up the very nature of man as a dynamic being who must choose between his better and his worse selves, who must elect a law for his choices, who does not and cannot, like the animals, travel without reflection or conflict down a smooth groove of instinct or of custom. A few basic institutions represent his minimum requirements as the creature which he is. Individuals can and will turn these institutions to evil uses. A sadist will turn an orphan's home into pandemonium; the carpenter's adze or saw can become a murderous weapon in an assassin's hands. Are we to turn orphans into the streets and deprive the carpenter of his tools? Is it too strong, then, to call the prohibitionists and anti-vivisectionists and the sex-radicals who would abolish the home witless?

There are homes that are living hells. In a humane society they would be destroyed at the earnest request of both or of either of the persons crucially involved. For a moral dynamic being such as man has a right even to his errors and failures, especially where the moral issues are so subtle and so intricate. But precisely as a maturing personality must give form to his life by opinions and actions that express his inner harmony and balance, so

must two human lovers who have found their solidarity, project and embody it concretely in the *form* of a habitation, of a home that shall express them and their union, their common hopes and aspirations.

Here we come once more upon the symbolic, the ultimately in truth religious uses of possessions, of property. The young wife's very pots and pans, rugs and curtains; the garden, however modest, in which she has the vision of her children playing; or, on a higher level, also her piano and well-bound set of Beethoven's sonatas—these things, like the young husband's first easy chair by his own fire, his books on his own shelves, his dog of a favorite breed, his tree of a favorite fruit, are the eternal symbols of human expression. They are things and hence must be acquired and hence have their economic aspect. But it is a merely instrumental aspect. It has no profounder relation to human purpose than the typewriter on which I write this sentence has to the thought which, in a more or less adequate form, I am trying to express. Satisfactory expression through art and thought is rare. Nor can a normal thinker or writer substitute it for the forms of social and domestic expression which he needs humanly as much as any man. For the vast majority of humankind the minimum of expression is the home built together by man and wife for themselves and their progeny and their household gods. It would be the aim of a rationally ordered economic society to make the acquisition of symbolical possessions reasonably easy. To make it too difficult on the one hand or to abolish personal property on the other is, in the long run, to risk either aimless and chaotic mass-rebellions or the static stupor of the slave.

It would be useless to pretend that the ills of marriage would be healed and solved out of hand by a wider and naiver acceptance of eternal human

modes and forms of expression. Man is an intricate creature, and all attempts to provide panaceas for him are utopian and foolish. That happiness will be handed or ladled out to anyone is the neurotic notion of weaklings. Happiness is to be striven for and not often attained. But both observation and reflection will show that where the natural development of love into marriage is not frustrated by unhappy conditions or perverse ideas, the widely mooted and desperately sore sexual question which floods the market with books of revelation and instruction will lose some of its acuteness.

For though no one desires to return to a Victorian hush or to Victorian dishonesty, it is a fact, which sexologists will bear out, that over-anxious and highly self-conscious sexual vigilance, undiverted by the normal easements and preoccupations of a properly embodied marriage, is in itself a powerfully inhibitory element. A woman is more likely to respond to the builder of her home and the father of her children than to one whom she regards merely as a lover. An analogous statement could be made of the man. For the voluntarily promiscuous of both sexes are always subnormally endowed; it is a feeble or perverse appetite that must be constantly stung into existence. Except in cases of definite incompatibility of age or character or aim, the maximum of sexual satisfaction of which given people are capable is also likely to be more easily attained within a normally developed marriage. Perhaps, then, it is not more often found to-day because it is not more often rightly sought within the classical forms of human life.

V

Let us for a moment fix our attention upon that phrase: the classical forms of human life. There are such forms be-

cause there are such needs. The waning contemporary argument that these needs have changed was refuted by the unhappiness of its proponents. "Free" unions, unions formed without the classical forms and obligations in the second decade of this century, have nearly all come to grief. Few of the persons who entered these unions were ignoble; the majority even paid society the hollow compliment of a legal ceremony; their error was to deny the needs which dictate both the form and the content of marriage. They denied that solidarity requires the exclusion of other sex-objects; they "high-mindedly" did not "tyrannize" each over the other; hence their solidarity was first corrupted and then broke completely down; repressed jealousy was channeled into other, subtler, deadlier revenges; the new sex-objects were no better than the old in the long run; each partner remained lonely and desperate. They denied that the solidarity of marriage requires an embodiment in a personalized dwelling, a home, an altar; hence both man and wife became in a sense wanderers who met each other in taverns; this wandering set in unnaturally high relief those wandering desires and flickering fancies which come to every human heart, but to which no sane man or woman dreams of sacrificing the true and permanent goods of life. Even when these couples had children—and not a few did—they first insisted on a "fair" division between man and wife in the care of the infants, a division that was, of course, monstrously unfair, since it destroyed an inherent functional differentiation. They deposited the poor little brats for whole days in scientific kindergartens and Montessori schools, having to take them there in all weathers in the morning, calling for them when weary—especially the mothers—at the end of a day's work.

In this void filled with meaningless

movement there was, of course, neither comfort nor appeasement, neither dignity nor hope. The special needs of both the woman and the man were frustrated. Both denied those needs, calling them Victorian and old-fashioned, and sought to substitute for them professional or social or political interests. Even in those cases where they had reasonably well-appointed dwellings, they subtly scorned to transmute these dwellings into symbol and refuge, into the permanent scene of the recurrent and changeless drama of human life.

Nor did they reckon with another profound human need—the need for survival, the hunger for immortality. This need, this hunger, has nothing at all to do with belief in an after-life—with belief in the Stygian world of the ancients, or in a Christian heaven, or in the spheres of survival of the spiritualists and theosophists. All these beliefs are superstructures and rationalizations. Whatever men have *believed*, they have always discounted that belief by their practical provision for satisfying their need for survival, for permanence and for permanent values, within the limitations and upon the terms of a strictly human life. They have built strong houses or added farm to farm and begotten children to dwell in these houses and to till these farms, and so to perpetuate their names and influence and the values for which they stood. Now the industrial age has made this method of satisfying the hunger for survival more and more difficult. That is a fact which must be accepted and a problem that must be faced. It will not be faced by denying the need and instinct on the one hand and, on the other hand, subconsciously affirming it again by that abominable dabbling in the arts which has spread like a disease, as indeed it is, during the culminating period of the industrial age.

All these tenth-rate books that are written and these canvases covered with imitative smears are bids for self-assertion and self-projection and self-perpetuation on the parts of men and women who have either lost or else perversely disdained the chance to satisfy their hunger for survival within the permanent society of their kind and group by the classical human way of leaving an honorable name and a home-stead connected with it and children to bear it. An authentic artist or thinker may have less need of this biological immortality, though the more authentic—in other words, the more humanly normal—he is, the less will he care, other things being equal, to dispense with it. For all but him the necessary and legitimate satisfaction of the hunger for survival remains, as it has always been, not only in the mere activities of marriage and home-building and begetting, but in their symbolical, in their *religious* use.

The phenomenon with which I am dealing has been often enough observed; it has never hitherto, so far as I know, been properly interpreted. Who has not met the fairly educated woman of the middle classes, whether the mother of children or not, who wanted to “do” something? She has usually good sensibilities but no scrap of talent; she is admirable as audience but would be a cruel joke as a producer. Or who has not met—though this is somewhat rarer—the successful man, successful in business or professional practice, home-builder, husband, father, who has the faint itch, which he luckily often has too much dignity and sense to indulge, to scribble? What do these and a thousand allied cases mean? They mean that the hunger for survival by expressive self-perpetuation has become a wild and diseased growth.

Now for this widespread condition there may be various remedies. One

would be the reintroduction of education. He who in his adolescence has read the “Æneid” or “Paradise Lost” or “Faust” under a severe and scrupulous master is not so likely to imagine that writing is easy and that he, too, can write. Another remedy is, of course, the use of leisure for community and social service, and this is in fact the remedy that sensible women are, especially in America, employing more and more. But the sovereign cure is the oldest: the conscious return to the creative values and expressive forms of marriage, of the home, of begetting, and the projection of personality, by these means, both in the present and into the future.

This argument must be carefully guarded from misinterpretation. I should not be sorry to see marriage made more difficult, though I have a deep distrust of any social interference with these fundamental personal concerns; there is no doubt that divorce should, except in very special cases, be perfectly simple and absolutely private. Nor should anyone be shocked by the divorce-rate which, until just the other day, was steadily increasing. What was shocking in most of these dissolving unions was that the partners had, quite evidently, never attempted marriage at all. They had stupidly legalized an agreeable sexual comradeship and expected to keep it static at that point. When these frivolous expectations were disappointed they rushed to Reno. One might well be shocked by a society silly enough to give such unions a stamp of public approval; their dissolution is as trivial as the motives of the persons concerned. I can imagine an increase of the divorce-rate, on the other hand, that would bear witness to an increase in the seriousness of men and women and in their serious intention of casting their lives adequately in the classical human forms. Such divorces would be moti-

vated by the recognition that the unions in question were, for some reason which could be appreciated by none but the people concerned, incapable of becoming creative and hence permanent and hence symbolic of the values, according to both physical and metaphysical begetting, of the initial solidarity of love. Is that hitching one's wagon to too distant a star? Well, it is a fact of observation that in all ages, including our own, this precise ideal of marriage has not only been striven for but in not a few individual cases attained.

What is overwhelmingly certain is this, that no marriage is even moderately satisfactory where this difficult ideal has not been at least on the edge of consciousness. The French wit who said there are no delicious marriages, uttered a momentous half-truth. Marriage, creatively envisaged, may often keep its delightfulness throughout incredibly many years; to marry for delight will tend, like all similar follies, to defeat its own end. For man is, once again, a *choosing* animal, a religious animal, who can attain his maximum satisfactions only by proposing to himself a rational end and by making the selections, the renunciations, by means of which alone—alone!—that end can be attained. Renunciations in obedience to self-proposed ends constitute the inherent method by which man lends his life order and form, and from which arises his only chance of equilibrium and peace and happiness. Human marriage, like all the other things that constitute civilization, must represent the re-molding of nature into humanly significant form. Nature cannot be transcended or cast aside. That is the Pauline error. The potter

cannot transcend his clay. Without it his wheel will shape no pitcher. But the pitcher's *shape* is not in nature. It is the impress upon nature of the potter's mind.

It will, of course, be said by many people in many well-known quarters that these observations quite omit social and economic forces. Well, these forces exist. But they are not the naked, supra-human abstractions in the names of which so much pseudo-science has been proliferated. People live in fairly homogeneous social groups. The depersonalized forces within these social groups arise from the elements of folkway, economic practice, spiritual appetite, which are common to majorities and minorities of people within that group. To abstract these forces from the groups of people who project them is no whit more sensible than was that eighteenth-century versifier who invoked "Inoculation, Heavenly Maid!" Individuals took to the practice of *willing* to have themselves and their children inoculated. In consequence the scourge of smallpox first decreased and then tended to disappear from society. Thus, too, if we can strengthen the faith of those who are returning to the ideal of creative marriage, of marriage as the chief symbolic form by which such a creature as man can satisfy his profoundest instincts, the beneficent effect upon society will soon be patent for all men to see. But these social effects will be the result of individual practice. Their beneficence may be persuasive to new individuals, there is a necessary interaction between the group and its members. But the ultimate causes of social change remain individual conversions toward specific moral choices and their laws.



RADIO—A BRIEF FOR THE DEFENSE

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

IT MUST have been just about ten years ago that I was stopped one night, on my way out of the offices of the *New York World*, by another member of the staff who was an amateur electrical experimenter. He had rigged up a wireless receiving set ("radio" was slang) in his office, and he wanted me to try it. Mildly curious, I let him lead me before an appallingly complicated assembly of batteries, condensers, knobs, switches, rheostats, and whatnot. He fiddled with the knobs, anxiously scanned the dials of the meters, and finally handed me a telephone head-set. I clamped it to my ears and, sure enough, I could distinctly make out the voice of a woman singing. She was, the proud pioneer assured me, at least a mile away, possibly two.

As a prophet I was not, I regret to say, very good. Had I been one of the Men of Vision who used to figure so prominently in the magazines before the depression, I should have sensed the fact that radio was destined to become an entertainment enterprise that quite literally covers the earth; that engages, irregularly, the talents of the foremost dramatic and musical artists; that furnishes a living for thousands of engineers, speakers, singers, and instrumentalists; that keeps nearly five hundred stations busy in the United States alone; that has swallowed the concert business and the gramophone industry, and almost abolished the publishing of popular music. I might have put my

life's savings into radio stock, sold it for a million dollars, and Lost All in the crash of 1929. Instead of which, I let opportunity slip through my fingers, and must now sit in envious silence while my friends are telling how they were ruined.

In one respect, however, I did anticipate the present. I criticized. I said that the woman's voice was no good, and the song was worse, and the transmission terrible; that broadcasting was just an advertising dodge, and the whole business was just a passing fad.

With the passing of years, certain of those observations have been refuted. Radio transmission and reception have improved almost beyond belief. A modern first-class radio set comes so close to perfect reproduction that it is obviously only a question of time before that perfection becomes absolute. And certainly radio's sincerest ill-wisher will admit that, for better or worse, it is here to stay. It is not a passing fad.

What comes out of our radio sets, however, remains to vex us. During the past few years the broadcasters have had to face a steadily increasing volume of criticism and complaint regarding the quality of radio programs. The dissatisfied listeners present two counts in their indictment: first, that there is too much vulgar material, particularly vulgar music, in to-day's programs; and, second, that there is far too much blatant advertising and selling-talk connected with radio.

Its defenders retort that it takes a

pretty ungrateful listener to criticize a free show. But the retort will not hold. Radio is not a free show. It is paid for by its listeners: in Europe, and particularly in England, directly, through taxation; in America, indirectly, through purchases of goods sold by the manufacturers and dealers whose use of radio as an advertising medium makes our broadcasting possible. Judging from the evidence of private and public utterances and letters to the newspapers, there is a growing belief among a fairly large body of the more literate and intelligent radio listeners that the English system is better; that American broadcasting would be vastly improved were it controlled, or at least closely supervised, by the government, and paid for by a tax on radio sets. We should, they argue, be freed from the intolerable nuisance of selling-talks and from the vast quantity of cheap and vulgar entertainment that is now put on the air.

II

Suppose, to begin, we make a rough test of the validity of the assumption that broadcasting in England and on the Continent is on a higher plane than it is here. I offer you herewith Exhibit A, being a typical radio Sunday in Europe. It is a summary of the radio page of *Le Temps*, of Paris, on which are listed those of the day's programs that are considered to possess more than purely local interest. The combined programs of five Paris stations, Toulouse, Strasbourg, Warsaw, Brussels, Rome, Milan, Prague, Barcelona, Daventry, and London—fifteen stations in all—offer us the following:

Twenty-seven mixed programs by studio orchestras (by "mixed" I mean a program that includes popular as well as symphonic numbers); one concert by a permanent symphony orchestra (the B.B.C.); ten song recitals; six

periods of dance music; two organ programs; four band concerts; one cello recital; one accordion recital; one piano recital; one opera in concert form; two chamber music recitals; and twenty-three broadcasts from disc records. (I regret, by the way, that I am unable to include any German stations in the list. They would, I imagine, considerably improve its average quality. But my information was derived from a French newspaper; and French newspapers, although they print English, French, Belgian, Spanish, Italian, Polish, and Czechoslovakian radio programs, do not print German or Austrian ones.)

Now let us consider Exhibit B, a typical radio Sunday in America. It is a digest of the radio page of the *New York Herald-Tribune* for January 8, 1933. The combined programs of ten stations in and around New York only, offer the following:

Seventeen mixed programs by studio orchestras; one concert by a permanent symphony orchestra (the New York Philharmonic-Symphony); ten song recitals; thirty periods of dance music; four organ programs; two band concerts; one ukulele recital; three piano recitals; two operas in concert form; seven chamber music programs; one disc-record broadcast; nine periods of choral music.

I see little difference between the two lists. The European one offers more orchestra and band music. The American list offers more organ music, more piano music, more chamber music, more opera, to say nothing of nine periods of choral music as against Europe's none. The American list is topheavy with dance music, true enough; but so is the European list topheavy with broadcasts of recorded music. These are not our "electrical transcriptions," that is, special recordings of special programs, but ordinary gramophone records, such as any

listener might buy and play for himself.

These disc broadcasts seem to me an avoidance rather than a solution of the artistic problems of broadcasting. I think it is fair, therefore, to put them down as possessing only negative musical interest. On the negative side, likewise, let us put all performances of dance music, and the ukulele and accordion recitals. The comparative scores then add up as follows:

Europe: negative, 30; positive, 49

America: negative, 32; positive, 55

In other words, while we broadcast more light—or, if you insist, “bad”—music than Europe does, at least our larger stations do not eke out their studio programs by broadcasting gramophone records, and they excel in the actual number of meritorious musical events that they put on the air.

This quantitative element cannot be ignored in any survey of European and American broadcasting. Our larger American stations are compelled by the terms of their licenses to be on the air continuously for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. Broadcasting begins usually at seven A.M. and continues without a break until one o'clock the following morning. The European stations, even the largest, attempt no such feat. Even when the broadcasting period of a given station extends over a theoretical eighteen hours, there are frequent and wide gaps between programs, periods lasting from fifteen minutes to two hours when the station is entirely off the air. Incidentally, the incredible punctuality of our radio programs, which we take so much for granted, is rather an ideal than an actuality abroad. Here, a program announced for a certain hour and minute begins exactly on that hour and minute, by government standard time. You can, quite literally, set your watch by it. So perfect is the synchronization among our stations that the

customary error-allowance, for a national hook-up involving thirty or forty stations scattered over an area of three hundred thousand square miles, is twenty seconds. Twenty seconds for Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Seattle, and San Francisco to sign off their local programs and pick up, on the dot, the beginning of a program from New York! In Europe a program announced for 4:30 P.M. may begin at 4:33, or 4:40, or 4:56. Hook-ups are extremely rare, and when they are attempted they seldom cross frontiers, and consequently cover nothing like the vast territory that ours do.

But let us return to our list. “That was Sunday,” the American critic of radio insists. “Everybody knows that our broadcasting stations put their best foot forward on that day and fill the remaining hours of the week with trash.” Suppose we see what the actual proportions are, in good material and “bad,” during a typical week of radio from the big New York stations. Let us put into the “good” category only such events as would appeal to the most serious-minded listener. Into outer darkness, therefore, we cast all comedy, all concerts whose programs contain any admixture of popular music (thus shutting out the excellent two-piano teams of Ohman and Arden and Fray and Braggiotti, Roxy’s Gang, Major Bowes’ Family, all band concerts, and most of the organ programs). Let us confine our survey to the four principal New York stations: WABC, WJZ, WOR, and WEA. Furthermore, let us consider only the hours between noon and midnight, on the assumption that the average listener is not at leisure between breakfast-time and luncheon. (I hate to do this, for it shuts out Walter Damrosch’s Friday morning orchestral concerts for school children, one of the most valuable series on the air.) Such a time-limitation gives us twelve hours for each of

the four stations, 48 radio hours per diem. According to the radio page of the *Herald-Tribune* for January 8, 1933, the serious offerings for the week were as follows:

Orchestral Music (symphonic)—17½ hours (equivalent to seven symphony concerts of 2¼ hours each). *Addresses and Discussions*—14 hours (equivalent to seven two-hour lectures). *Recitals, Vocal and Instrumental*—4½ hours. *Opera*—4½ hours. *News, Market and Weather Reports*—3¾ hours. *Sermons and Religious Services* (Sunday only)—3½ hours. *Chamber and Choral Music*—2¾ hours. *Drama*—¾ hour.

Of the 336 radio hours under consideration, 51, that is, ten and one-half per cent, were given for the benefit of the listener whose standards are serious and exacting. The percentage sounds low; but is it? New York, which considers itself our cultural metropolis, is estimated to have a combined symphony and opera public of not much more than 75,000—a shade over one per cent of its population. If the estimate of the broadcasters errs, it does not do so apparently on the low side.

The actual allotment of the week's serious broadcasts was as follows:

On Sunday there were religious services—Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish—an address by Sir Arthur Salter, a song recital by Lucrezia Bori, a piano recital by Ernest Hutcheson, poetry readings by Margaret Anglin and Edna St. Vincent Millay, concert performances of Verdi's "Il Trovatore" and Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," and the complete Sunday afternoon concert of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, under Bruno Walter. Although these events were broadcast by four different stations, there was only one conflict. In order to hear Miss Millay one had to forego fifteen minutes of "The Damnation of Faust"—no unbearable hardship.

On Monday there were two orchestral concerts, talks by Alfred E. Smith and Senator Hugh Black, and a song recital by Lawrence Tibbett.

On Tuesday there were song recitals by Frances Alda and John McCormack, an address by Dean Howard, of Columbia University, and four orchestral concerts, including a Wagner program by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Leopold Stokowski.

On Wednesday there were talks by Mrs. August Belmont and Bainbridge Colby, and five orchestral concerts, one of them conducted by Fritz Reiner.

On Thursday there was a speech by Richard H. Grant, a violin recital by Eddy Brown, and three orchestral concerts.

On Friday there were two string quartets, talks by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Francis Sisson, Frank Vanderlip, and Nicholas Murray Butler, and two orchestral concerts.

On Saturday there were two orchestral concerts, one of them a full-length program by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and two complete acts of "Lohengrin," broadcast from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

The Philharmonic, the Boston Symphony, the Philadelphia, Bori, Tibbett, Alda, Hutcheson, McCormack, "Il Trovatore," "The Damnation of Faust," "Lohengrin"—how many of the music-lovers who grumble about the superabundance of rubbish over the radio would undertake to attend eleven major musical events in a single week, even on free tickets? And this was no exceptional week. It was fairly typical of what the radio has to offer during the winter season in New York.

Any unprejudiced analysis of radio programs on both sides of the Atlantic would show, I am positive, that in the number and quality of our serious broadcasts we equal Europe when we do not actually excel her. We broad-

cast just as much good music and interesting talk as any country in the world—more, in fact, because we have so many stations. Yet it is perfectly true that no average listener would believe that. A day's broadcasts in England leave the impression that most of them are intended for mental grown-ups. Leave your radio running here for a whole day, and the sum of your impressions is jazz, jazz, jazz, cheap comedy, maudlin ballads, crooners, theme songs, and the endless blah, blah, blah of sales talk.

One reason for this, so far as concerns the city dweller, is the fact that he is not the only radio owner in his neighborhood. During spring and summer, or any other period of open-window weather, his waking hours are likely to be a constant reminder of the fact that his neighbors' tastes in words and music are anything but his own. In the old days of ear-phones, what you heard was not very good, but at least you heard it in private. The modern radio loudspeaker is so mercilessly efficient that its range of audibility extends far beyond the needs of the one who turns it on. In consequence, the string quartet that you elected to hear is likely to be swamped by the "St. Louis Blues" as rendered for the family downstairs; the late symphony concert for which you waited all evening is no match for the night-club broadcast halfway down the block; grandpa, settling back in his armchair for a quiet snooze before dinner, will probably be regaled, whether he craves it or not, by the Children's Hour.

Its ubiquity is undeniably one of radio's greatest drawbacks, but there seems to be no present effective remedy. We might legislate against loudspeakers in favor of ear-phones in crowded communities—a step into the scientific dark ages; we might close our windows—and suffocate in privacy; we might found the U.S.S.R. of America, and

compel all the comrades to have similar bad tastes—interesting, but remote; we might organize neighborhood massacres—attractive, but impracticable; or we might all move to the country.

But even moving to the country, take it from one who has done so, does not wholly eliminate the unfortunate impression that American radio leaves upon the adult listener. Why does European broadcasting, really no better than ours, on the average, seem better? First, because we hear about it more than we hear it. Second, because there is no sales talk in English broadcasts, and very little in the Continental ones. Third, because our cheap and vulgar programs occupy time that in Europe is simply not occupied. The average European station is off the air about two hours out of every six; and the total commercial programs emanating from any one of the large New York stations do not occupy on the average more than five or six hours out of the entire eighteen that the station is on the air. It is not that we broadcast less good stuff than Europe, but that we broadcast so much poor stuff where Europe broadcasts nothing at all. Our poor showing is not quantitative, but proportional.

That is the cause of another exasperating phenomenon of the American radio: the fact that if one dials at random the chances are a hundred to one that he will hear drivel; that, in the search for good things, he must steel himself to hear, if only momentarily, a great many things that are not worth hearing at all. As a friend of mine remarked the other day, "If I decide to read a magazine I don't have to sample all the pulp magazines on the newsstand before I find the one I want. But if I go to the radio and try to pick out something to listen to, I have to hear all the rubbish in the process of making my selection." The radio sections of the Sunday newspapers

remedy this difficulty somewhat by printing the week's programs in advance; but even these lists are not detailed enough to be of the utmost use. Their terms are too vague, and too sketchy in definition. A "talk by Henry Q. Attaboy" may be a discussion of world economic problems or a discussion of the merits of a five-cent cigar. An "orchestra" in radio circles is any ensemble comprising more than three players, while a "symphony" program is one that includes Liszt's "Liebestraum."

III

But numerous as our ills may be, is there any guarantee that we should cure them by adopting the English system—turning the radio over to the government and paying for its operation by taxing ourselves? The British idea—giving the people what is considered fit for them to hear, and letting it go at that—does not sound workable for us. Who is to decide what is good and bad for radio listeners? A commission? Who would be its members, and how would they be chosen—by civil service, direct election, or political appointment? Would it work like our motion picture censorship boards? God forbid! Or, if the people were allowed to decide for themselves, what machinery could we set up for registering their likes and dislikes? Last fall the voters of this country, if they registered any definite opinion, registered, by a respectable majority, their opinion that national prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages is a failure. As I write this, a Senate committee is solemnly trying to decide whether to legalize beer that contains 3.05 per cent of alcohol or beer that contains 3.06 per cent. What hope is there that in the matter of radio programs our government would be any less lumbering and unrealistic in its response to public opinion?

There is a further reason why a government-controlled radio system might be a national calamity. Discussions of the merits and shortcomings of broadcasting centers so largely upon music and other forms of æsthetic entertainment that we tend to overlook the radio's enormous sociological and political importance. In private hands it has been an extraordinarily effective means of debunking politics and arousing public interest in public questions. Never before, for example, did one hear such widespread and acrid comment upon the antics of politicians as one heard following the broadcasts of the Democratic and Republican nominating conventions; and never did politicians make such obvious attempts to dispense with oratory and discuss real issues as they made when addressing their radio audiences last fall. It is quite possible that the radio will revolutionize political campaigning in this country, and render the political rally an anachronism. It is entirely possible that the public, accustomed to hearing frequent discussions, from all sides, of important political issues, may decide to make real uses of those who are now only theoretically public servants. The broadcasting companies have been scrupulous in placing their facilities impartially at the disposal of all parties and all creeds. They have done so, naturally, because making enemies of minorities is no possible part of a broadcasting company's business.

I do not find it possible to believe that such scrupulousness and impartiality would be observed if the radio were controlled by the government. With us, as things are, the broadcasters occupy a position analogous to newspaper publishers. Access to facts is so free, and competition in their presentation is so keen, that we can hardly avoid hearing all sides of all questions. We do not sufficiently realize radio's potential sinister powers

as a medium of propaganda. As our political system is organized, the party in power has a tremendous advantage over the Opposition, however scanty its majority, and, in general, does about as it pleases. A government-controlled radio system in this country would be an administration-controlled system; and, politicians being what they are, it is hard to believe that the administration would refrain from using the radio to further its own ends, foster its own policies, and keep itself in power. The radio public in the United States is estimated at approximately twenty-two millions. Imagine the impartiality of our news items if they were disseminated by a government-owned newspaper with twenty-two million circulation, *and no competitors*, and you will have imagined, fairly, I think, what a government-owned radio system would mean in our lives.

It may be argued that the United States Post-Office Department belies these fears by the efficiency and fairness with which it handles written communications. But the post office does not *originate* the mail matter that it handles. It simply passes on messages, written or printed, from one individual to another. Theoretically, that is. Actually, by taking advantage of the laws barring obscene and subversive matter from the mails, it has managed, during the post-war years, to set itself up as an extra-legal censor (and not always a highly enlightened or intelligent one) of books and pamphlets. A federal bureau in charge of radio, with unlimited powers of censorship over all the programs that issued from our broadcasting stations, would be in a position to impose upon us, with little or no opposition, its own ideas as to what constituted obscene, un-American, unpatriotic, or treasonable broadcasting material. Given the power, such a body would almost surely abuse it, just as you or I should.

Let us assume, by the convenient Freudian process of wish-fulfillment, that there is no immediate prospect of seeing our radio programs made up for us by the federal government. Under the present system is there any chance of our bringing about an increase in the number of our intelligent broadcasts, or an improvement in the quality of our popular ones?

There is every chance, I think. But before planning a campaign it is well to know who the enemy is, and where he is. Who is responsible for the blatancy, bad taste, and commercialism of our worst radio programs, and how can he be reached?

There are two kinds of broadcasts: sustaining and commercial. A sustaining program is one put on the air wholly on the initiative of a broadcasting station, and at its own expense. It may exist for various reasons—to fill in a period of unsold time, for example, or to provide a practical demonstration of a program that the station hopes to sell to an advertiser. Again, it may be a program of educational or cultural interest, provided by the broadcasting station as a means of winning the good-will of its listeners. In this respect the sustaining program is analogous to the “prestige” book that a publishing house issues, not with the hope of profit, but as a contribution to the cause of literature.

A commercial program is a broadcast arranged and paid for by someone who has an axe to grind and who hires the broadcasting company's facilities and time in order to grind it. This commercial sponsor may be a political party, buying time in which to broadcast its campaign speeches; as a rule, however, he is a manufacturer or dealer who gives the public a free show in order to have an opportunity, somewhere in the program, to speak a good word for himself and his product. In

either case, he is the broadcasting companies' only paying customer, and it is his fees that provide their running expenses and profits.

Now if you will look over any extensive list of radio programs you will make an interesting and disquieting discovery. It is that virtually every broadcast from which you derive æsthetic enjoyment, and to which you attribute genuine cultural value, is a sustaining program. The Philharmonic-Symphony broadcasts, the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, Ernest Hutcheson's piano recitals, Doctor Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hours for school children, the Wednesday evening guest-conductor symphony concerts, the Boston Symphony series, Howard Barlow's and Cesare Sodero's symphony concerts, Edna Millay's poetry readings—every one of these comes to you, not out of the advertising appropriation of a commercial sponsor, but out of the pockets of the National or Columbia broadcasting companies. Out of all the serious broadcasts on the air, the Philadelphia Orchestra series, under Stokowski, sponsored by the Philco Radio, is almost the only commercial broadcast that can be considered an absolutely first-rate artistic offering.

The villain of the piece is the advertiser. Not the broadcasting companies, who, so long as their customer does not present obscene or libellous matter, have little control over what he does offer; and not the advertising agencies, who, although they do prepare the programs and engage the performers, do so within limitations prescribed by their clients.

Unlike the conventional villain, however, he is a rather timid and well-meaning one. The last thing in the world he wants to do is offend our taste or arouse our ill-will. If he gives us entertainment composed of equal parts of musical rubbish, stale comedy, and

side-show barker advertising, it is because he honestly thinks we like it. And why should he not think so?

IV

The radio as it exists in this country is one of the most completely democratic institutions in the world. The broadcaster, far from ignoring *vox populi*, is desperately, pathetically anxious to catch the sound of *vox populi*. If he fails to hear it as distinctly as we think he should, it is probably because many of us do not take the trouble to speak loudly enough. In the democracy of the radio, as in the democracy of politics, the so-called "better element" stands on the sidelines and complains, while the shirt-sleeve populace goes out and votes.

If a performer gives a concert in a public hall, his audience, by the quality and volume of its applause, leaves him in no doubt as to whether he is giving satisfaction. If a producer puts a play into a theater, the box-office soon tells him whether it is a success or a failure. If an advertiser buys space in a popular magazine he can estimate pretty accurately the number of people who will see his advertisement; and by "keying" the advertisement, that is, by offering booklets or free samples, he can judge its drawing power.

The radio, by comparison, is blind. The only way by which the radio performer, producer, or advertiser can have any notion of what his hearers like or dislike is through the fan mail he receives.

Now we self-styled cultivated listeners regard the fan letter with great scorn. Roughly speaking, we put it in the category of mash notes. We should as soon think of writing to a broadcaster about his program as we should of writing to a movie star for his picture, or to an actor for his autograph. Meanwhile, all the people who

do write to actors and movie stars write also to the broadcasters. They write, in numbers that you would find unbelievable, to express their approval or withhold it; and you can hardly blame the broadcasters for heeding the only definite expressions of opinion that reach them.

It is an axiom in radio circles that the better your program the scantier your fan mail. You may think that the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts are a great cultural contribution, and that Amos 'n' Andy are not. The fact remains that one broadcast of the latter may bring in eight times as many letters as the entire twenty-five broadcasts of the former. The fan letter is a ballot; and if you are above casting yours you must be above complaining if the election goes against your party.

Three years ago one of the large broadcasting companies decided to try putting chamber music on the air. Let a vice-president of the company tell the history of that experiment. "We engaged a first-class string quartet and put them on for two fifteen-minute programs a week, for a period of a month. At the end of that time our total response was three letters of complaint. We waited six months, then tried again. This time we got about a dozen letters each of complaint and approval. We waited another six months. After a month's broadcasts the quartet's fan mail comprised about fifty letters of approval and about twenty-five of complaint. It wasn't much of a response, but we decided to call the experiment a success. We now broadcast chamber music as a regular feature of the station, and while we don't get much applause mail, even now, at least we don't get many complaints."

The point of that story is the fact that if the new broadcast had been a vaudeville bill sponsored by some manufacturer of stove-lids, featuring

a celebrated Jewish comedian and somebody's dance orchestra, the first week's mail would have elicited from five thousand to twenty thousand fan letters (a single popular broadcast has been known to bring in two hundred thousand responses). The high-brow radio public is, comparatively speaking, wholly inert. It writes an occasional letter of objection or correction. Its approval of even the finest things the air has to offer is expressed in a thin trickle of rather grudging letters, most of them written far too late to be of any use as an index of popularity.

Be very sure that any program that holds the air longer than a week or two, no matter how dull, vulgar, raucous, and cheap it may seem to you, is there because thousands of people have taken the trouble to write that they like it. When the announcer says, at the end of the Goody Grits Hour, "And now, folks, won't you write to the makers of Goody Grits and tell us how you liked our program?"—do you write? You do not. You turn off the radio in disgust, remarking that if Goody Grits are anything like their program, no mouthful of them shall ever pass your lips, and that there is nothing but bilge on the air nowadays, anyhow, and why isn't something done about it? Your cook, meanwhile, has just written and mailed a post card to the makers of Goody Grits, assuring them that their program was wonderful. Later in the evening you try again. The makers of Handy Hankies are on the air, with a program that their advertising agency has persuaded them, after interminable pleadings and arguments, to try. There is a good orchestra, an excellent program of good music, and a famous soloist. The announcer sounds intelligent, and the advertising announcement that he reads is brief, dignified, and restrained, and is so placed as to break in upon the mood of the concert as little

as possible. "Not bad at all," you remark, and go to bed serene in the knowledge that you are one of those who support the Better Things in life. That cook of yours, meanwhile, having endured ten minutes of the program, has shut off the radio and written another post card, to tell the makers of Handy Hankies her exact opinion of people who will inflict such stupid stuff on the public. Six months later, that is, four months after the Handy Hankies Symphony Hour has been withdrawn in favor of the Handy Hankies Harmony Boys, you meet the head of the advertising agency.

"Why did they ever stop that symphony series?" you ask aggrieved. "I thought it was one of the best things I ever heard over the radio, and I often thought of writing to the station to say so. But then," you add, with a light laugh, "I'm really not a dyed-in-the-wool radio fan." If he does not spring at your throat with a maddened yell, it is only because he is used to hearing that remark.

If the vast bulk of the fan mail comes to the broadcasting stations written on ruled paper, in pencil, by correspondents who stick out their tongues when

they write; if radio programs are put on for the amusement of people who take the trouble to say what they like and don't like, instead of for the edification of listeners who seem to believe that broadcasting is somehow connected with mind-reading, if these things are so, do not be too hasty in placing the blame. How many times have you written to a broadcaster to criticize his excessive advertising ballyhoo, or the bad taste of his offering? How often—and how promptly—do you take the trouble to thank a broadcasting station for an excellent sustaining program, or to reassure some enlightened commercial sponsor that his interesting and intelligent offering is being heard by people who appreciate it?

American radio programs to-day are a reflection of the will of the American radio listener, so far as he can be induced to make that will known. The fact that they represent the taste of the majority does not mean that the minority need go unrepresented. The broadcasters are no fools. Their response to a minority report would not be based upon numerical considerations alone. Only, the minority must take the trouble to write it.





HOME, SWEET HOME

BY MITCHELL DAWSON

“THOSE immortal ballads ‘Home, Sweet Home,’ ‘My Old Kentucky Home,’ and ‘The Little Gray Home in the West,’” said President Hoover, addressing his conference on home ownership in December, 1931, “were not written about tenements or apartments. They are the expressions of racial longing. They were written about an individual abode, alive with tender associations of childhood, the family life at the fireside, the free out-of-doors, the independence, the security and the pride in possession of the family’s own home—the very seat of its being.”

It is not recorded whether his audience arose and sang or broke down and wept.

“No one sings songs,” said the President, “about a pile of rent receipts.”

But, he might have added, thousands of would-be home-owners, faced with foreclosures and evictions, are now singing that immortal ballad, “Over the Hill to the Poor House.”

There is no place like home, no place so burdened with debt, no place that has suffered so much from the bedevilements of those gold brick twins of our economic life—speculation and exploitation.

The government officials, real estate dealers, architects, building contractors, bankers, engineers, landscape architects, editors, university professors, lawyers, tax assessors, professional homemakers, civic leaders, representa-

tives of building and loan associations, life insurance companies, women’s clubs, labor unions, farm bureaus, garden clubs, city-planning commissions, housing associations, utility companies, philanthropic foundations, and title guarantee companies who were called together by the President for the purpose of stimulating and reviving the business of home building and selling were fully aware of the sad and desperate plight of the average householder. They knew that the home-buying goose stopped laying golden eggs long before the stock market crash. But it was not until the winter of 1931–32 that the federal administration became sufficiently alarmed to try to galvanize that moribund goose into new activity. Just how it could be done was not clear—unless the debt-ridden forgotten man, who had drifted toward apartment living, might through the collective wishful-thinking of a conference such as the President called be aroused to the duties and pleasures of owning his own home.

It must be said for the conference that, in spite of the heart-stirring appeal of the President’s welcoming address, it conducted itself in a very sober mood. George F. Babbitt, if present, was decidedly in the minority. The conference labored in dead earnest and brought forth not a mouse, but a pachyderm—eleven volumes of committee reports running from two hundred to three hundred pages each, constituting a fairly complete survey of

the problems of city planning, subdividing, home financing, taxation, house design and construction, large-scale housing, the reclamation of slum districts, and household management.

Certain unpleasant facts were necessarily ignored or glossed over by the assembled experts. They could hardly have been expected to supply data which might be used as dynamite against the existing system of land economics and home ownership. But even so, the recommendations of several of the conference committees point directly toward the socialization (save the mark) of housing and the use of the land. If the published reports could be widely read, understood, and acted upon, their effect would be to alter the whole direction of the land improvement and development business and eventually to eliminate it as a *business* altogether, along with the ballyhoo and wasteful practices that have hitherto been the very life of the game.

II

The truth is that the home owner has been gyped—perhaps not so flagrantly as some other investors—but, nevertheless, gyped and honeyfugled by subdividers, contractors, loan agencies, utility companies, labor racketeers, building inspectors, title guarantee companies, and taxing bodies. He finds himself now either stripped of his home and his savings, without prospect of future security, or staggering under a load which sticks to his back as hard and fast as the old man of the sea. No one would pretend, however, that his misfortunes were brought about through any deep-dyed plot on the part of the agencies concerned. He just happens to be one of the innumerable victims of uncontrolled economic opportunism. The significance of his present predicament lies not so much in its severity as in its chronic char-

acter and the certainty that similar disasters will recur in the future as they have in the past.

But our political and business leaders are not interested in social or economic pathology. They feel that if they can only get us out of the mess we are in the future will take care of itself. Thus Herbert Hoover proposed to his conference that the revival of home building could be brought about through the extension of credit facilities, so that the little fellow, who had hitherto not succeeded in saving enough for a down-payment on a home, would be able to buy one on a liberalized installment plan and live happily ever after.

"I am confident," he said, "that the sentiment for home ownership is so embedded in the American heart that millions of people who dwell in tenements, apartments, and rented rows of solid brick have aspirations for wider opportunity in the ownership of their own homes."

And with that he tossed into the laps of his conferees the problem of fulfilling the aspirations of those millions, ignoring the fact that the dreams of only a small fraction of them could ever be realized without an extraordinary increase in the income of the average citizen or a relative decrease in the cost of owning an individual dwelling.

According to Professors George S. Wehrwein and Coleman Woodbury, land economists:

A study of incomes of the urban residents will make it clear that hundreds of thousands of wage earners have incomes so low that the ownership of single-family units is out of the question. They must be satisfied with renting in multi-family dwellings, and many of them in the cheapest tenements and apartments.

This is putting it mildly. It is no exaggeration to say that at least two-thirds of the people in the United States who have any incomes at all

will never be able to pay for homes of their own of a decent living standard under our present system of land tenure. What is a "decent living standard" will vary according to individual notions, but most civilized people will agree that it ought to include an abundant supply of pure water, good sanitation, and light, air, and heat sufficient to maintain health. Yet the ownership of homes with such minimum facilities is literally beyond the reach of millions.

According to building permits issued in two hundred and fifty-seven cities in the United States during eight years (1921-1928), the average cost per family for single family houses was \$4,467 for the building alone. Add to this the cost of the average lot with paving, sewer, water, etc., complete, which would range conservatively from \$500 to \$2,000, and we have an average cost of house and lot in these cities running from \$5,000 to \$6,500.

It is commonly believed that a family should not invest more than two or two and one-half times its annual income for the purchase of a home. This would mean, roughly speaking, that the sale of homes costing what the average house and lot have cost during the past decade should be restricted to families with an annual income of \$2,000 and up. But according to estimates based on government reports, between 65 per cent and 85 per cent of the individual incomes in the United States fell below \$2,000 per year during the period from 1921 to 1928, when times were reputedly good.

The financial ability, then, to pay for a bit of land and a comfortable shelter with even a modicum of modern living facilities has not been coextensive with the desire for such a home. This may not have been realized concretely by most real estate men and building contractors, but they did know that there were not enough cash customers to keep their business going. Their chief prob-

lem, therefore, was not so much to create a desire for home-ownership as to teach people to buy on credit, which in many instances meant undertaking a debt beyond their means. There were many—especially among the foreign-born—who were inclined to postpone the purchase of a house until they had put away enough to pay for it in cash, free of all encumbrances. There were others who could save small sums but had no valid expectation of ever accumulating enough money even to pay for a sand-lot and a mill-made shack. But most of these people had no desire to go into debt. They were afraid of mortgages. In their minds the holder of a mortgage appeared as a far more oppressive figure than the landlord: the sort of ogre who would stalk into their homes on a bitter winter's night and demand that they pay up in full or be thrown out into the street.

So long as such fears persisted it meant stagnation for the real estate business. The potential home buyer had to be educated out of his foolish notions, and he was educated with a vengeance. His mortgage complex was laughed out of him. It became common doctrine among bankers, contractors, and real estate men that it was a fine thing to have a mortgage—one as big as you could get—because it would help you to sell your house at a good price and left your cash free for more profitable investment or for such necessities as cars, radios, washing-machines, and vacuum cleaners. If some benighted individual asked what would happen if he could not pay the principal of his mortgage when it became due, he was told with tolerant smiles that he could always get it renewed—no trouble at all. The home buyer was taught, in fact, to love and cherish his mortgage as one of his indispensable penates.

Along with this domestication of the mortgage came the propaganda for the

installment buying of homes. The poor immigrant, who in Europe had been a renter, a landless day laborer, almost a serf, was shown how in this country for a few dollars he could become one of the landed gentry. He learned to buy on a shoestring, not merely a home, but an extra lot or two with the promise that he would share in the certain increase in land values and be able to pay the purchase price (as well as taxes and special assessments) out of the unearned increment.

The slogan "Own Your Own Home"—which probably originated in the same ingenious brain that coined that genteel word "realtor"—became a rallying cry for the land and building business throughout the United States. It was repeated over and over again as a sentimental snare to catch the unwary, the catch being in the meaning of the word "own," which was used without discrimination to signify merely the obligation to buy. You could become the "owner" of a house by paying five, ten, or fifteen per cent of the purchase price and agreeing to take care of the balance in monthly installments. The more sophisticated referred to an interest so required as an "equity"—a beautiful word in its original intent and meaning, but appropriated in real estate practice as a handy euphemism for the bag which the buyer holds when he pays only part of the purchase price. He often holds it for years only to find it empty.

The man, in fact, who was inveigled by the roseate "Own Your Own Home" propaganda of better days into buying his home on credit (and he constitutes the vast majority) now finds himself in a tough spot. He must support his mortgage debt at its old level regardless of the certain diminution of his own income. When the principal falls due he can get an extension of time as a rule only on the most oppressive terms, and the regular financing agencies such as

banks and life insurance companies offer him little, if any, aid. If he is lucky he may liquidate by selling and still have a small salvage. But it is more likely that he will find no buyer at all, even for the amount of the mortgage. And if he signed the papers himself, as most home buyers have done, he cannot escape payment except through complete insolvency and bankruptcy, which he dare not resort to if he hopes to maintain even the slightest economic foothold. In such a situation a corporation may stave off creditors through a friendly receivership until the worst is over. But not so the home owner, who cannot slough off his obligation without accepting financial ruin.

All of this is quite obvious now, but it was obscured during the pre-depression lustrum by the rainbow of perpetual prosperity created in the interests of super-salesmanship. With the inevitable fading of that prismatic promise, untold thousands, who had financed their homes from a hypothetical pot of gold, had to give them up.

"Countless home purchases," according to the Finance Committee of the President's conference, "are doomed to failure from the start owing to insufficient equity and lack of sound advice to the prospective home purchaser regarding the financial obligations of his undertaking." Lack of sound advice, yes, and deliberately unsound propaganda on the part of those who profit by it.

No agency, so far as I can discover, has gathered statistics on the foreclosure of homes throughout the United States during recent years. Some local figures are, however, available. We know, for instance, that in Cook County, Illinois, the foreclosures on every type of real estate during the four years from 1929 to 1932 inclusive amounted to 34,741. The population of Cook County in 1930 was officially

3,982,123. The population of the United States in the same census was 122,775,046. If the foreclosures in the entire nation were in proportion to those in Cook County, they would have amounted to well over a million for the period commencing January 1, 1929, and ending December 31, 1932, or one foreclosure for every 122 persons.

This, of course, is only guesswork. It does not take into account the widely varying conditions in different parts of the country, nor is there anything to indicate the proportion of foreclosures upon individual homes as distinguished from apartment buildings and business property. On the other hand, foreclosure figures alone will never show the number of home owners who have quit-claimed their equity to the mortgagee without foreclosure, or who have forfeited their rights under installment purchase agreements. Anyone familiar with real estate conditions knows that the number of those who have given up their homes *under pressure without court action* is tremendous. The foreclosure situation in Cook County, Illinois, may be worse than elsewhere, but reports from forty cities having a 1930 population of 12,175,324 give the total number of foreclosures for 1929 and 1930 as 57,111, and 31,606 for approximately the first six months of 1931, a ratio of foreclosures to population somewhat larger than in Cook County during the same period.

The Finance Committee of the President's conference shrank from presenting the appalling picture of the disaster that has overtaken the real estate owner. One member of the committee, Harry S. Kissell, whose desire to draw aside the veil was balked, protested as follows:

The report (of the committee) greatly minimizes the foreclosure situation. A Division on Statistics was appointed to

gather facts on this and kindred matters. This committee was given the facilities of the United States Department of Commerce and offered the co-operation of the National Association of Real Estate Boards and other organizations in gathering facts. No summary of the facts assembled showing the situation throughout the country is presented. . . . The report should properly contain a fair and clear picture of this whole thing in order that the facts may be known.

But it would be highly undesirable for the morale of the real estate, building and loan businesses that the facts should be known. The Finance Committee was involved in the same dilemma as the rest of the conference: how to reconcile the interests of the home buyer with those of the persons whose business it is to make a living out of him. It is a tough problem and it probably will never be solved without fundamental changes which will eliminate or tremendously curtail the profits in the land and building business.

At this point some ex-realtors-bankers-contractors may be expected to protest with tears in their eyes that they have lost what little money they ever made out of real estate. This is no doubt true, for one of the attributes of any speculative business is that it is likely to ruin a great number of those engaged in it as well as the public at large. Nor does the fact that a catastrophe has become general and involves the exploiters as well as the exploited justify the processes which brought it about.

The disastrous effects of land speculation have been pointed out by economists for many generations in an enormous accumulation of technical literature. But no resident of the more populous parts of the United States need go to books or documents for proof of the misery and desolation caused by the unhampered activities of speculative builders and developers.

He can see for himself the blight they have left upon every district they have touched. Our cities are sick with the gnawing of slums at their vitals and the slow necrosis of unsightly subdivisions everywhere—acres and acres of jerry-built bungalows, apartments, and tenements, without differentiation, grace, dignity, or stability, acres and acres of the drabest and shabbiest dwelling places the world has ever seen.

III

The spoliation of the putative home owner began with the price he paid for his land—especially if he bought in a new subdivision. The average subdivider is a speculator, neither pure nor simple. He usually minimizes his risk by investing as little of his own money as possible. He may gain control of a tract of land priced at \$75,000 to \$100,000 for as little as \$5,000 cash, or he may put nothing into the project except his services, acting only as developer for the real owner. The cost of the land to the subdivider in any case is seldom more than 25 per cent of the proposed retail selling price. He figures his profits at 25 per cent or more of the gross receipts, which means that he expects a net return of at least 100 per cent of the original cost of the land. The remainder of the selling price covers subdivision improvements and overhead, including advertising, wages, commissions to salesmen, collection costs, loan commissions and discounts, and losses through defaults and bad financing. The cream of the business lies in the increased value of the lots retained by the subdivider created by the first lot buyers who build up the neighborhood. But if this increment is long delayed there is little money in subdividing because of taxes and carrying charges. For satisfactory profits there must be a quick turnover which can be achieved

only by diverting the interest of the lot-buying public from other subdivisions, as the quantity of lots available always far exceeds the capacity of the public to utilize them. Competition between subdividers is, therefore, intense, and they have to resort to high-pressure and ballyhoo if they hope to succeed at all. Hence the free excursions in de luxe busses to Elysian Highlands and Valhalla Manor, the free-lot racket, the exhibition of tricky and meretricious model bungalows, and the oral representations as to the cost of improvements and financing charges which are so often repudiated by subdividers after the customer has signed on the dotted line and paid his earnest money.

It is noteworthy that lot buyers invariably suffer worse losses at the hands of subdividers who fail in their undertakings than through really successful operators. If a subdivision proves a flop, the unfortunates who have partly paid for their lots find themselves subjected to huge unpaid bills for improvements in a tract which is branded for years to come as undesirable. That many subdivisions have no chance from the start is shown by the tremendous acreage of "lots" which remain for decades unimproved. In 1920 there were 125,000 vacant lots in metropolitan Cleveland and 175,000 in 1929, out of a total of 375,000 existing lots vacant and occupied. In Detroit more than 31 per cent of the newly platted lots are undeveloped, and similar conditions exist in Chicago and in most of our cities. According to the report of the President's Committee on Subdivision Layout:

An unlimited subdivision boom absorbs in worthless lots the savings of thousands of prospective home owners, shatters their confidence and hope, and thereby, in the long run, greatly damages the homebuilding movement and the subdivision business itself. Only the subdividers, by adjusting

the amount and character of subdivisions to the real need, can obviate the necessity for public action to check this calamity.

Following the subdivision booms of a few years back, we find the over-activity in subdividing resulting in hundreds of bad subdivisions all over the country, many of them entirely unsold or with hundreds of thousands of lots reverting to the subdivider or to the taxing agency.

The lot buyer pays, and he pays through the nose. Even if he takes part in a successful project, he carries a terrific load of engineers' and surveyors' fees, brokerage commissions, financing charges, advertising costs, salesmen's commissions, profits of contractors on improvements, title guarantee fees, and the "take" of the entrepreneur who runs the whole show. Many buyers are inveigled into taking lots "subject to installments of special assessments not yet due" or to "special assessments for improvements not yet completed," and in their innocence neglect to investigate. The chances are ten to one they will be stuck for the cost of improvements far beyond their original calculations. In many instances "surprise assessments," which the buyer did not anticipate, equal or exceed the original price of a lot. In any case, whether anticipated or not, the cost of such necessities as sewers, paving, water, gas, and electricity comes out of the pockets of the buyers, and it usually runs the combined cost of the land, street improvements, and utilities so high that the prospective home builder has to cut the amount he had appropriated for building or else undertake a total investment far beyond his means.

The lot buyer has to look sharp to get anything near his money's worth unless he is wise enough to select a community where subdivision platting is very carefully regulated. The ultimate depreciation due to bad planning, in fact, causes greater losses than the

speculative profits of subdividers and the profiteering of contractors on street improvements. According to the Committee on Subdivision Layout of the President's conference, the subdivider "fixes the conditions which make or break the dreams of people wishing to secure homes. His work is in many ways the most important in the whole city building and home building process; once recorded, the land is stamped with an enduring monument to his wisdom or folly." Or cupidity, we might fairly add.

"On no account," says the same Committee, "would a good subdivider now be guilty of the ugly and uneconomic type of subdivision which underlies most of our cities." But "good subdividers" are birds of exceeding rarity, for the principal "good" from the subdivider's point of view in the past has been the profit he gets out of the business, except in a few experimental projects like Radburn, New Jersey.

Our home-minded protagonist, in those happy days which he fondly hopes will be here again, was gypped not only in the cost of his land, but again in the cost of his building. Whether he contracted for the building of a new house or bought a house already completed, he seldom got good value for his money, unless he was unusually versed in the business. He paid a heavy toll, as a rule, for the incompetence, indifference, ignorance, wastefulness, and profit-mindedness of contractors, sub-contractors, and material men, and the corruption of labor leaders and building inspectors. In most cases he got a standardized "carpenter's job" put up without the immediate supervision of an architect. The expense of an architect's services was reduced to a minimum by getting him to certify for a small fee a blueprint of plans which were used by the contractor over and over again. The

actual construction may have been honest and competent, but the temptation was always present to speed up the job and cheapen both materials and workmanship. The substitution of less expensive materials and equipment for those specified was a common practice wherever the builder could get away with it. And the haphazard methods and lack of organization in the building material business were responsible for an enormous percentage of waste that was ultimately paid for by the home owner.

Even a casual inspection of any low- or medium-priced subdivision will disclose that hundreds of thousands of houses erected within the last ten years were badly planned and poorly built for looks, use, and permanence. This is confirmed by Robert P. Lamont, Secretary of Commerce, who no doubt had the findings of the President's conference before him when he made the following statements in the foreword to Volume V of the conference reports:

Faulty design, uneconomic planning, defective construction and imperfect equipment have characterized in greater or less degree the majority of dwellings constructed in the years of our greatest prosperity. . . .

In the past, houses have been built too largely with a quick turnover of builders' capital primarily in mind. Superficially the houses because new, appeared sound; but they have too often had a needlessly rapid rate of depreciation. The services of skilled architects have been employed ordinarily only by the well-to-do. . . . Materials and equipment that are inferior or ill-adapted to their uses have been employed because of the ignorance of the buyer and often of the builder as well.

The Committee on House Design stressed the fact that the home builder himself has been helpless:

People generally must accept the dwellings offered them by builders. The public evidently does not know that a finer product is possible, at no additional cost.

"Additional cost" was, in fact, the secret of success in the house-building business. If it was not sufficiently incorporated in the original contract, it made its appearance later in the role of "extras"—those uncompromising special items which the builder springs on the owner while the work is in progress, pointing out that they were not included in the original specifications. These extras seem to be a little building-trades custom without which no job is complete or can be completed. They are generally carried out on a "cost plus" basis, and even the best contractors are inclined to lay them on thick, knowing that the owner who is in a hurry to move into his house will probably stand for the surcharge without much fuss.

IV

The speculative subdivider and the speculative builder could not operate successfully without financial backing. The subdivider at the start of a project usually obtained a blanket loan covering his entire tract. This was paid off piecemeal as the lots were sold. But each sale required refinancing of that particular lot either through the discounting of an installment-purchase contract or the arranging for a mortgage loan. The building contractor also had his banking hook-up. Sometimes he operated wholesale, putting up rows of small houses which were almost entirely paid for through construction loans. Or he might induce an individual lot buyer to undertake the building of a home by arranging the necessary mortgage for him.

Each of these financing operations entailed substantial charges which varied according to the mortgage market and the degree of risk involved. The cost of obtaining a first mortgage was as a rule not excessive. But the commissions and discounts on junior

mortgages and contract paper frequently ran as high as 20 per cent to 25 per cent of the principal. Second mortgage companies were tempted to take greater and greater risks in order to increase the volume as well as the percentage of their commissions. Contractors were encouraged to pad their statements, and appraisals were largely guesswork. The price of a home sold on "easy terms" would thus be inflated far beyond its cash value. A house, for instance, which was offered at \$8,000 on an installment contract requiring a \$500 down payment, could generally have been bought for \$6,000 to \$7,000 in cash. The unfortunate installment buyer thus shouldered a huge financing charge as well as the builder's and subdivider's profits, while the fly-by-night financing agencies that made it all possible unloaded millions of dollars in doubtful loans by selling them to gullible investors.

The onus of owning has been further aggravated, as everyone seems to agree, by the tax load. There is a wide difference of opinion as to the most desirable method of taxing real estate, but there can be no reasonable denial that existing methods are haphazard, inequitable, and unscientific. The real estate tax is the heaviest tax in the United States, and at present in many localities falls more heavily upon the small home owner than upon the owners of other real estate. Many business and commercial properties, through political influence and otherwise, have escaped their fair proportion of taxes. The large property owner may also to some extent shift the tax burden to his tenants, while the home owner must carry it as a fixed item which he cannot avoid and which in the past has been more likely to go up than down.

Another tax (unofficial but inescapable) imposed upon buyers and sellers of real estate is the cost of proving ownership. It is not a large item in most

deals, but in the aggregate it brings millions of dollars a year into the pockets of abstract and title guarantee companies. Their business is practically a monopoly in most localities, the rates charged being as heavy as the traffic will bear. The public, from a lack of technical knowledge, continues to pay toll to these private companies, although there is available in many states a system of title registration and guarantee operated by county officials known as the Torrens system which has proven satisfactory and very economical. The only obstacles in the way of its universal use are the ignorance of the public, the cost of initial registration (which could easily be reduced), the opposition of many lawyers, and the adverse propaganda of abstract and title insurance companies. As the public control of the real estate title business threatens the very existence of these concerns, they have for years fought every effort to extend and popularize the Torrens system, through lobbying, whispering campaigns, and deliberate misrepresentation.

V

A man's home is his castle, but for millions of people it has turned out to be a castle in the air. Even the man who has paid for his home in full is beginning to realize that there are serious limitations upon his ownership. He is in a sense owner in name only. He may hold in fee simple, as the lawyers say, but he holds subject to the overlordship of the state which collects taxes, has the right to buy his property at any time under the power of eminent domain whether he wishes to sell it or not, and may lay down rules as to his use, control, and disposal of it; and he faces a future in which the regulatory powers of the State are likely to be extended farther and farther.

The right of eminent domain, which

has long been delegated to railroads and certain other public service companies, has recently been handed over to building corporations organized under housing statutes in New York and several other States, making it possible for such companies to acquire tracts of land suitable for large-scale housing operations through condemnation suits without paying extortionate prices to individual owners. The movement to enact similar statutes in other States is spreading rapidly, for Congress has authorized the R. F. C. to lend as much as \$1,500,000,000 to corporations formed to undertake projects for low-cost housing and slum reconstruction on a self-liquidating basis under State or municipal regulation.

The national government has made another timid gesture toward repairing the breakdown in real estate financing through the Home Loan Bank Act, passed in July, 1932. The machinery so set up may eventually—it has hardly yet begun to function—be of some help to a limited class of lending agencies, but the home owner who is now sinking under his mortgage load will look in vain for aid from this source. The Home Loan Banks cannot and will not extend sufficient credit to save him, although the politicians led him to expect it. They pretended to offer him an open sesame to salvation, but the doors of the treasure cave remain obdurately closed.

Is there, then, any other light on the horizon for the home owner? Yes, there are a hundred or a thousand lights, most of them jack-o'-lanterns, but not one single dominant sure beacon. Innumerable ameliorative expedients are being urged upon State and Federal legislators, and the demand for paternalistic relief is gaining and will gain tremendous headway unless it is cut off by an early economic recovery. Nor will any moderate measures appease a public embattled

by debts. The farmers, wholly unable to meet their legal obligations, are already in arms against foreclosure sales. In a number of localities they have intimidated and resisted lawyers and sheriff's officers who have attempted to enforce the rights of mortgage holders. City dwellers are also seething with bitterness over the dispossession and eviction of impoverished owners from their homes. There is a general cry for action, drastic action, immediate action, and that it be open-handed and generous, regardless of its ultimate effect. Some advocate a moratorium on mortgage debts; others want amendments to foreclosure laws, subsidies, and tax exemptions for home owners, inflation, "reflation," and our old friend the single tax.

Out of the welter of remedial proposals two developments emerge which seem to have special significance and vitality: (1) the movement for low-cost multi-family housing projects built and operated by corporations under State supervision; and (2) the mass production of standardized individual homes, also by private corporations, with the possible assistance of governmental agencies. Both of these developments evidence a definite trend toward the planned control of the use and improvement of land and involve new economic and legalistic attitudes as well as new ideas in building. The large-scale housing movement will undoubtedly bring improvements and economies in construction but it is not likely to introduce such radical departures from existing methods as the proposed Fordization of the manufacture of individual homes. This portends a real revolution for the home owner. Buckminster Fuller started it a few years ago when he exhibited his model Dymaxion House—a hexagonal affair, hanging from a central triangular mast or shaft, containing an elevator and the necessary conduits for water,

sanitation, and electricity, and utilizing a variety of materials and engineering principles never before applied to housing.

Mr. Fuller not only created something new under the sun but he was also a pioneer in projecting the mass production of standardized housing units. Several enterprising groups, apparently inspired by his ideas, are already planning to turn out factory-made houses on a large scale which will bring the cost of a small house within the reach even of persons in the lowest-income class. The prospect is not so bad as it may at first seem. Our present low-priced homes present a picture of unrelieved ugliness which could hardly be surpassed. The mass production of houses will very likely improve the standard of design and may result in new beauty. Certainly the thought of an inexpensive dwelling—decay-proof, vermin-proof, winter-warm, summer-cool, and needing practically no repairs or redecorating—is attractive to many of us.

But the proponents of the industrialization of the house-building business are confronted by a serious difficulty which some of them frankly recognize, namely, that while the price of houses may be greatly reduced, it will not solve the home-ownership dilemma until there is some control over the cost of the land. The ghost of "Little Harry" George arises to plague them. Who is going to buy their highly efficient, cheap, and not unattractive cubicles unless they can also guarantee low-priced lots on which to put them? And how can they keep down the price of land in a sufficient number of localities to make the business profitable?

They hope to circumvent this difficulty in exactly the same way as the advocates of large scale multi-family housing projects, namely, by organizing great corporations which will obtain the power from the State to

condemn and buy land at reasonable prices, thereby thwarting the obstructive tactics of speculators. But when these gentlemen have blithely called in the government to help in their private undertakings, they may find themselves with a partner who will decide to stay and run the whole works. There lies the danger, or the hope, according to your point of view.

As for the individual home owner, his problems and their solution are obviously tied up with the future of the whole economic scheme. Let him enjoy his home if he still has it, as a present refuge, and not concern himself too much with the hope that it will some day regain its old value. In all likelihood his house will become completely obsolete within a lustrum or at most a decade; and he should not count with any certainty upon keeping for himself the future increment in the value of the land. If he has already lost his home, or is about to lose it, he may find consolation in the fact that he will no longer have to carry hay to a very voracious white elephant. He will be a free man, able to take advantage of any new and economical type of housing that may be offered.

After all (and I say it without ironical intent), home is where the heart is. "Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail." We put far too much stress on the advantages of mere ownership, which to a large extent are a figment of the mind. Nor should we who spend so much of our lives in cars, offices, apartments, and talkie palaces, grieve too greatly over the passing of the old homestead; for its passing seems certain. Our architects, engineers, housing experts, and economists are planning to replace it with contraptions and methods of tenure they feel sure will suit us better; and we shall no doubt be conditioned to want exactly the kind of housing they may choose to give us.



THE MENACE OF MORTGAGE DEBTS

BY ARTHUR C. HOLDEN

AS THE great depression advances into the fourth year it becomes increasingly apparent that the mortgage crisis involves something more than the "little fellow" struggling to keep his home. It is not only the function of "shelter" that is involved. The mortgage structure is a part of the whole economic scheme, into which is woven the intricate system of social inter-dependability which allows us to live and carry on. When the customary flow of credit is seriously interrupted at any one point many diverse processes are also interrupted upon which we depend for both the comforts and the necessities of life. Since the War the civilized world has experienced the greatest economic upheaval of which we possess a recorded history. The mortgage crisis is perhaps the final phase of this world-wide dislocation of our credit system.

To understand what has happened it is necessary to look at the problem in perspective. In the first place all facts are relative. We cannot understand the menace of the mortgage situation unless we consider the cost of carrying our present mortgage burden in relation to our changed national income. In 1929 the national income for the United States was 85 billions of dollars. By the year 1932 this figure had fallen to 36 billions. The most conservative figure for mortgages that I can find shows that in the year 1929 the combined total of urban and rural mortgages in the United States amounted to

at least 46 billions of dollars. It is difficult to determine how much this figure has changed between 1929 and 1932. The first effect of the calling of outstanding loans was to increase the amount of money borrowed against real estate. It is safe to say, however, that any general increase in the total of mortgage loans has since been erased by the calling in of outstanding mortgages and the constant demand for the reduction of principal. I, therefore, assume that the total present mortgage indebtedness is about 43 billions of dollars.

The reduction of the national income has had a drastic effect upon the rents which it has been possible to pay. In other words, the yield of real property has suffered a sharp decline. The best estimates that I am able to gather indicate that this decline amounts to as much as 35 per cent. Yet the fixed mortgage charges have declined hardly at all.

Since figures are likely to be confusing, I consider it best to summarize these figures in two brief tables. The first shows the changes in values which have taken place between 1929 and 1932; the second table expresses these changes in terms of a percentage. From the second table we see immediately that the annual charges for carrying mortgages are two and one-half times as burdensome to-day as they were in 1929, and we see also that mortgage charges on the average are absorbing a larger and larger propor-

MORTGAGE AND RENTAL CHARGES IN RELATION TO
NATIONAL INCOME

Figures in Millions (000,000 omitted)		
	1929	1932
Total National Income.....	\$85,000	\$36,000
Value Urban and Rural Mortgages.....	46,000	43,000*
Annual fixed Mortgage charges, based on 5½ per cent interest & 2 per cent for amortization....	3,450	3,225
Total Annual Rental Equivalent.	13,060	8,589*
Rent expressed as a percentage of National Income.....	15½ per cent	24 per cent
Fixed Mortgage charges expressed as a percentage of National Income..	4 per cent	9 per cent
Fixed Mortgage charges expressed as a percentage of Rent.....	26 per cent	37 per cent

* Estimated.

tion of the earnings of real estate. In many cases, particularly in commercial cities, real estate is unable to earn enough to meet mortgage charges, and in some cases it is not able to meet taxes. Or to turn to another phase of the problem, the average farmer in the West cannot earn enough by the sale of his produce to raise the cash which is necessary to pay the interest charges which he owes upon his mortgages.

It is apparent from the foregoing that there are very subtle and delicate relations between our general industrial, agricultural, and commercial life, and real estate. While it is clear that individual pieces of real estate may have greater or lesser earning power with respect to one another, it is equally clear that if we think of *all* real estate together, its earning power as a whole must vary as the earning power of the nation varies. But the prosperity of the nation depends upon its ability to make economic use of what it is capable of producing; that is, it must either consume what it produces or sell it abroad. If because of fixed contracts, real estate levies too large a toll on the national income, the amount of income available for the consumption of commodities contracts also. As a result we have industrial stagnation, followed eventually by hunger and suffering.

Production cannot be generally resumed until credits are liberated to restore the purchasing power of the people. Credits cannot be liberated for the purchase of commodities, in appreciable quantity, so long as current funds are being drained off for the liquidation of capital obligations. Increased lending for refinancing purposes will only make matters worse, because on the one hand it draws off additional funds which might otherwise have gone into compensating producers, while at the same time it re-establishes debt burdens which we acknowledge we are unable to carry.

II

Our mortgage procedure is ill equipped to meet this crisis. It is hampered by the limitations of credit and legal machinery devised for Nineteenth Century standards, at a time when our industrial machinery is geared to the marvelous potentialities of the Twentieth Century.

Our present laws ignore economic forces. They restrict liberty of action and individual initiative in an overzealous attempt to define the respective rights and privileges of individuals contending with one another over agreements which they cannot execute. Bankers are not free agents. They are frequently compelled by law to resort to foreclosure proceedings in the interest of the beneficiaries of trust funds in cases where it is apparent that foreclosure will not only cause further misadjustments but perhaps ultimately bring a burden instead of a benefit to the mortgagee. So long as they exercise a diligence in following the prescribed legal procedure, trustees are held harmless in the eyes of the law, quite irrespective of the social consequences of their actions.

The courts have gone still farther. The New York Court of Appeals has

held (*Olmsted vs. Latimer*) that "An agreement by a creditor to postpone payment until a certain future day, without other or further consideration than the agreement of the debtor to pay the debt with interest, is void for want of consideration."

In other words, whether the investor or trustee is involved, the law upholds the mortgagee if he acts purely for his greater pecuniary advantage, but if no pecuniary advantage is evident, it denies him discretion. If the decision is open to him, he may bring foreclosure quite without regard to social consequences and without regard to the character of the default. For example, two friends purchased adjoining identical houses in 1926 for \$30,000. A certain bank placed a \$15,000 mortgage on each. In 1929 the first owner paid off \$10,000 on his mortgage. The second owner, when asked to do likewise, requested a reappraisal of his property. When a value of \$40,000 was placed upon it he was able to induce the bank to lend him an additional \$2,000, which he explained he needed in his business. In 1932 when both mortgages again fell due the bank needed liquid capital and, therefore, asked for full payments. Neither owner was able to meet this call. A reappraisal indicated that the value of the houses had fallen to \$16,000 each. On one, the bank held a mortgage for \$5,000, on the other for \$17,000. What did the bank do? It commenced foreclosure proceedings on the strong mortgage for \$5,000 and allowed the weaker mortgage to stand. Why? It could readily transform the smaller mortgage into an asset on its books, whereas the larger mortgage would inevitably show a loss if the property were taken over.

Inequalities such as this hang like a nightmare over all of us. The only choice, according to law, rests with the business judgment of the bank to get as much credit as possible out of the

wreck. It is time that steps were taken to reorganize mortgage procedure so that action may be in harmony with the public interest.

It is often forgotten that real estate is a capital asset, not a commodity. Loans which are secured by capital assets are very different in their nature from loans which are secured by commodities. It is worth while to examine this difference.

Theoretically perhaps our banks were originally service institutions, designed so that by the pooling of credits it might be possible to increase the uses to which credit is put and to direct its use so as to be mutually beneficial to lender and borrower, and by this means to get the necessary work of the world done. Farmers are a group who are especially dependent upon banking service. Their task is a year-round job; their income in the main comes in at the end of the year through the marketing of their products after the harvest. To carry them during the interval, to pay for seed, for labor, for fertilizer and other needs, the farmer borrows of the banks and repays these loans after the harvest. The credit needs of manufacturers are very similar. Money is advanced on loan to manufacturers to finance the production of commodities. It might be said that the banking institution virtually buys the product in advance, or discounts it, and receives its compensation when the loan is paid off and the product sold.

The amount of money loaned on commodities, whether agricultural or manufactured, is gauged upon past records of consumption. Each year the loans are paid off. *Each year the sum total of the commodities that the nation consumes is bought and paid for.*

In the case of capital goods the situation is very different. Real estate for example is *not consumed*, it is *used*. *Never in one year are the capital require-*

ments of the nation bought and paid for. When a loan is made against capital the lender in a sense purchases an interest in the property, limited by the conditions of the contract. In the case of real estate he purchases a share in the property secured by a mortgage. He counts upon the ability of the borrower to repurchase this share, not as in the case of commodities out of annual sales, but out of an accumulation of earnings which is gradually built up over a period of years, or as is frequently the case out of capital accumulated from *other* sources.

In times of easy credit the underlying principles of realty finance are frequently lost sight of. Loans are repaid from further borrowings or from capital sales. Capital sales sometimes increase to such a point that the fundamental difference between capital goods and commodities is forgotten, and men begin to think of real estate and to trade in it as if it were a commodity. Such an attitude can lead only to disaster *because capital loans by their very nature cannot be liquidated overnight.* When those who have loaned money on mortgages begin to lose faith the situation develops a most serious aspect.

At the present time the nation is feeling the strain of this abnormal demand for the liquidation of mortgage loans. It is a far broader movement than is popularly realized. It began perhaps ten years ago, when the calling of rural mortgages cut down the credit of the farmer and hence his buying power. The manufacturer was bound ultimately to feel the reduced demand for commodities. The liquidation of mortgages has now spread to the cities. It is absorbing more credit than the nation can afford to spare. It has paralyzed the building industry and hurt the many trades dependent upon it. It has lessened the ability of the masses to pay rent, and as rents have fallen,

alarm has spread. Defaults have increased and additional demands have been made for the liquidation of mortgages.

III

There is still another cause which aggravates the situation. Fluctuations in the value of money have a direct effect upon all written contracts which are expressed in terms of money. Here lies the reason for the demand, which comes especially from the farmers, that something should be done by the government to lift from their backs their impossible mortgage burden. Not only are there wide fluctuations in the value of our gold dollars, expressed in terms of purchasing power, but these fluctuations are continuous. Income, whether it is received for agricultural products, manufactured commodities, or rent, is received in terms of purchasing-power dollars. But the outgo on mortgage obligations for interest and for the repayment of principal must be paid in gold dollars, not on the standard of current purchasing power but on the standard of the time when the mortgage was written. To pay off a mortgage the debtor must convert his assets into dollars and repay the same number of dollars as originally loaned, irrespective of their current value.

When dollars begin to rise in value, that is to say when prices in general begin to fall, fixed obligations such as bonds and mortgages and other forms of notes offer an opportunity for a quick profit. This is a phenomenon that has long been common knowledge among shrewd investors. If, however, the fall in prices continues to the point where general earning capacity is inadequate to meet fixed obligations, then these special advantages begin to break down.

Fixed obligations are usually entered into upon the assumption that the financial situation existing at the time

is normal, and that such changes as may take place are readily predictable. With any appreciable departure from normal, whether up or down, fixed obligations develop characteristics which hold danger. The danger lies not in the nature of the fixed obligations themselves, but in the inability of any agency or government that man has yet devised to maintain a currency which will not be subject to violent fluctuations. For example, in times of inflation when the dollar value is low, it takes a greater number of dollars to make a purchase. Men are apt to be misled in their judgments of value. A fixed obligation such as a mortgage is written in cheap dollars on the basis of an appraisal which, expressed in these cheap dollars, may be reasonable. Expressed in terms of a more normal dollar, however, the same appraisal may be abnormally high. As a result, mortgages made in times of inflation usually bear an incorrect and temporary relationship to the real earning power of the property considered over a period of years.

This is a phenomenon which can easily be taken advantage of by unscrupulous men. It is a pitfall, however, into which even the most experienced are likely to stumble. In the great boom following the War, even investment houses with long enviable records "without loss to any investor" were misled by appraisals expressed in terms of cheap dollars. The truth is that when the time element is brought in, money value is not an accurate measuring stick.

Thus the burden of real-estate mortgage debt is doubly heavy today. Not only is the national income, out of which interest payments must be met, grievously depleted, but also the relative value of the dollars in which mortgage obligations must be met has increased. Such a double burden is back-breaking. It is reasonable

that the government should set up legal machinery for dealing with such maladjustments as result from the changing value of the currency; and it is imperative that legal procedure be liberalized so as to permit the making of equitable debt adjustments.

IV

Three ways have been suggested to take us out of our dilemma. These are:

1. Inflation of the currency in the hope of raising prices to such a basis that the nominal income in dollars will be adequate to meet fixed contract obligations, which at present seem insurmountable. There are grave technical complications which tend to offset what the uninformed consider the easy advantages of inflation. For real estate these complications would be ruinous.

2. The laissez-faire method: to let contracts which cannot be executed go by default. To real estate this means widespread foreclosure with properties passing into the hands of the prior mortgagee, or, where unsatisfied tax liens exist, into the hands of local governmental units. As has already been pointed out, such a method produces chaotic uncertainties and dislocations.

3. The third method offers the substitution of new machinery for the adjustment of contracts which cannot be carried out in their original terms. In brief, this means the establishment of legal sanctions to permit the waiving of accepted foreclosure proceedings in the public interest, on condition that all parties to the contract enter into new agreements which are equitable in the light of changed conditions.

It is in this third direction that our hope lies. Progress has already been made toward working out voluntary methods of procedure which are apparently proving less disastrous than resort to foreclosure. The informal

practice known as "mortgagee in possession" is being largely followed. This amounts to the establishing of a tacit individual trust administered by the mortgagee as the party of prior interest, with the surplus income, if any, equitably apportioned to the other parties at interest. For example, the insurance company which holds the farmer's mortgage permits him to stay on his farm and pay what he can toward the mortgage interest; the holder of a mortgage on a business building permits the owner to remain in possession and pay what he can out of the rents he receives. The mortgagee acts as a preferred stockholder would act where he is given the right to control a corporation after the suspension of the preferred dividend.

A valuable by-product of this method has been the incentive it has given to reform and to economies in real estate administration. It has necessitated detailed analyses of existing conditions. There has consequently been an unprecedented movement to study the underlying factors which control income and outgo as well as the relationship between the earnings of real estate and other income.

This has brought about a demand for a reduction of the costs of real estate administration. Much publicity has been given to the movement for tax control. There is a new interest in the study of municipal and local budgets, and a new demand for economies in municipal administration and for a more enlightened policy of land development.

This is not the place for a discussion of the developments which led up to the establishment of 6 per cent as the prevailing rate of interest for mortgages. It is enough to comment that the cost of money for mortgages has been affected by the rates of interest prevailing in the general money market. It was perhaps due to the inexperience of our

bankers, in their new role of financial arbiters of the world, that led them into the erroneous policy of allowing a price for money to exert too great an influence upon the flow of credit. Certain it is, however, that 6 per cent on mortgages is too high to-day. There is no warrant for it except that it is written into the usual fixed mortgage contract. Many of our mortgage-lending institutions have recognized the inequity of the situation by granting reductions. Although legally there is nothing between strict adherence to the contract and the pleasure of the mortgagee, our great insurance companies, finding that they cannot enforce either the letter of the contract or the letter of the law, have commenced the granting of mortgage moratoriums. The situation is developing so rapidly that it is impossible to tell how far adjustments will have gone by the time this paper appears. As I write, bills have been offered in several State Legislatures providing for moratoriums on mortgage indebtedness and even on local taxation. A bill has already passed the House of Representatives in the Congress which is designed to permit a debtor to apply to the courts for the appointment of a custodian looking to "a composition or an extension of time to pay his debts." After acceptance by a majority in number of creditors, including a majority in amount of secured claims, the court may confirm this composition.

It is my belief that these attempts at legislation merely mark the beginning of a movement to abolish legal processes which are outworn because they are both too precise and too cumbersome. The times call for liberality and freedom of action based upon equity. What our cities need is new legal sanctions that will furnish incentives to the many divergent real property interests to band together in the common task of rehabilitation and improvement.

What our rural communities need is the recognition of the principle that the value of the services which they perform entitles them to credits at rates which are commensurate with and dependent upon the return which their labor yields. What the nation as a whole needs is the recognition of the principle that debt claims cannot exact a higher rate of interest than the product of labor will yield. Our debt obligations, like our tax obligations, are consuming far too large a share of the national income to-day.

Those who have an interest in real

estate are peculiarly equipped to help the situation and to stop the dangerous drain upon credit. Those who own mortgages, those who own equities, and those who rent space alike have a common interest in the prosperity of real estate. The temporary advantages that may be gained by insistence upon legal rights and penalties are soon swallowed up in the debacle which takes place when the general condition of real estate becomes unsound. We are not helpless in the face of such a situation. It can be altered. Let us return to sanity and reason.

ROUTINE

BY GERRO NELSON

NO DAY can leave its mooring place
 Without a tattered gown;
 The cloth of tried monotony
 Is slashed all up and down.

No wind, no tree, is fettered to
 To-morrow's little place.
 A rose who wears a color twice
 Is doomed to some disgrace.

The variable world is full
 Of etchings finely done—
 A cabbage with a bustle on,
 An apple in the sun.



THOUGHTS ON DIVING

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

WITHIN another year or two, all along our temperate seaboard, conversations will be heard which to many people to-day would seem quite fantastic or at least prophetic of a century hence. Hosts and hostesses will be calling to the members of their house parties to row with them off shore, there to dive and inspect at leisure the new coral plantings and beds which a seascape gardener has arranged; and later in the year his purple and lavender sea-anemones will take first and second prizes in the local sea-flower show. Mothers will be begged by their boys to let them go again and play pirates in the hold of the old wreck just outside the reef and three fathoms down. Submerged artists will wax wroth with an overclouded sky because the half-finished painting of the canyon, four and twenty feet below the surface, must have full sunlight to show its miraculous coloring.

I have set a very brief time when these things will be of common occurrence because to-day, in a score of places, they are already being done. A few fears of ignorance need only to be broken down to make the sport of helmet diving widespread and one of the last of the great outreachings of man's activities on the planet. I must prove this latter statement before I go any farther.

So far as we can tell from our present knowledge, life has come into existence only twice in all the cosmos—upon

Mars and upon the Earth. The latter was a momentous occasion and of infinitely greater import to us than any other—except one.

This exception I call the First Wonderer; and it has become very real to me since I saw the expression on the face of a man, sculptured in bronze, squatting in the center of the great drawing room of the Bohemian Club in San Francisco. He is half-seated, half-crouched, and with two flints he has just struck a spark. But the expression in his face is not amazement at the flash, not astonishment at something new, not mental adumbration of future possible uses—but a struggling wonder at the half-realization that he knows he is wondering.

Here is an event equal in importance, to you and to me, with the beginnings of life itself. We know that this figure deserves to be called a man—that his *nth*, *nth*, *nth* great-grandchild will be Rodin's "Thinker," able to stand up and say "I am I"—something that no ant or elephant can ever do, no crow, dog, monkey, or any contented dweller in Nirvana or the Garden of Eden.

The direct relation which this has to our theme is that it marked the first great extension of human activity, first within, introspection, and then out and around, inclusive of home, food, enemies, family, and neighborhood. From this time on it was neighborhood that received occasional radical additions. The rest was more or less relative advances in degree—

cave to palace, beetles to paté, bears to big Berthas, mate to—well, mate. But when a hitherto impenetrable portion of the earth or some zone foreign to human presence is suddenly rendered accessible by reason of a new means of transport or the overcoming of some elemental or other natural condition inimical to mankind, then every corner of the human mind susceptible to enthusiasm, or accumulated curiosity, is aroused to highest pitch.

The First Wonderer began timidly to creep, and to know that he was creeping, farther and farther from the home cave, out over the flat earth, until finally Columbus and Magellan sank below the horizon, the latter to reappear on the other side. After our race's first wonder at its own consciousness, these men probably contributed more to enthusiasm and curiosity than any others who had come before them.

Passing swiftly on through the centuries in our search for radical extensions of environment, we come across flurries of excitement when someone first crossed Africa from coast to coast, or others reached the Poles, but we pass these by and seize upon the airplane. In modern times the invention and development of this means of transport mark the most spectacular invasion of a new field of activity; but with this very phrase the terrestrial dominance of our thoughts and vocabulary is quite apparent, and I hastily offer "stratum" or "zone" as a substitute for "field of activity." With all its amazing and intensive evolution, the concrete intellectual returns from aviation are most superficial. The atmosphere itself is transparent; we already knew its properties from experience with birds, kites, and hurricanes, while lofty mountains have taught us its thinning and chilling with increase of altitude. The results of aviation are almost wholly of reper-

cussive value, making for increase in terrestrial knowledge and exploration, giving us bird's-eye views and enabling us to go from here to there more rapidly. Its prime value lies in map making and other vertical studies of physical geography, while the supreme contribution should be the golden hours and days which it wrests from Time and places in our hands as sheer gifts to our span of earthly life. So far, however, I have seen little of the splendor of creative use to which we might devote these. I once circled the entire planet from west to east and gained a day, and childishly thought to save this for some unusual purpose, something for which otherwise I might never have time or opportunity. But the added day seemed long ago to have been frittered away in the myriad reasonless occupations of modern civilization.

I once felt that I had overcome a host of mental obstructions and fears when I dared the reputed dangers of tropical jungles, savages and wild creatures, and found most of the perils and horrors man-made, fireside imagined, having the vitality of cloud-dragons and mirage-monsters, ramping and raging in cold type, working their evil chiefly between the covers of books, the outcries of their victims seldom heard above the rustle of newspapers. But after all, this was a conquering of difficulties, mental and otherwise, only of degree not of kind. Many men had already penetrated and loved the equatorial jungles.

II

But adventuring under sea is an unearthly experience, and in all except one sense we are actually entering a new world when we put on a diving helmet and float down to the white coral sand. If we are kept from wandering through the waters of the

world by tales of omnipresent, man-eating sharks, barracudas, and octopi, then, to be consistent, we must stay off our streets because of the infinitely more deadly taxicabs; we must wear masks to keep free of malignant germs, and we must never go to the country because of wasps, deadly nightshade, and lethal toadstools. When we once realize the truth of these apparently silly comparisons, we shall wander at will amid temperate tapestries and portieres of seaweed, and stroll around and climb over and return day after day to the exciting reefs of tropical shores. In my present existence there is only one experience left which can transcend that of living for a time under sea—and that is a trip to Mars.

When I first entered the majestic jungles of Guiana I forgot to keep on the alert for danger because I felt so completely at home. Never in city, house, or room have I experienced such a feeling of comfortable and complete habitation; it seemed as if I were returning—not venturing. Over-enthusiastic friends eagerly explained this with the exciting phrase beginning "When, in a former incarnation," etc. But unfortunately I do not feel equally at home in a northern oak or coniferous forest, though my ancestors, nevertheless, seem to have been almost wholly of the good old British mixture of Viking, Anglo Saxon, and Norman.

All of this is preamble to the fact that from my second dive onward, submersion seemed as reasonable, and my environment in general as familiar, as if I could again call upon ancestral memory, this time stretching it some millions of years to the time when with considerable scientific accuracy we might quote:

When you were a tadpole
And I was a fish . . .

But all this aside, when we descend beneath the surface of the waters we

are most assuredly returning to an olden home, comparable in no way to aerial penetration, and infinitely more remote and fundamental than our air-breathing life to-day upon the dry land.

And we *must* descend beneath the surface and become amphibious if we are to be a real Wonderer in this new and last-to-be-explored kingdom. As well live in Switzerland or Kansas and know the ocean only from Volume NUN to ODE in an encyclopedia, as sit in a deck chair and watch it pass, scanning its surface with hypnotic sightlessness. Such a watcher thinks only in terms of waves and foam, and his eye is forever magicked by the horizon, hoping for the first glimpse of the dry land to which he is bound. To the aquatic devotee, the oceanic fan, the three elements of earth, air, and water are not a distinct trio, but one and single in interest.

We are grateful to the dry land for standing room in our short span on the earth, and to the air for the breath of life. But any glance askance at the watery depths is but a pitiful or a comic gesture when we remember that two-thirds of the weight of our body is water, with barely sufficient bone, skin, and muscle to uphold, contain, and transport this thirteen-odd gallons of liquid individuality.

To be sure, we cannot drink salt water and live but, when required, it is an admirable substitute for blood itself, whereas sweet water would be a fair poison in our veins. Take the man who shudders at the thought of the ocean's depths and put him in the midst of a tropical desert at breathless high noon, or make him climb the Himalayan hills until the marrow is frosted with the winds which caress Kinchinjunga, and his lungs cry out for their meed of oxygen!

Think for a moment of the magic of water. Like many other chemical

combinations on the earth, it exists as gas, liquid, and solid—cloud, water, and ice; but unlike almost all others, it is liquid at what, with anthropomorphic solemnity, we are pleased to call normal temperatures. We think of water as heavy—recall the pailfuls you have carried—but then consider the weight of air, a cubic mile of which weighs five million tons.

In sheer bulk water dwarfs all else. We stand on the seashore, or better still on a lofty cliff, and look out to sea with a feeling of perfect security. Now and then we see a wharf or a sandy beach undermined and sunk, but we view this with no worry or tremor of fear. And yet a globe shows us that water covers five-sevenths of the earth's surface; and if the vast continents and the lofty mountains of all the world were whittled away, shaken down, and the surface of Mother Earth levelled off, the dry land would wholly disappear and an unbroken waste of waters a mile deep would stretch from pole to pole and round and round the equator. Such a thought makes a rowboat a trifle more comforting than Mount Everest. The temperature bounds are equally narrow with those of space—a drop of forty degrees, and animal and plant life are snuffed out in a world of solid ice; a rise of one hundred and forty, and life is boiled to death.

I have already spoken of the sea as an old home of ours and this is not a figure of speech. Perhaps the most dramatic and amazing thing about our human body is one certain proof of this former aquatic life and even a hint as to the actual time when some dim ancestor crawled out upon land. When the ocean first came to be—say two thousand million years ago—its waters were fresh, but at once they began dissolving salts and other minerals from the adjacent land. Then clouds and rain and rivers were born and thousands of tons of ingredients

began to be washed down. So to-day the ocean is very slightly saltier than it was yesterday, and the lowlier creatures who live in it and have open circulations have salt water for blood. It simply flows in and through them and out again, leaving a bit of oxygen and taking away some waste matter. But long, long ago some early back-boned animal closed up its system of veins and arteries and, from a water-drenched primitive, became a self-sustaining, gilled creature. And from this minute on the water in which it swam kept getting saltier and saltier, while the composition of its blood remained the same.

Now if we take a sample of human blood and an equal amount of seawater we shall find that our own life blood is three times as fresh as the salt water. So all we have to do is to calculate back and find the time when the ocean was only one-third as salt as at present, and then we shall know exactly when to celebrate the anniversary of our marine emancipation. This seems to me a very wonderful thing, of a piece with stars and time and space—something to be very quiet and thoughtful about, and proud of.

Our progress upon land is learned—as infants we creep upon all fours, then stand unsteadily, walk consciously, and finally relegate impetus and balance to the subconscious corners of our mind. We can go round and round and round the circular earth; but no human being has ever run a mile in four minutes. We can be pulled by a single horse power; but to rise into the air requires either wings and an engine of many times that equine unit of energy, or a bag of gas lighter than the atmosphere. We can climb into the thin upper air to a height of more than ten miles, and still be no nearer the stars; but in a few hours we must glide or tumble to earth again. Al-

ways and forever, on earth or in the air, we must combat gravitation.

Our apparatus for conquering the under sea is simple. We must first decide whether we are content to look beneath the surface, or to descend sixty to eighty feet, or to three hundred feet, or to a half mile. To reverse this order, only two of us human beings have ever reached two thousand feet, and this in a hollow ball, a Bathysphere, into which we were sealed, and where we made and breathed our own air, looked out through windows, telephoned up the wonders which we saw, and returned safely.

If you must descend three hundred feet a complete diving suit is necessary, and many hours are required to become used to the pressure at that depth and again to return to the upper world.

To add to our habitation of the earth's surface and the air above it, the Kingdom of Five Fathoms Down is a very simple matter. I should suggest a pair of rubber-soled sneakers and a bathing suit, besides which a helmet, hose, and a pump complete the open ocean sesame. The helmet

may be made from a gasoline tin and some glass, a length of garden hose and an automobile pump. Or the whole outfit may be purchased ready for use. The operation is too easy to need detailed mention.

But the moment one is submerged, the reality of the absolute apartness of this place is apparent. In the air one weighs one hundred and sixty pounds—here one can leap twelve feet or lift oneself with the crook of a finger. A fall from a coral cliff is only a gentle drifting downward, and one's whole activity is of a piece with the exquisite grace of a slow motion picture.

In this kingdom most of the plants are animals, the fish are friends, colors are unearthly in their shift and delicacy; here miracles become marvels, and marvels reoccurring wonders. There may be a host of terrible dangers, but in hundreds of dives we have never encountered them.

One thing we cannot escape—forever afterward, throughout all our life, the memory of the magic of water and its life, of the home which was once our own—this will never leave us.





TROTSKY AT ELBA

BY JOHN GUNTHER

IS TROTSKY a dead horse? His recent trip from Prinkipo, his island exile in Turkey, to Copenhagen warmed Europe with the recollected fire of those earlier journeys of his which helped upset a world. He was the chief engineer of the greatest revolution in modern history. Today, in a world blighted by economic chaos, we hear a great deal of possible revolutions, social, technical, or political, and it is at least conceivable that Trotsky may some day make another. He is only fifty-three. Is Trotsky coming or going? What if Stalin should die? His wife did, in mysteriously sudden circumstances. Might Trotsky then return to Russia? Russia aside, what is the revolutionary importance of Trotsky to the world?

I saw Trotsky a few months ago in Prinkipo, before the Copenhagen trip. He did not discuss revolution. He talked about the crisis, about disarmament, about the Far East. It was a little difficult to think of him as preeminently a revolutionary, so gay and gracious was his manner. But the world does not forget. Trotsky left Prinkipo for a few days, and the clock turned back twenty flaming years. Like a packet of dynamite, wrapped in asbestos, he was again shunted from country to country; gingerly he was forked across frontiers as if the very elements of his person might spontaneously explode. He returned to Turkey, and the countries he had traversed, including such fairly stable

states as France and Italy, breathed again, as if astounded they were still standing. There is no other single person in the world in whom, rightly or wrongly, the bourgeois governments of mankind see so much latent danger.

This is because Trotsky is, among other things, a pure genius. A genius in the sense that Michelangelo was a genius. I do not mean merely that his accomplishments are legendary. It is something to have been an obscure journalist who became a considerable military chieftain; something to have been one of the best writers on pure political theory alive who also was a dazzlingly successful practical tactician; something to have been a hunted exile who held for a few years joint control over one-seventh of the surface of the globe. But Trotsky is above and beyond his own works.

A fascinating story might be written some day about his childhood. He cannot himself explain precisely why he became a revolutionary, any more than Michelangelo could explain why he became an artist. His parents were well-to-do; he was not crushed or downtrodden as a child; no external tragedy motivated him as Lenin was tortured into action by the execution of his eldest brother; and there are hundreds of thousands of other boys in whose lives is stored some "load of social protest." But Trotsky was in jail, a revolutionist, by the time he was eighteen. And at twenty-five he had organized the 1905 revolution and was

chairman of the St. Petersburg Soviet. His career, which it is absurd to foreshorten in a paragraph, cannot be explained by any rationalization of the historical process. He is a "sport," a genius, still as unpredictable and dangerous as a tremendous child.

Again, the Western world fears him because, of course, he stands for "permanent revolution." Lenin was the soul of the revolution, Trotsky the brain, Stalin, perhaps, the hands. The soul marches on; the hands have seized power; the brain meantime works. Russia, one might say, has settled down to the prosaic ardors of married life. Trotsky outside, an incorrigible romantic, continues to devote his career to permanent revolution as a sort of perpetual honeymoon.

There are a good many people who, admitting Trotsky to be a genius, have sought to dismiss him as a super busybody of the revolution, a man who wrote, if indeed superlatively well, simply because there was nothing else he could do, a capricious and visionary disciple of Marx who did more harm to Russia than good. Nothing could be farther removed from the facts. Trotsky may—and this is quite another point—have outlived his best and most essential usefulness to Russia; but his positive creation of world revolution as an aim and an ideal in the sphere of practical politics makes him a permanent contributor to history.

It was Trotsky too who devised the technic of the modern coup d'état. This was discussed recently by a young Italian intellectual, Curzio Malaparte. Trotsky invented "technicological revolution"; that is, he laughed at barricades and scorned street-fighting. What he did was to shake the world by seizing unobtrusively, through a few picked men, the power stations, the water mains, the telephone exchanges, the electric-light plants, of Petrograd. The Winter Palace was stormed later,

almost incidentally. The revolution had already been won, and without shedding an ounce of blood! There are many things in Trotsky's autobiography of surpassing interest; one of them is the revelation that the October victory, which still rumbles throughout the world, and which is as much a landmark as the American and French revolutions passed off so quietly in Petrograd itself that there was no mention of it in the city's newspapers next day.

Everyone knows what the doctrine of "permanent revolution" is, but few pause to consider its implications. Trotsky does not believe, as does Stalin, that socialism can succeed in a single state. He believes that a Marxist society can maintain itself on a world scale only as a result of permanent, progressive revolution that does not put its biggest stake in any one country.

Mainly on this issue Trotsky's "Left Opposition" rose after the days of his power; Trotsky and his friends thought that the world revolution was being starved for the sake of limited success at home; Trotsky was beaten and he was expelled from Russia. Since that time all energies in Russia have been spent inside Russia, and the success or failure of the Five Year Plan will, or will not, prove Stalin to be right. Meantime Stalin has temporarily forgotten all about world revolution. Trotsky has not. Trotsky is the man in the world who wants revolution everywhere, and wants it now.

The Stalin-Trotsky quarrel on this issue served, to a limited degree, to split international communism. We must try to explore some of the ramifications of this split. But first there is Trotsky himself to visit.

II

Prinkipo is an island that lies like a pansy on the water. The gradual

purple shores slope upward to a center of reddish golden hill. It was a calm, bright morning. I crossed from Constantinople on a steamer chattering with excursionists. Over the telephone a Russian voice—it might have been Trotsky's—had told me that a secretary would meet me at the pier. I looked for someone in the agitated, quickly melting crowd. There was no one there. Vaguely, I had imagined Trotsky's secretary as rather a burly person, probably bearded, possibly in a Russian smock. After a few minutes a young man hurried up; he was slight and dapper, rather ingratiating, and he wore a dark formal coat, gray-striped trousers, a pale gray formal tie, and a new gray hat with a dash and a swirl to its brim.

I have before me now the notes we struggled with while sitting at a café table on the waterfront. They are pretty confusing. You should have seen us writing them. I had submitted some questions to Trotsky in writing; his answer, which the secretary bore, was in Russian. The secretary knew no English and only a little French. He was patient and tenacious. Every word had to be just so. Mr. Trotsky would not risk a bad translation. Mr. Trotsky was extremely careful with his rare interviews. When we had hammered out an English draft we walked slowly up the hill, to Trotsky's villa.

The room opens in a burst of sunlight. The villa, of red plaster, is hung with vines, and the garden is heavy with the scent of lilac and mimosa. It is also full of police dogs. That is, two police dogs, very large, stand at leash, next to a mustard-faced, sleepy Turkish soldier. This is the protection which the Turkish government feels it necessary to impose on its distinguished guest.

Trotsky is busy at a big desk. I am astounded at his face. This is the man-monster of the London *Daily Mail*

and *Morning Post*. The skin of his face is as delicate and pink as a child's and his hands are glistening, shining, delicate and pink. This is the man who nationalized women and ate their babies. It is odd, but I suppose you do not easily get over the stupidity of thinking of "revolutionaries" as coarse-grained, dark, or rough; the thing that made an overwhelming first impression on me was Trotsky's lightness and cleanness. He was shining and almost transparent and looked as if he had just emerged from an extremely happy Turkish bath.

His spoken English is terrible, although he reads and understands it well enough. He says, "Now, you will please read me the interview, as you have made the translation. I am of-ten misquoted. I do not like it, being misquoted. If you will read it in English slow-ly, I will understand." His face breaks out smiling. "You will read it ve-ry, ve-ry slow-ly. You will pretend I am a lit-tle child."

He corrects the translation. Not "capital," but "capitalism." Not "circle," but "cycle." I am stupid and do not get properly a little joke; Kreuger played with matches, and it is a god of lightning which destroys him; Trotsky darts to a dictionary. The room is full of dictionaries. Also of newspapers. There were some unread New York *Timeses* in their sleek tubular wrappers. Trotsky gaily shows me some books hollowed out; here he keeps precious documents. He handles books, and words, as if he loves them, and one should not forget that he never thought of power in his early life; his ambition from childhood was to be a writer.

Precision, graciousness, vitality: you note these qualities. He explains that he would like to go to America, to study our Civil War; he is at the moment putting the final polish on his history of the Russian revolution, and he finds

the analogies between the Russian civil war, which he won, and certain campaigns in our own South very striking; in French, he calls them *stupéfiant*. His health? Oh, fair, very fair. But he shrugs, and for an instant loses his vivacity—he looks tired.

Gracious, yes, and gay, but also busy. I am definitely a time-waster. There is no gossip. We get on with reading the interview, very slowly, word for word in slow, congested English. I can hardly read my own translation, scribbled confusedly as it was on the sunny pier. Trotsky has three main points to make. They are these:

About the crisis, he does not think that it is the "last crisis" of capitalism. The history of capitalism is a series of fluctuations within general cycles. In the preceding epoch the general curve advanced. Now it descends. This does not preclude upward fluctuations hereafter within the orbit of a generally descending curve. These, indeed, are almost inevitable. But the present crisis is so severe that the next upward turn will probably be short-lived, to be followed by a downward paroxysm even more acute. "The whole extremely diseased process can be ended only by change in the entire social system."

It is interesting, in this connection, to note something that Trotsky wrote about the panic in America in 1909—our little dress rehearsal for the present crisis—in which he pointed out that revolution does not as a rule feed on depression or economic misery, but on the contrary on periods of comparative well-being:

I was still living in the little Bohemian town of Hirschberg when the New York Stock Exchange suffered the "Black Friday" catastrophe. This was the harbinger of a world crisis which was bound to engulf Russia as well, shaken to her foundations as she was by the Russo-Japanese war, and by the ensuing revolution. What conse-

quences could be expected? The point of view generally accepted in the party, without distinction of faction, was that the crisis would serve to heighten the revolutionary struggle. I took a different stand. After a period of big battles and defeats, a crisis has the effect of depressing rather than arousing the working class. It undermines the workers' confidence in their powers and demoralizes them politically. Under such conditions, only an industrial revival can close the ranks of the proletariat, pour fresh blood into its veins, restore its confidence in itself, and make it capable of further struggle.*

About disarmament Trotsky was very skeptical. The French and Japanese have a sort of deal, France supporting Japanese aggression in the Far East, Japan supporting the French thesis of "disarmament" at Geneva. Wars are not conducted by the arms which the belligerent countries possess on the eve of war, but by the arms they produce during the course of a war. The United States of America gave a pretty good illustration of this principle to the world, including Germany, in 1917-1918. Nowadays you can equip five million men in a few months, after starting naked at scratch. The result of a new war will be determined by the degree of technical power and resources at the command of a given state. Thus, the greater the industrial power of a country the greater its interest in "limitation" at a disarmament conference; it is the weaker states who correspondingly suffer more. The disarmament conference is dangerous; it lulls people to false security. If any force does exist on this planet to limit arms it is the will of the popular masses.

About Russia Trotsky did not want to talk for publication. He said that rumors of his possible return were not founded on any concrete fact and had been circulated doubtless owing to the

*Trotsky: *My Life, an Attempt at an Autobiography*. New York, 1930.

general international disquietude. In the event of war or the danger of war, he and his faction would put themselves unreservedly at the disposition of the Soviet government. He recalled that during the civil war of 1919-1920, Stalin, Voroschilov, and some of the other present chiefs of the U.S.S.R. had been in opposition to the Lenin-Trotsky policy, but had nevertheless been drafted for work in the face of a common danger.

Trotsky was accused during the days of his struggle with Stalin of "aristocratism," although he led a radical left opposition. Stalin, though perhaps in a way he did not mean, was certainly right: Trotsky is a complete aristocrat in everything except the social sense of the term. That is, he has brains, he has courage, and he has style. I thought, when saying good-by in Prinkipo, of his entrance into Turkey in 1929. Here he was, out of Russia after a miserable year of exile (but he was never so miserable that he lost his sense of humor: on the train carrying him to Turkestan he nicknamed the towel Menjinsky, after the chief of the G.P.U.); here he was, about to land at last in the one country that consented to give him asylum, Turkey. Was he grateful? Was he pleased? Did he sneak in, head bowed? Here is the letter he addressed to Mustapha Kemal Pasha:

Dear Sir:

At the gate of Constantinople, I have the honor to inform you that I have arrived at the Turkish frontier not of my own choice, and that I will cross this frontier only by submitting to force. I request you, Mr. President, to accept my appropriate sentiments.

L. Trotsky.*

I boarded the Constantinople boat. Prinkipo disappeared.

*Trotsky: *My Life, an Attempt at an Autobiography*. New York, 1930.

III

Now there are considerably more communists outside of Russia than in. The communist party, which considers itself a sort of committee acting for the workers and peasants as a whole, numbers in Russia scarcely two and a half millions, whereas in Germany alone the communist poll at the last election was about five millions. Of course all these may not be actually members of the party. There are hundreds of thousands of communists in Central Europe, in Scandinavia, in Spain, in France, in the Far East. Such a comparatively small country as Czechoslovakia, population 13,000,000, has 800,000 communist voters, enough to make communism the second strongest party in the country. Berlin is the biggest communist city in the world, next to Moscow. These millions of communists, if they subscribe to Moscow doctrine—and most of them do—are, theoretically at least, affiliated with the Third International, or Comintern.

The existence of this organization is predicated on internationalism. It is the international agency to which official communists of all countries adhere. It is presumably the vehicle of world revolution. Trotsky was its father, and is now its cast-off son.

The Third International is so called because it is the third. The First was formed by Marx himself to organize workers to his new theories; it split when Bakhunin and the anarchists seceded, and quietly expired in, of all places, New York in 1876. The Second International was organized subsequently by social democrats the world over to continue the work of the first, and it still exists. Nowadays, however, it consists of moderate socialists, devoted, it has been cruelly said, to a policy of "preventing socialism in our time." Lenin and Trot-

sky were members of the Second International until the War.

In 1915 they seceded, and at a conference at Zimmerwald, Switzerland, set up a new, rival International, the present Third. Trotsky relates that there were members sufficient to fill only a couple of railway coaches. Their aim was to oppose the War, which some social democrats were supporting. Their manifesto stated that "the defeat of their own countries [in the War] should be the slogan of social democrats in all countries." This is still Trotsky's idea. The Third International was then formally organized in Petrograd in 1919, as exclusively a communist organization, devoted to world revolution, of which the Russian revolution was supposed to be merely the first, preliminary step. And the Third International had a few heady, vigorous years.

But now it is all but dead. The Stalin policy, Russia First, has naturally killed it. Its headquarters were always Moscow, and on Moscow it depended for the majority of its funds; but Moscow began to starve it. The Kremlin gives it money, if any, in something of the grudging spirit with which the United States Congress, say, now supports the Hoover moratorium. The International has not even had a president since Zinoviev was kicked out in 1927. Theoretically, it is only marking time; let Russia finish half a dozen new five-year plans, and then it will be time to turn to world revolution.

Meantime, however, Russia's relations with almost all her neighbors are steadily improving. The Soviet government, which controls the Third International, has signed friendship treaties with Poland, with France, with its Baltic neighbors. One would certainly have thought that Moscow would have welcomed the Japanese adventure in Manchuria with diplomatic horror and private glee; here was a mar-

velous field for the development of international revolution! But, as I saw it put recently, "the Soviet government regards the Japanese adventure hardly less leniently than Sir John Simon." There is even talk of a Soviet-Japanese pact guaranteeing the independence of that passionately dependent parody of a state, Manchukuo. A couple of weeks ago, some Tories protested in the British House of Parliament at an article in the *Izvestia*, the official Soviet organ, about communist propaganda in England. Not only did the editor of *Izvestia* apologize; so did the Soviet government. Shades of Marx!

Of course what Stalin wants, and needs, is peace. Let the governments of the world give him peace for another five years, another ten, then may Stalin repay them in his own way.

But this policy to Trotsky and to Trotskyist communists is of the devil. It negates the very spirit of their doctrine, based on the necessity of a perpetual pyramid of revolutions by which communist state after communist state shall successively come into being to make a truly socialist world.

And as the power of the Third International wanes, the power of Trotsky correspondingly grows. Since the Third International is falling down on the job, let someone else take it over. Communists inside Russia may be satisfied with the Stalin program, but the comrades outside are getting short shrift. This is the basis of Trotsky's power in Europe, and of Stalin's fear of him. Stalin is, at the moment, offering nothing to world communism. Trotsky is.

Stalin says, "You boys outside cool your heels for a couple of decades, then we'll get round to you." Trotsky says, "Join your Russian comrades in revolution and free yourselves from your chains at once." Stalin says, "Russia first, and when we get our state in order, then comes your turn." Trot-

sky says, "Whatever country you live in is first."

Trotsky, an extraordinarily magnetic person, could rally the five million communist Germans to his side in a year or two if he lived in Germany, I have heard it said. Lunacharsky once said that "Trotsky walked about like an electric battery, and that each contact with him brought forth a discharge." He still has this quality, plus his amazing personal charm. Let Trotsky loose in a country, let him be seen, let him talk, and his natural genius will do the rest.

For this reason, of course, he is an exile in Prinkipo. No government, fearing the breath of his revolutionary vitality, will have him as a permanent resident. But Stalin and the official machinery of the communist party are probably almost as responsible for Trotsky's difficulty in getting a visa as Whitehall or the Quai d'Orsay. The governments fear for their institutions; Stalin fears for the Third International. In Turkey Trotsky can do comparatively little damage—not only to capitalism but to orthodox communism. This is a rare irony. Stalin, by salting Trotsky away in Prinkipo, has become a full co-operator with Sir Austen Chamberlain, General von Schleicher, and Hamilton Fish, Jr., in throttling world revolution.

Germany was probably willing to grant Trotsky a visa shortly after he arrived in Prinkipo. Paul Loebe, the President of the Reichstag, made a speech that all but welcomed him. Consternation in Moscow. The Soviet ambassador, it was generally said, raised holy murder, threatening all sorts of political and economic reprisal. Now, of course, having resumed its pre-war partnership with a conservative Almighty, Germany will not have him. For the rest, you may be assured that when a government with normal relations with Soviet Russia refuses

Trotsky a visa, the Soviet government itself has had a finger in the pie. I have even heard it said that the Turkish government gets occasional little favors from the Kremlin as reward for making it doubly difficult for Trotsky to get away.

But even so, a Trotsky movement has grown up through most of Europe, and precariously it functions.

IV

The scene changes. We are in Madrid. Up a long flight of stairs in a comfortable-looking apartment building; the door opens cautiously, and we enter a small, bright room. On the table I see a couple of books by Dreiser and other American writers in Spanish translation, published by the gentleman who is our host and who now enters, Andreas Nin.

Nin is the Trotskyist leader in Spain, a brilliant and provocative figure. He knows Max Eastman. So do I, although very slightly. We talk about Eastman. He was in Spain the week before and was arrested by the Spanish police. Nin talks about Trotsky. He shows me letters and manifestoes from Prinkipo and elucidates the Spanish Trotsky movement.

A few evenings later I visit a Trotsky meeting. It is held in a hall on the second floor of a shabby building in the center of the city. The ceiling is low, there is a quiet restlessness to the crowd, and the policeman who is appointed by the government to listen in, shifts from one foot to the other at the door. Nin speaks. Others speak. A friend with me translates. The comrades, mostly working men in caps and scarves, with a few writers and intellectuals, tall dark young men, knot into little groups, talk heatedly, then unravel into the street. We walk to a coffee house with glances over our shoulders. We sit with legs folded

under a small, dirty table, after the proprietor has peeked through the door to let us in. Talk. About Trotsky. About the revolution. About Trotsky again. It all seems very futile, and rather unreal. But not many years ago Lenin and Plekhanov, Zinoviev and Radek and Bukharin were hovering in close, taut groups at similar coffee-house tables, talking, talking, talking; and it was probably very amusing to the police of the czar.

The Trotsky movement has a definite organization, though primitive, and a rather rickety series of publications. Some of these are on my desk now. This is *El Soviet*, once published in Barcelona, now defunct. The issue is that of June 30, 1932, but Lenin's testament (1924) is big news on Page 2. Here is an odd sheet, *Prometeo*, published in Brussels but in Italian, for surreptitious circulation throughout Italy. The main article is an attack on the Second Socialist International. Here is a French journal, *La Vérité*, leading off with a very vigorous article, "Redouble the Offensive," by Trotsky. Not even a paper, but a folio of mimeographed sheets, is the *Bollettino dell'Opposizione*, circulated secretly in Italy; it blazes with polemics against Stalin. And *The Militant*, published in New York, has adopted good tabloid tactics: its six-column head reads **STALINISTS IN MONSTROUS FRAME-UP AGAINST LEFT OPPOSITION.**

There are other Trotsky papers, but these are all that I have seen. Nin mentioned *La Lutte des Classes*, published in Paris, a German monthly called *Die Permanente Revolution*, a Belgian *Voix Communiste*, in Austria a fly-by-night journal, *Man Ruft*, in Greece, the *Spartakus*. I imagine that, like the ones I saw, they are dreary reading. Mostly they devote themselves to tortuous discussions of political theory. But so did the contraband newspapers of Bolsheviks and Menshe-

viks in the years before the revolution. In October, 1917, itself, some subsequently important figures in the Soviet government hardly knew the revolution was going on. This is literally true—so dazed, tangled, hypnotized, narcotized were they by oceans of magnificent discussion (Trotsky says they sounded like water pounded in a mortar) about rival nuances in Marxist doctrine—until Trotsky himself cut through the vapors and began to organize, with Lenin, a government.

In each country there is a nucleus of Trotskyist agitators. They take orders from Prinkipo direct. They are poor, and Trotsky himself finances as much of the movement as he can; odd that the good prices he gets from the Curtis Publishing Company and Simon & Schuster may do their stuff someday promoting new revolution. There is a sort of communication between the various groups, through their publications and manifestoes but mostly through private letters. The various central committees are linked to an international headquarters in Berlin. In no country are the Trotskyists strong enough to challenge directly the Stalinist organization, but in Greece and Czechoslovakia, Germany, and especially Spain, their power is growing. It is very difficult to get statistical evidence on these matters. The Trotsky movement has of necessity to be semi-secret. And, indeed, power does not essentially lie in numbers; it is quite possible that a handful of determined, organized Trotskyists may more than counterbalance a solid, somewhat apathetic mass of Stalinists.

In Spain I found it is the general opinion, both in bourgeois and radical circles, that Nin and his small Trotsky band greatly outranked in importance the larger official party. The official party has, indeed, had to struggle for its life; and its leader, José Bullejos, recently was called back to Moscow

and there arrested, I am told, for having so badly led his group. Trotsky is enormously admired in Spain. Nowhere else in Western Europe have I seen so many of his books, so much of his literature publicly available. The Spaniard is an inveterate individualist; so, above all, is Trotsky; Spain has a romantic feeling that he is "one of ours."

Trotsky himself has predicted that Spain would be the first of the Western countries to go communist, and I believe that he thinks, or perhaps hopes, that the present liberal democratic government, led by President Zamorra and his curious Prime Minister, Don Manuel Azaña, is a Kerensky interlude, to give way presently to full-blooded reaction to the left. I do not think this is likely, although it is a debatable point. For one thing, communism has no historic roots in Spain. Again, the socialist party which dominates the present Spanish government is red enough to steal much red thunder, and extreme radical sentiment in the country has been traditionally in the hands of the anarcho-syndicalist organization of Barcelona, which numbers almost a million men. It is true that moderate left governments usually are forced farther to the left. But it is also true that the chief enemy of communist reaction is not, as a rule, the aristocracy or the bourgeoisie, but rather the middle-left groups; communists detest social democrats much more deeply than capitalists and they despise the childish violence of anarchism; but social-democracy and anarchism are both very strong in Spain.

In Germany the communist party more or less split in 1925, with one side sympathetic to what was later to become Trotskyism. The "Leninbund," founded in 1928, was a Trotsky faction, with a newspaper called the *Volkswille*, and a leader named Urbans. But as so often has happened in the evolution of

such revolutionary organizations, quarrels led to fissures; the "orthodox" Trotskyists left the Leninbund and organized themselves under a certain Grylevitch into a new organization allied with the extreme radical communism of Berlin's most overt proletarian quarter, Wedding. Of the 5,000,000 odd communists in Germany, perhaps 60,000 are avowed Trotskyists. But again one must point out that figures do not tell the whole tale. Trotsky in Germany, if only through his own publications, is a living force, not to be dismissed.

Stalin has persecuted, proscribed, and exiled the Trotskyists in Russia; outside of Russia too they have suffered from his iron whip. Read the romantic disclosures sporadically available of trouble within Russian legations or consulates, where the chief of mission is usually subject to the secret "control" of one of his own men, a G.P.U. agent, whose identity he may be unaware of. This is usually a precaution against Trotskyism, not against bourgeois reaction. Trotsky himself vouches for it that "in Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Scandinavia, and the United States" Stalin has expelled from the Communist International those leaders who were doing their job, *i.e.*, sowing world revolution propaganda. Stalin, as Trotsky puts it, "was waging war on Leninism on an international scale." This statement must, of course, be taken with a grain of salt. But there is certainly no doubt that Trotskyists where found, outside Russia as well as in, are mercilessly sought out, tracked down, and expelled.

V

I am a little bored with discussions of the "differences" between Trotsky and Stalin in so far as their policies diverge in matters of collectivization, the speed of the industrial program, the attack on

the kulak, and so on. This is all beside the point. What counts is the peculiar romantic hatred each has for the other. It is an odd fact that such a "bourgeois" and "trivial" conception, based on the incalculabilities of personal passion, should have been one of the dominating factors of the history of the Russian revolution. But it is so. Stalin and Trotsky loathed each other. Out of this, as well as from divergence in policy, rose their rivalry. Stalin calls Trotsky an aristocrat and an actor. Trotsky calls Stalin lazy, treacherous, barbarous, and corrupt. I have heard it said that in the meeting of the Politburo of the party in the old days Trotsky would ostentatiously pick up a book and begin assiduously reading to himself whenever Stalin made a speech.

I like to recall an episode which Mrs. Trotsky recounts in connection with her husband's escape from Siberia in 1905. Trotsky had been shipped toward exile in an excessively remote quarter, Obdorsk. He escaped, miraculously, before he even reached his destination. Boldly he returned west. It had taken the czar's police a month to make the eastward trip; Trotsky got back, alone, in eleven days. Nearing civilization, he telegraphed his wife, asking her to meet him at a junction of the railway line near St. Petersburg. She met him, but only after difficulties; the telegram was garbled and the name of the junction omitted. Here was Trotsky then, secretly embracing all that was dear to him, life, opportunity for further work, freedom, his family. Here he was, miraculously free. What happened? His wife mentioned the garbling of the telegram. And she had to restrain him almost by force from registering, then and there, a formal complaint about this inefficiency to the authorities! Had he done so, would he not have been promptly re-arrested? Almost surely. And this

little story illustrates some of the elements in Trotsky's character which Stalin simply cannot understand, his impulsiveness, his recklessness, and his "impracticality."

The differences between the two men are a beautiful study and profound. Stalin, a passionate politician, above all a creature of committees; Trotsky, a lone-wolf, a violent individualist, who for twenty years could not bear to shackle himself with formal allegiance to either the Bolshevik or Menshevik divisions of his party. Stalin, patient as an ikon; Trotsky, impulsive as a satyr. Stalin, friendless, immobile, silent, cautious; Trotsky, a lively, frank, and inveterate conversationalist. Stalin, a bomb thrower, literally; Trotsky, an intellectual horrified by sporadic violence. Stalin, a hard-headed practical wire-puller; Trotsky, a lover of the abstract. Stalin, tenacious and unyielding, jealous of his career; Trotsky, a pacifist who became a military genius, and a soul generous to the point of irresponsibility. Stalin, a supreme organizer; Trotsky, a bad politician, incapable of compromise, inveterately dominant, and very hard to work with. Observe their smiles. Stalin smiles like a tiger who has just swallowed a canary. Trotsky smiles brightly and spontaneously, like a child. Observe their frequent escapes from Siberia. Stalin goes about it somberly, efficiently, and with extreme methodical coldness; Trotsky—puff!—has disappeared into clear air; he escapes like Ariel.

There is another historical personage to whom Trotsky may be startlingly compared, and that is Woodrow Wilson. Wilson, like Trotsky, was a stubborn intellectual; like Trotsky, he was fond of eloquence, especially his own; like Trotsky, he was a creator, he contributed a new idea to history. Wilson lost the United States of America because he cared too much

for the United States of the World. Trotsky lost Russia for the identical reason, though it was expressed in different terms.

He has lost Russia, at least, for the present. No man knows whether he may not regain it in ten or twenty years.

VI

Stalin probably hates Trotsky, among other reasons, because he has done him an injury, *i.e.* stolen his program. At least I have heard many communists say that, having thrown Trotsky out, Stalin proceeded to swipe both his land policy and his theory of super-industrialization. And Stalin probably intends to get around to the permanent revolution—in time.

It is a sort of double fight that goes on in international communism; Stalin to make Russia strong enough so that later external adventures will be possible; Trotsky to hold out, hope for Stalin's downfall in Russia, and meantime bend every bit of energy to unceasing perfection of his counter-communist organization abroad. The organization may not seem much, at the moment. Neither did that of Lenin in 1913. Stalin himself cer-

tainly doesn't think that Trotsky is a dead issue. He would not, if he did, go to so much trouble to keep him bottled in Prinkipo.

It is a pity that insurmountable obstacles in the character of each prevented them from working together. If I were a Russian and a revolutionist, I should agree, I think, that Stalin has justified himself; he has done, one might say, "the right thing" by Russia. But, from the strict Leninist point of view, I should deeply deplore that Trotsky was not allowed to work with him, to add his indomitable vivacity to a common aim.

Trotsky's present position is peculiarly unhappy in that he is the victim of something he cannot control: only one thing can put him back at once in Russia, something that is totally unpredictable and beyond the rationalization he so dearly loves: Stalin's death. Even so, Prinkipo is not St. Helena. Rather, it is a sort of communist Elba. No one can understand even the elementary facts about Trotsky's career without realizing that so long as he lives he is a force for unrest, for development, and for creation. And perhaps he is one of those rare few who will not ever die.





COLLOQUE SENTIMENTAL

A STORY

BY GRIFFITH BEEMS

MISS NACHTIGAL was taking dictation. With her stenographic pad on her thigh, she sat in the morocco-upholstered chair beside Mr. Dutton's desk and waited. Mr. Dutton had been dictating for two hours. He had swung away from her, facing the silver-mounted French telephone, so that she lost his prepositions and suffixes when he spoke; but Mr. Dutton did not like to be interrupted. He wrote the corrections in her letters in ink, which compelled her to retype the page. When he faced her and she could hear every syllable, she thought about David and the preceding evening; but when he turned away she had to be more attentive. Now while she waited, with the tip of her carefully sharpened pencil she traced in the air, idly and minutely, the outline of Mr. Dutton's lower lip, chin, second chin, neck, and collar. Mr. Dutton was in his forties. He sat massively upright with his arms folded and his wrinkled eyes half closed.

"Paragraph," he said finally, "cost analyses and survey data could not be more conclusive we happen to know that Southern Latex and Rubber is working along the same line speed in getting into production is essential we want to hear from you by January thirty-first at the very latest very truly yours I'll sign as chairman of the board."

Mr. Dutton got up, hitched at his trousers, stamped, stretched and, walking to one of the four windows, looked down on the asphalt roofs between the Woolworth Building and the river.

"Tired, Miss Nachtigal?"

"Oh, no."

"Never get tired working, do you? Well, I do." Mr. Dutton was a large man. His body in the window hid half of Jersey City. From under his armpit as he stretched issued a tug on the North River. "I'm tired of working right now."

He turned and looked down at his secretary, seated in the overstuffed chair. Her fingers, as she stretched them, stood out white and tense and separate against the black wool-crêpe dress and, extending her legs, she knocked the toes of her shoes together. Then she relaxed. Mr. Dutton withdrew his steel-rimmed glasses from his breast-pocket, found his handkerchief and, putting one foot up on the radiator underneath the window, he rubbed at his eyes. He transferred his glasses and handkerchief from one hand to the other and back and poked at the russet silk draperies with his fist.

"What do you do when you're tired, Miss Nachtigal?"

"It all depends."

"It all depends. That's exactly what my wife would say. But saying it never helps any," cleaning his glasses with his handkerchief. "You're a

clever girl. What would you recommend for a man that's tired, dog tired?"

"I'd take a couple of aspirins and lie down for a while."

They laughed together.

"You don't help me one bit," he said. "Not one bit," he repeated emphatically. He took his foot from the radiator and walked across the large oak-panelled room, putting on his glasses as he went, and stopped in front of an English sporting print. He looked from another window northward at the roofs. He stood, tapping his fingers on the desk, moved the telephone several inches, sat down, tapped with his fingers, swivelled toward her. Miss Nachtigal selected one from among her three pencils, examined the point, crossed her knees, and waited.

"Put your pencil down. I'm not going to dictate. Not yet. Put it down. Please. We're still resting." He laughed, reassuringly affable. "Let's see. You've been my secretary more than two years now, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"We never talk much, do we?"

"No."

Mr. Dutton paused to clean his glasses again and to compose his next remark.

"I suppose you're the new generation I read about. Two different people, one in business hours, a different person after business hours. How about it, Miss Nachtigal? Are you the emancipated modern woman?"

"I don't think so," she smiled. "I live very quietly."

"That's not a very incriminating answer. I wonder if it would seem quiet to an old fogey like me. I suppose you have an apartment in Greenwich Village, lots of parties, lots of young men, lots of fun. I think Mrs. Abbott told me once that you lived in Greenwich Village."

"I did for a month or two several years ago. That was when I first came here. I was down in the stenographic room then. But by the time you've worked for five or six years, as I have, you aren't willing to put up with a furnished room and a gas heater that takes an hour to get the chill off when you come home. Not if you can afford better. I live in a business women's club on Forty-Seventh Street."

"Lots of men make love to you, don't they?" Mr. Dutton swung suddenly around; the mechanical swivel crunched under his weight; he went to the window. "They would, I know. I'm positive they would," he ran on, "I know how young men are." His breath clouded on the cold window-pane. "That's the way they would be with a girl like you."

"You are mistaken. I live very quietly."

"Yes, of course," he admitted hurriedly. He turned toward her and put one foot on the radiator. "You're a nice girl. I didn't mean—I don't doubt what you say. I know you're a nice girl." Abruptly he took his foot down. "You must pardon me. I don't mean to be disrespectful, putting my foot up like that. I forget. I forget you aren't another man."

"Certainly, Mr. Dutton. Please don't bother about such things. Will there be any more dictation?"

"Oh, that's right. No. No. That's all for to-day."

He watched the automatic arm closing the office door after her. "Holy, holy, holy," he said, turning to the window. He sighed against the pane. A spot of moisture lengthened under his sigh and as it went away, the edges withering inwardly, he renewed and enlarged it. He stood, panting soberly against the pane. With his forefinger he wrote on the cloud, read over the words, hurriedly rubbed them out, and breathed again upon the glass.

January 31

Miss Nachtigal closed her notebook, collected the extra pencils lying on Mr. Dutton's desk, and stood up. One hand smoothed at her skirt and with a twisting movement she settled her dress slightly from the shoulders.

"You haven't dictated anything on the Achilles Waterproofing matter. It was to come up again to-day. It's on the pad."

Mr. Dutton read the memorandum. "Sure enough," he said. "Good thing you reminded me. Go get the file. Please."

When she returned, he leafed the top pages of the file. "They haven't answered, so I'm not going to bother. Put it down again for the fifteenth."

"Is there anything else?"

"Well, yes—and no."

"Shall I wait?"

"You know, Miss Nachtigal, I think you're avoiding me."

"Avoiding you?" Miss Nachtigal deliberately smiled. "No, Mr. Dutton, I'm not avoiding you. Quite the contrary. I come whenever you ring."

The torsion spring in his chair sang as he tipped slowly backwards. "You know, don't you?" he said.

She did not answer until she got to the door. "Yes," she said over her shoulder, opening the door, "I know." The automatic arm closed the door carefully.

Mr. Dutton rang. He gripped his thumb on the electric button, waited, rang, rang.

"Come on back," he ordered. "You mustn't run away like that. Go on, sit down. I want to talk about this. I've dozens of things to ask you. I like to talk to you, but you're always putting me off. You're a very clever young woman, Miss Nachtigal. I'm almost afraid of you. So you knew all along. How did you know? Tell me that."

"Don't you think it would be more

sensible of us to leave matters as they are?"

"Now, now. You take this too seriously. Certainly not. You mustn't keep on putting me off this way. There's no harm in talking to each other calmly. Your knowing now—I can't get over that—it interests me tremendously. How did you know?"

"You're sure that you ought to have your own way?"

"Positive. Begin."

"Beginnings are hard. Let's see. Little things. Maybe the day you gave me the first bottle of Scotch. Or more probably the day you began taking your feet off the desk when I came in. And certainly the day you accused me of having lots of men make love to me. But then, how should I know? It gets in the air, affects the nerves, makes you drop things. I'm not quick at diagnosis."

"You're laughing at me."

"I'm just doing as you said—not being too serious any more."

"You're angry, aren't you?"

"No, it's a compliment."

"That's right. That's the way I intended it. I just can't help myself. I never thought about you at all until one day all of a sudden I noticed—I—you don't know what a relief it is finally to speak out about it. I—I—listen, Miss Nachtigal, what are we going to do about this?"

"Nothing."

They looked straight at each other. The muscles around his eyes became portentous and strained.

"I can understand how you look at it," he said, lowering his eyes. "I suppose I'm just an old fool. I don't know what to make of it. I'm no woman chaser, Miss Nachtigal. No, I'm not. I've had dozens of secretaries, but this never happened to me before. It floors me. It seems as though something could be done about it. I mean—I feel better for it. I'm

glad to come to the office in the morning—have you noticed how much earlier I get in nowadays? I was here by half-past nine this morning. Did you notice?"

"I had noticed that several mornings you got here ahead of me." She spoke drily.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, when I get up in the morning now, I think I'm going to the office, and when I ring she'll come in, with her hair combed, looking as though she had stepped straight out of a bandbox. You don't know how neat and attractive you are. You're like—you're like a young tree."

Miss Nachtigal had been looking at the unornamented hands folded in her lap. Now she looked up, smiling. Mr. Dutton hesitated, grinned.

"That's what I mean," he said, laughing. "I stand to it. A young tree."

"It's very flattering, but you know as well as I do, Mr. Dutton, that there are hundreds of reasons why you mustn't go on like this. No office can be run on this basis."

"Now, now. You aren't Mrs. Abbott, thank heaven. You don't look like her and you needn't talk like her. The mere fact of a man being in love for the first time in his life needn't harm anyone."

"I'd be surprised if it didn't. Anyway, if this is going to go on, I sha'n't have any other alternative than to resign."

"Resign?" Charging at her in her chair, he put both his hands on her shoulders. "Listen," he said, shaking her, "I don't want to hear another word about resigning. You're indispensable to me, Miss Nachtigal. Do you hear? Indispensable. Whatever I say or do, you mustn't think of resigning. If I do anything you don't like, you just mustn't pay any attention. Promise me that you won't ever think of resigning. Promise."

She looked straight before her at the six buttons on his vest. "I promise." He sat down. "You understand, Mr. Dutton, I don't want to resign. I like working for you. I think we work well together. And sixty-dollar-a-week jobs don't grow on bushes. But this thing will have to stop. I want you to promise, too."

"I would, but what would be the use? After all, I like to go around feeling happy. I feel like a boy again. What's the harm in that? I can't help looking at you. I can't help watching you walk around, can I? Don't be too hard on me. I'll just say a word now and then to let you know how good I feel. I promise not to bother you. That ought to be enough."

"All right," she said smiling. "That ought to be enough. Now may I get this dictation out?"

"Yes. It's a bargain between us, isn't it?" Tipping backward in his chair, he smiled up at her. "We used to seal bargains in my day," he chuckled.

"Your word is sufficient," she said, walking quickly to the door.

Mr. Dutton opened the top desk drawer. He had the box of cigars in his hand when he noticed the nail file. He put the box of cigars back, closed the drawer, and cleaned his finger nails meticulously.

"Hell," he said, "I'm only forty-three."

April 19

Miss Nachtigal ground out her cigarette and left it in the bowl with seven others. She heard Mr. Dutton coming heavily down the outside corridor.

"You still here?" he said. "I'm sorry. I forgot all about you." He slumped into his chair without taking off his spring topcoat. "No use your waiting. There isn't going to be any dictation." He slid his derby across the desk viciously. "The deal's off."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I know you counted on it."

"Counted on it?" With a large paper-pin he jabbed at his blotter. "Counted on it. If you want to know what happened, in words of one syllable," jabbing through the blotter into the desk, "I failed. That's what happened. I thought I was all set, and I wasn't. I failed."

"Don't feel that way. It wasn't your fault."

"What do you know about it? You weren't there."

Miss Nachtigal was concerned. She sat down in the morocco chair without answering.

"I'm sorry. I'm in a rotten temper. Don't mind me." He walked up and down the length of the room, talking.

"I had my heart set on it," he said. "I've told Behrens, Proctor, a dozen others it was going through. But it isn't. Their board wouldn't see it. Damn hard-shells. They ought to have seen it. They can't beat the Bertolotti process. I wasn't up to myself, I never got going. I don't know—I thought I knew how to get my own way—but I don't know. Look at you and me. I walked back from McGovern's office—I almost got run over a couple of times—but I did a lot of thinking. Something like this comes along and makes you think. It's like opening the door and letting the light in. It isn't the money; I don't care about the money. But it makes you take stock of yourself. You look back at your own life. You remember how you were when you were starting out, real stuff in you, young, full of energy, ideals, potentialities. I was twenty-two, just fresh out of college, when my father started me here. You look back and wonder what the hell has become of you, what hit you, what happened to you. Yes," he said slouching down into the chair again, his topcoat rumpling around him, "I might as

well be honest. We both know what it is. I'm a failure, Miss Nachtigal." He looked at her, his face tightened, the eyes hard.

She stood by the corner of his desk. "You mustn't talk like this. You're upset. Don't think about it."

"Don't think about it. That's all right for women's troubles. Put it out of your mind. Fine. With a man it's different. What I need to do is nothing else but think about it, to think it through, look back at my life and think hard. What am I living for, working for, day after day? What am I working for? I know. To pay off a mortgage, meet insurance premiums, support stockbrokers, keep up the house, cars, servants, Mrs. Dutton and the two girls. What do those things mean to me? The one thing I do that I really enjoy is a game of golf on a fine day, a day like to-day with spring in the air. And where was I? Shouting at the top of my lungs up in Jack McGovern's office. Shouting about diphenylguanidine and a million dollars. What is diphenylguanidine? I don't know. Nobody does. Just a word with money in it. The less you know the louder you've got to shout. I do nothing I want to do. Nothing but a game of golf on Sunday if it doesn't rain. Yes. And look at you. I mustn't forget that."

"It's oftener than Sunday. And you enjoy your work. It's interesting. You have—"

"I used to enjoy it. When I came to the office I was young, I worked like a dog, I went from the bottom of the ladder up in five years; my father tried to keep me down but he couldn't, I worked too hard, he had to keep moving me up; but now I'm at the top and I'm dry, stale, rusted out. I hate it, the sameness, the routine, the pretense. I worked too hard and married too young. That's the whole thing. I didn't intend to, but I've said it.

You've met Mrs. Dutton. I don't say anything against her. I'm fond of her. And I love Susan and Betty. Edna and I grew up together, went to dancing school together, college proms. The families were friends—you know how it is—first we got engaged and then we got married. She's—she's—I'm not going to talk against her—the point is—we've been nothing but respectable, respectable as hell; and I feel as though I were in prison or a treadmill barred off from everything I really want. I want you. I've been in love with you for months and it never means anything more than an occasional word. If you only understood what you mean to me, Miss Nachtigal. You're young. You're of a different generation. Your generation knows better than mine. You're not obsessed with money, with getting ahead, respectability, material things. You understand whatever it is—freedom, love. I know you don't love me, but if only—damn it—the point is—I don't know. You see, I want so little. I've got thirty years ahead of me. It seems as though I ought to get a little something out of them. But look at me. What am I? Getting old, getting fat, getting stodgy. And there isn't anything I can do. What do I know that's any use? I don't know how to enjoy myself, to relax, to have a good time, to be happy. I can't even learn. I'm a complete failure. I can't learn, I can't change, I'm all set inside, rusty, stuck, no good. You talk about married men. I'm a married man. Getting married young is like getting slowly paralyzed. You can't make love to a woman. I don't know how and if I did I couldn't. You're standing there, and I don't know how to get you into my arms, how to act, what to say; and if I knew, I couldn't do it—it would be like breaking through a sheet of glass to get to you. Anything I say is heavy, it

creaks, I can't move. What kind of a man is it that doesn't even know how to make love? Lord, I'm not a man at all. I'm—I'm—I don't know—I—

"Please don't," she said, coming quickly to him, where he sat, his head bowed. "Please don't. I can't bear to hear you." He seized her hand and kissed it. The hot tears fell on the back of her hand and he kissed them away. "Please don't," she repeated, holding his head against her body. When at last she withdrew her hand, he cried out, objecting, and she lifted up his head and kissed him.

"Do you know what we're going to do?" she said. He put up his arms to pull her down upon his knee. "No. We're going to the little place you've spoken about so often. We're going to have dinner, we're going to dance, and we aren't going to think about troubles. Just you and I. For this one evening."

"You're so all-fired sweet," he said. "Kiss me once again. Please."

"No," she said. "I'm too hungry. I don't enjoy kissing on an empty stomach. And don't begin again jabbing holes in your lovely desk with that pin. Come along."

"I feel as though I'd been through the clothes-wringer." Reaching behind him, underneath his topcoat, he straightened his clothes, adjusted his coat collar, and pushed at his hair and his tie. "I don't dance any too well," he said.

June 11

When Mr. Dutton came in, Miss Nachtigal was leaning on one elbow over his great oak desk, noting telephone calls on the typewritten memorandum for the day.

"Good morning," he shouted, and hung up his hat in the closet. "A marvelous morning, Miss Nachtigal."

"Please take your arm away," she

said, while her writing became larger and less slanting.

"Certainly, I'd oblige anyone this morning. On a morning like this I'm clay in a woman's hands."

"Clay?"

"All right, mud then. Mud in the hands of the potter. You may do anything with me this morning that you like, Miss Nachtigal. Anything, that is, but one—don't lecture. You don't need to lecture. I admit everything. I admit you could blackmail me for a million dollars if you were that kind of a girl—and I had a million dollars. I admit I'm breaking the office rules. I admit I'm taking advantage of my position. I admit I'm not being fair to my wife. I admit that my children would be better fatherless than cursed with a monster such as I. Everything you've said is true, absolutely true, but on a morning like this none of it makes a nickel's worth of difference. The only thing I can think about when I see you bending over my desk is to wonder how in the world it is that you always get the seams up the back of your stockings straight. It's a miracle."

"The seams in my stockings aren't going to decide what you'll say to Mr. Reverdy when he gets here at ten-fifteen."

"Shush," he said lightly, "they'll be hearing you through the transom. Here." In two steps, with a rush, he kissed her mouth, her two closed eyelids, and the part in her hair. She submitted impassively.

"Damn it," he said, "if you don't respond, at least by the shaking of a nostril, I'll tear you into bits one of these mornings."

"I'm afraid they might hear me tearing, through the transom."

"If anyone around here eavesdrops on anything he—or she—shouldn't, I'll fire them." He sat down, laughing. "I'm on the top of the world," he

said, picking up one of her pencils from the desk and waving it gently. "Except for you. If only you would be nice to me. I don't ask much. Nice to me, just occasionally, say once every blue moon. It's months since that evening we went dancing together. Aren't we ever going again?"

"That was a mistake."

"Nonsense."

"It changed you. You lost all your boyishness, or whatever it was, that made you—not very much, but a little—appealing."

"I get frightened when I see that dead-in-earnest look gathering in your eyes. Surely you aren't going to be serious on a morning as glorious as this one. 'Oh, what is so rare' and so forth."

"Are you afraid of being serious?"

"Of course not. But whatever have I done to deserve it this morning? I merely suggested that you might be a little nicer."

"You did a trifle more than suggest. It isn't polite to have forgotten that bear hug so quickly. Don't you remember?"

"But I've done that before."

"Yes. That isn't what I object to so much. You won't take any responsibility for your actions. You never question yourself. You're spoiled—thoroughly spoiled."

"What is there to question? What is there? After all, I can't any more resist wanting to kiss you than I can fly."

"Why can't you resist? You're a grown man."

He contradicted her, grinning. "No, I can't."

"You're drifting straight into a mess and you won't lift a finger to stop it."

"That's the first hopeful word I've heard. A mess. Fine! I've been worried that I wasn't getting anywhere."

"There you have it. I carry the brunt. I like you, Alden Dutton. I

don't really mind your running after me. In a way, I like it. It helps along my vanity. At least you're a man that makes over forty thousand dollars a year. But I do get tired fighting off something that's no more clever than brute will power. It's a load."

"What are you driving at, anyway?"

"We might do some clear thinking once in a while. It might simplify matters again. For instance, what do you mean by being 'nice'?"

"Well, that I can answer. You know as well as I do. It means—well—dining, dancing, having a good time together. It means—well—you know—it's going on in the office all the time—Mr. Proctor and Miss Cummerford, Mr. Guernsey and Miss what's-her-name—"

The pencil had become slippery with perspiration. It slipped out of his fingers and fell on the floor.

"If you don't finish your sentences, it'll make me suspicious. Understand, I'm not trying to hurt you. I'm trying to get you to think this thing through. You say you love me. Are you planning to give up your girls, divorce your wife, set half of Long Island to talking about you by causing a scandal?"

Mr. Dutton smiled. "Are you proposing to me, Miss Nachtigal?"

She flushed, her eyebrows pinched firmly together, abruptly she walked over to the window.

To her back he said hastily, "I only want us to be friends."

"Are Mr. Proctor and Miss Cummerford friends?"

"You make everything sound so—so sordid. It isn't at all. I only want—I—I'm not suggesting anything—anything improper. What I mean is—"

"Mr. Dutton, I'm engaged to be married."

The breath went from his body.

About his wrinkled eyes the skin tautened. He moistened his lips.

"What are you saying?" He strode at her. "Are you bedeviling me because I joked a moment ago about your proposing to me? What are you saying?"

She took a step away from him backward against the wall between the windows.

"It's true. I've been engaged for a long time."

"But you never told me. You never let on. You don't wear a ring. You don't act—engaged."

"I don't know what you mean by not acting engaged. I never encouraged you. I never encouraged you a particle. As your secretary I put up with some things as part of my job but I never encouraged you in them. That is what you have been complaining about. I tried to be as decent to you as I could. I tried to respect your feelings. A moment ago, when I lost my temper, I wasn't trying to hurt you. I'm sorry for you, Mr. Dutton. I feel a kind of responsibility toward you, I—I—that isn't exactly how I mean to put it, but—"

"You've said it. Go on."

"This is how it was. When I first became engaged you wouldn't have been interested—and since, as matters went along getting more and more involved, I didn't feel called upon to tell you because—you won't understand this—I could handle the situation without telling you. I don't want to be let alone, respected, because I'm engaged. I can look after my own self without dragging David into it. It had nothing to do with David and me at all. Being in love with David was my own affair. It had nothing to do with the office. I wasn't called upon to discuss it with you in the slightest and, what's more, it isn't the sort of thing I'd want to discuss with you. Of course if you had ever wondered about me a little,

instead of yourself, you would have asked me long ago whether I didn't care for someone else. But you never did and I preferred to leave this other out of it. I don't suppose you'll understand. Anyway there wasn't any diamond ring because we can't afford one. David is just starting out. And there were practical considerations. The office doesn't employ married women. Down in the stenographic room it's generally considered poor tactics to talk about your engagement to Mrs. Abbott or any of the men. You see, I need the position. I meant to go on working after my marriage, for a few years at least. If I had to find another job it would make everything harder. There were lots of things to consider. I probably shouldn't have spoken now if you hadn't made me angry."

"You make me feel like a cad," he said, rubbing the palms of his hands slowly up and down on his trousers. "What an opinion you seem to have of me. I can't take it in. You should have warned me, stopped me. You've let me run on and—I can't believe it, Helen. You can't mean it. No, you can't. You just can't. You mustn't." He put his hands on her shoulders imploringly. "Take it all back," he said, but she averted her face.

"I won't have it," he cried out, shaking her. "Do you hear? I won't have it. No." With both his hands he forced back her head. "Look at me. You understand?" He held her face as in a vise. "I won't have it. You talk as if—everything you say—you—" He threw himself against her.

With one hand she clung to the window curtains while he beat upon her mouth. His lips were fierce and hard. She labored, twisting, to turn her face away. With a sharp noise, the curtain bracket snapped. The heavy silk folds sagged, swayed, and fell disorderly around them.

"Now see what you made me do," she gasped, pushing the material away and struggling out of his arms. "You're the most tempestuous man."

Mr. Dutton was trembling. In a stride he yanked the curtain completely down, wadded it, and threw it into a chair.

"I wish you'd leave me alone," he said. "Please go."

For a long time he sat humped in his chair. Finally he picked up the pencil from the floor. With a quick movement he snapped it vindictively, once, twice, into three pieces. He walked to the window and threw the sash upward. The sun-warmed air flowed round him. He thought of his body falling and held his breath, thought of his body impacting on the green copper roof with the ridge of finials eight stories below. He leaned in the window opening, threw out a part of the broken pencil, and listened. No sound came back. He heard the second bit, wind-caught, strike against the terra-cotta walls. He dropped the third piece behind the radiator and paced the room. He was standing behind the morocco chair when the telephone rang. Suddenly, sheepishly, he kissed the leather back of the chair. "Hello," he said to his secretary. "Who? No, not now. Certainly not. Before Reverdy—? Oh, all right. Send him in."

Miss Nachtigal came in, bringing with her the building superintendent's helper, carrying a stepladder and a tool kit.

September 26

Mr. Dutton, except for nine telephone conversations, had been dictating all morning. When he came to the last letter, he lighted a cigarette, put his feet on the desk, exhaled comfortably, and resumed in a rapid even voice. He finished the letter and abruptly, sharply, he demanded, "What have you been laughing at?"

Miss Nachtigal was surprised. "I didn't know that I had been laughing," she said.

"You have been sitting there smiling to yourself at my feet," he asserted, putting his feet on the floor. "I saw you."

"I didn't know that I was. Of course I did notice them. I'm glad to see them back in their old place."

"That's certainly very nice of you but don't you think you'd better let bygones be bygones, Miss Nachtigal?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you."

"All right. Maybe I was touchy. Dictating makes me tired. But it's strange how the past keeps popping out at us. I should have thought that after what has happened we'd be closer together, but nothing ever seems to work out as I expect."

"I'm afraid I'm an unhappy reminder," she hinted, carefully smiling.

"No, it isn't that. Although I will admit that everything hasn't been easy. There have been times when I felt that matters would be simplified if you were as ugly as sin, had a hump too, and neither of us had memories longer than yesterday."

"What you should have, Mr. Dutton, is another secretary, a lovely young blonde thing, who would be extremely"—she emphasized the word—"nice."

Mr. Dutton leaned back in his chair rumbling with laughter. "No, thank you. No more trouble. Above all, no blondes. I prefer brunettes." He started to put his feet back on the desk but stopped. "With the help of your mirror, Miss Nachtigal, you ought to be able to draw a very good specification of my requirements. But I am surprised. I thought you were a friend of Mrs. Dutton."

"No," she said. "I'm a friend of yours. I'm resigning."

"What?" he cried. "What?"

"It isn't a sudden decision. I've

known that something was wrong for quite a while. Now I've made up my mind."

"I won't hear of it. You have no reason—no reason whatsoever."

"Reasons have been accumulating. Little things. Some of them were apparent this morning. I've been sounding you out. You don't want me around. I make you feel uncomfortable. You see, you've always had a way, Mr. Dutton, of letting me know what you wanted long before you were able to name it to yourself. You want me to go."

Mr. Dutton's hands lying on the arms of his chair contracted and slowly curled into fists.

"If I understand what you're driving at," he said, "you're accusing me of wanting to get rid of you so I can get another secretary. That's a nasty charge and entirely unjustified. I don't want adventures. I don't want anything except to forget this whole unfortunate affair. I was seriously at fault in that, I admit, but I've behaved myself since, and the matter should be allowed to drop if only you would let it. You're too damned clever altogether. You led me on, made a fool out of me, and now you get some kind of satisfaction, revenge, or something, out of reminding me of it, taunting me. That's all I see in it. You're too—I'm willing to stand criticism as well as the next man but you're too—well, the point is, we don't seem to be able to get back on the old footing."

"I'm sorry you feel this way."

"I don't feel any way," he contradicted, "but you've raised this issue. I never would have done so. Now it's up, we might as well face it. If you want to resign, you may. But as some of the responsibility has been mine, I'm going to compensate you for losing the position."

"No, thank you, Mr. Dutton. This is not a matter for compensation. I

will not accept more than two weeks' salary."

"Oh, yes, you will," he asserted, unlocking the desk drawer in which he kept his checkbook. "I'm going to have a clean conscience in this. You and your young man can get married on it."

They argued for a long time.

After she had left the room he continued to smoke thoughtfully. He reviewed in his mind what she had said concerning him and he decided firmly, lighting another cigarette, that she was wrong. He would not even take part in the choice of her successor.

That was up to Mrs. Abbott. He put out his hand to the telephone to call Mrs. Abbott, but stopped. It could wait until to-morrow. Shaking his head, he returned his checkbook to the desk drawer and locked the drawer. From where she had thrown it, he picked up and smoothed out the crumpled check to Miss Helen Nachtigal for one thousand dollars. He stared at it for a long time. He put the check in the ash-tray and burned it, watching the paper writhe and blacken against her name, and with a pencil, sighing, he beat the curled ash into fragments.

CHALLENGE

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

WHO shall rebuke me that I still must sing
Amid the shattering of the testing time?
Even though I hear the vast, avenging wing
Beating the dusk above the belfry's chime;
Even though I see the lean form of despair
Turn from the bread line to the bitter night,
Roofless and hearthless in the lethal air,
Lorn of the hope that guides the gander's flight.
Let me be broken on starvation's wheel,
Aye, let me share the universal dearth,
If so my voice be raised like glittering steel
To shake a few bright, burning stars to earth—
Great God, are we so futile that we die
Without a challenge brandished in the sky!



THE JOURNAL OF A MAN OF LETTERS

PART II

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

In this second and concluding installment of excerpts from the intimate journal in which the late Gamaliel Bradford wrote almost every day of his life, the entries are drawn from the period 1920-1929.—*The Editors.*

WHEN life is teasing, and my nerves are stretched and strung and feverish, nothing rests, nothing comforts me like a book, almost any book. Of course there are books that tease too, books that I instinctively avoid, as I avoid some people. But I avoid most people and I avoid few books, though there are some that I turn away from with respect but without much desire. It does really get to be almost a mania, like a drug habit. I grudge more and more the time given to other things. I think it is not that I like people less, but that I like books more, and that in the most charming human society I am always thinking of the far more charming book that might absorb my soul. And it has always been so with me. The delight of buying books has largely deserted me now, partly from physical inability, much more because I have all the books that I should buy with passion. But the love of touching them, of having them about me will last and grow as long as I have fingers and a soul.

Picked up at the Athenæum and brought home a book by a certain Isaac Marcossou—a journalist's book, a book of the day, eminently of the day, full of characters of large present

prominence and destined some of them to be dead to-morrow, some of them not. The sort of book to make me particularly despair. It is the record of one who has knocked against life, all sorts of life, from earliest childhood, who has seen everybody and been everywhere, has interviewed statesmen and generals and anarchists and artists and poets and financiers, and in the intervals of such interviews has passed odd, instructive hours in rubbing against the lowest strata of the lowest world. And I, poor I, who try to know and understand the heart solely from my own poor and limited specimen! I, who have lingered for fifty years in the shadow of my own roof-tree and the comforting seclusion of my own hearthstone, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, learning nothing, if seeing and hearing are the true and sole sources of learning, shut up with my own soul and books. . . . I do not think the man goes so deep. But one needs so much of the surface also, and of the surface I have nothing—except what my weak imagination gives me.

The comfort of nature. Day by day I revel in it. Night by night, in the long, heavy wakeful hours, the soothing charm of some dainty, small flower, of some delicious, quivering sound comes

to entrance my weary nerves and throbbing brain. I do not ask for the great aspects, the sudden and enthralling wonders, though I confess that I should revel in an afternoon of the blue, white-sailed sea, or an hour, just an hour of some tremendous mountain shadow. But I do not ask or really need these things, just the ineffable, quiet touches that are daily about me. The infinite, gradual process of the seasons! The aspect of early autumn is upon us already, the deep calm of the windless mists, the soft, heavy, dew-drenched sunshine, the shrill chatter of the crowding blackbirds. And the flowers, oh, the flowers, the delight of them is inexhaustible. The golden-rod, piling the dusty corners with gold, and the coarse blue chicory mingling with it, coarse when looked at too closely, like too many beautiful things, but at a distance enveloping whole sweeps of field with a soft, celestial blue. And the gorgeous, drooping, crimson milkweed, and the splendid spires of the fireweed, and the black-speckled jewelweed, and in the midst of its yellow clusters the rare, sudden, dazzling velvet gleam of a cardinal flower, like a scarlet tanager among green leaves. And then the spirea and the hardhack. I do not know what two wild flowers I love more, except the dreamy, disordered trail of the wild roses.

Went back this afternoon to the Bach Fugues and Preludes, which I used to play and play so many years ago. Ah, what memories they bring, evenings in this same parlor forty years ago, before I went to Cambridge and began to live, though I had begun to love long before and what else has ever been living to me, except glory? Love and ambition, nothing else is life, absolutely nothing, so far as I have lived it, or tried to live it. And again the Bach Fugues in Cambridge, when I was toil-

ing through those years of passionate solitude. And I do take it as some credit to myself that in all those days of passion and struggle I should have loved Bach. Who like him has the sure, firm standard of spiritual control in the midst of all the sway and play and fury of tormenting passions? Some indeed say that with his trim wig and court sword he knew nothing about tormenting passions, but just went his quiet German way, in endless repetition of endless order and neat-trimmed perfection, without the vaguest consciousness of all the tumult and despair and sorrow in the world. They misjudge him utterly. Under the immense control and government of those regulated fugues there lurks as tremendous passion as in Beethoven, much more tremendous than was ever found in Wagner, so far as my imagination of Wagner goes. All the passions and all the movements of the wide world are to be divined in Bach, or so it seems to me, so it has always seemed. Take in the first part of the D-major fugue, take that fluttering, perturbed, restless tremble all through it, almost as wild and unsettled as the mazurkas of Chopin, and then see what a climax it works up to. I love to play those last two measures over and over again! How little I know in music that matches the sweeping, solid descent of those tremendous chords, resolving all the flutter and turbulence into the majestic serenity of endless hope and confidence. Or in the second part, take the solemn dignity of the E-flat fugue, and so on with scores of them.

To-day I played Mendelssohn and Chopin. The differences are so curious and so subtle to analyze, at any rate for me. Chopin has played a very great part in my emotional life. The waltzes and mazurkas were among the first things I began to play with passion, and when I return to either of

them, as I did to-day to the waltzes, they recall vast vistas of dreams and aspirations and despairs, full of a poignant ecstasy. All this association, I suppose, greatly colors my judgment of Chopin, as all my judgments of all literature and of all art are abundantly colored by just such. But it does seem to me that Chopin's passion is deep and true. It is for the most part mere, pure passion, the essence of the romantic impulse, for which the More, Babbitt company have such infinite contempt. I cannot help it: my soul is with them, always has been, and always will be. And these heights of rapture and depths of huge despair, few musicians have seized and interpreted them for me as Chopin does. He has not the intellectual balance of *Obermann*, or of Leopardi. He comes nearer to Shelley than to any one, and he is far less intellectual than even Shelley. But the instant you turn to Mendelssohn, what a difference. Yet Mendelssohn is fun to play, too, especially for four hands, and the quartette that we played to-night, so arranged, I found delightful. But of spiritual depths Mendelssohn somehow seems to know nothing. Yet again the comparison between him and Schubert is most interesting. Schubert at his best, in the best of the Sonatas, is deeper than Mendelssohn, but usually far cheaper and more sentimental.

There is certainly a strange, strange fascination about the movies, a fascination somewhat difficult to analyze. It lies partly, I think, in the continuous darkness, without even the break between the acts which one gets in the ordinary theater, partly in the strange and unusual silence, broken, to be sure, by the music, but prevailing in a singular and impressive way through the suggestion of the most violent and pervading passion. And this impres-

sion of unearthliness is much enhanced by the most striking feature of the movie representation, its extraordinary mobility. It is by this that it gains over the ordinary theater. The marvellous facility of passing from one place to another, of conveying, or suggesting, even the thoughts of characters by suddenly interposing the fragment of a vanished experience or a future hope, is intensely absorbing and exciting. There seem to be immense possibilities of beauty and power there, which I think some day must be utilized. Such effects as Maeterlinck gets, for instance, one would think ought to be possible, and a genius like Shakespeare's should be able to take hold of it and do something—what?

Shut off in complete isolation . . . all alone and forgotten in the great hurry of the world, as indeed all individuals are, and as I shall certainly be a year after I am laid deep in Mount Auburn, where I think I do really wish I were this moment. Yet the beauty, the marvellous beauty of these October days, and never have they been more beautiful than this year. These are the real dream days. Hardly a breath of air, so that the vanes point all ways at once and the leaves drift idly down, falling, falling straight upon the turf beneath the trees, and there is dream in the sky, so soft, so enormously pervious to the wide-roving imagination, and there is infinite dream in the color, so delicate, so delicious, so evanescent and fading. None of the timid yet soaring, vastly hopeful, tender green of June, none of the assured splendor of August. Just the last exquisite grace of perishing mortality putting forth all its lingering witchery and fascination before descending—whither? Ah, how shall we know? How shall we know? All the passion of our lives, all the burning, irrepressible, inexpressible longing of our souls pour themselves into that

forever reiterated question, and because we cannot answer it, the overwhelming beauty of these October days is not enough for us, but only teases us into a madder agony of desire.

To the Symphony Rehearsal this afternoon, for the first time for three years, and astonished and pleased to find how much I enjoyed it. As I have written over and over again, I owe infinite delight to music. But that delight is most variable and never comes when called for or commanded. Elaborate concerts of classical music may touch me at moments and carry me away completely. But in the main they are apt to leave me cold, and I have to sit through many hours for a few moments of exquisite rapture. This is especially so when I go seldom and irregularly. If I keep up the practice week by week, I get my heart and head both full of music, and my nerves are far more readily susceptible to it. . . . I think part of the pleasure was owing to the conductor, Monteux. Muck I never could endure. To me he was the offensive Prussian drill-master, long before he became so to others. And while he had trained the orchestra to the utmost point of perfect execution in precision and detail, he never seemed to me to have the least power of lifting and carrying away either orchestra or hearers. This man, Monteux, is awkward and ungainly in movement, quick and jerky; but he has passion and fire and energy and so gives me these things far more than ever Muck could. But the absurdity of listening to such an eminently solitary rapture as music in such a dressed, conventional crowd. The birds sing in the sunlit depths of lonely woods and take one's whole soul up into the sunshine with them. But the manners and the airs and the stiffness and the fashionable indifference. Music must be divine indeed to overcome these things!

It is vain to think of living without writing. Senseless as it is, fruitless, pointless, inexcusable, I was born to write and I shall die with the typewriter hovering over me. There is no escape for me and why should I seek any? Only when I am actually at work is the breath of life in me. Only when the ideas, when the vague, supreme forms and shadows of beauty are pressing upon me and crowding about me do I actually exist. For the rest, I am a mere phantom, struggling and groping through a phantom world. And it is especially in this creative work that the life comes. The Portraits are all very well and I shall certainly go back to them. For ten years they filled my life altogether and seemed to be almost enough for it. But they never were quite. Poems, plays, novels, to move forever through the vast collection of ghostly shapes that I have embodied for myself—that is the thing that really counts, the one supremely torturing felicity. Torturing, for I know, I suppose I know, that I can never really succeed in it. If I had the gift, the genius, I should have succeeded long ago, years since should have had the world adoring at my feet. And the world continues cold and indifferent and only a fool would cater to its suffrage any more. Yet I cannot, cannot give up, and that just because of the pure ecstasy of the creation. Oh, how I felt it when I got back to it this morning, how I said to myself that I should be a fool, a fool to give it up, even when I know it can lead to nothing. To feel those swift, sonorous lines pouring out of me, to feel them surging up from some mysterious spiritual fountain, and pouring out of me—there is no rapture in the universe that can equal it, even if it leaves one worn and exhausted afterward.

These persons who buzz about to the ends of the world regard my life as

monotonous, wonder how I can endure the day in and day out sameness of it. Monotonous? Why it shifts and changes like the clouds of heaven. Not only are no two days and no two hours the same, but no one can predict the sudden surprises, the gasping wonders that overcome me like a summer cloud and keep my spirit perturbed with a perpetual thrilling astonishment and delight—or shuddering fear. Now this morning I plunged for two hours in the strange and complex wilderness of John Brown's soul. And this afternoon I went up to the college library and there jumped to the soul of Edwin Booth. Is it possible to imagine a greater variety? Have these wanderers, who brush against the monotonous outer garment of men and women and never touch their souls, half the strange assaults of wonder that possess me when I plunge into such mighty and fascinating contrasts as that? Brown as ignorant of the æsthetic world and as remote from it as Christ, wholly wrapped in the strange workings of vivid and passionate action; Booth an artist, with all the subtle and shifting motives that stir and wrinkle the artist's spirit. And yet the two having in common an overwhelming, intense desire to do something great in the world, to do what one calls the will of God and the other achieving glory, but what results in both in the same mighty and absorbing passion. Monotony! If one could find and enjoy a little monotony for a few hours, one might find oblivion and peace. And as if the mad shifts of souls were not enough, the mighty contrasts of nature. This afternoon a fierce, furious north wind, tossing the elm and oak boughs like the waves of the sea, driving great clouds across the face of heaven; this evening incomparable, unutterable calm.

Glory? What does it mean? "I like not such grinning honor as Sir

Walter hath." And I perfectly understand the hollowness of all kinds. Still, it is the main thing I have always demanded from life, and I shall keep on demanding it so long as there is breath in me. . . . Struggled downstairs to dinner and afterward played a Mozart Concerto with H. A wonderful thing it was, so finished, perfect, so saturated with delicate and ideal grace. The largo—you instantly recognize the difference between it and any largo of Beethoven. There is a troubled profundity in Beethoven's that Mozart never touched, never even imagined. But the classical purity of Mozart, in his turn, is quite beyond most of Beethoven. Such are the admirable differences between geniuses.

In these successive portraits there is a sort of groping at first. I cannot seem to find my way, all is hazy, confused, obscure. Then suddenly somehow I get hold of a thread, a clue, and gradually all reduces itself to order and symmetry. Of course what I have to guard against is the illusion that the order is really in the subject instead of being merely a creation of my own fertile fancy, a mold into which I am trying to force nature. There is the horrible danger of formulas, so especially threatening for a born and bred generalizer like myself. In Goethe's phrase, *der Mensch weiss nie wie anthropomorphisch er ist*. And it is equally true that the biographer never knows how much disposed he is to construct a likeness of himself when he thinks he is mirroring another human being. I must be careful not to push this formula for Burr, that in everything, in love, war, law, and politics, he was first and last amusing himself, that he took nothing seriously, at least nothing with passion or intensity, though it is perfectly evident that he could take many things with self-possessed, clear-headed seriousness.

But all and always for that one same end of his own amusement, or so it seems to me. I have gathered this overwhelmingly from the journal of those two European years, when he was exiled, abandoned, deserted, cut off from all those he loved, desperately poor, sick, wretchedly uncomfortable. Yet through it all the main tone is one of infinite amusement, not stoical philosophy at all, but lighthearted readiness to be amused by everything.

Strange, the fascination that these Damaged Souls have for me. I have been reflecting on it a good deal during these days that I have been so busy with Randolph. With the Arnolds and the Burrs and the Randolphs and the Barnums and the Booths I am at home. Burr and Arnold apparently draw me by opposition. It is impossible to imagine tempers more contrasted than mine and Burr's: one quarter, one hundredth, of the miseries he went through would have prostrated me completely, and to watch him dance through them gaily, singing and loving and giving, puts me into a sort of trance of fascination, such an attitude would be to me so utterly impossible. Randolph—in a sense he is more different from me than Burr. The egotism, at least in the form of self-assertion, the restless establishment of one's personality by the dogmatic projection of it, the violence of temper—all these are foreign to me. But the doubt, the despair, the intolerable sense of the hollowness of life, these Leopardi and *Obermann* elements, oh, how I have known them. "I often mount my horse and sit upon him ten or fifteen minutes, wishing to go somewhere but not knowing where to ride, for I would escape anywhere from the incubus that weighs me down, body and soul; but the fiend follows me '*ex croupa*.'" You can have no conception of the intenseness of this wretchedness, which

in its effect on my mind I can compare to nothing but that of a lump of ice on the pulse of the wrist, which I have tried when a boy." How is that? Portrait material there, isn't there? What a portrait I ought to make out of it, and so different from Burr!

Back in the ear misery again, to my horror. . . . This morning by no means clear when I got up, and to avoid possible accidents I settled myself to write in my own room, instead of going upstairs, but otherwise did not give the matter much attention. About half-past nine, however, I felt so distinctly unsettled that I got up from the typewriter and moved over towards the bed, and then had just time to throw myself upon it before the descent of one of those furious, convulsive disturbances, which are the form the thing has taken lately. It lasted only a few minutes, but it was bad enough while it did. There was the same sensation of utter upheaval: the bed seemed to rise right up in the air, and the illusion was so intense and vivid that again I gripped tight hold of the side of the bedstead to prevent falling off into space, though of course I knew perfectly well that I was reposing quietly in the middle of the bed in a horizontal position. At the moment I was just in the midst of the last page of the fifth chapter of my *Pepys* and particularly anxious to finish it. But in an hour or so I pulled myself together and finished my chapter at any rate.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave. At any rate, you do not turn into them until you are pretty well on the way there. The distinguished artist in medallions, Spicer-Simson, begs to be allowed to exercise his skill on me. He is making now a volume of heads of American authors and is anxious to include me among them. This is the glory part of it. The grave comes a

little later. So he comes this morning, and I make a great effort to be dressed and ready for him, as my ear fortunately seems a little better. And he is a charming fellow, an Englishman, but extremely sympathetic, full of his art, but not unduly so. And, as he practices it, it is an exquisite art indeed. He has done all the great English authors, Shaw, Galsworthy, Masfield, Walpole, Bridges, etc., and showed them to me, and they were wonderfully beautiful and subtle and characteristic. It interested me, because, in a sense, it is so close to the work I am doing myself. For he varies his treatment in the most delicate fashion possible, to suit his subject and to bring out the fundamental character in the most telling way, as I do, or attempt to do. And we exchanged views on this. . . . Then at the end of an hour of this came the grave part; for suddenly, as I sat in the chair posing, I fell over quite flat onto the floor and had to crawl on to the bed the best I could.

Again and again tempted to give up the literary struggle, as I have been so many times before. There is infinite delight in it, but there is also infinite wear and tear, and I do not relish being reprimanded by young impertinence for my "fatuous familiarity which grows increasingly offensive." Would it not be better not to expose oneself to such things and just lie about all day and read delicious things over which others have toiled their souls out, and rejoice in the sensation that one is not suffering as they did? Which is all quite absurd, because I know perfectly well that I shall never give up the struggle so long as I live.

Oh, the wild world, the puzzling, inextricable world, the perplexing, seducing world, the dissolving, elusive world, which slips away into incomprehensible nothingness when you try to

grasp it. . . . And where is God in it all, the old, old question, which it seems as if I might be weary of asking? And I have not asked it of late so much in this journal, but I am always asking it in my heart. Curious, how this matter of God always seems to elude me in my portraits. Intensely preoccupied with it as I am, I never seem to find the portrait in which I can develop my longing fully. Perhaps it is just as well. There was my attempt at Phillips Brooks. . . . Then last spring I took up Beecher. . . . Then I have before me Mrs. Eddy. . . . I promised myself that here at last would be the chance to bring in God and something of the mystic's rapture. Now Mrs. Eddy too slips away from me, and it looks as if I should leave the last half of the nineteenth century without touching God at all. And in my next volume comes Theodore Parker. And I am curious to see whether he will fail me also, or whether, if I am able to do him satisfactorily, it will then prove that there is little of God there. At least when I get back to Lyman Beecher and Jonathan Edwards and the other eighteenth-century people, it seems as if God ought to be all. Yet who can say?

I do not believe that the mystic's rapture can carry away a man and wrap him out of himself more thoroughly than the work that I am now doing for an hour and a quarter each morning. And then, as always, for the remainder of the day I am dead, and simply wait in passionate self-collection for the arrival of the next morning. In that brief hour and a quarter I am now able to do an immense amount of work; for I have improved my system over what it used to be. I now insist very strictly upon getting everything connected with my work out of my head as far as possible after twelve o'clock each noon, reading and writing

and everything else. Otherwise it would hang about me all day and render sleep and rest extremely difficult. From twelve until six the next morning I let it alone. Then when I awake at six my mind sets to work at once, with all the energy it is capable of. For the hour until I get up I go over all my projected writing for the morning, outline clearly every section of the plan that is already made, arranging every paragraph in the order I wish it to follow; so that, when I sit down to the typewriter at half-past eight it is scarcely more than letting my fingers follow a process of dictation.

Trip down the river with M. Not having touched a paddle for three or four years, and being one mass of lameness from my neck to my feet, I was not sure what exercise of that kind would do to me. But after all there is no exercise that is gentler or less exhausting, and I managed to paddle mildly for an hour to an hour and a half with little fatigue at the time and scarcely any increase of lameness to-day. The river was extraordinarily beautiful, not a touch of air all the time, and reflections that were incomparable. Everywhere were the July flowers, the pickerel weed and the nightshade—if it is nightshade—the fireweed and the button-bush, all the pale bloom that we used to see along those shores together fifty years ago. And it is astonishing how little the shores have changed; where we went hardly an alteration in the general features of the landscape, simply the growth and disappearance of a few trees here and there; but the wide meadows stretch in their perennial green and yellow as they did then.

This morning I get a letter from B. expressing his pleasure in his visit here, but also his regret that he did all the talking, and his wish that instead I had

told him something about my way of doing things. Which ought to be a lesson, if I were not altogether too old to learn them. I think in part I acquired my idea of conversation from my father, who used to triumph in his ability to draw people out and make them tell him about their affairs, though at the same time he was so passionately absorbed in his own one main interest in life, that the slightest excuse would lead him into an endless monologue on the subject. But anyway, I come more and more to feel that the theory is a mistake, and I was interested to find a strong statement to that effect the other day in that most shrewd observer Doudan. He says, do not talk to people about their special interest. They get enough of it anyway, and they are sure to feel that they are being exposed and be disturbed with you afterwards, as B. evidently was, however they may be led on at the time.

Trying to read Dreiser's *American Tragedy*, a solid piece of realism in two huge volumes. Sincere, vigorous, straightforward stuff. As compared with Mrs. Wharton, it seems to me to show a far closer real knowledge of the life dealt with, though this may be my imagination. As compared with such wretched trash as the Kathleen Norris I read not long ago, dealing with much the same sort of people, Dreiser is genuine to a notable degree. And its mere simplicity does hold you, as Sinclair Lewis does, though Dreiser does not seem to me to get the typical quality of *Babbitt* and *Main Street*. But with both of them there is merely the surface of things, nothing of the touch of profound emotion that I got in a Beethoven adagio this evening, for instance. And in this Dreiser there does not seem to me to be the faintest suggestion of the power of genius in style. It is all dead, uninspired, utterly. And as with Mrs. Wharton

and Lewis and Miss Cather and Edna Ferber, not the faintest gleam of humor.

Took this hot summer afternoon to go all alone to the Plymouth Theatre, to see a musical comedy. Strange and delicious experience it always is, when I do not indulge in it too often. I suppose it might get as tiresome as the movies if I went every week. But the charm of it seems far, far greater than that of the movies, in the living, moving, above all, speaking human beings, who are present right before you. The piece in itself was trivial and infinitely vulgar, as those things apparently are nowadays, and probably were when I used to revel in them in my boyhood. But it is the atmosphere that enchants me, the strange suggestion of the movement and the color and the quick vitality of life, from which I have always, always been so far away, and which affects me with the witchery and the confused fascination of a dream. Probably the charm of it is far greater just because of that remoteness. I am sure that to live in the midst of chorus girls and champagne and wild dances would never have satisfied me in the slightest, on the contrary, would have bored me even more than quiet at home with books. But the dreamlike suggestion seems to sweep and swing me into worlds not realized, and to hint that, in Obermann's phrase, *tels que nous sommes nous pourrions vivre dans un monde meilleur*, more exciting, that is more oblivious, which simply brings one back to the old horror of life and the I and the search for any form of oblivion. And then it was most of all the music through and over everything. The symphony concerts are all very well, but they have not for me the suggestion of passion and longing and ecstasy strangely mingled with despair that these popular strains bring with them.

The fancy takes me to write down the systematic schedule of my day, as I have not done it for several years, and I imagine few persons have both the inclination and the opportunity to stick to such an inviolable routine. I get up in the morning at ten minutes of seven, having already been awake for at least an hour, take my cold bath, dress, and am ready for breakfast, which is always ready for me at precisely half past seven. After breakfast, if I am writing, I write during the hour from half-past eight to half-past nine. If I am not writing, after the mail is examined—not answered—I settle myself to my morning's work and allow very little interruption from nine or half-past till half-past eleven. This is really all the time that is given to my work at all. At half-past eleven I read poetry for fifteen minutes, always according to a systematically arranged schedule of authors, or at any rate language, which varies with the different months, an alphabetical order being observed. To go into detail, I begin the month in each quarter with Dante, Milton, Virgil successively for two mornings. Next I take either a Greek play—every other month—or two books of Homer or a comedy of Plautus or Terence. I follow this with a Spanish play, alternating each month with one or two books of the Italian epics, Tasso, Ariosto, Pulci, etc. If I have any days left before the twentieth, I devote them to English poets generally. From the twentieth to the twenty-fifth I read Latin. The remainder of the month is given every month to French and the alternates to German, Italian, and Spanish in alphabetical order. I am thus minute because it does seem to me a remarkable instance of the application of habit to things of the spirit. From twelve to ten minutes past one I lie down and sleep if I can, generally not. I then get up for dinner at half-past one, and, if I get a few minutes while

waiting, I give them to the delicious reperusal of my own works, of which the supply is of course inexhaustible. But I see I must continue tomorrow.

To go on with the schedule begun last night. My afternoons generally are the only irregular part of my time, because when I have the health and strength I try to go out and about. But now, when I am shut at home, they are as systematic as the rest. After dinner I play on the piano with H. or alone, for half to three-quarters of an hour. Then till half-past three I attend to correspondence and accounts. Then I get out to walk for as long as my wretched halting limbs will endure, at present not more than a half hour at the outside. When I get back, I lie down flat for an hour, from half-past four to half-past five. Then I get up and settle myself first with a few pages of Greek poetry, then with a few pages of my past journals till six o'clock. Then begins my regular evening with fifteen minutes before supper devoted first to four pages of Shakespeare or some other Elizabethan (all arranged in alphabetical order), then to a language, Italian, Latin, Spanish, German, four pages, then four pages of French criticism, again on an orderly and systematic basis. After tea at quarter-past six I again play with H., if she is at leisure. Then I come upstairs and write exactly a page of this journal. Then I settle to my evening reading, either of French or English. I used to give alternate weeks of the month to these, but the French is so much more seductive that now I give only the first week to English and the last three to French. This takes me till eight o'clock. Then a half-hour of detective story, if I am fortunate enough to have one. Then a half hour's reading to H., and at nine o'clock to bed. If it be thought that such a program suits a machine, and not a human being, I can

only say that on this skeleton I hang the wildest fury of excited, convulsive thought and imagination that can be conceived, which makes quite variety enough.

The Strachey *Queen Victoria* and the *Essex* overwhelm me with absolute despair. What is the use of my even pretending to write when there are men of such genius as that, with whom I can no more pretend to compete than I could with Shakespeare or Tacitus? There is such depth and such delicacy, such profound penetration and such brilliant exposition. Nothing that I can possibly do can ever come near it. What makes the experience worth recording in a personal journal is the extremely personal bearing of it. I ought to put aside my own feelings altogether, as W. apparently does, and revel in the splendor and richness of the Strachey for itself. Instead, at every page I am devoured with poignant bitterness and distress to think how utterly my life has been wasted and how incapable I am of ever achieving anything of what this extraordinary master does at the first touch.

After all, my real life, the little I have left, is in the passionate succession of all these people I am dealing with, and I cannot get over the extraordinary hold they take upon me for the time and the extraordinary swiftness and completeness with which they depart. And it is exactly the way I like it, and apparently I was created to have ephemeral friendships such as these, which glide away from me into eternity. There is nothing stable, nothing solid, nothing substantial about me, a mercurial creature, all passing emotions and temporary and superficial response. The strange thing is that with such extreme, absurd fluidity, there should be such permanence also. For, as I look back over the past and read the

journals and letters of fifty years ago, I am more than ever impressed with the strange identity on which I am always insisting. I am in all essentials just what I was as a boy of twenty. I do not think there has been any vital or material change whatsoever, nothing but the slight modification that age necessarily introduces into the powers and the aspirations. And yet, no, by God! I think these latter are as intense and violent as they ever were. As to the powers—that is another matter. Yet according to A., there is some power in the spirit that wrote the “Bernhardt” and the “Ninon.” And did I write the “Bernhardt” and the “Ninon”? That is just the interesting point. A year ago my days and my nights were all full of George Sand. Now I have forgotten her as completely as I have Robert E. Lee. It is not three months since I worked on Bernhardt and I seemed to be living in her soul. Now it is only with extreme effort that I can recall what sort of woman she was. And with even Ninon, of only three or four weeks ago, it is the same. What sort of a soul must mine be that can identify itself so entirely for a short period and then lose the identity altogether? But it adds greatly to the charm of life.

In the hammock, probing the dry and unprofitable soul of Coolidge. Suppose I shall later be able to get at

something of the man; I hope so, at any rate. I certainly shall not do it from these dreary speeches, as a whole mere masses of desolate emptiness unrelieved, a waste of commonplace and convention such as I could hardly believe in, if I did not read it. The contrast between that and the beauty about me, for the charm of that hammock on the east piazza is unmatched as ever! That glorious sweep of sky, never for two moments the same, and the glorious expanse of swaying green under it, now draped and silvered with delicate haze, now tossed with a magnificent wind, as to-day, turning the under side of the oak leaves in great waves of splendor.

Did I put down the other day—I think I did—the formula that came to me the other morning, before daylight, as the excuse and explanation of all my work? I was feeling reproached and discouraged because I was doing nothing helpful for the world. Then it came to me that after all perhaps what the world most needed, and always had needed, was mutual understanding, that men should be able to enter into one another’s hearts and lives. And surely this is the object and I hope the result of all my effort, that people should be better able to understand and sympathize. Perhaps not an altogether useless endeavor, either now or at any time.

(The End)



FOR POORER TRAVELERS

BY FORD MADOX FORD

THE two greatly romantic waters of Europe are the Mediterranean and the Rhine. Their waves flow out of the mists of history into the mysteries of to-morrow. When you come from the Mediterranean the shores of that other water are singularly gray. When I used to come there from London they seemed to blaze with color. Perhaps they call for uniforms, those so often invaded shores. But from Cologne to Basel in Switzerland we saw not a single soldier, far less any gay officer. In Mainz a couple of Nazis ran along the railway platform. They looked like convicts escaped from Ossining except that they had flat-brimmed caps. In Worms a very tiny cadet in a green uniform wheeled a bicycle through the industrial gloom.

I took it that that made those familiar regions seem sad to me. At any time I have only to close my eyes—or not even to close them—to see the Rhine bank and, if I let my mind move in a sort of panorama, I can see every village, every mountain contour, every gray church steeple from Coblenz to Bingen—or Geisenheim. In that last village many years ago I bought my first cigarettes from my—in true Rhine fashion—first love. She wore her hair in pleats over her ears and represented for me a blonde Flemish Madonna in an altarpiece. I do not think I ever saw her move, so still she sat, and I am sure I never addressed to her two words beyond the mere request for cigarettes.

That spot represented my first abso-

lute freedom from parental control. I had left my tutor—with whom I had been making that much of the Grand Tour of those days—and had walked from Soden in the Taunus, to visit in Geisenheim a friend who had been at my first, German, preparatory school with me. The lady who kept that school—Elisabeth Pleines Praetorius—had been born in the village and had been the favorite pupil of Froebel who invented kindergartens. She was a celebrated educationalist in England of those days, when all education had to have a German tinge; and, as far as I am concerned, all that I had in the way of education came from her, though I subsequently went to several other schools and learned to write Latin verse with great speed.

So, for me, the Rhine flows forever between its narrow, towering confines. And it will be forever in sunshine and peopled with folk mostly long since dead. Or, forever as one sits on a balcony, beneath the moon and the Milky Way, and smokes one's first cigarette and drinks one's first *sekt*, the rapid stream shall issue from the dark gorges above the Lorelei with, from the dead sunset, a smirch of silver on its wave-crests.

II

In my youth—when I smoked my first cigarette in Geisenheim which has nothing to recommend it to the attention but a six-hundred-year-old lime

tree which for me sheltered a romantic barber's- and cigar-shop—the Grand Tour was still regarded as giving the final touch of culture to the cultured of that day. It was typical of my education that it should have savored half of the German, half of the Latin tradition, and that the German half should have been imparted by the favorite pupil of Froebel. The Latin part could be given by any English usher. In addition, sentimental romance was left to the Germans. One had to know the legends of the Rhine because our formidable German educators insisted that one should know those legends and regard only those legends with awe. More languidly the Anglo-Saxon Latinists advocated a knowledge of the wanderings of Ulysses and of what songs were sung by the sirens or Sappho. Your culture, in short, was then exclusively of the Rhine and the Mediterranean. My grandfather in 1840 made exactly the same circuit that I have just been making for a month or so. His means of conveyance were different and his passport is decorated with the visas of a number of states that no longer exist. But the circuit was the same. He made his way to Paris, from which city the Grand Tour started. In Paris he bought a carriage and pair—a traveling calèche. In that he drove to Brussels, dallied there a day or two to visit Bruges. Then it was Bruges-Liège-Herbesthal-Aix-la-Chapelle-Cologne. Then it was Cologne-Coblence-Bingen-Mainz-Strasbourg-Colmar-Basel. At Basel a day or two to see the Holbeins, repair the carriage, buy new horses, and so due south to the Mediterranean. A year or so later Thackeray was making and describing exactly the same tour—still in carriages and pairs. A quarter of a century after, it was Conrad with his tutor—but they made it by railway except for crossing the Dolomites in a diligence—a four-horse

bus—and descending the Rhine on a steamer.

It did not much matter whether you came from London or Warsaw or even Washington Square (for in the early eighties Henry James made also the circuit and chronicled the phylloxera in all the vines of Europe), you made for some point of the circle and round you went. You opened your mind with a sight of Paris. Paris was then by no means the exclusive center of culture and the arts that it has since become. You went from France to Brussels and Bruges to view the Flemish masters. After whatever lightnesses you might have attained to in Paris it was proper to weigh yourself down with the Flemish meats, the wonderful heavy Burgundies, and the solid Belgian point of view. Then you made for Cologne by way of Aix-la-Chapelle which was the capital of Charlemagne. And after that—*The Rhine!* At Cologne you had the Cathedral with the miraculous legends of its builders and St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins and of the drunken Irish bricklayer who, after centuries of machinations by the Evil One, set the topmost stone on the last spire. At Bonn, with its unparalleled University sanctified by the successive presences of the Emperor and the Crown Prince—Big and Little Willie—you came in contact with *German Learning*. You saw the students in their queer caps and tight buckskin breeches and thin swords and shining top-boots and arrogant gait and duel-scarred faces and barrels of beer on wagons, and you wondered a little what all that could have to do with Learning. But you kept silent because you were told that the All Highest of erudition must know best. And opposite was Koenigswinter in the sun and the Seven Mountains in a ring, and the legend of the Drachenfels boomed in your ears. And then on feasting boats to a German band, always in

sunlight, you steamed up to where the mountains come close and there are castles on every crag above you. . . .

At Ehrenbreitstein—the Broad Stone of Honor—you met the beautiful Army. Ehrenbreitstein frowned in the sun up the Moselle towards the Frivolous French. The French of those days were always Frivolous for us who bore the full brunt of Rhineland education. The Rhine with all its waves sang Martin Luther's song:

Who loves not Wine, Women, and Song
Remains a fool his whole life long.

It was engraved on every student's *pokal*, illuminated in Gothic reds and blues on every officer's mess and blazoned over every burgher's *Stammtisch*. But what, we were taught, was right for Luther and north of the Rhine was cause for degeneracy to the south. . . . And the beautiful Officers. . . .

Yes, it is perhaps their disappearance that makes the Rhine a sad gray stream for those who never knew it in those days. With silver helmets, swords of parcel gilt, exquisite sweeping cloaks, gauntlets, and mustachios, they thrust you off the sidewalks and strode on, in splendid arrogance. They twisted all the hearts of the women between the tips of their gauntleted fingers; they clove to the chine with their shining swords all civilians who dared to differ from them on points of politics. Did a hillside above the river seem bare? At once a scarlet dolman over a lily-white charger lit it up. Were the skirts of the Black Forest somber above the waving terraces of vines? The glitter of a thousand sabres illuminated its depths. Or, were you lost in the Wood of Odin? A forester in his beautiful gray appeared from a thicket and led you home. And he recited Goethe's "Faust" for your entertainment! That they had any other purposes you never thought.

And then you steamed up into the

narrows of the Rhine, and all the throes of legend and the Lorelei streamed over you. Castle after castle frowned down, story after story pursued itself along the pages of the Rhine-guide that, if you were "serious" you held unceasingly. You bathed in robber barons, wicked bishops, dryads, wonder-beautiful maidens, miraculous madonnas.

But all that must be of the past.

Our party the other day knew nothing about it. We arrived at Boppard, ten miles or so above Coblenz. In the old days it was proper to settle down in Boppard for a space and there "do" the castles and the *Aussichtspunkte* with grave thoroughness. If you were really German or German-minded you had your alpenstock decorated with a brass band for every *Aussichtspunkt* that you climbed to on the Hunsrueck, the Schwarz- or the Odenwald. In the evenings you sat in a pergola on the Rhine bank and drank *Liebfrauenmilch* beneath vines and roses whilst the river hummed:

*An den Rhein, an den Rhein, zieh' nicht an
den Rhein
Mein Sohn, ich rathe dir gut.*

So I duly took my young American friends to Boppard, and we settled down in proper fashion in a little inn, where for a dollar a day you had a spotlessly clean room and simple but very good and plentiful meals. On the first day it rained. We climbed to the forester's lodge above the town and ate ham and eggs and drank the forester's pure, rough wine. From up there you see straight down into the streets of the little, dignified *Residenzstadt*. The gray, ancient slate roofs of the peaked houses, the convents, the churches have their own beauty. From up there, too, so much does the Rhine wind, you see it down four gulfs in the mountains, like four silver lakes. That seemed to me enough Rhine-lore for one day.

On the second day it rained. We took the boat to Bornhofen—ten minutes—and climbed to the castles of the Two Hostile Brothers Who Brought The Saracen Maiden From The Crusades. That, together with the fact that they quarrelled over the wonder-beautiful captive, seemed a good inoculation in castle-legend. In addition we had seen hundreds of pilgrims kneeling before the shrine of Our Lady of Bornhofen and a Masterful Abbot directing his Architect how to lay out a new wing to his monastery. A real Masterful Abbot in brown monk's robe and rope and skull cap and jack-boots to show he was an Abbot, whilst all around in the field were the lay brothers running about with measuring tapes. In bare sandalled feet, those. That seemed to me a really good dose of the gay, friendly, medieval Rhine spirit.

Next day it poured. I was spending a quiet moment planning from the map how we should climb to the Volcanic Lakes and the next day ascend to Castle Braubach—the *only* complete, untouched, unrestored medieval castle in Germany or the world.

A voice said over my shoulder:

"When's it going to begin?"

"What?"

"When's the gay Rhine life going to begin? The sunlight and flowers and local whoopee."

I explained that that was it—the quiet sojourn in Boppard and the engrossed pursuit through the silent, deep, climbing woods of the ancient spirit of those ancient places. And the deep breath you draw as the great Rhine landscapes open on you from a height.

The American voice said:

"But we want to *see* something. Anything. Good-looking women. Shop windows even. Why did we leave Cologne? There are at least good shops in Cologne and people in the

restaurants sometimes. . . . Yes, the food's pretty good here. But you can't eat when everyone around is starving. They are all starving. Don't you remember the twenty restaurant keepers in Coblenz? All these people are starving. . . . It's all gray here, the roofs, the rocks, the forests, the stream, the people's starving faces. . . . Take us to Basel, to Strasbourg. There's the clock in Strasbourg Cathedral: the Seventh Wonder of the World. And they speak French. Why didn't you make all these poor people be French too after the War? Then they would get something to eat and be peaceful. . . . In the vineyards on the mountains over the Mediterranean there are hundreds of little pink and white and blue and terra cotta cottages with scarlet roofs. Take us to the Mediterranean. For God's sake take us to the Mediterranean." So it happened.

It wasn't, you see, that they did not want to see castles and shrines and the miraculous statues of Our Lady. It was that the tradition of the Minnesingers had faded before that of the Provençal poets.

III

For myself I liked the Rhine well enough and I do not see why to men of good will it should not be glamorous indeed. My American friends, however, had continuously the nightmare that the Rhineland population was starving. That stopped any enjoyment that they might have felt—almost even the enjoyment of the wonderful Italian and German primitives in Cologne.

I could not myself see that anyone was in much need in that fertile country. They judged by the hotel-keeping population. Everybody connected with hotels seemed to be almost extravagantly anxious for our patronage. In Coblenz main street there are perhaps twenty restaurants, side by side,

half on each side of the way. In my day these were fashionable eating places, crammed nightly with officers and tourists. Now the once haughty proprietors stood on their doorsteps, and as we passed each door in turn they came out to meet us, almost imploring our custom. It was a dismaying experience. I may as well, however, complete it. We were bound for a restaurant that I had known years ago as the best in that city—the Alter Franziskaner—and I had been told that it was as good as ever. It was. And the prices were very moderate and, though it was a Friday, it was crowded.

So far as I could judge a country that I had once known very intimately, the real Rhineland is suffering relatively little. The Alter Franziskaner was crowded—with Rhinelanders. It was the proprietors of restaurants catering for English, Americans, and French that had stood on their doorsteps. For this class I am prepared to shed only very few tears. They are the same all the world over—a set of international bandits who used to prey on the idle rich with stratagems that kept them just within the law.

The real German—like the real French, Italian, Corsican, or North Carolinian—host is scrupulously and at times even painfully honest even to-day. He is used to dealing with his fellow-townsmen, travelers with a real purpose or *commis voyageurs*, and his credit is as dear to him as his bank balance. In all the establishments of that sort in which we stayed the story was the same: the year had been a pretty good year. There was nothing the matter with the Rhineland. Only the taxes were insupportable. It was always the same story to whomever one spoke. No, things are not so bad. The Government is very rich, but the taxes are so heavy that it is almost impossible to live. Without the taxes

we should not have very much to grumble about. That, over and over again. How it may be with the rest of Germany I do not of course know. But I know that the Rhineland was perfectly tranquil. For myself its inhabitants had the aspect not of starvation but of waiting. Not of waiting for anything but of people standing at a roadside to see what might happen along. The Rhine itself—the Rhine that I know—is mostly agricultural, though the water itself is a remarkable highway for commerce transported in barges. My American friends were appalled at the poor display in the fruit shops in Boppard and villages. That means starvation, they said. It means really that nearly all the population has fruit gardens of its own.

The originally poor are probably no poorer than they originally were. In the Rhine towns unemployment is less *pro rata* than in England or the United States and, owing to the foresight of Bismarck in the beginning, the unemployed are much better provided for in Germany in the way of unemployment insurance and other insurances than is the case in either of our nations. I happened to pass a few words with an Englishman in a little hotel on the Rhine. As luck would have it, he turned out to be a Communist leader from Manchester. He had been visiting the Berlin Communists as a guest and had stayed almost exclusively in the homes of the workless of that city. He said that the condition of the Berlin unemployed was incomparably better than that of a Manchester working man, even on part time. The Berliner had a clean house; there were no slums in the poorest working quarters; the furniture of the unemployed cannot be seized for rent. He had expected to pay his own way, but out of their unemployment payments they had been able to offer him excellent hospitality. Their chief anxiety had been fear of the

Nazis. Several times they had sat up armed all night, expecting a raid of Mr. Hitler's partisans.

At Mainz on a Sunday I heard the following hard-luck story from a headwaiter. He lived and usually worked in Wiesbaden at the most famous hotel of that watering place. Owing to the complete absence of English and Americans, he had had no work there this year. He came to Mainz for a Sunday job and thus got one good day's work a week. He received one mark eighty a day unemployment pay. He had a son who three years ago had passed a university examination in electrical engineering. The son had never had any work but received unemployment pay of thirty pfennigs a day. The wife worked in the kitchen of one of the Wiesbaden hotels. Her pay was very small but she was allowed to bring away some food every day. She had not worked before since their marriage. He was, therefore, receiving about two marks ten a day, plus his wife's salary, which was a little over fifteen marks a week. Say, with the food, it was worth twenty-two marks. That would give them about thirty-five marks a week—say a little over eight dollars, but with over twice their purchasing power. In addition he had what he earned in tips as headwaiter in the Mainz restaurant. That might be fifty marks. The restaurant is fairly large and quite expensive with a large *Stammtisch* patronized by the leading merchants of the city. In all, then, he would have less than twenty dollars a week. He had been accustomed to think himself a wealthy man and one of the leaders of his profession. Now, he said he could just not live on his takings and his wife had to go out to work. He had to draw on his savings every week to make up the deficit or if his family wanted any luxury. He had been for some years assistant headwaiter at the great Wiesbaden hotel

and before that an ordinary waiter for a long time in the same place, so his savings were probably fairly large. He said that last year he had thought that this year he would take a hotel of his own, but now that was not to be thought of and he was full of anxiety at having to draw on his capital. As far as politics went, he said what everyone else said. Except in the international hotel trade things were not so very bad. But the taxes were terrible. The Federal Government was very rich, but no one knew what the money from the taxes was spent on. It was reasonable to pay taxes but insupportable not to know where the money went.

On that Sunday night Mainz appeared to be the richest and gayest city that I had seen for a long time. Lights blazed everywhere. It was difficult to get a seat in the largest cafés and impossible to find any room to dance in the great dancing halls. It was like the real night-life that one is supposed to lead in Paris, but does not. That is not astonishing. The German was never a saver. His paternal government with its network of insurances prevented him from being so. So he will economize for a week and then on Sunday will spend whatever he has got together. He and his family must go to a café where there are lights and a band even if they take no more than a schooner of beer, and they must dance if they pay no more than a pfennig or two for the use of the floor. I had for a time in a town not far from the Rhine a secretary who was a doctor of philosophy and a quite learned man. He did not come to me on Saturdays because he lay all day in bed while his landlady washed his one shirt. He lived on an egg and a little rice every weekday. But on Sundays I would see him, glorious in his shining shirt, leaning over a table of the dearest restaurant in the town, discoursing gloriously to his guests. On the table would be caviare

and oysters and *sekt* in its silver ice-pail. He got rid thus of the not too small salary that I paid him. He was the true Rhinelander.

On the Monday Mainz was a little dull, a little drab, the markets not too full of goods or too well attended, the people in the streets not too hilarious. I had always regarded this city as being a dullish place. It is in Hesse, and the Hessians were always reported to be a dullish people. At school in England we were taught that we lost the American colonies because of the dullness of the Hessian troops which George III had bought like cattle of the Prince of Hesse and employed against his rebellious subjects. But they are probably taught something different in Indianapolis.

But the sign of poverty that most struck me on the Rhine was the complete absence of private automobiles. Even twenty-five years ago they were legion along the river. The first protracted motor run I ever made must have been in a Mercedes with a violent exhaust that shot from Bingen to Cologne with the noise of a machine gun at the astounding and forbidden speed of thirty miles an hour.

At any rate I was sitting under the sign Auto Garage on the stoop of the Hotel zum Hirsch in Boppard in the summer of 1906 when the garrison commander of Ehrenbreitstein—a splendid general with a highly decorated staff—drove almost by in a shining car with an escort of cars as shining. . . . I say “almost by” because as soon as his eye fell on the sign under which I sat he checked his car as if it had been his charger upon a battlefield. He called for the trembling host of the Hirsch—German Authority in those days was engaged in the almost impossible task of de-Gallicizing the German language—and told him that if he did not substitute a sign bearing a German equivalent for the words

“auto” and “garage” the Hirsch would be put out of bounds for all the officers in the Ehrenbreitstein command. Three days after there appeared a larger affair in enamelled iron. It bore the word KRAFTWAGENEINSTELLRAUM—Power-wagon-in-standing-room. I noticed that to-day that word on the front of the Hirsch has once more been replaced by the words Auto Garage.

Alas, there are no longer any Kraftwagen for the Einstellraum of that great hotel and the poor building itself is shut up. In the old days when one sat under the pleached limes of the Boppard river front, automobiles used to flash past on the opposite bank, wheel touching wheel, for all the world as they do on a Sunday along the lake in Chicago. The Sunday before last I spent most of the idle moments of the day watching that road across the river. Not one private car passed. There were a couple of yellow motor-removal cars, a few peasants' two-wheel carts, and a steady stream of wagons drawn by beautiful, shining oxen and laden with vats. It was *Weinlese*—the vine harvesting. The oxen were driven by nonchalant and contented peasants. They were driven down to the ferry, the wooden slopes of which had been specially roughened for them, and so in slow triumph they were borne across the river, home. The peasants were contented. The wine harvest has been pretty good. The price of wine is rising. And, as they eagerly read the papers they see that the betting is eleven to six that in 1933 the United States will be wet. The more speculative local banks offer to insure wine growers against the non-fruition of that blessing.

IV

But it is precisely the class that used to own automobiles that has been most

badly hit by the crisis—the industrialists, their higher employees, the local bankers. We rode in a third-class carriage with a banker who said that he had just come back from a fruitless visit to Chicago. All classes on the railway except the third are completely empty. And it is of course worst of all for the survivors of those who before the War lived on their savings or investments. I hardly dared ask after friends and connections I used to know in those places. It was enough to see their houses. The great white villa where the O's used to entertain all the great composers of the world and where you used to hear the most glorious music is now half a ruin, the plaster falling from the walls of rooms let out in tenements. The villa of the G's let out in tenements too, the invalid daughter of the old proprietor living in one upper room.

It is this class that is waiting—for nothing and without hope. Along the Rhine there is no political optimism because of mad schemes. The Rhine is solidly Catholic-Center. The Catholic-Center as a solid sectarian minority rules the Empire absolutely. Though elections were on there was no election fever. What the Rhine wants will be done. But the Rhine does not know what to want. . . . Who does?

What struck me most in all Germany was the softness of the voices that used to be harsh and arrogant. To-day they seem to express nothing but doubt and listlessness, as if confidence had gone from their world. It was for me a most singular sensation entering Germany after so long an absence. The train lumbered slowly uphill between Herbesthal and Aix-la-Chapelle—very slowly as it always used to do before Herbesthal, where at that time arrogance began. In the black night scattered lights wheeled in the distance and that approach seemed secret and stealthy. It was queer to think that under that

pall those lights that used to be Germany are now those of another country—and that by one's own actions to the measure of one's ability under a long strain of horror.

But I was cheered by one thought. At least in a minute we should be in the clutches of the barking, lusty, contemptuous fellows in their blue tunics and shining silver buttons. They would shout and bring us into line before the customs and passport offices, and we should feel the effervescence and uplift of our reactions.

Alas. Infinitely slowly—with the slowness of an Atlantic liner that is just touching the quay—the train crawled into South Aix-la-Chapelle station. The platforms were completely empty and nearly dark. There were no uniforms, there was no shouting. A weary man with a depressed flat cap, in some sort of blue with dull buttons, was lugging a brass train-lantern along the platform as if the weight had reduced him to exhaustion in those dimnesses. We asked him where our bags would be opened and our passports examined. Should we go up the platform; should we stay in the train? He said almost inaudibly:

Yes, no . . . He did not know. Perhaps . . . Up there. . . . Or he would send the officials to us.

Farther up the platform was a slightly more cheerful individual in a slightly brighter but still dim uniform. His voice was startling: soft, musical with all the music of Rhine voices. He said, Yes . . . No . . . He did not know . . . Somewhere . . . It did not matter.

In the old days these fellows were all Prussians. They seemed to have been replaced everywhere by Rhinelanders. Soft Southerners. Our baggage was never examined at all. We got back into the train and a very vague boy came and whispered "*Passkontrolle.*" He never opened my British passport;

the American ones he just opened as if bewilderedly and dropped them back into their owners' laps.

So they wait, that population, soft voiced and singularly gentle, as the Celts await the second coming of Arthur. It is really like that. A very self-assertive business man with a good deal of the Smart Aleck about him was talking to me, beyond Heidelberg, in the shadow of the Odenwald. His political ideas were a good deal more violent than those of the usual Rhinelanders. He said, for instance, that he had voted with the Hitlerites at the last election, although it was against his convictions, simply because he was afraid of the Red Band—Soviet Russia. He pulled out the photographs of his two children, a little girl and a smaller boy. These, he said, were the future. What horrors were reserved for them?

Suddenly he cocked up his chin pointing away over the tops of the trees of the forest. He said with deep earnestness:

"Ah, if only the Old Man who sleeps away up beyond there would make up his mind to wake up and come again among us, before then!"

In my young days Bismarck had already assumed the proportions of a solar myth that bestrode and held down the whole Old World. To-day he looms for that region like an immense figure of the Celtic Twilight, asleep among his northern woods. It might indeed be a good thing if he would wake up and come again among us.

V

In one thing Germany has made no concessions to us Anglo Saxons and the other lesser breeds beyond the Teutonic Law. That is in her cooking. By that she may yet save the world. For in her pleasant hostelrys, as on the

tables of her families, you find none of the horrors of tepid pink rubber and roughage with which we have rendered nightmarish all the highways of Europe outside Germany, and the New World. It is true that on the menus of the few horrible international caravanserais that still gaspingly plead for our patronage you may be offered all but raw 'rosbif and the dreadful *côte de veau Clamart* with its dismal garnitures of spinach and other horrible vegetables boiled in water and still exuding it. But even those mausoleums of dead digestions have very largely given up the ghoulish taste and gone back to normal German cookery which makes for a sufficiency of garlic and spices to let the gastric juices aid in the assimilation of really cooked food.

So that almost anywhere along the Rhine if you go into the first modest restaurant that offers itself to you you may consider yourself certain of getting a sufficient meal for eighty pfennigs, and the same meal with the addition of one or two of the specialties of the particular chef for between one mark twenty and one mark eighty. There will be a soup, ranging from sorrel or bean soup to oxtail or real turtle, a much more than sufficient portion of veal, beef, or roast chicken, from three to six vegetables all cooked in bouillon or sautéed with butter and well, if not strikingly, seasoned, and always a salad of lettuce hashed very fine and dressed with sour whey. Of this the Germans are extremely fond: they consider it more hygienic than vinegar. To that menu—which is the regular standard of a *prix fixe* meal, costing from eighty pfennigs to a mark—if you pay more there will be added a fish course and a more or less elaborate dessert, fruit, and cheese. The fish will as a rule be Rhine salmon or trout, crabs in salad, or a really admirable preparation of lightly marinated herring with a wine and cream sauce.

About this usual, everyday, bourgeois cuisine there is a certain sameness and, if you stay in a modest pension, you may be apt to find that your dinner will be an almost too close replica of your lunch—with the omission of the dessert, because on the Rhine they eat the heavier meal in the middle of the day. But the meat will always be good, almost invariably tender, thoroughly cooked through, and clean in the sense of not being greasy. In very cheap menus it will be apt to run rather often to stuffed breast of veal with hardly more than a thread of meat round the stuffing or to *Bouillon-Fleisch* which the French of the North call *bœuf-gros-sel*, and which consists of the beef that has been used for making bouillon. The bouillon will be given back to you in your soup and will be used to cook the number of vegetables served with the beef. The Alsatian menus are enormous in quantity and cheaper even than in Germany. Forten francs in a farmer's ordinary in Strasbourg I was presented with bean soup, the above *bœuf-gros-sel* garnished with horse radish, black radish, celeriac, and pickled kohl-rabi. This was called, as I have said, an *hors d'œuvre*, but there was more nearly a half than a quarter of a pound of the beef. After that there was blue trout with potatoes and melted butter, then a dish of sauerkraut literally large enough for five persons, the kraut being flavored after the Alsatian fashion with *foie gras*, cream, and cognac and garnished with huge slices of salt pork, fat bacon, and goose-breast. And after that there was Munster cheese and a slice of pie.

It is, in fact, to Alsace you must go if you wish to recapture the oldtime Rhine-spirit of medieval profusion and gusto. In Colmar or in Strasbourg there are crowds on the footways and never-ceasing automobile traffic, crowds in the taverns, and vast meals

on the boards—and great cheapness, if you will eat where the country people eat. If you eat where richer people eat you will have to pay a little more but the food will be exquisite in a lusty fashion. Here is a bill at the Koepferhaus (Maison de Têtes), a seventeenth-century tavern that is run by the *Winzerverein*—the association of wine-growers.

4 Couverts.....	FRS. 2
2 doz. Escargots.....	15
Faisan garni.....	55
1 doz. Ecrevisses (crayfish).....	21.60
1 Munster (cheese).....	1.80
1 Riquewihr Sporen (admirable Alsatian white wine).....	16
1 Colmar Pinot (local red wine very suitable to accompany pheasant).....	12
½ Doux (new sweet wine in proc- ess of fermenting).....	1.15
4 litres (black coffee).....	8
	<hr/>
	132.55

or say \$1.25 a head. Another excellent meal at almost exactly the same price per head consisted of a *terriner de foie gras* that was almost perfection, a truly memorable partridge on sauerkraut, and grapes and *beignets* for dessert. The wine on that occasion was *Voeglinhoffen Gewuerz Traminer*, one of the slightly heavier Alsatian white wines.

If you wish to eat the same sort of cooking on the German Rhine you must pay a little more. A very good meal—one well suited for the nipping airs of October on the Rhine—we had at the Alter Franziskaner in Coblenz, another at the Alter Johanniter in Worms, another at one of the popular Meyer restaurants opposite the Cathedral in Cologne. The Coblenz menu is worth reciting: crab salad and the admirable herring with cream sauce; venison collops with purée de pommes and a very good sauce flavored with tarragon and sherry; Munster cheese and chocolate pudding. The wine was

Berncastler Doktor—which is the best of all German Moselles—and *Assmannshaeuser* which is the best of all Rhinish red wines. The bill was fourteen marks for two: say \$1.75 per head. The meal at Cologne contained a memorable *Sauerbraten*—braised beef with a *sauce piquante* and several vegetables. I have forgotten the rest of this meal, which means that it was quite eatable. The cost per head, including beer, was one mark forty—say, with tip, thirty-seven cents. At poor Worms we had a *paprika schnitzel* with a sauce that I hope I may never forget and some *Liebfrauen Kloster* 1929, that was a little too sweet and heavy for my taste but such as other connoisseurs are never tired of lauding.

I say "poor Worms" because this city more than any other on the Rhine shows traces of the perpetual butcheries and razings that the Rhinelanders have had to put up with. Yet it remains wealthy and resorted to by merchants as it was in the days when it was one of the chief cities of the Roman Empire.

Belgium is usually called the cockpit of Europe, but from time immemorial the Rhine has suffered more. During recorded history these German riverine peoples have never been autonomous, free, or unmenaced—and they have never delayed to set about the work of reconstruction after disaster. It is perhaps that that has given them their soft voices, their gentle manners, their patience in waiting for the unknown, their tenaciously preserved tradition of cooking, and their powers of kindly welcoming the poorer travelers. The richer travelers seem to have gone to the places where there await them the glorious officers, the proud barons, the wonder-beautiful maidens, and the world-glamorous Rhine legends.

I will add a couple of notes for the assistance of such poorer travelers. In all these regions, by law, the tipping for

service stands at ten per cent of your bill. I have the assurance of at least twenty landlords, headwaiters, underwaiters, and of a number of private persons that no more is expected and that no one will be thought mean who gives no more. That ten per cent will be included in the bill which will be presented to you. Hotel rooms in all these regions may be had at almost any price from one mark fifty to ten marks—from thirty-seven cents to two dollars and fifty cents. The cheapest rooms will be clean, bright, and provided with steam heat—a thing that I personally deplore but which will be disastrously efficient. On the German side of the Rhine if you find the room offered you too expensive you should say, "This room is too dear for me," and you will be shown a cheaper room. The German hotel-keeper does not bargain. In the French Rhine provinces—and in France generally—in the same circumstances you should say, "This room is too dear," *tout court*, and the hotel-keeper will reduce his price for that room. The French host finds bargaining to be the salt of life. You should say these things in English and never attempt the language of the country. The languages of most of the German Rhine and of all Alsace and Lorraine resemble no other French or German and nearly all the inhabitants speak a sort of English. In the summer you should choose for your sojourn a spot on the south bank of the river. The summers are very hot, and in that way you will be in the shadow of the mountains or the house-fronts. But after Michaelmas and through the season of grape-gathering you should live on the north side. The sun vouchsafes as a rule a good deal of his light to the ripening grapes, but in the shadow it may be more than bracing. As the Rhine winds a great deal, it is as well to carry a compass or to orientate yourself by the grape.



The Lion's Mouth



GUPPIES, PLEASE

BY KATHARINE H. AMEND

DURING a recent dull visit to Washington I set out to collect material for my annual club paper. Our club members have grown tired of hearing about the Einstein theory, foreign reparations, and other questions of no concern to them, and have planned a program for this winter on subjects of more practical interest. My paper is to deal with pet fish in the home, guppies in particular.

My brother-in-law told me that the Navy Department knows all about guppies, which I thought was a joke until he explained that the government is like that. The Public Health Service, he says, is in the Treasury; the Children's Bureau is in the Department of Labor, and the Weather hangs suspended between the Departments of Agriculture and Commerce.

Still doubtful, I called up the information bureau of the Navy Department. A pleasant-voiced man answered the telephone and I explained about my paper on pet fish in the home, guppies in particular, and asked who could give me the information I needed. Yes, yes, the department had the material and it would be best to come directly to the information bureau to get it. Captain Schmutzer was

speaking from Room 6666 and he would like to know at what hour he could expect me. Two o'clock was quite convenient, and he would have the material ready with pictures to illustrate it.

I did not want pictures. Nonetheless, impressed by his eagerness to serve me, I appeared promptly at Room 6666. The black-lettered sign on the door said that Captain G. H. G. Schmutzer was in charge of the press-room. A little secretary took my name and immediately a very tall, straight-backed man came to me. Yes, yes, he had been preparing for my arrival.

Material on guppies for a club paper, I reminded him. Yes, of course, although the Navy Department did not consider the guppy-work important. Wouldn't I prefer to do a paper on the Tierra del Fuego Survey, completed last year after twenty-five years of work and very important? Hating to disappoint him, I said that I was sure it was awfully interesting but I was afraid I had to stick to guppies. Perhaps I would be interested in the fascinating new system of navigation charts? Miss Smith would bring them out. Weakly I clung to my guppies. Well, he said, Captain Brown was the man I wanted to see and he would come at once.

Captain Brown appeared promptly, was formally presented, and gave a bow from the waist. Like all other naval men I met during my visit, he had a formal aloofness and eyes that seemed to focus on nothing closer than a sea's horizon. As he escorted me

down the miles of hard corridor I explained as clearly as I could what I wanted to know about guppies. He listened politely until he had me seated in his office. Guppies, yes; but wouldn't I like to do an article on recent studies of upper air-currents? Guppies, I said. The department had a remarkable collection of world reports. He had an aide spread out alluringly large maps of the world covered with wavy lines, circles, and tiny figures. I looked at them. Guppies, I said at last. Yes, of course. I must interview Captain Acton.

Tall, stern, and handsome, Captain Acton arrived, was presented, made his bow, and led me down more miles of corridor. Hopping along in my effort to match his long stride, I told him of my paper on guppies. His branch of the service, he said reverently, was one of the most vital, and he was sure that I would be completely satisfied with its reports on commercial airport lighting. Guppies, I said loudly and firmly. He looked over my head sadly. Very well, he would take me to Mr. Steen, the guppy-expert.

Mr. Steen, it appeared, was a mere civilian. Reluctantly putting aside a half-eaten apple and covering up a personal letter he had been writing, he admitted that he had charge of the reports on guppies. Although I gave Captain Acton a bright smile of thanks and dismissal as I drew out my notebook, he lingered on and interrupted Mr. Steen to tell him that he would be waiting for me in his office when I had finished my guppy-interview.

Yes, said Mr. Steen, languidly watching his departure. The guppies? Oh, yes. I realized, of course, that they were an unimportant part of the research work of the Navy? They had their place, it was true. The guppy-charts—had I, by the way, ever seen the magnificent whale-charts prepared by Admiral Swanson? You have gup-

py-charts, I encouraged him. Guppy-charts, yes. It was interesting what deductions had been made from the habits of guppies—which reminded him of the discoveries on the feeding habits of cod. Cod-fishermen now use a thermometer to find their prey. Did I, by the way, know that the western tradewinds were responsible for the Gulf Stream, that they poured into the Caribbean and swished the Gulf waters out over the North Atlantic? Guppies, I reminded him gently.

He sighed. Very well, guppies. He would show me a beautiful guppy-chart made in 1889. Tugging and puffing, he started to place a huge red-and-black volume on a high desk. It reminded him, unfortunately, of something else. With shining eyes he replaced the volume and drew out another. Did I know the department possessed Compton's original charts? I didn't, but I tried to merit the compliment to my intelligence by gazing with awe at a great engraved page covered with circles. We were interrupted by a straight little man who appeared to be walking on his toes to increase his height.

Presenting Lieutenant-Commander Burke, Mr. Steen explained that he was showing me Compton's charts. Ah, Compton was a great man, said the Commander; and did I know the tribute paid to him by the Siamese? Before the Commander left I had promised to read Compton's great work on Antarctic navigation and had given my word to return on the following day so that the Commander could show me the new report on the charting of Honduran reefs. He would have shown this treasure at once, he apologized, if he had not been on his way to a conference.

I gave up the guppies then and there. Mr. Steen had forgotten them completely. When, however, I tried to sidle quietly through the doorway to

the hall, he recalled his duty—I must be escorted to Captain Acton.

Captain Acton's chair was empty, and I bolted for the door after thanking Mr. Steen profusely. I did not reach it. A thin blond young man stepped in front of me. Captain Acton had been called away but he had made plans for my reception. Those, said Lieutenant Evans pointing to a long table covered with books, maps, and pamphlets, were prepared for me. I do not remember what they were about, although before I left the room I had committed myself to receiving the weekly bulletins issued to naval aviators on changes in landing-fields, to having a photostat made of Lindbergh's weather-chart, and to considering the need of navigation instruction in my daily life.

His duty done, Lieutenant Evans delivered me back to the office of Captain Brown, who had left. Occupying his room was Commander Perkins, a weather-beaten man with a cold eye, who was examining something on a window-sill as we entered. Yes, he would take care of me. He would send at once for the last annual report of the Navy. While waiting for that he asked me sternly if I read the *Proceedings* of the Naval Officers' Association regularly and, without waiting for my reply, handed me a copy.

Anxiously leafing over the pages I saw an article entitled "Prospects of War in the Far East." That was the subject of our last club lecture, and I told him warmly this was a thing I was very much interested in, this preparation for war with Japan.

For a minute he looked at me with chilled horror. Apparently the one subject one cannot discuss in the Navy Department is the crude one of fighting. A moment's thought convinced him that my social blunder was made in all innocence and he hastened to cover it up by remarking that he was

considering the preparation of his memoirs for the *Proceedings*. You must have exciting stories to tell, I breathed. Yes. The dreamy look in his eyes deepened. Yes, I shall write of the voyage we made following the first Atlantic fliers.

As he spoke he moved slightly and I saw what he had been looking at when we interrupted him, a globe filled with small, shining guppies.

"Guppies," I sighed.

His professional formality of manner slipped from him and his eyes came to rest on me hopefully.

"Guppies," he said. "You know them. Can you tell me where I can find out anything about them?"



RONDO CAPRICCIOSO

BY GEORGE BOAS

MR. RANDOLPH FAIRFAX, who was walking up Fifth Avenue, felt a certain moisture at the end of his nose. He stopped, hooked his malacca stick over his left arm, removed a fine linen handkerchief from his pocket, shook it out, blew his nose in it, folded it up, put it back in his pocket, and walked on. Abram Adler, seeing this, combed his long beard with his hooked fingers and said to his wife who was at his side, "The rich keep what the poor throw away." "He should have our troubles," said Rachel, and not seeing that the green light had meanwhile turned to red, put her foot down in the gutter to cross the avenue. Consequently a cream-colored roadster that was just leaping forward collided with her and knocked her down. A crowd immediately gathered, and the driver

of the car slipped away. In the rumble seat were two gallon-jugs of gin on their way to Dolly O'Mara's apartment. Dolly naturally didn't receive them, and her party that night to David Beirstyne, the movie director, who had come east looking for just the talent Dolly preeminently possessed, was a frost and he went home without signing her up. "If I ever get hold of that rummy," said Dolly, referring to the driver of the cream-colored roadster, "I'll push his big kisser in." The big rummy hopped an uptown bus, got off at 110th Street and said to his alleged wife, "Let's beat it and don't ask no questions." "That's what you say," replied his wife, "I'm staying right here." She went to the scene of the accident, shrieked, and proved that the car was hers. She said it had been stolen from her two days before. As the police had already removed the gin, they let her have the car. She told them she thought she knew who had stolen it and gave them her husband's name. "O.K.," the sergeant answered, and took one of the jugs home to his baby's christening. "Whoever heard of gin at a christening?" his father-in-law said. "You're hearing of it now," answered the sergeant, "and what's more, it's my baby, not yours." "Oh, is it?" said his wife's mother, coming into the room, "you big bum, you had ought to be ashamed to talk like that to an old man." The sergeant raised his eyebrows sarcastically and told her if she didn't like his manner of talking she could lump it. Hearing this, she picked up a glass and threw it at the sergeant. It crashed through the window and broke in pieces on the pavement below. Little Mary Flanagan, who was playing there in front of her mother's newsstore, picked a piece up and cut her hand. She started to scream as the blood flowed. Her mother, who was getting a package of Luckies for a customer,

hearing her scream, ran out and began to scream too. "Take her to the drugstore for a bandage," said Mike Farley, removing his pipe from his mouth and spitting. The customer Mrs. Flanagan was waiting on, seeing what had happened, opened the cash register and emptied it. There were thirty-two dollars in it. He jumped into a taxi, went to a pawnshop on Lexington Avenue, and redeemed a diamond ring he had left there in storage. "Look what Daddy brought you," he said to his sweetie, twisting the ring under the rose-colored lamp. "W-hy din you tell me ywas comin' tonight?" said the lady, folding her dressing gown tightly across her front and pouting. "Aw, be good to your Daddy," said her caller. Washburn Burnwood, the artist, watching this from his window across the street, started to laugh, tore the sketch he was working on off the drawing board, and drew this instead. He labelled the lady "Miss Democracy," and the gentleman with the ring, "Tammany" and wrote under it, "She just can't refuse." He called up the editor of a Republican paper and told him what he had done. The editor said the idea was a wow and told the artist to bring the sketch in the next morning. The next morning the sketch was brought in and published. As the staff cartoonist was in Florida, the editor hired the artist to fill in for a week or two. Thus the artist's landlady was paid. At the end of a week his ideas gave out and so did his job. His landlady put his things in the hall at ten o'clock the next morning and let the room to a district nurse. Among the things was a copy of *Alice in Wonderland*. The janitor, seeing this, pocketed it for his little girl. She took it to school to show the teacher. The teacher looked at the title page and the date and began to tremble. "Gladys," she said, "tell your papa you should not read second-hand

books. They're full of germs." Gladys started to cry. "Don't cry," said the teacher, "I'll—I'll buy you a clean brand new copy." "I want my book," howled Gladys. The principal, Miss Whipple, who was walking by in the corridor, said to herself, "My! Miss Fromish can never keep order." She entered the room. The children were throwing erasers and shouting. They stopped short when they saw her. "Is this what you call discipline, Miss Fromish?" said the Principal. "No, do you?" replied Miss Fromish, and walked out of the room with her first edition of *Alice*. She sold it to Joel Placenta, the book-dealer, for five hundred dollars, for he said she was lucky in these times to get anything for it. Mr. Placenta called up Mr. Randolph Fairfax and said, "I have just come across an opportunity to purchase a fine copy of *Alice*—yes, a first. No, not very clean, but whole, original binding." Mr. Fairfax sneezed and said, looking round at his wife who was reading on the sofa, "Hold the line, I'll look it up." He went to his study and spoke through the other 'phone and said that if he couldn't get it cheaper he was willing to go as high as two thousand. Mr. Placenta said he would see whether his client would let it go for that. Mrs. Fairfax meanwhile, thinking her husband was talking to a woman, listened in on the living room 'phone, but went back to her book with relief when she heard what it was all about. Mr. Fairfax, back in the living room, picked up the receiver and said, "Yes, People *v.* Bremerton. I'll see you in the office at ten-thirty to-morrow." He dropped lovingly upon the sofa beside his wife and said with a sigh, "You'd think they might leave you alone after hours." His wife smiled and put her head on his shoulder. Mr. Fairfax blinked, sniffed rapidly, and sneezed. "Oh," cried his wife, "you

simply must see Dr. Robinson about that cold." "It's nothing," he replied, "the worst is over."



GREAT OPEN SPACES

BY ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

WHILE not, I regret to say, a whole-hearted admirer of the average "Society" film, there is one thing about them of which I can never grow tired—that is, the universal sense of spaciousness which pervades their every scene, the architectural generosity of their interiors, the uncircumscribed expanses of their exteriors. Cottages are mansions, mansions palaces; and no room is ever smaller than a good-sized parish hall. Each country-house garden is a veritable Central Park, and the ornamental fountains therein would attract attention even in Versailles.

As I say, I am fascinated by all this. Every time I return subsequently to my own home I feel more and more like creeping into a dog-kennel. For hours afterwards I hardly ever open a drawer in my desk without looking round to see if the opposite wall of the room will let it come out more than halfway. I can barely wait to dash off to the pictures again.

Then came my great idea. Many others must, like me, have been feeding an insidious craving for domestic elbow-room by the sight of elysian acres of parlor carpet or bedroom floors the size of a barrack square. Perhaps indeed this is the main reason for the popularity of the pictures. Could not, therefore, I asked myself, something similar be done with books, and the same all-pervading sense of architec-

tural spaciousness that brings the public into the cinemas he used to sell more novels? *My* novels, of course, for I should naturally be first in the field with this plan for increasing sales. (Not, of course, that they aren't doing very well, thank you: two more copies sold like hot cakes only last week.)

Here then is a little sample from my forthcoming book. The setting is of course in America; I found the British Isles a little cramped for my ideas.

"Dwight (yes, Dwight) Van Enduren brought his little car to a standstill at the entrance to his tiny country cottage on Long Island and sounded the electric horn. As the last notes of the reveille died away a few minutes later, a lodge-keeper ran out and, aided by two under-lodge-keepers, three lodge-under-keepers, and a small old-world hydraulic plant, began to open the garden gate—a dainty little forty-foot grille in wrought iron imported from a château on the Loire. No sooner was it open than Dwight slipped his runabout into silent second and sped away at a gentle seventy up the drive. At last he was home again. In another ten minutes at most, provided he could maintain his present speed, he would be in sight of the cozy little cottage where Miriam eagerly awaited her husband's return. With boyish eagerness he peered out ahead of him to where in the far distance he could just make out the three gold mascots on his radiator.

"Arrived at the front door he alighted and handed the car over to the senior of the three chauffeurs sitting away

behind him in the pit stalls. Far above him at the top of the front-door steps stood Semple, the butler and factotum, flanked by four footmen and factotums, and backed by half a dozen plain factotums. Dwight set one foot on the bottom of the long flight, sighed wearily, took his foot off again, and went round to the lift at the side.

"Arrived at the top, he greeted Semple and started across the lobby that led to the hall. Behind him the factotums, shoulder to shoulder, were working with a will to shut the front door for the night.

"Ten minutes later he stood at the entrance to the hall. As he settled down into the brisk walk that should bring him ere nightfall to the neighborhood of the dining room, Semple hailed him with a megaphone. 'Mrs. Van Enduren is in her boudoir,' he gravely announced.

"Dwight waved back at him to show that he had heard, but sighed again. How thoughtless of Miriam, he mused, to have gone upstairs to her boudoir for the week-end. Why, nearly another day would now have to elapse before he could hear the sound of her sweet voice again—unless . . .

"A thought struck him and, changing direction abruptly, he started on a jog-trot to where on the far horizon of the hall a light marked the entrance to the little room that contained the telephone. Half an hour later, much out of breath, he had entered it and was busily working the electric crane that lifted the receiver. . . ."

Yes, let the films look to their laurels!

MUNCHAUSEN'S WORLD

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

AT THIS writing, early in February, one may pick up the newspaper, read the headlines, look at the pictures, take notice of fatal accidents, killings, suicides, remarks in Congress (both branches), efforts of the nations to get together about what they owe one another and what sort of money they shall use. He will observe, too, serious hitches in transaction of public business because of the fact that Mr. Hoover does not go out till March and Mr. Roosevelt and the new Congress cannot get in until he does.

Hitler has come to the surface in Germany and is expected to run that country now for a while. Japan continues to thump China.

All the present troubles of our world seem to be due to folly of one sort or another. It has not been managed right this long time, indeed never. The errors of administration, which have always come home from time to time, have come to roost on us, but now with consequences very peculiar, expensive, and troublesome. However, it is as necessary that we should have these troubles as for a stream to run downhill. As we begin to recognize that, we approach a state of mind suitable for correcting them. Some people see it in that way. Henry Ford—for an interesting example.

There was an interview with Mr. Ford in *The Times*. He thought these

were not bad times but good ones and that we were on the threshold of "an inconceivably bright future." Life, he said, had not broken down as some people thought; it had merely broken out as it always does. He talked about Technocracy. It was partly right, but only partly, and it did not scare him. He talked about bankers, probably not with entire justice. His criticism of them was that their object is to have money, not to make commodities; that they were dividend seekers not business men or builders; and he said that many of them would admit that they were poor business men. When bankers went into a business he thought they usually destroyed it, but then by that time it was ripe for destruction; so Henry did not mind that. When a business got out of date and was ill managed and ready for the scavenger, the bankers might have it without objections from him. Then he said something worth quoting: "The reason that bankers ruin an industry when they get into it is that their object is not production but profit." Even though one does not subscribe to Henry's notion of the destructiveness of bankers, there is sense in that remark. It goes right back to the New Testament and that verse about seeking first the Kingdom of God and letting other things be added to you. Where the primary pur-

pose is not production but profit, the job is falsified. He is right about that. In or somewhere near that idea lies doubtless the cause of present unemployment and difficulty in distributing the means of support. The first requirement in the job of making something that is worth the trouble is that someone should have in his mind what he wants to make; the product which he hopes for and works for must first exist in the mind. One may give Henry the credit of starting his business originally on that basis. There was something he wanted to make, he had it in his thoughts, and he could not be diverted from that idea to making something else. He wanted to make a cheap car that a lot of people could buy, and he did. So far as that was concerned, he had an idea and he has had a good many since. Whoever writes his obituary is likely to say that money was never the chief end for him. He wanted to make something and, in order to go on making it, he wanted to sell it. He did both. But that he got so very rich has always seemed an incident.

NOW our world is likely to grow very rich again—in consequence of human behavior. If human beings and nations can be induced to action and deportment consistent with what we flatter them by calling "humanity," the world will prosper no end—buying and selling, trading, shipping; and no doubt even banking will go on full swing. The production of goods will be enormous, but distribution will keep up with it if people and nations will give over the habit of hitting one another on the head with a club as a means of persuasion and use gentler and more effective methods. Of course what is going on in our world is the slow supersession of old methods by new ones, the slow increase and spread of comprehension about human life,

what it is all about and how man can best be induced to use intelligent co-operative methods. So far as commodities go, the product can equal the need; but in spiritual and political understanding the demand still far exceeds the supply. Yet any observer is free to believe that that supply is gaining. If he thinks so he is an optimist, and if he does not think so he is the contrary; and what he will think depends very much on the state of his own mind and where he has arrived in his idea of what is suitable in his own relations to his fellow-creatures. What does the world the most good is the increase of better people in it. That is more effective than legislation.

About the banks—they will probably survive into better human conditions. Henry Ford likes to get gay about them. When he needed sixty million dollars and they were willing to lend it to him if they could get partial control of his business, he threw out their suggestions and went and got it, by means still well remembered, for himself. What most people know about the banks just now is that they are handy to keep money in, that they permit people to pay bills by checks, and that they make loans to them when they have anything to borrow on; but they know also that they sold to their customers an appalling amount of securities which went to grass. This was incidental to the general collapse of stocks and other evidence of property. The banks hereabouts in the great bull market merged and spread, put out tentacles, and reached after their share of the great distribution. They were keen for profits and, apparently, not very solicitous about products. Their managers and owners have had black bands on their arms ever since the fall of 1929; but they are not alone in that.

The business of our immediate day, for the banks and the populace and

everybody else, is to survive until the sky is bright, international co-operation improves, trade looks up, and wages and profits return. Of course that time is coming. It may take two or three years yet, but the number increases of those who think we have hit bottom and started on the upslope. Such people will probably see good in the ascendancy of Hitler. The nations need, the world needs, better means of getting things done. When any existing organization for that purpose lags so much that multitudes of people go cold and hungry, the argument for a change grows penetrating. Hitler's declaration of intentions was moderate. He came out for peace, piety, prosperity, and order and asked for power to achieve those valuable things. It would probably take four years to acquire them. In that calculation one observes concurrence in the opinion that we shall get out of the woods in 1936; but if that seems too long to wait it is permissible to take courage from the thought that improvement will be constant through those years and each one will be better than the one before it.

The most amazing overtures to an eventual condition consistent with the comfort of human beings continue to come from Russia. Hitler has power but, of course, he cannot use it as Stalin uses the power that is his. Hitler will hardly take up thousands of Germans and shift them from where they are to somewhere else, as Stalin did when he sent hundreds of thousands of men to the Arctic Circle to make new cities, and turned thousands of people out of Leningrad to find themselves new homes or die. The story of the doings in the Arctic Circle, the building of an immense canal in a region that has three months of daylight, three months of darkness, and six months of twilight is like something out of the Arabian Nights

or Baron Munchausen. All our present world is more or less incredible. We have to let out tucks in our minds to realize it at all, but at least it is very, very interesting.

THERE seems to be increasing interest in the matter of the survival of personality. So Frederick Myers called it. As is well known, he wanted to know whether personality survived death and spent a good part of his life investigating that subject and reached the conclusion that it did. Other persons of eminence or distinction—a long list of them—have reached the same conclusion. A lot of others, also worthy and distinguished, did, or do, not think so. Biologists incline to the opinion that death is the end of us. Physicists are more open to the persuasion that we shed our bodies and go on, conscious, active, intelligent, and affectionate. Of course the matter is important; vastly so. It is the very pith of religion.

On Friday, February 3rd, at the Community Church Center in West 110th Street, New York, there was a discussion of this subject, and an earnest person with a foreign accent took part with ardor. "When you are dead, you are dead," he said. "If these are my last words I would still maintain it." A moment later he clutched at his chest and fell dead.

Judgment on him for being so incredulous? No! No! Heart failure—a bad heart—over-excitement! But it was dramatic! The subject is always worth discussing, and the next best contribution to affirmation of survival is to deny it. It keeps the ball in the air. The deniers, however, as a rule do not know much about what is really going on in this quest. The late William James gave a great deal of attention to it and never stopped working at it as long as he lived. His confidence in survival seemed to in-

crease. Whether it ever became absolute or not has not been advertised if known; but he never stopped wanting to know or working to find out; and one may say with confidence that at least he thought survival was a good bet.

People who feel pretty sure of it easily believe that the departed, since they are active and able, still have to do with the concerns of this world and help or hinder us according to their dispositions. Of course all religions that include prayers, as they all do, favor the idea that there are powerful beings whom prayers can reach. It is curious and quite amusing about religious exercises that most of them got their form and words in times of impassioned belief, and the words continue even when belief is a good deal faded. We say the Lord's Prayer and we believe the Constitution of the United States; but not everybody who says the Lord's Prayer thinks that what he says gets across when he says it, and not everybody who has an inherited belief in the Constitution is at all confident that it is going to save us. One might say that the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer were better bets just now than the Constitution. There is a feeling that way, and the more Congress sits the more encouragement it seems to get; and out of this state of mind perhaps comes this quickened interest in what we are used to call "immortality."

There is quite a bit of reading on that subject, some of which is informing if you think so. The other day, to wit, on January 20th, Professor Herbert Jennings, zoölogist and geneticist of Johns Hopkins, in the final lecture of a series he had been giving at Yale, admitted, rather sadly it seemed, that biology found no support for the doctrine of life after death. Life does indeed continue, he said, but in other

individuals. Individuals who die exist no more than they did before they began life; no more than before the species to which they belong had been produced in evolution. He takes his conclusion, based on biological science, very seriously and, with sympathy for those who feel that it shows life to be futile, he tells them that, when the sharpness of disappointment has passed away, there are still standards of living, distinctions of right and wrong, objects in living as much as ever.

Bless the man! Why should he expect biology, which has to do with the body—bones, brains, flesh, and blood—to give him much light or final information about the spirit that inhabits it? Everybody admits that the body when the soul has escaped crumbles and goes to grass, unless indeed preserved as the Egyptians did. But how many biologists have pursued any real researches about the departing spirit? One of the amusing troubles with the learned is their confidence in the validity of what they have learned and their disposition to feel that what they have not learned does not exist.

Nobody makes a greater mistake than those people who think that what we see with our eyes and hear with our ears and touch or smell is all there is. We live in a mighty curious universe about which our present knowledge is far from adequate. The mere fact that there is so much more to know than we have learned implies continuing life in which to learn it. Knowledge has increased and is increasing nowadays by leaps and bounds, but there are still, and doubtless always will be, regions and powers and possibilities that are "measureless to man." Nevertheless, the increase of knowledge and of the powers of men is the best basis for confidence that our world will presently retrack its faded beams and emerge from the Great Tribulation.



CONSTRUCTION

By Harry Sternberg

Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries



Harper's *Magazine*

A NEW ECONOMIC MORALITY

BY SIR ARTHUR SALTER

THE morality with which I am concerned in this article is for governments, not private persons; since it is here that the absence of a morality is at the present time both most striking and most dangerous. In its extent and importance the need is a novel one, for it results from the unprecedented scale on which governments, instead of being content with constructing the framework within which economic activities develop, are now taking a hand in those activities themselves by daily and detailed interference or participation.

Orderly human progress in material civilization depends, as we all realize, upon two conditions: on the one hand, man's creative and constructive ability, his industry, his skill, his scientific control over nature's resources; and on the other, a system of law, regulation, institutional control, and morality, which prevents the activities of some from reacting disastrously upon those

of others, and secures that the individual's efforts are directed to creating new wealth instead of snatching wealth from someone else. The second condition is at least as important as the first; and there are periods, such as the present, when the improvement of the structure within which the individual works is the more important.

Now in this system of restraining and directing forces, "morality," a recognized code of conduct or custom, has an indispensable place. It is the support and supplement of enforceable law or regulation. It fills the gap left where penal and public sanctions are inapplicable, its own sanction being either social or professional disapproval or the individual conscience; and it is the more important in proportion as the former is unsuitable or inoperative.

In our personal, as distinct from our economic activities codes of conduct obviously occupy a more prominent place than enforceable law. The law

restrains us from murder; but it is social codes and personal traditions which determine ordinary decent behavior and consideration of one another's interests and feelings. When we pass from the relations of human to legal "persons," business corporations and so on, law becomes the more important factor. It is constantly being developed, and adapted—though always too slowly—to fit itself to the more intricate and complex transactions of modern business and finance. The space left for "morality" and its opportunity is less ("a corporation has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned"), but it is still considerable. Personal honor and professional standards supplement the law, though they vary in their character and their observance.

No comparable laws or codes restrain the actions of governments in the economic sphere. Two of the most familiar questions of our schooldays were: Is there such a thing as international law, seeing that there is no world legislature to enact it, nor world court and police to enforce it? and, Should states be governed by the same rules of morality as the individual? In the *political* sphere in recent years considerable progress has been made in enabling both these questions to be answered in the affirmative. The League of Nations has facilitated the formulation of international law, not indeed by the enactment of a super-state but by agreement; the world court is there to interpret and apply it; the League, the Kellogg Pact, and other Treaties have together established a law and initiated a morality applicable to the sphere of disputes and action in which war is immediately threatened, and even sanctions, though imperfect and uncertain, are not altogether lacking.

But in the whole sphere of the economic action of states neither law nor morality exists except in the

most rudimentary and fragmentary form.

Nowadays, however, governments have become among the most important "persons" in economic activity. Their action is at once of the widest scope and of the most detailed character; it is at once the most powerful and the most dangerous because it represents the united strength of large communities and uses it so as to react upon the vital interests of others—and because it is wielded by those who also control the armed forces.

Here or there a treaty, or more rarely a recognized tradition of conduct, covers some small portion of possible action, and is observed under the sanction of feared protests, reprisals, or possibly armed resistance. But for the most part this immense power, under whose threat everyone whose business depends upon foreign trade lies continually, is subject to the accidental wisdom or folly—often the mere caprice—of any one of some scores or hundreds of usually transient ministers and often myopic officials. The kind of action which not only reacts disastrously upon the lives and fortunes of many millions in other countries but is resented and denounced as unjust is usually capable of no test of either an explicit law or a recognized code of conduct. We shall examine a little later the specific instances which are required to give content and reality to these generalizations. But, in order to get a proper perspective, it will be well first to consider the place which is now occupied by the economic policy of states in international relations.

In the century ahead of us, international relations and the issues of peace and war will probably depend more upon the way in which the instrument of government is used to deflect the course of world trade than upon any other factor.

The causes of war change from age to

age, and each period produces its own characteristic danger. Of the few principal causes of war in past ages, dynastic, religious, political, and economic, the first two may be regarded as obsolete in the case of countries of our own Western civilization. Men will fight no more to assert the rights of a royal family over a patrimony or marriage portion in another country, or to impose a religion upon reluctant adherents. Political dangers remain. The inflamed nationalism which is the worst legacy of the last war may lead to an outbreak in any one of half a dozen regions of contention; and if any great war occurred in the very near future it would probably be more due to national claims and exacerbated national feelings than to economic disputes, though the latter might well be an aggravating factor. At most periods some men in some countries, and at some periods many men in most countries, will be more politically than economically minded. But in the long run there is nothing in universality and permanence comparable in the political sphere with the potential causes of dispute that arise from economic loss and a sense of economic injustice. The main occupation of the great bulk of men is to obtain the necessities of life or add luxuries to the necessities. If the basic conditions upon which man pursues his daily business are involved with international disputes, the forces generated are likely to be too strong for any restraint of statesmanship or peace organization to control. The efficacy of any peace machinery will depend mainly upon the strength of the passions underlying the particular disputes. Political animosities will sometimes strain this machinery, but it is when they are reinforced by a deep sense of economic injustice on the part of great masses of people who find their ability to earn their daily living interfered with by the arbitrary action of

alien Governments that the strain will be insupportable. Future peace or war will depend mainly, therefore, upon whether the economic policy of governments is such as to rouse these passions or not.

Economic ambitions and interests, either alone or intertwined with other factors, have always indeed been among the principal causes of wars. The form which the danger takes now, however, is relatively new. It is no longer mainly a danger of the forcible occupation of new lands, as in the period of the great migrations; or the seizure and exploitation of colonies; or the partitioning of an undeveloped country into spheres of influence—though recent events remind us that these cannot be definitely relegated to past history. Overwhelmingly more important is the struggle for world markets and the use which national Governments, in order to assist their nationals in that struggle, make of their power to tax and subsidize, to exert political pressure, to impose import and export duties. This is the distinctive danger, and the most fundamental international problem, of the age in which we live.

II

It is time, however, to make this theme more real and concrete by specific instances.

A few years ago Great Britain adopted a plan for the legally enforceable restriction of rubber production in territory under British control or influence, for the purpose of raising rubber prices. It was, indeed, like most plans pressed upon a Government by an organized interest, a foolish and ineffectual plan, for it did not and could not include the great Dutch rubber plantations. It was abandoned after a time after having profited only speculators and Dutch rubber interests (who

had enjoyed all the advantages of the temporarily higher prices without being subject to the restrictions and had naturally expanded their own production in consequence). It left the British with a definitely, and probably permanently, lower proportion of the world's rubber market. But in the meantime it had evoked considerable exacerbation in the great rubber-consuming country, America, and a sharp protest by its President. I am not concerned to discuss whether the action, or the protest, was justified, but to point out that there is no recognized principle of conduct by reference to which the question can be decided.

A little later an official in the American postal service began the practice of reserving mails for national vessels. Strong resentment was felt. It is difficult to know exactly what was the final outcome and what is now the practice adopted either by America or by other countries as regards mails that pass through their hands, whether the Governments regard a letter as primarily a document conveying a (very probably important and urgent) message, or primarily as a bit of merchandise chiefly important as securing an infinitesimal fee for the transporting vessel. Most of us certainly think it a wise precaution, from whatever country we write, to look up the earliest ship and inscribe a formal instruction on the envelope that our letter shall go by that ship. Here again the important point is that there is neither law nor any recognized principle of conduct to restrain or justify the action of any official who at any time has a similar bright idea of how to help a national interest.

Some years ago I was in the capital of a small country in Eastern Europe which wished to raise a loan for public works. Two private concerns, one from each of the two principal financial countries, were competing for the loan contract. It happened that one of

these countries had just made an agreement about an inter-governmental war-debt, which still, however, required ratification. At a decisive moment in the new loan negotiations the Minister of this country hinted—or was believed by the other side to have hinted—that the prospects of ratification might be affected by the allocation of the new loan contract. Was this kind of inducement, if it was offered, legitimate or not? Some legations perhaps would refrain from a method of persuasion of this kind. Nearly all would resent it if employed by another legation to the detriment of the nationals they represent. But there is no clearly recognized etiquette on the subject.

It may indeed be argued by those who use such a method that this kind of persuasion is inevitably involved in any discussion of competing contracts by the accredited Minister of a country. For what arguments can such a Minister use? He obviously cannot present the technical and intrinsic merits of the national's proposition as well as that national can himself. The whole basis of his influence must be the authority and prestige of his Government. This depends upon every kind of gift or menace in the hands of that Government that is of importance to the country to which he is accredited. It may be the prospect of political help or opposition in relation to some completely different question. It may be the general desire of a small country to stand well with a great country which has financial resources to lend or possesses armed forces which increase its weight in all international negotiations. In any case it is something that is irrelevant to the intrinsic attractions of the particular contract or concession which is being recommended. Does it matter much, it may be argued, whether a Minister contents himself with exercising an influence which really de-

pend upon such factors as those just described, or makes his advocacy more persuasive and specific by referring to some one or more particular political advantages?

There is a measure of truth in this contention and, as will be suggested later, the clean solution would be to exempt all public officials from the task of advocating private contracts. But so long as this task is entrusted to them it certainly does matter how it is discharged. And it does make a very important difference if the representative of a foreign government offers a specific political advantage in return for favors to a private contractor. It would certainly be desirable that there should be a recognized principle.

The writer of the article on "Diplomacy" in a recent edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, a distinguished official for many years in the British diplomatic service, calls attention to the danger just referred to. "A tendency has arisen," he says, "in certain states to expect from their representatives abroad a greater measure of commercial activity and intervention than is wholly consonant, either with their own prestige and political interests or with the maintenance of harmonious relations with other competing countries. This tendency, if pursued, cannot contribute to the amity of nations."

In these cautious and restrained words the writer is calling attention to an unseen tendency which is constantly poisoning international relations. It is one of which the general public is almost completely unaware. It is not visible in the capitals of great countries. The commercial activities of foreign public representatives in Washington, New York, London, Berlin, and Paris have very little effect on the allocation of contracts between their respective nationals, and none at all upon either the internal politics or international relations of their respective countries.

It is very different when the Ministers of half-a-dozen Great Powers accredited to a small Balkan capital take an active part in the competitive struggle of their nations for contracts or concessions. The results are of many kinds and almost all disastrous. One Minister may acquire special relationships with one group of rival politicians, and may be interested in their success at a moment of political crisis; the result may be that the impact of an influence derived from the strength of a great foreign country may add one more complicating factor to the difficult problem of an unstable political situation. Then the success of one Minister in securing a trade advantage is always resented by the others and usually ascribed to the use of illegitimate means of persuasion. As the arguments used are unknown—and as there is no recognized criterion to distinguish between what is legitimate or not—this is unavoidable. The consequence is that the diplomatic representatives are kept in a constant state of rivalry and mutual suspicion; and their ability to exercise a collective influence in favor, for example, of a pacific policy in relation to a local political difficulty is correspondingly impaired. This state of mind is reflected in their despatches to their home Governments. If we could see the correspondence which pours into the Foreign Offices of the Great Powers from their representatives in small capitals abroad we should find a steady stream of complaint and suspicion of the activities of other Ministers. This constitutes a constant influence tending to injure the relations of the Foreign Offices of the Great Powers themselves and likely at any moment to be a real factor in international relations.

A similar problem arises as regards not only the conclusion but the consequences of contracts. If an issuing house in London, New York, or Paris

has raised a loan for a small European or South American Government, and if that Government defaults on the interest on that loan, what, if anything, should the British, American, or French Governments or their diplomatic representatives do? Should they exert pressure on the Government to pay? If so, what kind of pressure, what kind of arguments, may they legitimately use? Should they confine themselves to pointing out—what is obvious in any case—that default will impair credit and the ability to borrow in future? Or are they at liberty to hint at fiscal reprisals or the withholding of political favors? Supposing—to take a case of great importance at the present period—the resources of the debtor Government are sufficient to meet some but not all its obligations, and the loan issues and interests of America, France, and Great Britain are to a large extent separate, are the Ministers of these countries entitled to urge preferential treatment for the loans in which their nationals are specially interested? If so, the consequences are not difficult to imagine.

These instances are perhaps sufficient to illustrate the vast range and variety of the administrative action and diplomatic intervention with regard to competing economic and financial interests, and the fruitful field for friction of every kind which it creates if it is restrained by neither law nor established custom. And neither treaties nor any code of recognized practice covers more than a minute portion of this field.

III

The purpose of this article is to suggest the need for a "new morality" to supplement the limited restraints of treaty enactment as a guide to Governments in the exercise of the great administrative powers with which they influence the competitive economic

struggle. The content of this morality needs to be worked out gradually, and it would be presumption to attempt to forecast and formulate it here. In each sphere of action the existence of a recognized code is more important than the precise rule of conduct which it prescribes. The present danger to international relations consists in the fact that each country feels free to act as if there is no such code; while each country injuriously affected resents the action as if there is at least some natural principle of equity, even if unformulated, which has been violated. Only with the gradual development of rules of conduct can we reach the position in which either a country will not feel free to take a particular kind of action or other countries will not feel justified in resenting and protesting against it.

Nevertheless, it may be convenient to attempt to suggest, very tentatively, a few of the principles that might be embodied in such a code of conduct.

It is obviously desirable that the field of action should be gradually, and as completely as possible, covered by actual convention and treaty. But a large sphere must always remain for the supplementary restraints of a recognized code of conduct. In what follows it is not possible to separate the two wholly, but the main emphasis will be upon the latter.

In regard to commercial policy, there must clearly be a vital distinction between home trade and world trade. From the point of view from which I am now writing it must be recognized, I think, that each country must be the judge as to its permanent and ultimate policy as regards the free admission or qualified admission, or even exclusion, of foreign goods from its own territory. The policy of the enforced "open door" is obviously not defensible as between states within a free and equal community of nations. It is practicable—

whether or not in any event justifiable—only in the relations of advanced and powerful countries to those that are weak and undeveloped. If China, for example, desires a protection for her own industries, it is clearly unjustifiable to impose free trade upon her—and it has now become obviously impossible. This is quite consistent with the recognition of the principle that each country (whatever preference it may provide for its own nationals in its home market) should give equal opportunities to all foreigners, whether unconditionally or conditionally upon corresponding treatment.

The requirement of a recognized code of conduct would, in my view, be limited to the conditions under which a change could properly be made from one policy to another. And here it is very much needed. A country deciding to change from a protective to a free trade policy would certainly give careful consideration to the interests of its own industrialists which had legitimately grown up under the earlier policy. It would make the transition gradually and after consultation. Similarly, when a large importing trade has grown up legitimately on the basis of a free or moderately protective policy, no country surely ought, except under the most compelling necessity, to destroy this trade suddenly without consultation with, or consideration of, the interests affected by a sharp and decisive change of policy. Every import shut out is somebody's export shut in, and as the World Economic Conference said in 1927, "tariffs, though within the sovereign jurisdiction of the separate States, are not a matter of purely domestic interest." There may of course on rare occasions be sudden national emergencies or financial crises which compel immediate action. But, apart from these, it may be hoped that it will become an established practice to maintain stable

tariff systems (except for changes by way of reduction) for a substantial period and to precede any considerable change by careful consultation with the other countries seriously affected and by ample notice.

In recognizing the right of a country to determine its own commercial policy, with its corollary that other countries have no right to resent it or protest against it, subject to a reasonable procedure in case of a substantial change, I am anxious not to be misunderstood. I greatly regret the extension of ideals of national self-sufficiency, and should much prefer a world order in which goods and services were exchanged freely. But that seems to me a matter of economic wisdom rather than of economic morality. If a country decides to protect its own market (and makes a change with due consideration and notice) other countries may regret it, but I think they should not have the right to resent or—except by way of negotiation and bargaining—to prevent it. This remark applies to the home market proper. Dependent and non-self-governing countries present special problems to which I will refer a little later.

There is a very vital distinction, however, between a Government using administrative action to protect a home market and using it to help its nationals in their competitive struggle in the world market. No country has any natural right to more than equal opportunity in the world market—and the nationals of every country may reasonably claim to have as much as that. This is why action of a national Government in this sphere is always resented, and is likely to be resented increasingly. Yet nearly every country is taking action of this kind in one form or another. It may be direct subsidies for export; it may be ingeniously devised scales or methods of taxation; it may be special railway rates to the

ports; it may be state-aided dumping. These and many other measures represent attempts on the part of national Governments to use the power which rights of taxation, etc., over a whole community give, to secure a special advantage to a certain class of nationals over their competitors for a share in world trade. Every such action is resented, but there is at present no accepted set of principles which either justifies the resentment or restrains the action.

At first sight the form of action in this sphere which consists of the services of diplomatic representatives, or consular officers, may seem innocuous. We have already seen, however, how far it is from being innocuous in many instances. If public officials are to help private contracts, the limits to what they can properly do must at least be clearly defined.

What is the solution? Well, first perhaps it should be clearly recognized that a public representative ought not to use inducements irrelevant to the particular contract in question; he should not, for example, offer a political advantage in return for an acceptance of a business proposal which has no relation to it. But, as has already been pointed out, this, however desirable, does not solve the question. Rivals cannot tell what arguments have been used, and will always suspect the worst. Moreover, even if no improper inducements are suggested, the mere fact that a contract is recommended by a Minister who represents his country in general policy, and carries the prestige of his office with him, means that the same objection really remains though perhaps in a modified form.

A supplementary line of solution is perhaps to be found in a complete separation of those public officials who are engaged in work of this kind from the embassies and legations. The

work might be done by consular officers responsible not to Foreign Offices but to Ministries of Commerce. It might become a recognized rule that Ambassadors, or Ministers and their staffs should regard all such work as entirely outside their province. Such a rule would certainly remove many of the present causes of resentment. But it would be difficult of application in many cases (*e.g.* where the contract or concession is in the gift of a Government, it will be felt that political considerations are necessarily involved, and political skill and experience required).

Moreover, the use of a public official, even if divorced from all political work, for the purpose of recommending private contracts would still represent a form of public subsidy to nationals competing for a share in world trade.

Is not a more radical solution possible? Would it not be infinitely preferable if work of this kind were regarded as outside the proper province of public officials altogether? It would remain the duty of diplomatic representatives to ensure fair treatment under the law for their nations; and consular officers might, as at present, help nationals with information as to official formalities, etc. Why should more be necessary? The net result when the representatives of a number of countries push their respective nationals' competing propositions with equal success is nil. Even if the representatives of one country are more numerous or competent, the ultimate result is very small. The total exports of America, for example, will be equal to her imports plus any net new lending and minus any net receipts in respect of past lending. If a particular contract is successfully pushed it tends for the above reason to reduce other exports. This is not indeed a complete account; doubtless there is some net advantage. But it

is very doubtful if it exceeds the cost falling on the taxpayer.

Loans to Governments, if, as is likely to be the case, they are substantial in amount and the borrowing country is weak and poor, should, I suggest, be examined from the point of view of their public and political interests by a public authority, and preferably by an international public authority. If they are not so examined when contracted, no political pressure should be exercised to secure their payment afterward, the natural, effective and usually sufficient sanction being found in the effect of default upon the borrowers' ability to borrow again. And in no case should force be used or hinted at.

Colonial problems are likely to present considerable difficulty in the future. Much the fairest and safest rule for colonies which do not determine their own commercial policy would be the one laid down in the Covenant of the League of Nations for mandated colonies of the Central African type: viz., equal conditions of trade for the mother country and others. This was till recently the

traditional policy of Great Britain, and the exceptions recently introduced are limited and uncertain in duration. No other colonial powers, except Holland, can justly object, in view of their own policies, to the change in British policy; but the recent development may be fraught with considerable dangers to international relations in future.

These tentative suggestions are perhaps sufficient to illustrate the need for a new economic morality, the range of problems with which it needs to deal, and some at least of the principles on which it is based. If no such morality can be developed, if powerful national governments feel themselves free to take whatever action caprice or momentary difficulties may suggest, without regard to the reactions upon other countries, neither restrained nor justified by any guiding principles, the effect upon international relations will be disastrous; and it is difficult to believe that the passions aroused will not sooner or later prove too strong for any preventive machinery against war that either exists or is likely to be created.





THE REVOLT AGAINST GOD

BY STANLEY HIGH

H. G. WELLS has written recently and with evident regret that "great multitudes of us are living in a state of faded religiosity. The formal religious organizations of the Atlantic world are little more than the spiritualized husks and trappings of long-abandoned efforts to begin a new way of life for mankind." The facts appear to justify that conclusion. The drift of the times is away from religion and particularly away from the organized religion of the church. Mr. Wells's testimony is that of an outsider and will be discounted. But almost every current discussion of the church by churchmen starts out with his assumptions. The most pressing and certainly the most frequently raised question in ecclesiastical circles is not: How may the energies of the church be directed? but, rather, How may the church itself be energized? The choice which once lay between different forms of faith now seems to lie between any faith and none at all.

Despite the long-held doctrine of the theologians that man is "incurably religious," a vast and increasing number of people are demonstrating that he is not. Most of these people are not active unbelievers. They have not left the church to join the Society for the Advancement of Atheism. Some of them have not left the church at all. If pressed, they would probably confess to some obscure but unconsulted convictions which might be identified as religious. Normally, however, they

are indifferent to the whole matter. There is no point for them in the argument as to whether it is possible to get along without religion. For all apparent intents and purposes they are getting along without it. And the disturbing fact is not that so many of them get along, but that they appear to get along so well. In short, they have no conscious religious life and they do not seem to miss it. They do not revolt against God. They simply ignore Him.

I have just read the conclusions of a newspaper man who recently made a sixteen-thousand-mile trip through the American countryside. He went out to meet "the people." He asked them many questions, among others, what they were getting from their religion in these disturbed times. "Only one man," he writes, "said that his church and his God were a prop to him. Nowhere did I encounter a genuine religious feeling. Everywhere I encountered skepticism, distrust, amusement at the beliefs of our fathers. Christianity is hardly to be considered at all as a force in American life, in directing its currents or desires."

A few weeks ago a clubwoman in a small city of the Middle West, chagrined at the discovery that she alone among her acquaintances seemed to have any vital interest in religion, undertook a similar, though less extensive survey. She began with the members of her own reading circle—a more than ordinarily intelligent group of women.

Of these none went regularly to church although, on an average, each gave at least a half day a week to bridge. Religion means nothing significant to any of them and religious activity had no definite place in their lives. She went beyond this circle to a larger group and returned with the conclusion that "of the clever women of my acquaintance I am willing to wager that ten have read a dozen books on psychology since one has read the New Testament from cover to cover. They think clearly and deeply on every subject but some door of their minds is closed and bolted to religion."

Such testimony, of course, is a bit unofficial. But the church itself provides significant witnesses to the same conclusion. Dr. Rufus Jones, a distinguished Quaker, recently led a more than ordinarily important group of churchmen in a study of the health of the church in America. Their data, somewhat less personal and more penetrating than those of the clubwoman I have quoted, led to approximately the same opinion. "Organizations, surveys, practical results," the Jones report declares, "absorb the mind, and in the change of focal interest the meaning has dropped out of those words with which miracles once were wrought."

When, last May, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church concluded its sessions in Atlantic City, the *Christian Century*, most influential of Protestant church papers, summed up the proceedings with the statement that "it was far more than one church that showed itself in full retreat at Atlantic City; the Methodist Conference was a warning that defeatism is the mood of the churches."

I have here a letter from a lay member of one of America's largest denominations. This man is a resident of a substantial Mid-Western city and the head of a successful business concern.

In recent years he has given less time to business and more to the church. He has sat in on its ecclesiastical councils and served on its boards and commissions. Recently he was sent as a delegate to the national meeting of the denomination, and it was after his return from this gathering that he wrote to me.

"I would be in a happier frame of mind," he said, "if I had stayed at home. If this conference was a cross-section of the best that the church has to offer, then I am in despair about the church. Mind you, there was nothing missing from the set-up. We sang the right hymns, offered prayer at the right places, called on the right men to make our devotional addresses. We went through all the religious motions. But I couldn't escape the feeling that we were shadow-boxing. We did a lot of swinging, but our blows never seemed to land on anything substantial. I went to this conference convinced that we needed a revival of vital religion to save the world. I have come away from it convinced that we need such a revival to save the church."

In almost the same words a distinguished English clergyman predicted a few months ago that nothing short of a revival could stay the decline in the influence of the church in Great Britain and in the hold of religion upon the people. Another Englishman, C. E. M. Joad, in his book *The Present and Future of Religion*, which has been one of the religious best-sellers, declared that in England "a hundred years ago when one of the new towns of the industrial revolution sprang up, man's first concern was provision for their religious needs and, if they were Free Churchmen, a levy for the chapel was one of the first charges they felt called upon to meet. To-day nobody spares the money to build new chapels for the same reason that nobody would attend them if they were built. As for

the Church of England, even if there were churches and congregations to fill them, which there are not, there would not be enough clergymen to attend to the congregations. It is difficult, indeed it is impossible, to keep up the existing numbers of the clergy and the supply of recruits falls off year by year."

These conclusions have had some measure of official confirmation. When it was proposed that the churches of London and vicinity undertake an attendance-census, the suggestion was promptly tabled, presumably on the ground that the results of such a census would reveal a situation which had better not be advertised.

In the United States the statistics seem to be on the side of the optimists. When I read the layman's letter which I have quoted above to a minister of my acquaintance he promptly denied that the church was in need of saving and, for proof, directed me to the gains in church membership in this country in 1931. Unquestionably, those gains make an impressive showing. Never before in history had American Protestantism equalled, in a single year, the 433,000 increase reported in 1931. And never before in the one hundred and thirty years in which accurate records have been kept had the ratio of church membership to total population been so high. Nevertheless, I did not accept the advice of this clergyman and pass on this report to my lay friend. I rather doubted whether, looking at things as he did, he would find much comfort in statistics; or that he would be willing to concede that a completely satisfactory church audit could be made by a Certified Public Accountant.

Moreover, it appeared to me to be slightly unorthodox that a minister should find such easy refuge in figures. In the churches of my youth, and particularly in the sparsely attended prayer meetings, there was one verse

of scripture that was almost always quoted and always applied. Either during the prayers or in the course of the "testimony meeting" someone was sure to fall back upon that passage from the eighteenth chapter of Matthew which reads: "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." There was something reassuring about that. That verse established our independence of the yard-sticks by which normal, human measurements were made and seemed to draw us a bit closer to its Author whose ministry, from a statistical point of view, was a terrible failure.

Still, the statistical defense of the church is popular nowadays. I have attended my share of ecclesiastical gatherings, and almost all of them reveal a uniform and unquestioned eagerness to put their faith into figures. The average ministerial report is shaped with the sure knowledge that the "Members Received" column is its most important item. The average meeting of a church board is four-fifths a matter of budget and one-fifth—a scant one-fifth—a matter of message. The average denominational gathering is chiefly concerned with treasurer's reports, ecclesiastical mechanisms, and theological formulæ and, despite prayers and hymns at the right places, could hardly be called more than incidentally religious. The church, too, follows its ticker-tape.

I heard a sermon recently in which the preacher, answering the critics, insisted that there could hardly be much wrong with a denomination "which God had allowed to grow so large as ours." Perhaps, as someone remarked afterwards, "if there had been less wrong with it, it wouldn't have grown so large."

It has always been my opinion that the Society of Friends offers America's best advertisement for organized Chris-

tianity. And yet, statistically, the Quakers rank near the bottom of the religious scale. With a total membership of slightly more than 89,000 they were twenty-second in size among American church bodies in 1931. Their year's recorded growth was forty-nine members, which put them forty-sixth in the list. The Quakers, like the First-Century Christians, are an answer to the assumption that a church gets holier as it gets bigger.

At any rate, an attempt to appraise religion in terms of ecclesiastical figures is certain to be inconclusive and likely to be embarrassing. The Sunday morning attendance at the average service of worship is generally proof of the fact that there is no necessary connection between vital religion and church membership. I am the minister of a more than ordinarily loyal church. Normally, however, our one Sunday service brings out not more than twenty per cent of our total membership. The average membership attendance of the three service clubs of our little city at their weekly meetings is just under sixty per cent.

G. K. Chesterton once suggested that we extend the franchise to the dead. Organized religion has already done that. Every church has what it calls its "live" list, a roll of those members who have neither died, moved away, nor withdrawn their membership. To be strictly accurate, however, this should be called a "non-deceased" list since it contains the names of a considerable number of people who, though still present in the flesh, have, for all religious intents and purposes, passed on.

Historically the Christian church has been strongest at the periods of its greatest numerical weakness. One frequently hears the First Century referred to as the golden age of Christianity. At the present moment a good many communities here and

abroad are being stirred by an evangelical movement whose converts describe themselves as the "First-Century Christian Fellowship" and whose aim is to recapture the vital religion that characterized that early period. It is safe to say that such a movement, if it succeeds, will either be exceedingly small or decidedly disruptive. The Christianity of the First Century was both. There was no shadow-boxing in that period of the church's history. A prominent American sociologist has summarized the twenty-five stands at variance with the accepted thought and practice of the Roman world. And Rome, which laughed off many things, could not laugh off those early Christians. What it did do one can gather from a two- or three-hour tour through the catacombs.

The church in that early period was composed of recreated individuals. Those individuals were out to recreate society. They were, therefore, a disruptive influence and remained so until, with the conversion of Constantine, their resources increased and their numbers multiplied. The church then passed out of the catacombs, the catacomb-spirit, in large measure, passed out of the church, and the age-long history of worldly reckonings, of compromise, and of shadow-boxing began.

There have been some saving interludes. Francis of Assisi provided one; Martin Luther another; John Wesley a third. Since Wesley's preaching in the Eighteenth Century there have been revivals of various sorts in many places. Some of them, like that of Dwight L. Moody at the end of the last century, have had more than a local significance. But, in general, they have been spiritual diversions, significant, perhaps, but nonetheless diversions. Organized religion has neither been significantly shaken nor fundamentally changed by any of them. And yet to-day it stands in greater

need of shaking and of change than in many generations. Judged by its hold upon men and measured in terms of what it professes to desire to see accomplished, the church at present must be ranked among the least effective of the agencies by which man is seeking to better his lot.

II

But it would be a serious mistake to appraise religion entirely in terms of the church. Something is astir in our world which is much more aggressive and potent than mere indifference to ecclesiastical organizations. In many places a heretofore inactive tolerance of religious systems is giving way to active opposition to religion. From the customary assumption that some form of faith is indispensable, great companies of people are moving to the conviction that faith itself is a liability.

Last year a commission of distinguished Protestant laymen went from the United States to study the status of religion and, particularly, of Christian missions and Christianity, in Asia. Their report, which has been more widely discussed than any religious document in a generation, declares that not Christianity, alone, but all religion in these lands is making a losing fight against unbelief. Christianity's future arguments will be "less with Islam or Hinduism or Buddhism, than with materialism, secularism, naturalism."

"What," ask these laymen, "becomes of the issues between the merits of one sacred text and another when the sacredness of all texts is being denied? Why compare Mohammed and Buddha, when all the utterances of religious intuition are threatened with discard in the light of practical reason? It is no longer which prophet or which book; it is whether any prophet, book, revelation, rite, church is to be trusted?

All the old oracles are seeing a new sign: the scorn on the faces of students who know the experiments in anti-religion in Russia and non-religion in Turkey and the actual religionlessness of much Western life. The chief foe of these oracles is not Christianity, but the anti-religious philosophies of Marx, Lenin, Russell. The case that must now be stated is the case for any religion at all."

In Russia, of course, it is too late to state even the case for any religion. The first Five Year Plan fell badly short in certain of its industrial quotas. It did not fall short, however, in its production of atheists. At the present rate of extermination, five years, at the most, should suffice to put an end to all the visible evidences of religion in Russia. In some respects this achievement is more revolutionary than the overthrow of the Tzar. The church in pre-war Russia was corrupt and laden with superstitions. And yet the Russians, themselves, were generally held to be the most incurably religious people in all Europe. The peasants were bound to the church by ties only a little less strong than those which bound them to the soil. Despite that fact, the "liquidation of God" by the Soviets is being accomplished with scarcely a murmur of opposition. Peasants who endured bloodshed and starvation for a regime that promised them land, bread, and peace made no significant protest when the same government set out to take away their religion.

It is one thing to destroy a church. That has been done before. It is quite another thing—or so we have always believed—to destroy the faith of a people. But in Russia faith seems to be disappearing as fast and with as little struggle as ecclesiasticism. And its disappearance, so far as one can discover, has left no aching religious void. In fact, a generation has now grown to

maturity there that knows religion only to despise it. From my own knowledge of the situation, I should say that those who look for a revival of religion in Russia at any time in the near future have ignored the facts and taken counsel chiefly with their hopes.

Elsewhere in Europe the drift from religion lacks the dramatic setting of Russia's planned atheistic order. But it is unmistakable, nonetheless. In Germany immediately after the War there were some signs that a religious revival was in the making. The churches were crowded and their activities considerably stimulated. The old state church, released from the domination of the monarchy, appeared to fall into line with the democratic march of the times and to take on new life as a result. These signs of awakening persisted up to about 1925. Since then they have almost wholly disappeared. Such new religious movements as are stirring to-day in Germany are too theological and pietistic to reach the masses of the people who cannot afford the luxury of theology and are not inclined to look upon personal piety as an adequate substitute for food, lodging, and a job. Adolf Hitler, recently awakened to the political possibilities of religion, now makes church membership a condition for admission to his National-Socialist party. Such a tie-up with Hitlerism may help to restore some of the lost temporal glory of the old Protestant state church. The net result, however, is more likely to provide new arguments for the atheists than to strengthen religion.

Meanwhile, organized atheism in Germany has become a movement of significant proportions. It is safe to say, for example, that the German Communist party is only slightly less atheistic than the Russian. That party in the November election polled just short of six million votes, one-sixth of the nation's total, and established

itself as the third largest party in the Reichstag. It stands sponsor for the League of Proletarian Freethinkers, a steadily growing organization which, in reality, is the German branch of Russia's Atheistic International. Its propaganda material is largely of Russian manufacture. Its official magazine, *Neuland*, is printed in Moscow in the German language. Its funds, in part at any rate, are from the coffers of Russia's atheistic organizations. Of its increasing hold particularly upon Germany's working-class youth there seems to be no question.

The largest and most active anti-religious order in Germany, however, is not the Communist League of Proletarian Freethinkers, but the German League of Freethinkers. This League is under the official wing of the Social-Democratic party which, up to the elections of 1932, has been the strongest single party in the Reichstag and, at present, is second only to that of Hitler's National-Socialists. It is a significant fact, I think, that two of the three largest parties in the German Republic stand sponsor for organized atheism and carry definite anti-religious planks in their political platforms. The German League has an active membership totalling something over 700,000. Two hundred thousand German children are enrolled in its schools of atheism. In every section of Germany it has carried on a persistent drive against the church. This drive, which was first undertaken chiefly among the working classes, has now been extended into the rural districts where it is making startling headway. Largely as a result of its propaganda, the churches of Germany for a number of years have reported a steady net loss in membership totalling as much as 300,000 in a single year.

In Spain and France atheism is not organized in so aggressive a fashion as in Germany. The Spanish revolution

was decidedly less anti-religious than newspaper reports at the time gave us to understand. Some twenty-three monasteries were burned. That was vandalism, to be sure. But in view of the fact that there are sixteen hundred monasteries in Spain, it was not a vandalism expressive of a nation-wide uprising against religion. The Jesuits, likewise, have been expelled, but for political rather than for religious reasons. Still, the rising tendency in Spain, if not aggressively atheistic, is certainly agnostic. The Socialist party, which associated itself with the Republican party to engineer the revolution, is definitely anti-clerical and probably somewhat less definitely anti-religious. When the time comes, as it doubtless will, for the Socialists to dissociate themselves from the Republicans and set out to run Spain on their own, this movement toward unbelief will probably gain immediate momentum.

France, too, has had its periods of anti-clericalism which, though they have been directed chiefly against the church in politics, have served to indicate that the national drift was away from religion. Some French religious leaders are of the opinion that that drift of late has been accelerated. And it is commonly said that out of a population of forty million there are not more than seven million practicing believers in all France. Many of the remaining thirty-three million presumably call upon the church at birth, marriage, and death. But in the intervals between these major events they live indifferent to both the forms and the convictions of religion.

III

Confronted with these gloomy portents, there is probably a certain significance in the readiness of some religious leaders not to ignore the facts,

but to face them, to inquire why they have arisen and what can be done about them. The Laymen's Foreign Missions Inquiry, with its suggestion that Christianity make peace with non-Christian faiths in order to make common cause against unbelief, stirred up the old hornets' nest of fundamentalist-modernist controversy. That was to be expected. It was not expected that, outside of ultra-conservative quarters, there would be such general acceptance of the main contentions of the report. I doubt if the proposals of the commission, involving as they do a virtual wiping out of denominational lines in missionary work abroad and in missions administration at home, are likely soon to be put into practice by the various missionary bodies. But it is at least reassuring to have them go through the gestures of endorsement.

But the analysis of foreign missions by the Laymen's Inquiry is no more devastating than the appraisals of the church itself which have been lately made by some of its own leaders. If the hold of religion is slipping, it can at least be said that some churchmen stand ready to admit it and even to accept some of the blame on behalf of the institution which has been the traditional custodian of religious truth.

Two or three years ago the book of the day most discussed among church leaders was *The Impatience of a Parson* by H. R. L. Shephard, an English clergyman. Mr. Shephard's impatience has its roots in the conviction with which the book begins that "the churches have corporately so misunderstood the message of their founder and so mishandled and mislaid His values that what survives and does duty nowadays through the churches as Christianity is a caricature of what Christ intended."

This book made something of an ecclesiastical sensation, not because it

was sensational but because it seemed to be so sound. Since its publication there has been a flood of such literature. In fact, it is a unique book on religion nowadays that does not have a "crisis" somewhere in the title or chapter headings; just as it is a unique religious gathering that does not have a "crisis" somewhere on its program.

It appears that many of the clergy, particularly the younger clergy, are aware that their religious operations touch, and very lightly at that, only the outer fringes of modern life; that as a society-transforming agency the church itself suffers in comparison with the schools, politics, or business; and in the matter of opinion-making that it is by no means so effective as the newspapers, the radio, or the movies. As one young preacher of my acquaintance put it: "We have the space but it is not used; we have the resources but they are not working; we have the message, but it is not preached. It is no wonder that so many people find it so easy to get along without the church."

Certainly in the United States one reason why so many people find it easy to get along without the church is because the churches find it so hard to get along with one another. The fact that Protestantism in the United States is divided into some two hundred denominations constitutes the supreme testimony of religion to its own ineffectiveness. Doubtless, there are good, historical reasons for these divisions. But the average citizen, whom the church would like to lure to its pews, is not up in church history. He only sees, or thinks he sees, that there are too many churches for the average community and that the big battle of the ecclesiastics is not with the world, the flesh, and the devil but with their own denominational competitors.

Organized religion for a long time

has been marching forth to war. But it has been a civil war. If, as a result of so much inter-denominational blood-letting, religion is threatened with pernicious anæmia, the average citizen does not feel inclined to offer himself for purposes of transfusion. Not, at any rate, until he has some assurance that, once cured, the ecclesiastics will not go at it again as hard and as wastefully as ever.

Out of this welter of denominationism a distinctive, if not distinguished type of leadership has flowered: individuals who, though not notable as religious leaders are nonetheless good ecclesiastical mechanics. They know how and where to tinker with the machinery and when to insert, as the case may require, oil or a monkey wrench. Some churches, because of the intricacy of their ecclesiastical machinery, suffer more seriously from this affliction than others. It would be difficult to say which is a more serious religious liability, ecclesiasticism or the ecclesiastics. The latter, of course, feed upon and, therefore, perpetuate the former. They are present in pontifical array at every church gathering. Their counsel is always one of caution; their tactics are to "go slowly"; their votes invariably support the contention that "the time is not yet ripe"; their evident concern is not that the church should produce something of significance, but that its organization should operate with smoothness. If the church, as Mr. Shephard declares, is "a caricature of what Christ intended," then we are greatly indebted to this type of church leader for making and keeping it so.

In some quarters, particularly among lay churchmen, the senselessness of our current denominationism is admitted. In fact, one hears it rather widely conceded nowadays that the historical reasons for division have rather widely lost whatever meaning

they once had. And a few years ago it looked as though something might be done about it. A few things were done about it. The Congregational and Christian churches did actually unite to form the Congregational-Christian church. A good many other churches made unifying gestures of one kind or another. Some of them, notably the Northern and Southern branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church, went even farther. A concrete plan was worked out. This plan was accepted by the Northern Methodists, but the Southerners rejected it, and a new start will have to be made. An imposing list of other denominations have relatively permanent commissions on union which are composed of the best ecclesiastical minds of the church but from which, to date, nothing very concrete has issued.

In fact, the desire for church unity seems to come in waves, like the agitation for municipal reform. Right now in American Protestantism the wave is receding. Unity resolutions are still passed, fraternal delegates are still sent and received, small grants are still provided to the commissions on union. But the desire, which sounded for a time almost like a demand, that something be done about it has ceased to be pressing. Meanwhile the Federal Council of Churches, through which the churches have been able to put up a partially united religious front, finds it increasingly difficult to secure the backing necessary to carry on.

IV

Religion, however, is divided in more than machinery. The "unity of the faithful" in the First-Century sense was not a matter primarily of form but rather of purpose. Christian converts were probably all baptized in the same manner. But that fact would not have worried anybody, least of all the offi-

cials of the Roman Empire. The trouble was that they all acted in the same manner. They knew what they wanted for themselves and for the world, and they were zealously out to get it. There is no such singleness of purpose in organized religion of the present. Individually, some churches are zealous enough. But collectively, they are hardly ever either a threat or a promise. And this deeper disunity is, I think, a further reason for the failing health of religion.

In the last seventy-five years the churches have only one major collective achievement on their record. That is prohibition. In war and peace, in prosperity and depression, liquor has provided the solitary plank on which Protestantism in the United States has dared to stand with any semblance of unity. Now the liquor question is one of great importance. But it is not the only or, I believe, the most important question. And yet, if a rank outsider were to go on tour through America's evangelical church gatherings to familiarize himself with the plans for this perennially talked about and prayed for Kingdom of Heaven on earth, he would discover that the only specification so far agreed to was the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. It is prohibition, alone among great issues, that will bring a church audience to its feet with Hallelujahs. It is only the prohibition resolutions that are adopted with the Doxology. And that at a time when civilization appears to be tumbling down around our ears.

Now, of course, the prohibition fight has maneuvered the church into an uncomfortable corner. If there had been no such fight, the possibility of a comparison between organized religion and such worldly agencies as politics or newspapers might have been avoided. The business of the church in such a case could have been consistently re-

stricted to the matter of individual redemption. The orthodox churchman could have escaped from all manner of complications by accepting the point of view of the evangelist whom I once heard declare that "we are here to save souls, not to save the world." Unfortunately for that point of view, the Bishop Cannons, Billy Sundays, and Clarence True Wilsons have put the church up to the hilt in the business of saving the world. And, for good or ill, they have shown no noticeable hesitation about using a worldly technique in saving it.

But this venture, though it proved the political power of the church, established a precedent and left in its wake a whole train of unanswered questions.

"Why," writes a young student lately returned from the coal fields, "does a church which is this-worldly enough to fight the liquor traffic suddenly turn other-worldly when the issue is coal? I think I can tell you. The brewery owners are not in the churches—not in these churches at any rate. The mine-owners are. The church was 'courageous' on the liquor question because it had nothing to lose. It won't be courageous about coal until it gets less coal money or is willing to lose what it gets. And the same goes for war."

That indictment is probably too severe. It overlooks the occasional preacher who has taken his ecclesiastical life in his hands—and often lost it—by identifying himself with the unemployed or striking miners and by preaching a gospel that had some redemptive application to the immediate vicinity of his parish. It overlooks a good many other things. The persistence with which the industrial activities of the Social Service Commission of the Federal Council of Churches is attacked is proof that its work is not without considerable

influence. The economic declarations this year of a number of leading church bodies, notably the Methodist Episcopal General Conference and the Northern Baptist Convention, were widely hailed in reactionary quarters as liberal to the point of being socialistic.

And I think it can also be said that "the same goes for war." In fact, there are some few ecclesiastical quarters in which there seems to be almost as much hostility toward war as toward liquor. The churches, as our own militarists have testified, provided support for the ratification of the Kellogg-Briand Pact to Outlaw War; they had a hand in the defeat of the big Navy bill in 1927; they have stood back of the proposal that America join the World Court; some of them have officially recognized and ecclesiastically supported peace commissions; and, denominationally, most of them can be counted upon for at least one ringing resolution on peace per session.

Contrary to the opinion of the young student, the church, in these activities, has revealed some real courage and, in many instances, has been able to reckon the cost in dollars and cents. I happen to know—to name only one case—that the Federal Council of Churches was obliged to write off a considerable number of its substantial contributors because it dared to elect to its presidency so practical and courageous a Christian as Bishop Francis J. McConnell.

These, I think, are encouraging signs of the times. But their importance can be easily overestimated and frequently is. It is relatively easy nowadays to pass a liberal and in some cases even a faintly socialistic resolution through a denominational assembly. But that phenomenon, although it is new, is not necessarily important. It would be important if there were any

prospect that, in most instances, such a resolution would be taken seriously. If there were such a prospect the resolution, doubtless, would never pass in the first place. As it is, these declarations, though they are sometimes startling to see in print, seldom startle anybody when they are adopted. Almost everybody knows that hardly anybody will give them a second thought.

A few months ago a leading Protestant paper editorially congratulated one ecclesiastical assembly for its progressive position on the economic situation. Whereupon a preacher who had been a member of the assembly wrote to the editor to be more sparing of his praise. This body, he pointed out, had many important matters to attend to and, being sure that this particular resolution would upset no applecarts, passed it, without debate, as a gesture to a small group of young liberals. Last spring a national ecclesiastical gathering took an equally forward-looking position in regard to world peace. Objections were few and far between. The resolution was passed by an overwhelming vote. World peace was in the record—and in good strong language, that cost nothing. When it came to doing something about it, however, that was a different matter. When the budgetary items came along this same body, with scarcely the batting of an ecclesiastical eyelash, abolished its peace commission, the one bit of denominational machinery designed to make the church's devotion to peace more than a mere matter of phrases. "A church," says a Southern Methodist bishop, "is more powerful on its knees than passing resolutions." Certainly there is nothing very powerful about many of the church's current resolutions save, now and then, their terminology.

In fact, if one were to pick out the quality that seems most widely to char-

acterize organized religion in the midst of to-day's confusion, one would be inclined to choose indifference. Religious people, if not as wise as serpents, are almost always as harmless as doves. Making due allowance for the notable exceptions, the church certainly gives the impression that it is "here to save souls, not to save the world." The impressive thing about most of our orthodox religious routine is its other-worldliness. And the significant fact about much of the other-worldliness is that it provides, not a line of action but a way of escape. The churches, as Mr. Wells and the Communists agree, are serving to "allay restlessness, silence uneasy questionings, and reassure by their atmosphere of conviction and ultimate knowledge."

The bulletin board of a large church in a town I frequently visit carries each week some spiritual message to the passers-by. The most recent bulletin featured this sentence: "The way to bear one's crosses is to consecrate them all in silence to God." A Communist, telling this story, would probably have italicized the "in silence." At any rate, I hoped this particular bulletin would not be noticed by too many young people, who would not understand its language, or by too many of the unemployed who would not relish its counsel.

When I quoted that message to a friend he went me one better. In the church at which he is a regular attendant three hymns are a part of its Sunday morning worship. The selections for the previous Sunday had so much impressed him that he wrote down a verse from each. Here they are, as he quoted them:

The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The judge is at the gate.

The second read:

Therefore I murmur not, Heaven is my home,
 Whate'er my earthly lot, Heaven is my home;
 And I shall surely stand, there at my Lord's right hand;
 Heaven is my fatherland, Heaven is my home.

And the final verse was this:

His purposes shall ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Now I do not offer this church bulletin or my friend's collection of hymns as a complete picture of the state of organized religion in the United States. In every section of the country there are preachers who are hard at the job of bringing religion's other-worldliness down to earth; and churches which are hard at the job of giving some practical community meaning to their confession of faith. Now and then this attitude may momentarily characterize the churches of an entire community. The collective belligerency of the Chicago Federation of Churches in fighting municipal corruption is a case in point. One might draw up quite a list of such exceptions, but they would still be exceptions. The Chicago Church Federation and its war on crime are no more typical of the social mind of organized religion than Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and his emancipated Riverside Church are typical of its theological mind. And one gets the impression that there are fewest of these exceptions in the spots where the need for them is greatest. Certainly the churches in the United States reach a peak of other-worldliness in those industrial areas where the gospel in the society-transforming sense ought to be most effective. Religion there, if not an opiate, is at least a sedative.

Here, then, is a further reason for this drift from religion. The church

means little in the life of many people because it seems to them to offer so little to the life of the world.

Now, a considerable number of churchmen, as I have already indicated, seem prepared to admit that organized religion is widely impotent; that the faith and the faithful are both in need of a powerful stimulant. And the religious skies are daily scanned by these in the hope of some sign that a new day of faith is at hand. To date, however, the skies have not offered much by way of encouragement. In fact, many religious leaders are frankly bewildered because, in the present crisis, there has been no significant turning to religion.

Perhaps the drift from religion is nowhere plainer than at this point. Previous periods of crisis have usually been "great days for the church." Other help failing, men and women have sought the consolations of religion. It is difficult to see any significant indications of such seeking at present. There is a frequently quoted phrase to the effect that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." These are clearly times of "man's extremity." If they are also times of God's opportunity, there is little evidence that the church has been able to capitalize them for Him. The depression, whatever else it has done, does not appear to have appreciably increased the number of those who believe that religion can help to make their burdens more bearable or to hasten them more surely to the place where burdens can be laid down.

Still it is possible that a religious revival, if it involved something of more practical meaning than a revival of pietism and a resurrection of an escape theology, might help to save the day for our civilization. The war belief that the millennium was just round the corner has long since passed into the realm of laughable memories.

Now we are convinced that about the best we can expect to do is to put a few patches on the old order and pray that it will hold together longer than we really believe it will.

But our present political and economic confusion ought to establish the fact that salvation, when and if it comes, will have to be compounded out of something more than political and economic materials. There is evidence that the changes most essential to the discovery of a permanent way out involve, first of all, not a remodeling of our economic equipment, but a transformation of the purposes for which that equipment is designed to operate. In fact, it is unlikely that anything very fundamental will happen to our economic set-up until some such change in motive is brought about. To date, about all that we have done has been to readjust our budgets.

I do not think for a minute that a revival of religion would immediately or directly alter our economic machinery even by the turning of a single thumb-screw. The church, even a revived church, is not called upon to

go tinkering round with a pair of economic pliers in one hand and a political monkey wrench in the other. The business of the church is neither to build the machinery nor to repair it, but to declare the purposes that ought to dominate its architects and operators. The importance of organized religion to our world will be measured not in terms of the social legislation it has introduced, but in terms of the legislators it has socially inspired; not by the profit-sharing enterprises it has established, but by the profit-sharing motives it has created. Christ did not draw up a Kingdom of Heaven constitution for the politicians of the world to shoot at. Rather, He laid down certain principles which were so plain and so universal that men in every age since then have sought to escape them and have never been quite able to. Organized religion to regain its significance will be specific enough if it is as specific as Jesus was; it will be potent enough if it makes righteousness as much a pressing this-worldly concern as He made it and as little a matter of symbolic evasion or of hope deferred.





CHARITY BALL

A STORY

BY SELMA ROBINSON

WHEN the music started, the light went out over the tables and drew itself into a square white patch on the dance floor. The faces of all the dancers turned into black and white masks, a little higher for the men, a little lower for the women. Shoulders were bare and blue-white in the light, and gowns were an indiscriminate black or gray. Laura watched the dancing couples, the white faces against dark shoulders, the white naked backs. Her sister and her brother-in-law sat sipping highballs, watching the dancers too.

Far off past the dimly lighted tables, Laura thought she saw Jim Van Druten silhouetted. It couldn't be he though. She had asked him to take her; she had even bought the tickets for the Charity Ball on the chance that he might. But no. He was simply devastated but he was planning to do some fishing off South Carolina. Well, too bad. It would have been great sport, the fashion show and the dancing and the crowds. But see you again some time.

And when, a month before, she had asked him if he cared to see the Italian Marionettes he had to attend a house-party on the Shrewsbury. There was always somewhere else he had to be. For two delirious weeks he had been completely hers. No, not completely hers—Jim would never be that—but completely at her disposal. Theaters,

night clubs, long dinners, and swift hurried spaces of breathlessness too shallow for rapture, painful as sword thrusts even to think about. Jim called her naïve and was amused at first by her unrestrained outpouring of devotion; he called her naïve again at the end, but this time he was annoyed. He called her humorless too, and immature (for all that she was twenty-nine and he twenty-six), and intense. Not in so many words, of course; Jim was never crude.

The many times she had called him! But he was about to dash out on another dinner date or a week-end or a business conference.

Nona leaned across the table and shouted above the music, "Whom are you frowning at, Laura?"

"Lend me your glasses, Nona. I think it's someone I must see." She adjusted the glasses. It was Jim. "It is. Will you excuse me? I shan't be long. Someone I must see."

Nona nodded. Tib rose as Laura rose and then he sat down.

Laura picked her way among the tables like a cat, holding the black lace of her dress about her. She shouldn't go really. She should remember her pride, her dear little pride that she was always overlooking like a poor relation. But he mightn't speak to her first; he mightn't even see her. And she had learned to be so gay and clever now. He would notice that.

The tables held her back, like parasitic growths. "I beg your pardon," she said as she wedged her way between them and the dim unfamiliar faces, lifting the edge of her lacy skirt, waiting for a chair here and there to be pushed back. In the mirrors along the walls, the dancers were reflected, shifting and white as waves, and the heads and the tables were dark shrubbery along the lake of light.

He had said he wouldn't come, and there he was, beautiful as a tree, leaning against the door-jamb with the light illuminating his fine nose and chin. The fashion show was dismal. She was glad she hadn't participated in it this year. The audience was worse: Seventh Avenue cloak-and-suiters probably. And all those silly young boys and girls. The two of them behind her. "You must meet my mother," the boy with the teeth told the girl with the teeth; "she's a hell of a good egg." And Nona and Tib dying in their chairs. Still it was nice of them to have come, the last minute and all. Well, anyway, the money went to charity, foundling babies or impulsive girls or something.

"The night was made for love," crooned the orchestra, and the feet shuff-shuffled to the banal music.

Laura kept threading her way through the tables. Jim still leaned in a relaxed curve against the doorway, smoking, detached.

"I beg your pardon," Laura said to the tables, and "I beg your pardon." "I'm sorry." "I beg your pardon." "So sorry." "May I pass?" "I beg your pardon." "Pardon." "Pardon."

At the last of the little tables she held her head a little higher, set a careless little smile on her face. Jim turned around as she touched his arm.

"Oh, good evening, Laura," he said unsmilingly, his face white in the dance light reflected from the mirrors.

"Jim! So nice to see you here," she

said with a brisk wave of her hand. She withdrew a little into the shadow where the reflection of light couldn't strike her. He looked so fresh and young, so much younger than twenty-six really was.

"Rare frock you're wearing. You look no more than a schoolgirl in it," he said. She thanked him prettily. Then, "Having a good time?" he asked, turning his head away toward the dancers.

Cold white light edged his face with steel. She was sorry she had come. His lashes lay black on his cheek and opened upward like a fan. His eyes reflected the white light so that she couldn't see them. They were like the marble eyes of statues; they couldn't see her either. If she turned now and walked away, he wouldn't know.

"Simply marvelous," she answered gayly, drawing her lipstick and vanity out of her bag. In the big round mirror slanting upward she could see his face, the almond-shaped pits that were his nostrils, the line of his jaw, the cheekbones painted with light. His eyes were not on her. In the mirror he seemed imagined. Far, far away. If the glass broke he would vanish forever. She drew her mouth in lipstick, noting the drooping corners and the tragic frown between her eyes.

"The night was made for love." Weren't there any more words to that song? She hummed it while she slapped the powder on. Her white cheeks and the black path of her eyebrows made her face a design of despair. She stopped humming for a moment. The need to be witty, to say the bright thing struck her—something arresting and piquant.

"The fashion show was grand, don't you think?" she said, hearing her words as light as truckmen in hob-nailed boots.

He turned his face toward her.

"I beg your pardon?" he asked.

"I said the fashion show was pretty terrible, wasn't it?"

"Frightful. Dull things and clumsy women. Why weren't you among the mannequins, Laura? Or are you deciding you're a drate big dirl, now?" He drew a case from inside his coat and offered her a cigarette. Then he took one himself. He lighted a match and made a little cave with his hands while he gave her a light and took one himself. It was intimate and warm in the cave. She felt alone with him there; but presently he blew out the light.

It was none of her business, but she said:

"I didn't think you were coming here to-night."

"Neither did I," he answered, smoking softly, "but such fun to find you here." There was that about his voice which was toneless and bored, and so disinterested that she knew how futile it was to hope he had come there to see her, as she would have done gladly. She made a great business of smoking her cigarette, blowing rings, flicking ash.

"What a mob," she commented.

"Tremendous, isn't it?" And if she had said "What a small crowd" he would have responded "Isn't it?" the same way. Now she should go with the few splinters of pride that were still hers. There were no other words to say. You couldn't say, "Jim, love me." You couldn't say, "Hate me, despise me, even, but let me see you occasionally."

So she said, "Here alone?"

Then she knew it was wrong to ask that, too. All her sick heart asked that, not her dumb brain. But there it was. Jim nodded his head yes, alone.

"And you?" he asked. She caught her breath in a sharp spasm of hope. She smiled.

"Practically," she said. "I'm with

my sister and brother-in-law, but they're terribly bored, poor darlings. Besides, it's past their bedtime and they want to go home. But I'd like to stick around, I'm having such a heavenly time."

She laid her fingers appealingly on his arm.

"Look, Jim," she hesitated, carefully, shyly, "if I sort of let them go home and hung around a while and danced a little and drank a little and had myself a marvelous time could I depend on a gallant gentleman like you to let me ride home next to him on the Fifth Avenue bus or the Madison Avenue trolley if it ever comes along?"

She waited as if on a cliff of ice for Jim to answer. Strong winds blew, the cliff was tall and slippery, the land strange and savage. His eyes met hers.

"There's nothing I'd rather do, my angel, than take you home," he said, insolently civil. "But what's a man to do?"

Cruel, cruel. She said, "Oh!" She said, "You can't?"

"I'm expecting a large and enthusiastic party. We're leaving at once for Harlem," he explained unnecessarily. "Too bad you won't join us."

She raised her hand in a casual little gesture.

"Yes too bad see you again I must be getting back," she said as if she were reading a formula. With exaggerated courtliness he kissed her hand.

"Good night, pretty Laura."

"Good night, Jim."

Now there were all those tables and the crossed legs to overcome again before she got back. And that raw feeling inside her, beating like a wound. Where was her pride now and what good had she accomplished?

"Pardon me," she told the stiff white bosom of a dress shirt. "Pardon

me," to the crossed silver slippers. "So sorry" to the tables, grown monstrous and clinging. "Pardon me," "Pardon me," "I'm sorry," "I beg your pardon."

The music slowed down and dragged out the final bars. "The—night—was—made—for—lo-o-ove."

The lights went on over the hall and the dancers applauded just as she reached her table. Tibbett rose and held out her chair. She sank into it, tired, her black lace making a pool at her feet.

"Just had to drop over to see someone," she said.

Nona inquired, "Was it a man?" Laura nodded nonchalantly.

"Why didn't you ask him over here?" asked Nona.

"He couldn't stay. He's going on to a night club. He asked me to go along."

"Why didn't you go, then?" asked Nona.

Laura drew herself up.

"And leave you and Tib?" she said, tenderly reproachful.

FOREST POOL

BY DAVID MORTON

T HIS, O heart, is the place,
For this is dark and lonely,
And silence is a grace
Upon this spot, and only
Rabbit and bird and deer,
The shy, the comely ones,
Will stand in the half-light, here,
At the rise and set of suns.

Take it out of your breast,
And bury it here, and go. . . .
On the floor of the pool it will rest
And age and alter and glow;
For sorrow turns like the leaf
When a year and a day are told,
So strange a thing is grief
That alters from green to gold.

And afterward, rabbit and bird
And deer, in their going by,
Will listen for no sound heard
As evening pales in the sky,
But cock their heads in their drinking,
To gaze at a leaf in the pool,
Being strangers to grief, but thinking
golden and beautiful.



FARM RELIEF—AND WHAT THEN?

BY BENJAMIN GINZBURG

AFTER a thirteen-year struggle to induce the government to intervene effectively for the relief of agriculture, the political efforts of the American farmers now bid fair to be crowned with success. The spokesmen of the agricultural interests, uniting on the so-called farm parity or voluntary allotment plan, were able to push through the lower house of the outgoing "lame duck" Congress the Jones Bill embodying that principle, and would have pressed for its final passage but for the fear of a veto by President Hoover. Assured, however, of the support of the new administration, which pledged itself even in the inaugural address to "definite efforts to raise the values of agricultural products," the farmer's friends look forward confidently to an early enactment of the farm plan at the special session of the new Congress. It is possible that before these words are read the farm parity scheme will already have passed from the stage of project to the stage of actuality. In any case, it may be said that, barring any unforeseen swings of influential public opinion, the enactment of the scheme sooner or later would appear to be definitely indicated.

Never in the history of American politics has public opinion approached a political and economic experiment with so little consciousness of the consequences involved, or with so little realization of the seriousness of the underlying situation for which the experiment is offered as a cure. In

the prevailing depression-mentality, public opinion has passively decided to let the farmer have what he wants first because it cannot suggest anything better, and second because it hopes that the farm plan may have a good psychological effect on the business tempo as a whole. Little do we realize that the farm parity plan commits the country to the virtual enrolment of the agricultural class into the national service on a secured income and employment basis, as well as to the creation of a socialistic precedent that is likely to be utilized with revolutionary effect by other social classes. Still less do we suspect that the American farm problem, for which the parity scheme is offered nonchalantly as a cure, may be no isolated disorder, but a symptom of a general breakdown of our competitive economic system. Because we have been accustomed to look for basic trouble only on the industrial side of our economic system, we find it difficult to conceive of the farm problem as being anything else than a farm problem. That it may mark a general revolutionary crisis, and that the tinkering with the specific problem may mark the beginnings of a general revolution—all such possibilities fail to enter the pragmatically bounded consciousness of the average American.

What is the farm parity plan? Its nature may be defined in terms of its purpose, which is to restore American agriculture to its prewar prosperity by

giving to agricultural commodities the same purchasing power which they had before 1914. It is sufficient at this point to state the fact, without inquiring into the reasons, that the farmer is caught to-day between the upper and nether millstones of low prices for his crops and high costs for his articles of consumption and expenses of production. According to a recent tabulation made by the Association of Land Grant Colleges, the prices received by the farmer for his commodities stand to-day at about 55 per cent of the prewar averages, whereas the general index of costs that the farmer pays is 140. The farmer's situation is thus equivalent to that of a laborer or office worker whose wages were cut 45 per cent while his cost of living went up 40 per cent.

The farm parity plan does not aim to correct directly the entire disparity between the prices of farm products and general farm costs, but only that disparity which exists between the prices of farm products and the prices paid by the farmer for the commodities that he buys. This disparity is not 55 to 140, but 54 to 106, both figures being of a later date than the Land Grant College estimate. From this same tabulation (made by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics) we learn that the wages of farm hands have dropped to 84 per cent of the prewar level, but taxes have climbed to 250. The cost of mortgages is not given, but that, too, is probably as high, if not higher than taxes, since most of the mortgages represent capitalization of land values at the war boom of agricultural prosperity. Although the tax burden and the mortgage indebtedness would thus seem to stand out as the most crying abuses in the farmer's situation, the remedy for these specific evils (equivalent to an adjustment on the city worker's house rent) would not by itself bring back the farmer to his prewar

level of material well-being; after the taxes and interest are paid, the farmer still has only his low-priced farm crops with which to buy high-priced city articles. This disparity, measured by the figures 54 to 106, is tremendously aggravated by the tax and mortgage burden; since if he pays that burden at the overwhelmingly inflated tax and mortgage rates he usually has nothing left with which to buy city commodities even at the exchange rate of 54 to 106. But the disparity in itself is not caused by taxes and mortgages, inasmuch as even if taxes and mortgages took only the same proportion of his crop as before the War the balance would still buy roughly only half as much as before the War. The force of these figures is offset only slightly by the greater per capita productivity of the individual farmer. On the other hand, in the chief export crops like wheat, cotton, etc., for which alone the price parity plan is to be applied in its present stage, the price differential is greater than that indicated by the general farm prices. Thus wheat, which in 1913 sold for above 90 cents a bushel, is to-day around 40 cents; or 44 per cent of its former price, instead of 54 as with the general index of farm prices.

Not only has the farmer's purchasing power fallen to about half of the prewar average, but in the meantime the welfare of the class with which the farmer likes to compare himself, the city worker, has increased. Or at least so he is told by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, which posts the fact that the level of industrial wages is to-day at 175, while the general wholesale level of all commodities (which measures roughly the city worker's cost of living exclusive of rent) is 94—in other words an increase of purchasing power of at least 75 per cent. What these figures do not indicate, however, is the amount of partial and

total unemployment—a circumstance that helps to explain the paradox that, with the farmer's plight worse than it has ever been since pioneer days, we should be witnessing a drift back to the farm from the city. The same press release of the Department of Agriculture which announces that the American farmer has fallen to a subsistence level of living announces also that, thanks to the drift from the city, the population on the farms now stands at 32,000,000—reaching, if not exceeding, the peak figure of 1910. Thus the farmer's plight, while very grave, is evidently preferable to that of the urban unemployed. Those of the unemployed who have any family or property connection with a farm prefer to go back to the old homestead and share subsistence rather than stay in the city and face direct or indirect starvation!

II

We see, then, the basic agricultural grievance which the parity plan seeks to redress by political or semi-political methods. How does it seek to accomplish its purpose? By Congressional enactment the leading export crops, the heaviest sufferers in the drop of agricultural prices, are singled out to receive the benefits of a price adjustment in the domestic market. These are wheat, cotton, hogs, and tobacco; three other crops, namely rice, butter, and peanuts, were incorporated at the last moment in the bill passed by the House of Representatives, but some of these are likely to drop out in any final act. The amount of the price adjustment is to be determined periodically by the difference in the purchasing power of a unit of the crop, say, a bushel of wheat, at the world-market price and its prewar purchasing power (based on the five-year average before 1914). This price adjustment is to

be collected by the government in the form of a tax levied at the point of the first processing (*e.g.*, the miller, the packer, or the mercantile agency) on that portion of the crop which is to be consumed in this country; exports, whether raw or processed, being left free of the tax in order to meet competition in the world market. After deduction of administrative expenses, the proceeds of the tax, which thus functions as an indirect price-raising scheme, are to be distributed to the farmers in proportion to their crop. Since the success of any price-raising scheme depends on the stabilization or limitation of the supply, the distribution of benefits is made properly contingent on an agreement of the growers to stabilize their output. In this case not only is stabilization demanded, but an actual reduction by 20 per cent is to be made effective through the provision that only those farmers who "voluntarily" reduce their acreage or tonnage by that amount are eligible to share in the government-collected price adjustment.

The purpose of the provision for the reduction of output, aside from the negative one of preventing an increase in the supply, is to make the economic mechanism of supply and demand perform the same price-raising function as performed by the processing tax and perhaps ultimately (if the scheme continues for a number of years) to replace the latter entirely. In the case of wheat, it is evident that the 20 per cent reduction, if effective, would soon put production on a domestic-consumption basis, with the price determined by the tariff wall on imports. In the case of cotton, where more than half of the crop is exported, some complications are likely to result: despite the dominant position of America's cotton crop in the world supply, the economic benefits of a 20 per cent reduction will be diluted in the world market, and

whatever natural price changes result from it will go to the world's cotton growers as a whole rather than to American planters exclusively. But it is evidently hoped that through the double device of the tax and the reduction of output the projected benefit for the American farmer will be in one way or another assured.

The restriction of the scope of the plan to a limited number of privileged crops has been justified by Chairman Jones of the House Agricultural Committee first of all on the ground, already noted, that these have been the worst sufferers by the price depression; and second on the theory that they are "controlling" crops, whose price-raising will raise the price of other crops as well. In Chairman Jones' own words, "If consumers pay more for pork, they will turn in part to beef, lamb, and poultry, and thus the price of all meats will be helped. Also, if hog producers are getting a more satisfactory price they will not push into the dairy business at the same rapid rate as they have been for the past four years. Higher wheat prices will help corn, oats, rye, barley and, in fact, all grain prices."

This explanation is subject to two words of caution. In the first place the amount of benefit that is shifted to the subsidiary agricultural commodities will diminish to the same extent the contemplated benefit to the privileged principal crops. In the second place it is quite likely that the growers of the privileged crops, seeing that the production in those lines is limited by decree, will use their spare time and land for the cultivation of the subsidiary unprotected crops and thus depress rather than raise the price. If this should prove to be the case, as is extremely likely, it will mean that in order to enforce the principle of farm parity we shall have to embark on a policy of output control and price-fixing for all agricultural crops, and

that the present plan is only an experimental first step along the long and difficult road which already looms up to our vision.

III

With the farm relief plan calling for such far-reaching ultimate commitments, and with the manifest difficulties in the way of administering even its initial scope, not to mention the resentment of the classes who are to pay the cost of the price-adjustment, our cause for wonder turns from the drastic character of the remedy to the disease of the economic organism for which the remedy is invoked. Ever since Adam Smith we have been told that the best and, indeed, the only cure for economic ills is nature itself, as manifested in the law of supply and demand and in the principle of free competition; and that the function of the wise government is first of all to remove the barriers against nature which unwise governments have set up, and second (with great caution!) to facilitate the movement of natural law. But how does it come that in America, a country that has observed so faithfully all the precepts of Doctor Smith (except the relatively minor one on international free trade)—how does it come that in this country the class most imbued with laissez-faire, competitive individualism should be suffering from such a fell disease as to be ready to subject itself to the radical socialistic remedy of state control and fixed prices? What has happened to the celebrated magic of the natural order, with its mechanism for the survival of the fittest and the weeding out of the unfit, that not only do the economically unfit survive and refuse to die but, without fear of sacrilege, turn on the natural mechanism itself and prepare to smash it to pieces?

To find an answer to these questions, we must begin, as is customary in med-

icine, with a little history of the case. Once upon a time, in the golden age of 1913, agriculture in America was enjoying the cornucopia of prosperity. Agricultural production no longer bulked as importantly in the national production of wealth as in the old pioneering days; but what was more important for the individual farmer was that, with a rapidly increasing population, the rate of agricultural production was increasing at a slower pace than the production of manufactured goods. Agricultural products were still an important part of American exports (45 per cent); but in foodstuffs at any rate the time was approaching when the output of American farmers would prove just sufficient or even less than sufficient for domestic needs. In the meantime even in non-foodstuffs, like cotton, the price was holding up because, the world over, manufactures were outstripping agricultural produce. The farmer was assured of a high exchange value for his products in terms of manufactured articles, and the increase in individual productivity (that oldtime blessing which modern economics has turned into a curse) was compensated by the drift of farm population to the city, in quest of the high wages which we now know to have been largely mythical.

Then came the war years with the vast increase of demand and of output. Although no new acreage was devoted to agriculture after 1917, yet the use of machinery in place of farm animals has released, since that time, about thirty million acres of plow land and large pasture areas for human agricultural purposes.

This process of increased efficiency in land utilization was interrupted by the postwar deflation of 1920. Not only was the wartime foreign demand largely removed, but in the United States itself population growth suffered a severe check through the restriction

of immigration. After an initial crash the farmer made a slow price recovery from 1922 to 1929 thanks to his increased efficiency, a stiffening of world prices, and a drift of population to the city (at the rate 1.3 per cent a year). The ratio of farm prices to prices paid by farmers stood in 1929 at 138 to 155 (in terms of 1913 standard); but the farmer, thanks to mortgages and taxes, and even allowing for the decrease of farm population, nowhere near approached the material well-being of 1913. In the meantime industrial wages stood about 200, while the index of wholesale prices (which as we have said roughly, but only roughly, measures urban cost of living) was at 1365. In other words, "real" wages were anywhere between 40 and 50 per cent higher in 1929 than in 1913.

There was a huge wall separating the well-being of the industrial worker from the well-being of the farmer during the entire postwar decade, and yet the free flow of economic competition acting over a decade was unable to make much of a dent in that wall. This speaks volumes on the "plasticity" of the competitive system. That the farmer was unable to pull up his stakes quickly enough, that he feared to take the risk of unemployment in the city—all this is quite true, but it goes to show that even when an opportunity for bettering one's lot is theoretically open, the process of natural adaptation according to the law of supply and demand may be infinitely slow.

With the depression of 1929, brought on by world conditions, but conditions in which America played a large part, the farmer's economic defeat became a rout. A slightly diminished world-demand, owing to the poverty of the city working classes, and an increase in production on the part of competing agricultural countries precipitated a terrific and dizzy drop in agricultural

prices. And to-day there is no talk of the farmer pulling up stakes and finding his salvation in the city; instead the city is coming to the farm.

In reading the odyssey of the American farmer one may easily fall into the impression that his sufferings represent merely the process of adjustment to the changed relative position of agriculture in the national economy, a process of adjustment made all the more painful through the fact that it was temporarily reversed during the hectic years of the War. The present farm surplus is from this point of view a momentary disequilibrium of agricultural supply over agricultural demand brought about by the declining market for American agricultural products and by the sudden stimulus to overproduction given by the abnormal War situation. Eventually this disequilibrium will right itself through the play of natural economic forces.

Were this view an accurate interpretation of the nature of the farm surplus, the whole question of farm relief would reduce itself to a sentimental concern—to an effort to mollify by political subsidies and adjustments the roughness of the natural process of liquidation.

Unfortunately this optimistic interpretation does not resist factual analysis. For the agricultural surplus to be liquidated it is essential that there be a demand for industrial workers which will take up the farmers who are squeezed out of agriculture. But nowhere do we see any signs of an actual or potential labor shortage in industry. On the contrary, we see that in the postwar decade when American industry was at the zenith of its prosperity there existed a tremendous gulf between the wages of industrial workers and the incomes of millions of poor farmers, a gulf which economic law could not seem to abolish. The agricultural surplus continued to exist be-

cause the farmers were unable to be absorbed rapidly enough into industry. In the present depression it is of course absurd to talk of industry liquidating the agricultural surplus; but without assuming the present depression to be permanent, it may readily be shown that even in normal times industry will face a surplus of its own and will be in no position to absorb the extra million or two of agricultural breadwinners responsible for the farm surplus. In a recent address President Roosevelt declared that even "if every factory wheel in the country were turning at full speed to-day we should still have 5,000,000 unemployed," and suggested that we put these 5,000,000 unemployed back on the farms! One may pass over in respectful silence his suggestion of using agriculture to liquidate the industrial surplus after advocating the farm parity plan as a way of dealing with the agricultural surplus; but his testimony as to the existence of an industrial surplus is certainly unimpeachable.

But this changes the whole significance of the American farm problem. So long as the farm surplus might be regarded from the general economic point of view as a mere relative surplus—that is to say, a surplus of supply over demand in one field only and compensated by a shortage in another field—then we might look forward optimistically to the liquidation of the farm problem through natural economic laws. But the moment we have to recognize that for the country as a whole there exists a net, or absolute, surplus, and that the farm surplus is a part of that absolute surplus, then we must admit that there is something seriously wrong in the economic kingdom of Denmark.

IV

This "something wrong" is the idea that there should be a basic disequilib-

rium between productive supply and consumptive demand and that people should be suffering misery and starvation in the midst of plenty. If such a disequilibrium really exists, not as a momentary fact, but as an inherent tendency of our "natural" economic mechanism, then it means that sooner or later the roused common sense of one or another social group will arise and smash the mechanism to pieces and attempt to erect a new mechanism on the simple but revolutionary principle that increased productivity should mean increased well-being and not increased misery.

Considering the American nation alone, as representing a self-supporting economic area (not necessarily a self-sufficient area with a Chinese wall round it), the scandalous fact of an excess of production over consumption may be statistically demonstrated for the whole of the postwar period. It is admitted even by our mulelike orthodox economists. But rather than draw the conclusion that this dooms our existing distributive mechanism, they pin all their hopes on some magic adjustment through the juggling of international trade. Ask them what to do about the farm surplus or the industrial surplus or both, and they will reply: let America and the rest of the world remove the tariff barriers, let them open up the channels of world trade to free competition, and there will be markets for everybody. What appears to be an excess of supply over demand in the national market will be transmuted on the world-scale into a harmonious equilibrium and permanent prosperity.

The advice of the orthodox economist must be regarded as purely theoretical, because in the present situation the practical difficulties of persuading nations to lower their tariff barriers, when in fact they are all raising them, are so immense as to

make all hope in that direction purely academic. Nonetheless, since we are attempting to find out whether the difficulty with the present system is merely momentary and accidental or else permanent and intrinsic, it is highly instructive to follow out the argument of the orthodox economist to its logical lair.

Alas! the orthodox economist who argues that the juggling of foreign trade would restore harmony into national economies which are otherwise disharmonious betrays the present economic order in the very act of defending it. For if foreign trade is to serve as a corrective force, it means that there is already something to correct; whereas on the premises of orthodox economics there should never, in any given area, be any disequilibrium between supply and demand, but a permanent and natural harmony. On the premises of Adam Smith, there should be harmony in domestic economic exchange and harmony in international exchange, and harmony plus harmony gives more harmony. The orthodox economist to-day says, in effect, one disharmony may be counteracted by another disharmony. This may be true for a while; but the correction of one disharmony by another cannot give us the same confidence that comes from the support of one harmony by another, any more than a sick man who takes drugs can be compared with a healthy man who in addition eats healthy food.

These considerations become clearer as we analyze the precise forces of disharmony and the manner of their interaction. Whence arises the disharmony of production over consumption in a national area? If we start with the normative ideal situation in which economic exchange represented an exchange of pure labor values, that is to say, a situation where human labor was the only factor to be con-

sidered in economic production, and where everything else was as free and uncontrolled as the air—in such a situation no disequilibrium would ever exist. In our actual economic universe, however, there enter complicating factors, such as the control of natural resources, in the form of land, and (most important of all) the control of reserves of goods and claims on goods, in the form of capital. For our schematic analysis we need pay attention only to the factor of capital. Now what does capital do? On the side of productivity the use of capital, as everybody knows, serves to increase enormously and progressively the per capita production of goods, by virtue of the fact that capital makes possible large-scale operations, greater specialization of skills, the harnessing of machines, the use of science, etc. On the side of distribution, capital—by virtue of its connection with individual human capitalists—brings about a great social change in the apportionment of rewards. He who by inheritance, begging, stealing, cajoling, or even saving, can get hold of a shoestring of capital has an advantage of bargaining power over the vast surplus of moneyless and landless laborers which modern economy has inherited from the feudal age. The result—as compared with the distribution in our ideal economy based on pure labor values—is that the capitalist manages to get more than his share, the laborer a trifle less (even though in absolute terms he may get more than before the introduction of capital). Were the capitalist to spend his extra rewards or “surplus value,” as Marx calls it, all would be well; but since his advantage of bargaining power depends on the amount of capital at his disposal, he seeks inevitably to pyramid his gains into capital and production plant in the hope of making more money in the end. Socially, this mechanism of greed

serves the purpose of providing a rapid accumulation of capital resources—but, alas! it serves this purpose not wisely but only too well. We soon reach a point where too much is concentrated in capital funds and production plant and too little in consumers' purchasing power.

Against this disharmony, which would quickly create an impasse in a limited economic area, what alleviations does foreign trade offer? In so far as foreign trade is merely the equitable and static exchange of commodities between nations on the same scale of development, it offers none; but in so far as foreign trade represents many elements of inequity (due to differences in national levels of development and differences in bargaining power), it serves to alleviate the disharmony in the mother country and to prolong what would otherwise be a direct impasse into a series of cyclical expansions and depressions of prosperity. Among these elements of inequity, one may mention the trafficking in wares with a semi-civilized country—amounting in effect to exploiting a low standard of living for supplying cheap goods to a Western community; the exploitation of concessions, such as mines and railroads, in non-industrial countries, which serves to drain off the surplus funds from the mother country; and, finally, the export of capital to build up the productive industrial machinery of a new country (as for example the export of capital from England to the United States in the nineteenth century).

All of these foreign-trade methods which alleviate the disease of “surplus value” are in the nature of the case potentially limited. Thus as regards the first method, there are simply not enough countries to exploit, and all the industrial countries have had to scramble to get their share before the supply is exhausted. As regards concessions,

not only is the supply potentially limited, but the profits from them tend soon to swell the glut of capital in the mother country. And in the case of simple export of capital to build up industry, this means eventually to build up another vast factory of surplus value which competes with the country which originally supplied the capital (witness the case of the United States and England).

Thus, taking world economy as a whole, nobody indeed can say whether or not the limit of cosmic tolerance has now been reached. Possibly a tariff juggling might enable this country to drain off the effects of the disease of surplus value a little while longer. But one thing is certain and that is that the economic universe is finite, and that there is a limit of tolerance under the present economic mechanism. Indeed, the very increase of tariff barriers against which the orthodox economist complains may well be taken as an instinctive reaction of the various countries to the approaching limit of cosmic tolerance.

V

If our analysis has taken us far from the immediate range of the American farm problem, it has served to emphasize the fact that sooner or later the country will have to consider the farm surplus not as a relative surplus that may be solved by the *laissez-faire* methods of orthodox economics, but as an absolute surplus that can be solved only by a direct social and political approach. Already on the side of the farmer there is the obscure consciousness that the virtues of the competitive system are about played out, and it is round this consciousness that the rationale of the farm parity plan is constructed. Thanks to a series of historical causes, the individual farmer has enormously increased his

output in the fund of national production. The agricultural output per worker increased 22 per cent between the two decades 1912-21 and 1922-31, and the individual farmer—so we are told by the Committee on Social Trends—now provides food for himself, for three members of his family, for 12 Americans not living on farms, and for 2 foreigners—a total of 18 persons. But thanks to the same series of historical causes, the farmer, instead of getting a reward in proportion to his output, has been penalized for his services to society. He is told that there are too many farmers in the nation, according to the law of supply and demand; but according to the law of supply and demand there seem to be too many men in every pursuit. From the social point of view, it is quite likely that the thirty million people on the farms do not represent an excessive allocation of population to agriculture, and from that point of view it is entirely proper that this agricultural group be rewarded more in keeping with their services to the nation. And it is to achieve these more equitable rewards that the principle of farm parity has been developed.

But whereas on a thoroughly socialized basis of income distribution for all groups of society, the rendering of justice to the farmers would in no wise injure the other groups, the farm relief plan proposes in effect to socialize the distribution of income to the farmers while keeping the general distributive mechanism otherwise unchanged. On this account the rendering of justice to the farmers may very well mean doing injustice to others. This in fact proves to be the case when we analyze the incidence of the farm parity plan.

With the reduction of output contemplated by the plan, there will be no increase in the national dividend, at least from the side of agriculture; and there will even be a decrease, since

American agricultural exports, being diminished, will buy less than before. Whether there will be a compensating increase of industrial activity remains to be seen; but in our analysis we must necessarily start with the assumption that the transfer of benefits to the farmer represents in the first instance a transfer from a fixed and even diminished pool of national income—a case of taking from Peter to pay Paul. On the basis of the four main crops—wheat, cotton, hogs, and tobacco—the yield of the processing tax was estimated at a billion dollars annually, and it was also estimated that of this sum \$250,000,000 would probably be absorbed by the processor or middleman and \$750,000,000 would be passed on to the consumer in the form of increased prices on articles of consumption. Since the stepping-up of industrial prosperity is dependent on increasing purchasing power for consumption goods as against capital and investment funds, the question arises as to what effect this transfer of funds from the consumer and middleman to the farmer will have on the relationship of consumption power and investment funds. The part of the tax absorbed by the middleman will in large measure be charged off against his profits and savings without reducing his purchasing power for consumption goods. On the other hand, the \$750,000,000 paid by the consumer will fall chiefly on the poor and the unemployed. With limited wages, the extra expenditure they will make for bread, meat, etc., will curtail their expenditure for other articles. Finally when we come to the side of the farmer, everything will depend on how he uses the billion-dollar bonus. One thing is certain, it will not all go for the purchase of consumers' goods. At the present time the farmer has not been paying much on his mortgages—foreclosure being in most cases impossible. Although bills

for the relief of mortgage indebtedness are now before Congress, it is unlikely that this indebtedness and the farmer's annual charges will be legally so reduced as not to constitute a big drain on his new-found money. Like the bill collector, the banker and the mortgagee know when there is money in the house.

Thus if we strike a balance between all the factors, it will be seen that in so far as there is no net increase of purchasing power for consumers' goods as against investment funds—and this is likely to be the case—there will be no step-up of prosperity; and from a fixed or even diminished national income what one party gains another will lose. The city consumer (poor man and rich man) will lose and the processor or middleman will lose; the farmer, the banks, and possibly the manufacturer of agricultural machinery will gain. In so far as the transfer of funds may involve putting more funds into investment channels and less into consumers' purchasing power than before (this would be the case if the moneyed interests absorb a large part of the farmer's gains), then the general level of prosperity will decline, and the urban worker will suffer double.

The political consequences of the farm parity experiment would be interesting to watch. We have already noted the possibility that in order to assure price and output control in the four or five major crops it may be necessary to extend the system of government regulation to all agricultural crops. One may go even farther and envisage the possibility that it may be necessary to prohibit farmers from hiring out their spare time in industrial work and thus underbidding the city worker. For it must not be forgotten that the moment we limit agricultural output below the present developed productivity, we shall be putting a surplus of time in the hands of the

farmers, who will still not be as rich as Cræsus and will be open to the lure of additional gain. The administrative complications which will develop if the farm parity experiment progresses to such a point will also be interesting to watch. It is an open question whether the human material—the farmers and the officials—which is the product of an individualistic, self-seeking civilization, will have the requisite honesty to assure the success of an experiment which is socialistic in method but without socialistic inspiration. The farmer will still be working for his private pocket and is likely to be no more social-minded than the industrialist who receives a tariff subsidy in the name of the national interest.

In the meantime, assuming that the experiment goes on, what will be the attitude of labor? The unemployed, who will now have before them the spectacle of government protection for a large popular class, will wake up and demand that they, too, be installed on the land and given the protection of fixed prices. Labor as a whole will demand for its calling the same protection, the same virtual enrolment into the national service on a guaranteed income and employment basis that the farmer enjoys. Will the farmer join hands with labor in putting over the latter's demands? Or will he behave like the hired military and become a defender of the order in which he will now have a vested interest?

In any case, whether or not the farmer joins with labor to achieve "labor parity," the scheme will not be so simple a contrivance in the case of

industry as it has been in the case of agriculture. No mere mechanism of price or wage adjustment, no mere unemployment insurance will suffice. It will be necessary to counteract or eradicate that whole tendency which collects "surplus value" for the capitalist and heaps it up on the side of capital plant. And as this tendency is the mainspring of our private business enterprise, to eradicate it will mean that the state will have to take over directly and actively the whole management of economic life on a new basis and in a new spirit.

On the side of foreign trade it will be necessary, in order to prevent imperialistic wars, for the state to develop a method for exchanging commodities and services on a static and equitable basis, as well as a method for lending capital to undeveloped countries in a non-usurious and non-exploitative manner. In a word, it will be necessary to remove in international trade as well as in domestic economy the "surplus value" feature which is in effect a conventional means of cheating in exchange and which like the cursed love of gold is the root of all our evils.

But we are speculating on the enactment of the farm parity plan and its successful enforcement. If the farm plan is not put into operation or if it fails or is sabotaged at the first stage, thirty million people will be left with a powerful and deeply smoldering resentment against the present order. Revolutions are not always made by the starving; most often they are made by those who have bread in their stomachs but carry a common grudge in their hearts.



THE POWER OF MUSIC

BY LELAND HALL

AFTER many years in music one may begin to ask, especially from the standpoint of the listener, what it is all about; and in these days, when the aim and standard of all human endeavor are being brought into question, those of music will hardly escape. One listens to music with varying degrees of love and understanding of it, which can be explained to a certain extent. But there is a response to music which transcends a conscious listening. For a person sensitive to music this response, immediate and unpredictable, is a sort of dissolving of individuality. The movements of living in the body, breathing, the pulse of the heart and flow of the blood, the infinite excitements of nerves, reason, and imagination—all coalesce and stream with, or in, the music. This is more than a matter of accidental synchronism, than a coinciding, for instance, of the beat of the music with the beat of the heart. It is a whole response, a merging and flowing of one person into all persons, a fusion of one's self with that something which is not self, which one might call the general current of life.

I do not know how technically to name this experience. It may be a trance, it may be a fit; but it is as real as anything can be. And although the words "subjective" and "objective" are now the property of specialists, I believe for myself that they should not be applied here, so perfect is the identification of the hearer with

the music, the man with the sound. Moreover, it is not a response peculiar to me; countless people the world over have felt it, and after a great musical experience they will describe it hardly more aptly than by the simple phrase, "I was lifted out of myself," or, "I lost the sense of time and place and became one with the music." One with the music, I feel, and with what is back of the music, which is life.

Obviously, we hear music about us every day and often go to some special place to hear it without ever melting into the cosmos or shivering in a fit. Frequently, without bringing us within several light-years of rapture, music delights us in a variety of ways, differing according to the temperament and the interest of the listener. The sum of these pleasures constitutes what we call the love, or even the understanding, of music. But while the love and understanding of it are multiple and evasive, the true response to it is single and unmistakable. Let me risk an impossible metaphor. Suppose yourself a conscious, observant crystal present at a concert. You take pleasure in many aspects of the music, recalling tradition, imagining a vanished age, noting the characteristics of the composers, admiring or disapproving some trait in the rendering. Of a sudden a chord takes hold of you; you begin to thrill. No more pleasures, no more imaginings; you are nothing but a thrill with the music. Being a crystal, you shatter. Something like that is what I

call single and unmistakable response to music, transcending conscious listening, and proof of a power in music which confounds the individual's mere love or understanding of it. Something like that happens to us now and then.

Before considering it more fully, however, and in the light of my own experience, let me reveal some of the elements in the usual musical delights which it confounds. A very great part of the pleasure people take in music comes from the associations it revives. These may follow one another as continuously as the flow of the music itself, never perhaps taking full possession of our consciousness, but stirring within us. What awakens them? Where do they come from? A few notes that recall an old song, not all the melody, but its spirit and the feel of the place and the years where it was sung. Or it may be a certain beat in the music that you would swear now fills all your ears, and yet at the same time rouses within you a movement from elsewhere, a swing of the arm you have known, a remembered tread, the grace of the dance, or the march of soldiers. The reverie may be vague to the point of unconsciousness, yet it goes on. Glance at the faces about you while listening to music. On most of them, even on those where attention looks most pointed, you will see the haze of a dream.

It is a matter of course that a familiar piece of music, whether a tune you heard in your childhood or a symphony you have studied, cannot come to you otherwise than charged with associations. Herein lies a meaning of music, a meaning which technical language cannot define yet which it would be stupid to deny. Even in music which we hear for the first time the suggestion of familiar things plays upon us continually, and with meaning. They may be things not personally but only racially familiar. The timbre of

voices, the sound of instruments surely act upon us in this way. For whom could the music of bagpipes be only a sequence of sounds, their fine melodic variations only patterns in tonal design? The difference between the oboe and the flute is far more than the difference in the order of their partial tones. Each instrument is inseparable from associations that run back perhaps thousands of years. So it is with the trumpet, the drum, the guitar, and, in fact, with most instruments. I cannot hold that those have less enjoyed music, have even perhaps less understood it, whose memory has drifted from their listening, whose imagination has conjured visions athwart the sound.

But there are others, professing love for music, who deplore and would perhaps forbid, were that possible, such reactions to it. I doubt if even in them the reverie is wholly unstirred; but they listen to music with intellectual determination. They will hear in it exclusively what the composer has set down on paper; with that in music which cannot be written down—and all systems of notation are inadequate—they will not concern themselves. We meet here the approach of reason to music, similar even in detail to the approach of reason to all forms of human activity, be it art or finance, sickness or health, what you will.

II

He who can but dream to music often envies the man of reasonable approach. One hears no commoner cry among concert-goers of earnest nature than, "But I'd so like to know about it, to know what's going on, and to be able to talk about it as musicians do." And it must be granted that the intellectual delight in music is of fine quality. Of the intellectually determined music asks questions more fascinating than the riddles of the Sphinx.

Let us take one of the simplest. Say you have heard within the week Karl Muck and Toscanini conduct the fifth Beethoven symphony. No one need think it is not a thrilling intellectual game to try to put a finger on the differences. You have to know the symphony thoroughly, and you must have listened, may not have dreamed. You must have listened behind and listened ahead, which is in itself a lively mental sport. And having your Charles and your Arthur differentiated, you may proceed to play the far riskier game: which did better by Beethoven? That's the sort of question, apparently simple, which in times past set blood as well as water to flowing, and which today will kindle strife among the scribes.

Here is another question, often couched in moral terms. Is it wrong to play the harpsichord music of Bach on the modern pianoforte? Leave aside the moral issue, dodge an answer; but observe how a discussion of this question will lead us up and up to the most exhilarating abstractions of science. Played upon the modern instrument, the Chromatic Fantasy, for example, whether originally written for harpsichord or clavichord, sounds as Bach never dreamed of its sounding, not only with different tone color but with gradations in volume of sound between extremes Bach's keyboard never knew. Now, we can say that the piece is improvisational in character, full of changing moods and styles, so that all the varieties between loud and soft and all other effects of the pianoforte may well be brought to bear on it. If we take it over we shall increase only its dimensions, so to speak, not alter its proportions.

Moreover, perhaps Bach conceived his music more of the spirit, of the mind, than of the body; was not perhaps preoccupied with sound, at least with the color of sound, but with something further within, less external.

Composers are like that: some are draftsmen, some are colorists. In the face of detailed studies of Bach's use of instruments in accompaniments, it would be hardy to assert he was not a colorist as well as a draftsman; but at any rate it is fair to say that the original coloring of his music has long been overlaid by more modern tones. Many of the instruments he wrote for, besides harpsichord and clavichord, have passed out of general use; new bows and new bowings have modified the tones of violins; reed instruments have been refined; and the modern organ, for better or worse, is not the organ which loomed behind all his work.

So grant us the pianoforte for the Chromatic Fantasy. Having jumped that far from the original, it is a pity not to make the most of it. At our service we now find a great range and robustness of sonority. Let us dilate the music accordingly. Spread your harmonies, root them deeper in the bass, fling them higher too, for brilliance. The progression marches on—still Bach's harmonies, only magnified. When the feeling rises, play your scales in octaves for greater power. So, logically, editors have made over the Fantasy for us.

But here are phrases in it for melodic ornamentation, for coloratura. In Bach's day each composer had his own shorthand for writing in the frills, and each was skilled in improvising them as well. Books of that day tell us they are the very essence of style, and even of expression. Trills and half-trills, fore-falls, back-falls, mordants, pinches, turns, cadences—what shall we do about them? Granted we knew just where to put them, just what curve and accent to give them, Bach's own son has said that many of them are impossible of execution on the pianoforte; and surely all of them, in the heavier resonance of that instrument, have a plethoric sound.

This is an *impasse*. Therefore, let us put the Fantasy back on the instrument for which Bach wrote it. It must have been one of two, and on either we shall seem more certain of sounding the music as he heard it. Still, however, all positive certainty eludes us. Few if any of us can accept the harpsichord or clavichord purely as musical sound. They render us unfamiliar or archaic sound, fraught with extra-musical suggestion unknown to Bach. Moreover, the very life of music is movement; and who can tell us how fast or how slow this music shall move? Beethoven would have said the feel of the piece itself must answer you there. But remember we are in search of Bach's music as Bach heard it; and who can ever say in this changing world if what feels slow or fast to us felt so to him? Thus, for ultimate mental delight in music we have come to the very theories of relativity.

Principles of structure, balance, inner proportions, key relationships, harmonic and rhythmical variation—these furnish intellectual joy to the musician. They constitute the art of music. Of the art of music we can be certain; but of the life of music, not at all. It seems to me that what is living in music breaks through the art of music; escapes and flies from the form like the genie from the bottle. It is a force which neither the crust of science and tradition nor the rigor of textual fidelity can wholly repress. From time to time in our concert halls, even in the conservatory, temple of such bondage, it cracks like fire what would hold it and bursts out in flame. Give me a metaphor now to take the place of my crystal; for we have returned to the single and unmistakable response.

III

These are the moments, and there is no better way to prove them, perhaps,

than to tell my own tale of a few of them. Whether or not as a child I was more sensitive to music than others have been, I cannot say; but this I know, it filled me with unnamable terror. My parents used to recall with amusement how at the approach of any music to our house I would run in from the garden, white and shaken, to bury my ears in my mother's lap or fling myself for safety into my father's arms. I can still vaguely remember that terror. In the hallway of my grandparents' farmhouse was a horn to blow up the workmen from the fields; and my grandfather knew that nothing could force me to such instant obedience as a blast on that horn. The look of the horn itself and its sound have gone from my memory; but I can still see my grandfather reaching back for it with his arm and still feel the ground quaking beneath my feet as in a nightmare.

Distinct in my memory, springing to life a hundred times in the course of a month, are the days when I strove to overcome this terror. A great-uncle lived in Charlestown, Massachusetts, where on every 17th of June they still celebrate the battle of Bunker Hill. My father's family came together here on this day. There were dozens of uncles and aunts, great-uncles and great-aunts. The living room was on the second floor, with long windows that opened on balconies of iron work, from which one had a view up and down the main street, now roofed over with an elevated railway. About mid-day a parade of soldiers and sailors, masks and floats, with many bands of music, came along the street under arches streaming with the national colors. We children were highly excited; but I still recall the dread lying beneath my excitement, the terror waiting to rise up through me at the first sounds of an approaching band. I remember daring to lean over the

railing and look far up the street to the flash of sunlight on brass; but let the first wave of music come blowing full against me even from the distance, I fled from the balcony to the rear of the house and shut myself up in a clothes closet. Thus I lost the show; not until I was nine years old had I the courage to keep my grip on the railing and let that music swirl round me.

Sometimes in November this uncle brought the family together again round a venison supper. Supper was served at dusk by candlelight in what I look back upon as a high and spacious room. After supper they began to sing, my aunts and uncles. Though few among them were trained singers, there was hardly one who had not a beautiful and rare voice. And there were all ranges, from Cousin Ben's deep bass to Cousin Lila's F above high C, which at nearly eighty she still sang pure as a bird. They did not sing solos; they sang together in simple harmonies. I heard enough of them later to know how they sang. What they sang fewer and fewer of us know now: for the most part simple American songs, some from the Civil War, some of the Stephen Foster songs. "O Susanna" was a great favorite. There must have been some that came from Old World folk songs. I remember they sang "O Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut," for my father crew like the cock; and I think they sang "John Peel."

Whether they put me out of hearing upstairs or whether, as the French say, I saved myself, I do not remember; but I certainly drew near the music which was to affect so much of my life step by step down the long dark stair from above, now paralyzed, now drawn on by the sounds that came from behind the shut door at the foot. If that door opened and the sound burst forth, I crouched behind the banister.

I cannot name or describe that in music which terrified me, that in the harmonious singing of voices which both robbed me of movement and drew me on against fear; but thus in my earliest childhood I felt the immediate and overwhelming power of it. Though our terrors fade with the years, it still grips me now and then, that power. I am acquainted with others on whom it seizes with like sway; and the many legends which have grown up round it surely attest that it has been recognized by most of the races of men throughout their history.

It is something wholly different from the hypnotic power which many performers of music exercise upon an audience. Paganini cast a diabolic spell; Liszt carried an equally strong charm in his person. When Paderewski walks upon the stage the audience is already enthralled. Recently in the town where I live an unheralded and locally unknown lady took the place of a defaulter in the concert course. A large part of the audience, put out by the change in the schedule, was prejudiced against her before she appeared. When she came upon the stage only a perfunctory applause greeted her. When she had walked half way to the piano something caught the audience and an excited applause burst forth. She had captivated us even before she had come to the keys. But the power which emanates from music itself is another thing. Out of a list of many unforgettable occasions when it has taken hold of me I have chosen a few to describe.

As a student of piano in France many years ago, I left the lures of Paris and went to live in the town of St. Germain. Here I occupied the ground floor of an old villa, walled in with its garden from the street. One part of the town, over by the terrace which ran along the famous forest, was fashionable then; but my villa was

quite away from that, set in a bit of old provincial France which Paris nearby had scarcely affected. In the living room was a grand piano for my work during the day; at night I went to bed early to read, with my window open to the smell of box and often to the patter of rain on the fine pebbles of the garden court.

There were few motor cars then, and clear nights were silent except for the hoot of an owl in the woods below the hill. One morning before light I awakened to the sound of music coming in the window. It was the sound of a choir of horns, rising from the valley below through the silence. They were playing the old *sonneries* of the *cors-de-chasse*. These calls have an elemental quality and, like the fanfares of the military *clairon*, often in unison, are varied and expressive. I know that with my mind; and I am aware of the romance with which my imagination now involuntarily decorates that memory. Like the French poet, "*J'aime le son du cors le soir au fond des bois.*" But later understandings and fancies veil, without altering, what lies behind them here: those few minutes when I lay on my bed unconscious of myself and as one thing with the music. The music for horns in the Trio of the Beethoven "Eroica" has since often recalled but has never reimposed that trance. Someday in a performance of that symphony, the rivets of form may burst and the power of music break forth there. Then we shall have nothing to do with associations.

One day during the first year of the War I went to a concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, hardly heeding what the program was. Karl Muck was director. At the first fall of his baton a kettledrum began to beat; and over this beat, instruments played in contrary motion, as we say, spreading a dissonant harmony; and it was as

if the music between them were a wedge, splitting sound apart. Thus the Brahms C-minor symphony opened. The fit was on me, and I was in and out of it, of myself, during the rest of the work. I have heard that symphony many times since, but never since has it laid the terrible hand of music on me. I have suggested the intellectual delights that may be met in a discussion of any symphony. But so long as we discuss it, the rivets hold. Yet at any time again the force may spring out of that music.

IV

An explosion on a freighter bound for Africa—an explosion which I once described in an article in *HARPER'S*—held us over in Teneriffe. Our mate died of burns in a hospital there and was buried in the volcanic dust high up the mountain. Spanish ship agents had been steady and kind with us. In the dreary, homesick waiting for formalities I had often talked with them, even of music, which they both loved. During the dismal evening after the burial, the engineer and I went to a café. One of the agents, recognizing us, came and said, "I have been hoping to find some music for you. A Spanish guitarist is in the back room, drinking. Nothing will stop his drinking now, but after the liquor has begun to warm him, he will play marvelously till he gets drunk. Let me take you with him to an inn out on the shore. He'll play to us there, and we can slow down his drinking."

So we went in an automobile with this fellow and his guitar; the warm sea and the road along it were bathed in the light of a full moon. The landlord led us to a big, barren room lit by a couple of candles running wax on the table. He brought us a jug of wine and two bottles of whisky and quietly

closed us in. The single window was shuttered. And now when the whisky bottle and a glass were set before him, our guitarist tuned his guitar with utmost care and began to play. He had the skill and the sensibility of Segovia. He slobbered when he drank; but that made his art and the gorgeous beauty of his music the more poignant. Suddenly, in the middle of a piece, he stopped, put his guitar on the table, and lurched to the window.

He threw open the shutters. Just outside the sea was glorious with moonlight. "Listen," he said, and stretched his head through the window. Then we heard the sound of two guitars, drawing nearer. Two youths, with a girl, passed across the moonlight, both strumming a music of the people so full of melancholy and passion that we held our breath even after they had gone on out of hearing. There it was again, that swift clutch of music. Not we strangers alone felt it, we strangers susceptible to picturesqueness in a foreign land. The drunken artist faced us, tears in his eyes. "I am master of the guitar," he said. "I can play everything that can be played on the guitar, but like *that* I cannot play." And from then on he refused to play and drank himself rapidly into a stupor.

A very great artist among singers to-day, Povla Frijsh, was in Paris during the months immediately after the War. At the time I was accompanying a young French soldier, blinded in the War, for his singing, in which he hoped to recapture a new interest in life. We had been unable to find a satisfactory teacher, one who would make the best of a white, mournful quality in his voice, all he had or could hope to have, but expressive by its very bleakness. Mme. Frijsh warmly offered to help him as long as it might be possible for her to do so.

He sang some songs to her, modern

French songs, if I remember rightly, and she chose one, Duparc's "*L'invitation au voyage*," to work over with him. Before us then she laid all the secrets of her art. No discovered treasure of precious stones with their myriad lights and the goldsmith's filigree could have been more curious or more exciting. She practiced a conjuror's magic; the separate notes, the phrases changed in the ear as she turned them now this way, now that, to show us that after all music is life. When she sang the cadences a deeper magic stirred. The subsidence of disturbed harmonies, the slowing of the movement, the sinking towards the end, and even the silence into which the voice drifted—it was all something quite beyond the reach of skill. I came away from that hour elated and baffled; for while my eyes were opened to an art of singing and interpretation beyond compare, at certain moments we had passed blindly into the music, and all three of us, blind and seeing, had been fused there. Even the four walls of the room were music.

V

I am on the river Niger with another white man somewhere between Mopti and Timbuctoo, headed downstream at night. The river in flood has spread far beyond its banks in a sea that lies without current or ripple. On its surface the stars lie as bright as they hang in the unbroken dome above. Beyond our sea to the north stretches the Sahara. If we look carefully we can see a faint luminousness just this side of the northern horizon, and that is the reflection of starlight on the desert sands. Nothing pricks the perfect rim of the circle in the center of whose plane we float. The fish that leaps up falls back into silence deeper than the waters. Warm, cloudless, no wind.

We are in a sort of scow, lying on our

mattresses in the bottom waiting for sleep. Close over us bends a shelter of wattles, and we lie as in a tunnel. From either end our mosquito nets are drawn back in misty folds, as it were from the face of the brilliant night beyond. Along the tops of the gun-wales on either side lie planks; and fore and aft along these planks, worn smooth by feet, tread the feet of our black boatmen close to our ears. They make no thud. You hear hardly more than the push of air from beneath their soles. Forward and back they go, rhythm within rhythm, poling us on our way. Yes; you can hear also a faint splash when the fourteen poles spear the water as one, and a silvery dripping of water when they are lifted. But never a word, never a laugh.

It goes on and on. The silence stretches more and more taut, higher and higher drawn towards resonance. They begin to hum, our boatmen. It is as if everything were tuned. Their low humming is the silence itself coming to vibrate. Little by little, to the rhythm of their tread and of their poling, their music takes form. Did you ever hear music take form out of the very silence? At such moments what can never be known brushes you close.

A voice, a great voice, bursts in the night, unfurled, flung out, curve after curve of it. It is the song of the steersman. There's art in it, but unfathomably more than art. It seemed to me then that silence is fear, and that music pushes fear back.

And again, in Casablanca in Morocco, down in a narrow part of the native town, still half Spanish, half Moorish; the stevedores foregather here at night, tough careless Moors in dungarees, with red fezzes cocked on their shorn heads. Most of them look like cutthroats. I am walking with a friend in the middle of the uneven

alley, between shops and houses that squeeze us in with a medley of evening noises: the scream of ragamuffins at play, the call of beggars backed against the walls, laughter, and the screech of Chleuh and Moorish songs on the phonograph. As we pass the door of a *cantina* another sound reaches us. For a moment we take it as the more sustained screech of yet another phonograph; but it follows us, keeping clear through the racket.

We stop. It's something you cannot ignore when once it has caught your ear. It's an unbroken flow of music from the door of the *cantina* we pass. It's wild, wilder than the music of the country. It coils round and round us like a lariat; it draws us back and through the door. Then suddenly, in silence, it lets go.

Do you know the barrenness of a Spanish bar, the bare plaster walls blue and smudged, the scrawny rack for bottles high up, wherein only a bottle or two stands? This is such a place. There's a scattering of sand on the floor, the wide floor that's singularly empty, as if the whole place were empty, with only a table and a chair or two either side of the door. Deep at the other end stands the bar. We cannot see it, but only a massed line of men in dungarees, with red fezzes glowing like cressets through the blue of cigarette smoke. They are all turned and a little bent towards one end of the bar, and there's a vague movement of shoulders as if hidden hands beyond were wafting something along. After the sudden stop of the music, low laughter and guttural talk seem but a phase of silence. We sit at one of the tables, unnoticed and even unseen. We wonder what drew us in here.

Then from the bar the song arises again. The singer is indistinguishable. The voice fills the room, it coils and coils about us. It is unspeakably

glorious. We can hardly bear how it vibrates, what it communicates, what it asserts of humanity, of daring, of sympathy, of grief, of exultance; how it pulses, trills, darts, sinks, rises, soars. You have heard a bird sing as if its heart were swelling in its throat. Here was a man singing that way. The walls of the body and of the room dissolved.

Two more songs he sang, and then a final silence.

From the mass of big stevedores at the bar a little man emerged and went directly towards the door, a little stocky man with fiery red beard and beady brown eyes glowing with joy and friendliness. He was in dungarees, jacket and shirt thrown back at the neck, with a worn felt hat on his head. He doffed it as he passed us, the *estranjeros*.

"*Gracias, gracias,*" we said.

He replied with a smile, "*Buena sera, señores,*" and went out through the door.

Now the barman saw us and came the length of the room for our order. His eyes were very bright.

"I do not know him," he answered in Spanish. "He said he was a fisherman from Cadiz, and his boat is waiting for the tide. They're off to fish to-night."

"Will he come again?"

"He was never here before. Who knows? The Moors pushed their money down the bar. He would not take it; only a glass or two of beer!"

VI

If what I have told of some outstanding experiences in music conveys to others for the moment a feeling of what I felt, then I must acknowledge that circumstances, local conditions assume the part of music; for only these could I hope to convey through words, not at all the music, of which

and for which, ultimately, only music itself can speak. But let us try this method of describing an ambience to convey the effect of an experience nearer home, the effect of the slow movement of the Beethoven A-minor quartet played in a concert hall in Northampton only a few weeks ago. Here was no stillness of an old French garden before dawn, no spacious African night on the edges of the Sahara, no blend of Morocco and old Spain in a smoky barroom. Here I was uncomfortable in a cramped seat in the balcony, with a headache to boot. Here I was listening to a Beethoven quartet which seemed to me, and still seems to me, one of the abstractions in his music; and in particular to the movement of that work which is not only the most recondite, but the slowest and by far the longest. Furthermore, I had even analyzed the structure of that piece for a class a few hours before, and I know of no worse approach to music than to tell others how you have discovered it is built.

The movement in question is inconceivably intricate. As the quartet played it I tried listlessly to follow the unfolding of musical science. I don't know at what moment I ceased to listen and became one with the music. A strange thing happened. The music no longer passed in time, but spread in space; grew and stood up in its substance. After the fact I feel it. I was absorbed in space, not the space of the desert or of the sea, but the space, so curiously boundless, of the cathedral. No vision of the cathedral, mind you, but the feel of one. It was miraculous, a miracle working not only on me, but on others with whom I later talked. In the sense of dissolving, I wonder if I did not experience time and space as one. To be sure, when it comes to this cathedral, even though it is in no visual sense a cathedral, there may be an intricacy of associa-

tion beyond my power to analyze; yet I choose to believe there is rather another manifestation of that power in music which escapes the restrictions of art to work upon us the similar escape from self.

I have felt this power, have been overwhelmed by it, in many parts of the world, among extreme variations of circumstance. I have felt it in far more kinds of music than I have undertaken to speak of here. There remains but the astonishing thing to say. It is always the same. Whether it springs from the *Crucifixus* of the Bach B-minor mass or from a phrase of American jazz, *it is always the same.*

I repeat: it seems to dissolve the individual, to melt him into the stream of life that knows no fixation. Composer, interpreter, listener become one with one another and with this eternally impermanent stream. In such merging alone, it seems to me, can art have life; in the rending of the very formalities which appear to be art. What one can reckon on in art, can reason of, thus denies it life. Nothing that art can devise can be twice the same and live, not symphony, drama, poem, or painting; for it cannot have life without this commingling, and what flowed here yesterday will never flow here again.

EMPIRE BUILDERS

BY C. T. LANHAM

NO SAVAGE continent remains to dare
The eagle's brood, no sea to try their wings.
Their talons that have gripped the hearts of kings
Now curve on perches of a dark despair.
Their eyes that knew the naked sun now stare
In sullen apathy at smoke that rings
Their last grim citadel and climbing, flings
Its plummy pennants on the dusty air.
O ye of winged feet and hearts of flame,
Look upward where the painted planets rise
Against the wall of night. No foot has trod
Those shining shores. No eagled standard cries
Defiance from those peaks that bear no name
Except the awful signature of God.



OUR QUARRELING PACIFISTS

BY MARCUS DUFFIELD

THERE are some twelve million peace seekers in this country who are active to the extent of participating in organized effort to end war. More than a million dollars is spent every year in political and educational propaganda. With those numbers and that money great things should be accomplished; but in point of fact the results have been woefully small. The peace seekers have not been able to make the United States a world leader against war; they have not been able in twelve years of trying to get America into the World Court. They wanted this country to join with other nations in barring the use of poison gas, but they were defeated in that effort by the American Legion which has a membership of less than a million and spends only twenty-five thousand dollars a year on its lobby.

The chief reason for the ineffectiveness of the peace movement is its lack of unity. Its weakness is precisely the same as that of the League of Nations. The League is split into fifty-five separate entities, each unwilling to forego its independence of action. The peace movement in the United States is split into some sixty separate societies, each as recalcitrant as any sovereign nation in the matter of submerging its identity to make common cause. Quite unconsciously the pacifists exemplify the very human frailty they are trying to combat: They chide the nations for not living as one big happy family, while they themselves

exist in a state of perpetual internecine feud.

Naturally, there is a difference of opinion on how to go about abolishing war; that is only to be expected. With reasonable tolerance, however, the peace groups might be expected to join in furthering measures on which they could agree. Such co-operation would be invaluable in building public opinion and directing its force. The lack of that co-operation seriously cripples the peace movement by diminishing its power of leadership and its ability to get things accomplished.

The incompatibility of the peace seekers was never more painfully apparent than at the present time when united action would be so eminently desirable. The peace groups realized the need of getting together, and they made a valiant effort. Well in advance of the World Disarmament Conference at Geneva, they formed an Interorganization Council with the intention of joining forces to assume the leadership they knew they should assume. When this article was being written, the Disarmament Conference was still holding together and struggling along bravely. But the Interorganization Council of American peace groups had all but given up the ghost, practically dissolved in its own dissensions.

II

The story of this most ambitious effort to achieve peace among the peace

seekers can be understood only by first obtaining a picture of the chaos which prevailed previously in pacifist circles—and, alas, still prevails. So numerous are the organizations interested in abolishing war that their titles alone are confusing. There are 9 Associations of divers descriptions, 8 serious-minded Committees, 7 Unions, 5 Leagues, 4 Societies, 4 Councils, 3 Institutes, and a miscellaneous assortment of Movements, Alliances, Fellowships, Federations, and Foundations. It is doubtful whether even a peace expert could keep all his confreres straight.

There is that rich aristocrat, the Carnegie Endowment: sumptuous offices; flawless banquets to visiting diplomats; directors all in *Who's Who*, average age seventy years; budget, \$687,846; oppressively respectable. The most zealous militarist has no fear of the work of the Carnegie Endowment. And, on the other hand, there is that comparative ragamuffin, the Committee on Militarism in Education which consists, for working purposes, of two young men in a dilapidated back room furnished with chairs that must be sat on carefully lest they fall apart; budget, \$8,000, and they're lucky if they get it; luncheons, if any, fifty cent ones, Dutch treat. Yet all over the country the military propagandists are constantly harassed by this Committee and unquestionably would like to put a bounty on the heads of the two young men. The Carnegie Endowment and the Committee on Militarism could hardly be said to be on speaking terms.

Consider two sister organizations that preserve the amenities but have very little in common. The Committee on the Cause and Cure of War is as impressive in numbers as in name. Sedate delegates from eleven national women's organizations assemble once a year to ponder the problems of peace.

A worthy conclave, but hardly agile either in thought or deed. On the other hand, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (Jane Addams, President) is busy all year round. Timidity is not in it; complete and total disarmament is its demand. When its attractive young lobbyist, Miss Dorothy Detzer, appears at a Congressional hearing the big navyites wince.

The World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches displays on its letterhead an array of notable names (Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, etc.), and while its activities are not confined solely to displaying these names, it moves for peace as though tiptoeing over a carpet of eggs. Obviously, it can have virtually no contact with the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Equally religious in motivation, equally world-wide in scope, the Fellowship would do away with the whole capitalistic system, if necessary, to achieve peace. It would send its members to jail rather than to war. It is one of the most aggressive of pacifist forces, bane of the militarists—and of its more orthodox brethren.

Side by side in Washington are the League for Independent Political Action and the National Council for Prevention of War, both peace seekers. The League, sensing the war possibilities in imperialism, snaps at the Government for maintaining marines in Haiti and Nicaragua. The National Council closes its eyes to Uncle Sam's peccadillos of this sort. It is an important coalition of peace forces, does effective lobbying and propaganda work, but it is cautious about raising any questions that might embarrass the political powers-that-be. Between the League and the National Council there is scant co-operation.

Then there is the dear old American Peace Society, which recently celebrated its one hundredth anniversary,

veteran of them all. It dates back to the days when American pacifists opposed war on the ground that soldiers were continually violating the Sabbath, what with their swearing and fighting. The A.P.S. is the favorite peace organization of the D.A.R., the American Legion, the Army and Navy, and the munitions manufacturers. It feels that the way for America to be pacific is to let none outdo us in armaments; it boasts of having rooted for every war this country has fought. How could the American Peace Society possibly allow itself to be tainted by association with, say, those reds the War Resisters? The War Resisters (who count Einstein a member) believe that the way to end war is for nobody to fight, and they have signed up many converts in America and Europe.

At a meeting of the League of Neighbors (a religious pacifist group), you hum in unison ("Ooom-oomm") for a few minutes before embarking into Indian philosophy with your fellow-swamis in order to start a wave of brotherliness undulating around the world. Naturally, there is an unbridgeable gulf between this group and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. The Federal Council means business; militarists fear it.

III

Obviously, then, it was a bold move in the spring of 1931 to bring the leaders of the various peace societies together in the hope of forming a super-group to present a united pacifist front for the World Disarmament Conference. Highly desirable, of course, but the obstacles to harmony must have seemed mountainous. Obstacle No. 1 was the doctrinal differences. Some peace seekers were staunchly conservative politically; others at the extreme left felt that socialism was the only sure road to

world amity. Some favored inching along to peace; others wanted to crash the gates and have the United States lead the way if necessary by abolishing its army and navy. Some would support a League of Nations war to punish a malefactor; others would neither support nor fight in any war at all.

Obstacle No. 2 lay in the fact that pacifists are incurable particularists. The Women's Peace Union is interested almost exclusively in the various anti-war measures presented to Congress by Senator Lynn J. Frazier. The Peace Heroes' Memorial Society feels that the answer to the whole problem is to build statues to pacifists instead of to warriors. One society is preoccupied with chasing the R.O.T.C. out of the schools, another with getting the United States into the League of Nations. The American Foundation is devoted to the World Court, and the World Peace Foundation is bent on broadcasting the proper sort of literature. The various groups are not always convinced of the importance of—are, in fact, cool toward—the aims of the various other groups.

Obstacle No. 3 devolved round the seldom mentioned point that all the peace societies except the few endowed ones are, in a sense, financial rivals. Wealthy patrons are limited; there is only so much money to go around; what one peace society gets in the way of contributions the next peace society loses. Director X of the X' Peace Society dropped into the office of Director Y of the Y' Peace Society one day for a friendly chat about peace matters. Director Y interrupted the conversation to telephone to a prospective contributor for an appointment, and got it for three o'clock. Whereupon Director X excused himself, hurried out to a pay telephone and got an appointment with the same prospective contributor for two-thirty. Director Y, arriving to keep his ap-

pointment with the contributor, met his friend Director X emerging with three hundred dollars and a satisfied look. The unlucky Director Y got nothing for his society that day. This is an actual incident.

Despite these formidable obstacles to harmony, a Coalition of pacifist leaders was duly formed for co-operation on the problems of the World Disarmament Conference. The Carnegie Endowment would have nothing to do with it, thank you, and some of the smaller societies were either too busy with their own affairs or too remote from New York to make participation practical. But nearly all the important groups joined in, to the total number, in the beginning, of forty different peace societies. Now when forty peace societies get together trouble is imminent, and right away trouble began to brew, and it brewed and brewed. If there remains any breath of life in the Council by next month its troubles will have been brewing exactly two years.

What may be called the Battle of Aims broke out immediately. The conferees had before them a proposed list of eight possible functions which the Coalition might fix upon as its *raison d'être*, and the first duty was to decide by discussion and ballot which goals to set. The eight functions embodied in essence two conflicting points of view. The conservative peace groups wanted the Coalition to be merely a study conference to talk things over but not to do much, especially not to issue statements setting forth collective views. Some of their leaders felt that the safe way to hold a job was to give the appearance of great activity without committing one's self to any proposition which might later draw a frown from so much as one august higher-up. The directors of the liberal groups, on the other hand, felt that they were too busy to indulge in

bi-monthly talk-fests unless the Coalition would actually do something; and their idea of useful activity was to bring pacifist views into focus and through "united front" manifestoes assume leadership in peace affairs. Temporarily the victory fell to the do-nothing conservatives. The Coalition was innocuously christened "Study Conference on Disarmament," and the issuing of statements was omitted from the declaration of purposes.

That, however, by no means ended hostilities. Within two months the liberal groups became restive at what they regarded as paralyzing inaction and decided to hold conclave among themselves. So they formed the habit of gathering for a preliminary meeting of their own an hour or so in advance of each meeting of the entire Coalition. They called themselves the Emergency Peace Committee, and they plotted ways to spur the larger group to more definite achievements. Thus the "Study Conference on Disarmament" became not one but two conferences although there was no overt split.

The next development was a shrewd move on the part of the liberals. They persuaded the Coalition that "Study Conference on Disarmament" was a dull name; a new one should be chosen and a letterhead printed listing the participating peace organizations. This innocent-appearing coup succeeded, and the Coalition blossomed forth as the Interorganization Council on Disarmament, which it remained. The liberals' reasoning was this: under the new name the issuing of statements would not be inconsistent, as it would have been under the old; and furthermore, once a batch of attractive stationery was printed, the temptation to use it would be almost irresistible. The reasoning was correct. The Battle of Aims was destined to flare up at intervals thenceforward in the midst of other engagements.

The second major conflict may be termed the Battle of Disarmament. It illustrates the fundamental difference in philosophy between the conservative and liberal groups, and how the resultant clashes served to stultify the leadership of the Council in the peace movement. The occasion was the preparation of a declaration as to what the peace organizations wanted the Geneva Disarmament Conference to accomplish. They all wanted, of course, a reduction in the various nations' fighting forces. But how much of a reduction should they demand? Said the extreme liberals: We must announce our goal as complete and total disarmament, so that we may assure the government that no matter how drastic a step it may take the pacifists of the nation will support it. Said the extreme conservatives: We must mention no figure of reduction, but trust to the wisdom of our government. The draft of the Council's stand was revised and re-revised. At last a compromise declaration was drawn up calling for a ten per cent reduction of armaments for five years. Even then the conservatives were fidgety. They balked at the last moment and insisted on a qualifying phrase. After extensive debate the declaration finally read that the pacifists wanted "a drastic reduction *such as* ten per cent."

This was the first of many occasions on which the Council by its corporate timidity planted itself not in the van but firmly in the rear of the peace movement. In this case President Hoover turned out to be a wild-eyed radical, compared with the peace leaders, for he demanded from the Geneva Conference a $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent reduction of fighting budgets.

IV

The Sino-Japanese War blazed across the front pages, bringing high excite-

ment to the Interorganization Council. Peace leaders could hardly sit by and ignore so flagrant an outbreak, so they plunged into the problem of what course they ought to commend to the nation. The result was a Battle of Manchuria in the Council that ran concurrently with the battles in the Far East. Here are the bulletins from the pacifist front in 1931.

September 29—Committee of three appointed to see Secretary Stimson and ask him to do all he could to uphold the Kellogg Pact and the Nine Power Treaty.

October 14—Secretary Stimson said he would. Telegram sent to President Hoover approving Secretary Stimson. Council confronted with a motion that it urge America to announce its readiness to participate in an international boycott unless Japan withdrew its troops. Action on this boycott motion postponed "in view of lack of unanimity."

October 26—Boycott motion, tamer than before, brought up again. Tabled, by way of ending long argument. A Committee of three named to wrestle with it once more.

November 9—Committee had wrestled. Boycott motion emerged, toned down still farther; recommended merely that the United States promise not to obstruct a boycott any other nation might institute. Even this could not be agreed upon. A resolution was passed, omitting mention of boycott, but urging an international commission of inquiry. Committee of three named to take it to Secretary Stimson.

November 23—Took resolution to Stimson, and distributed 1,000 copies to newspapermen, but "there was no publicity at all." (Naturally not; the resolution had been so emasculated as to be almost devoid of news.) Decided to try again. Resolution to ask President to withdraw American am-

bassador from Japan debated, defeated. New resolution finally passed urging President to recommend embargo on arms and loans.

Here the Battle of Aims broke out again, temporarily overshadowing the Battle of Manchuria which had already thrust into the background the Battle of Disarmament. In connection with the new resolution about the Far Eastern situation, the newspapers had played up the name of the Federal Council of the Churches as being one of the sponsors. This was an unpleasant surprise to the Federal Council because its representatives had left the Interorganization session just before the resolution had been passed. The Federal Council became exceedingly wroth and telegraphed a disavowal to Secretary Stimson. The newspapers, seizing gleefully upon an internal squabble among the peace organizations, gave this incident much more publicity than they had given the original resolution.

The repercussions shook the Interorganization Council to its foundations. The World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches resigned in a sympathetic huff. The conservative groups delivered an ultimatum that the issuing of statements in the Council's name must stop; and the liberal groups replied with a threat to bolt and retire permanently to their Emergency Peace Committee, breaking up the Council altogether. After a period of tension, a compromise was arranged. Statements would be issued thenceforward only if approved by a practically unanimous vote of the Council, and if not unanimous, the one or two dissenting organizations could have their names blocked out of the letterhead, temporarily. If—and this was the *quid pro quo* to mollify the liberals—any ten organizations wanted to issue a statement on their own account, they

could have the facilities of the Council secretariat to do so, providing they used plain paper with no letterhead. This was advantageous to the Emergency Peace Committee because it had no secretary. So the Battle of Aims subsided for the time being—and the Battle of Manchuria was resumed.

The chairman's summons to the Council meeting of December 21: "The Manchurian situation grows steadily worse. Therefore I hope that everyone will make a special effort to be present."

December 21—Motion to promote a *private* boycott of Japanese goods rejected. Motion to appoint a committee of three to study the advisability of a private boycott carried.

December 29—Committee to study private boycott had not met, because two of its members bitterly opposed to boycott in any form. Voted unanimously to appoint committee of three to see Japanese ambassador and tell him how perturbed peace groups were. (Japanese troops went right on marching to Chinchow, last remaining point of conquest in Manchuria.)

January 11, 1932—Committee to study private boycott still had not been able to get together.

January 25—No meeting as yet of committee to study private boycott. (Japan, having gobbled up Manchuria, was now threatening China proper.) Council rejected motion to urge withdrawal of our ambassador if Japanese invaded Shanghai.

February 8—(four months after the outbreak of trouble in the Orient)—Interorganization Council agreed on a policy: United States should declare embargo on arms and loans and cooperate with the League; Stimson's note of a month previous refusing recognition of violent territorial acquisitions endorsed. Voted to seek widest publicity for this united program.

February 26—Long discussion of

activities of others (including such radicals as A. Lawrence Lowell and Newton D. Baker) in advocating use of international boycott to prevent breaches of the peace.

April 1—Debated proposed resolution that teeth in the form of economic sanctions be put in Kellogg Pact. (Flirting with the boycott idea under a new name.)

April 14—Large majority in favor of passing resolution approving use of economic sanctions. Then someone pointed out that a bill to that effect had already been introduced in Congress. Should the Council pass its own resolution, or vote to support the bill in Congress? The Council could not agree. (By this time the Sino-Japanese imbroglio had almost disappeared from the newspapers on account of the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby.) The Interorganization Council let the whole matter drop.

V

Even before the Battle of Manchuria had faded out, the Council's final fight had got underway. The Battle of Chicago was destined to be the fiercest, the most devastating of all. It had started innocently enough on the first day of April when the Council was told about a project launched by some women peace advocates to hold a parade in Chicago at the time of the political conventions and submit to them "one general declaration . . . which shall have the approval of all peace organizations." The essence of the idea was again the presentation of a united front. The women, little suspecting what a whirlwind they were to reap, invited the Interorganization Council to take part. It did so, with gusto. In fact, the Council seized the project, tossed it about and eventually tore it to bits.

The bone of contention was, of

course, the "peace plank" upon which the various organizations should unite for presentation to the conventions. The conservative groups drew one up, a mild one that would not jar the political tightrope walkers in Chicago. Armaments should be reduced, international co-operation should be increased. The intention was to be eminently practical, to present not a pacifist manifesto but a ready-made plank for Republicans and Democrats to insert into their platforms verbatim. Several meetings of the Council discussed the plank in minute detail, and finally the time arrived to vote on it as a whole.

At this point, up spoke the left-wing groups. The plank, they said, was not as realistic as the conservatives thought. It was so timid that it lagged behind the views of liberal Senators on the party resolutions committees. The liberal Senators would thus be left out on the end of a limb: their reactionary colleagues would taunt them with the fact that even the pacifists would not support their advanced views. The net effect of the plank would be to hinder rather than help the progress of peace. Moreover, the conservatives' plank utterly ignored some of the most immediate obstacles to world amity, such as war debts, tariffs, and the diplomatic isolation of Soviet Russia. Sorry, the plank just wouldn't do. The Council voted to ponder it further.

The left-wing groups promptly drew up a rival declaration, calling for drastic reduction of armaments and in addition demanding downward revision of war debts, recognition of Russia, and the lowering of tariff walls. By May ninth, after a month of controversy, it became apparent that the council was deadlocked, the right-wing determined upon their innocuous plank, the left-wing adamant for their bold one. In this crisis an ingenious com-

promise was arranged. The Council voted to combine the two planks into one manifesto with twelve sections. Each constituent organization would thereupon decide for itself which of the sections it was willing to support. Then the delegation would go to Chicago and say, in effect, to the political parties, "Here are the demands of the peace advocates. Sections 1, 2 and 3 are supported by all of the peace organizations; sections 4, 5 and 6 are supported by the following organizations . . ." and so on.

The manifesto combining the two planks was broadcast to the various organizations with the request to return their decisions on the sections. The sky seemed as bright as could be expected. At least the outward form of unity would be preserved in that there would be a single delegation appearing before the Chicago conventions representing all the pacifists.

But the conservative groups brooded, and the more they brooded the more miffed they became. The liberals had spoiled their plank. So they borrowed the tactics of their left-wing adversaries and summoned a rump meeting of their own. There they rebelled against the Council's compromise to which they themselves had agreed, and resolved to sabotage the plan. Their organizations would refuse to record their support of any of the sections of the joint plank. And they would send their own spokesman to Chicago to present the mild plank they originally drew up. The left-wing, in short, could go hang.

All semblance of peace in the Interorganization Council vanished, and open warfare broke out between the two groups of organizations bent on leading America into pacific ways. In the few weeks that remained before the political conventions, the left-wing group and the right-wing waged intense competitive campaigns for sign-

ers to their rival peace planks. The united front was forgotten in the scramble. And when the conventions assembled, the political parties heard the pacifist plea not from one but from two separate—quite separate—delegations. Fred B. Smith, of the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches, presented the right-wing plank; and Miss Jane Addams, of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, presented the left-wing manifesto.

That was the end, for all practical purposes, of the Interorganization Council. The left-wing groups attended no more meetings, other groups lost interest. The forty participating organizations dwindled to a mere dozen, and the few sessions since have been listless affairs. At last reports, the Council was in a state of suspended animation.

VI

The importance of the campaign to banish international warfare can scarcely be overestimated; the very existence of civilization may depend upon its success. It is doubtful whether any military campaign in history has involved issues so far-reaching as does this pacific one. Yet the peace crusaders march forth against militarism not as an organized army, but as an agglomeration of regiments quite independent, even jealous, of one another. Pacifist forces can no more take their objectives in that fashion than could troops on a war front.

Individually, pacifist regiments are valiant, and both groups into which they are roughly divided are valuable. The conservatives, keeping their feet on the ground, win the allegiance of cautious citizens who might be frightened out of the peace movement by the often quixotic liberals. The liberals, on the other hand, are furthering progress by constantly blazing new trails;

their radical proposals of 1920 having become familiar and, therefore, respectable and, therefore, conservative by 1930, the liberals go on to still more radical proposals which will appear safe and sane in 1940.

The trouble is that these regiments, with all their colonels, are robbed of their strength for want of a general. A general would discipline them to a tolerance that would end quibbling. He would distribute duties, to end duplication of effort. At present several peace societies are likely to issue pamphlets on the same subject covering the same ground. Finally, a pacifist general would lead in the formation of a plan of strategy, now sadly lacking. Were the peace forces with their tremendous latent strength to agree upon

a series of specific objectives and concentrate their efforts, they would advance from triumph to triumph.

Much time and energy is now spent persuading the people at large of the desirability of world peace and the horror of war. This is sheer waste. The people are already convinced. What they want to know is how to go about abolishing war. But when the peace leaders fall out among themselves over questions of method, the common man is thrown into bewilderment, whereupon he is inclined to discount all pacifist talk and listen more receptively to the military voice that speaks with comforting coherence. Once the pacifists unite, the consequent increase of power and public support may surprise even themselves.

ENCOUNTER

BY DOROTHY SEAGER

*IS IT then true
That I could pass so near,
Could see your face, your hands,
Could almost hear
Your words—and you not know?
Somehow it seems you must have felt
A sudden dread,
Must have thrust down a quick sharp terror,
And then said,
“Strange—I had thought
They buried deep the dead.”*



HURRICANE IN THE BAHAMAS

BY TERENCE KEOGH

ON THE morning of Wednesday, August 31, 1932, I noticed that the signal station at Nassau was flying advisory storm warnings, indicating that the center of the storm was expected to pass close by. I had arranged to take passage on the following day for Abaco Island, one of the Bahamas, in the Diesel mail boat *Priscilla* and, thinking that possibly her sailing would be delayed because of the storm, I went to the local meteorological station to find out more about it. The report from the Hydrographic Office in Washington said that there was a tropical hurricane centered in the general vicinity of Turks Island, moving slowly, with increasing intensity, toward the northwest. Obviously, unless it changed its course, it would pass through the Bahamas. The weather on this day, however, was fine and clear with a gentle easterly breeze and a normal, steady barometer. The storm was still much too far away to show any effects in Nassau.

Throughout the following day—Thursday, September 1—the weather remained just as it had been for the past week. However, the local meteorological station received continued warnings from Washington that a hurricane was still moving in the direction of the Bahamas with increasing intensity. The storm warnings were still being displayed, and the people had started battening up their doors and windows. Bay Street, the principal thoroughfare of Nassau, pre-

sented a strange sight with all the shop windows boarded up and shutters nailed fast. Captain Roberts of the *Priscilla* apparently thought there was no danger of the hurricane for at least another twenty-four hours, and accordingly we sailed for Abaco Island at 7:00 P.M. As Abaco lies due north from Nassau, we were moving away from the approaching storm about as fast as it was moving. I can remember Captain Roberts saying to me that evening that if we were going to have a hurricane he would a great deal rather ride it out at Green Turtle Cay, Abaco, where he had special moorings, and a much better anchorage than in Nassau harbor.

We had a most uneventful passage with ideal weather all the time. The *Priscilla* made five other stops before reaching Green Turtle Cay, which was my destination; and this took all the following day, Friday, Sept. 2. We lay over that night at a place called Marsh Harbour, where we again received news of the hurricane by wireless. It apparently was expected to strike the Bahamas on Sunday, Sept. 4th, but I must say nobody seemed to be worrying much about it any more. All the *Priscilla's* crew lived at Green Turtle Cay and they seemed more interested in the prospect of getting home early the next morning than in the approaching hurricane. Had these poor fellows been able to look into the future and see the condition of their homes and families on the following

Monday, we should certainly not have been such a light-hearted crowd as we were that evening.

At ten o'clock the following morning—Saturday, Sept. 3—the *Priscilla* came to anchor at Green Turtle Cay. This little settlement has a population of about five hundred people. Seventy-five years ago it was the largest and most important place in the Bahamas, with some three thousand inhabitants; it was then the center of the sisal and pineapple plantations and was the port through which these products were shipped out of the Colony. As these industries declined, Green Turtle Cay also declined; now the people make their living by sponging, fishing, and growing fruit on a small scale. They are all sailors; in fact they are the finest sailors I have ever seen. They are white; Abaco Island is the only one of the Bahamas on which whites predominate.

The only reminders of the former prosperity of this little settlement, when I saw it last September, were the huge Cathedral and other big buildings, mostly unoccupied; many of them were three stories high, built out of stone, which used to be quarried here on the Cay.

The day of my arrival, which was Saturday, Sept. 3rd, I spent almost entirely with Basil Lowe, a fine fellow who used to be in the shark-fishing business. We sat round all day and talked the business over from one end to the other in great detail, as I was thinking of going into it. The weather in the meantime was beautiful with not the slightest sign of an approaching hurricane. As a matter of fact, I had forgotten all about it, and I guess everybody else had too. I spent that night in the Court House, where the resident Commissioner had kindly arranged for me to sleep while I was in Green Turtle Cay.

The next morning, Sunday, September 4th, I did not get up till very late.

During the afternoon I took a long walk along the sandy shore of the Cay with three boys of the town. One of them was Basil Lowe's son, a fine strapping young fellow of sixteen. Little did I think that the following day I should be picking up his dead body with the dead body of his baby brother clutched tightly in his arms.

The weather on this day, for the first time, gave indication of the approaching trouble. Streaks of thin, filmy cirrus clouds appeared in the northeast and as the day wore on gradually spread over the entire sky. The wind remained east throughout the day, a gentle breeze at first, later increasing to a moderate breeze. Toward evening, instead of clearing away, the cirrus clouds became thicker until the sky was completely covered by a grayish-white veil. In the east it looked particularly bad. The clouds seemed to be much thicker, rolled and piled up on top of one another with long heavy black streaks. Every once in a while a low cloud would detach itself from the rest of the thick bank and come flying down the wind, bringing a rain squall with it. Just before dark I climbed a high hill back of the town and studied the sky carefully. At this time of year, when such a thick veil of high cirrus clouds shows no signs of disappearing in the evening, it is usually the signal of an approaching hurricane. As I stood up there alone on the hill, the daylight began to fail and the east became one black mass, with no horizon; it was impossible to distinguish the sky from the water. From out of this the shades of night seemed to reach quickly across the water and settle over everything. There was nothing left but the booming of the surf on the outer reef and a pale greenish light in the western sky where the sun had gone down. I walked back to the town, feeling sure that the hurricane would come down during the night.

Before turning in I looked up my friend Basil Lowe and we talked for an hour or so, principally about the weather. I found that during the afternoon the barometer had gone down, but not alarmingly. The town was by this time in a state of great activity with everybody preparing for the worst. All doors and windows were being nailed up tight and battened; any movable object was put under cover or shelter of some kind. Some men put long shores against the sides of their houses with the bottom ends planted firmly in the ground and the tops against the second story. The women packed all clothes and other belongings in trunks or boxes and put them in the middle of a room on the lower floor, usually dunnaged up with boards so as to keep them out of water if the floor were flooded. The goats, sheep, and other livestock were tied up under the houses to the underpinning to keep them from being killed by things flying through the air. There were about fifty dinghy boats owned by different people in the settlement, and it was necessary to drag them all up to the highest part of the cay, as these hurricanes are often accompanied by tidal waves that do nearly as much damage as the wind. The big boats, of which there were six, presented more of a problem. During the day they had all been moved to an adjoining harbor called Block Sound and put up among the mangroves on the shore, made fast with all the lines and chains available. Every man and boy was turned to doing something. While these preparations were going on there was a steady undercurrent of nervousness and excitement, which I believe everybody felt.

I went back to the Court House to turn in for the night at about 8:00 P.M. This was a big two-story stone building with walls eighteen inches thick. It had a shingled hipped roof. It seemed

about the most substantial building in the entire place, and I certainly never for a moment thought that it would be blown to pieces by the wind. However, I turned in with my clothes on, or as sailors say, all standing, ready to heave out quickly if things got too bad. By this time I was thoroughly convinced that we should get a bad hurricane; but oddly enough, the consensus of opinion in the town was that it would not amount to much. After I fell asleep I did not know a thing until the day was breaking.

The fateful day of Monday, Sept. 5, dawned with the hurricane obviously only a few hours off. At daylight, when I turned out, it was blowing a heavy gale of wind with a steady downpour of rain. The squalls which came racing out of the northeast were getting steadily worse with shorter intervals between them. To say that it just rained and blew in these squalls would give you a wrong impression; the rain was really a solid wall of water driving horizontally before the wind. It seemed impossible to withstand the onslaught. The roof of the Court House was straining and creaking in a most alarming way, and I could already see daylight through several places where the shingles had been stripped off. It was evident that if the wind once got in under the roof the whole thing would be lifted bodily off, and probably take most of the walls with it. Everything in the building was soaking wet, in fact, the whole place was flooded, as the rain seemed to beat right through the walls and roof and run in torrents from the places where the shingles were missing.

I quickly got myself some breakfast, and then went up to the main part of the town to see what the situation there was like. I found the entire male population turned out making last-minute repairs to buildings, boats, etc.

By ten o'clock it was blowing such a

violent gale and the rain was pouring down in such a deluge that it was really impossible to do anything more outside. With four or five other men I went to a store kept by Mr. Willis Bethel and there sat talking and waiting to see what was going to happen. Mr. Bethel had a barometer, and when I looked at it I am sure that my heart missed several beats. I have spent practically my entire life at sea, which means constantly watching barometers in all parts of the world and under all kinds of weather conditions; but I had certainly never seen anything like this before. It then read 28.82, which in itself is disconcerting enough in this part of the world, but what was worse, I could actually see it going down all the time. I tried to time it but found that my watch had stopped and was full of water. I suppose that there was not a dry thing in the whole place by this time. When the barometer reached 28.00 I thought it would surely stop, but instead it started going faster. The last time I can remember noticing it, it read 27.50. I had never before even heard of a barometer being this low.

The wind had by now reached what I judged to be hurricane force, and seemed to be getting worse every moment. The squalls came sweeping over at shorter intervals and would strike with a terrific blast of wind and driving stream of water like a fire hose. Shingles, fence palings, and almost every other kind of article imaginable were by this time flying through the air. It was beginning to look serious. The other men had all gone to their respective houses where their wives and families were gathered in the strongest part of the house with the doors and windows boarded up and nailed closed. The building which I was in would obviously not hold together for much longer, and Mr. Bethel decided to abandon it alto-

gether and take refuge in his dwelling with his family. I abandoned it too, with the idea of going back to the Court House, which I considered the most substantial building in the settlement. But when I got outside I realized just how hard it was blowing. To stand upright was almost impossible, but I managed to get down the main street by crouching over and pulling myself along the sides of buildings, fences, or anything that happened to be within reach. The buildings were still standing all right although there were plenty of boards and pieces of lumber flying about. I did not see any other people outside. Right in the center of the town there is a store kept by a woman named Mrs. Roberts, and I stopped in there on my way by as I noticed the door on the lee side was open. Inside the store at the time I found Mrs. Roberts, her daughter, one old man almost sixty years old, and a little girl of about five or six. They all appeared to be very frightened and were naturally anxious to have news of what was going on and how other people were making out. As it happened, I never got back to the Court House, for while I was talking to these people the hurricane came down in all its fury.

II

The store that we were in now was a low one-story wooden building almost sixty feet long and fifteen feet wide. There were counters on both sides running the whole length. Shelves, built on the walls from the floor right up to the collar beams, were piled with canned foods and all kinds of other merchandise. When I first entered the building it seemed to be withstanding the wind all right and showed no signs of breaking up, although everything was flooded by the rain which was beating in under the shingles of the roof and the weather-boarding on the sides.

The water got so deep on the floor that I ripped up a plank in the lowest part to let it run out underneath. The end of the building which faced on the main street was to leeward, and we left the door on this end open so that we could see what was going on outside.

I was in the store, I should say, at a guess, for about fifteen minutes before the whole strength of the hurricane struck. It came with one terrific blast of wind and water, like a judgment of the Lord, sweeping everything before it. The building creaked in every joint and the sides bulged like rubber balloons. The women immediately became hysterical and after a few moments threw themselves upon their knees and prayed. Never before in my life have I felt so utterly helpless and insignificant. There was literally nothing that anybody could do. The Lord knows how hard it was blowing. Any estimate that I make of the velocity of the wind is only the wildest guess. I do know that the weather observatory at Hopetown, twenty-five miles away, registered a velocity of one hundred and sixty miles an hour before the place blew down. This was several hours before the real hurricane struck. If this was correct, it certainly must have been blowing well over two hundred. When the onslaught struck, my first impulse was to run outside, as it was perfectly obvious that the building was not going to stand it. I went to the door and stood there looking out, trying all the time to remain cool and keep my senses, which was nearly impossible with the hurricane howling outside and the women hysterically screaming inside. Never have I seen such frightful destruction. The crash of buildings being smashed to pieces could be heard even above the roaring of the wind and rain. Directly across the street there stood a big three-story stone house in which fourteen people were gathered to ride out the storm.

As I stood there watching, the first few blasts ripped all the shingles off the roof and sent them off to leeward like a shower of leaves. An instant later the entire building collapsed, some of the heavy stones being carried off with the wind, but most of them crashing down among the wreckage of floors and partitions that remained. I had not seen anybody leave the house and thought that they had all surely been killed. If they had not been killed they were probably trapped in the wreckage, but even so, I was perfectly powerless to give them any help. To leave the shelter of the house and go out in the storm now seemed like sure death. There were roofs, whole sides of houses, boats, and all kinds of wreckage hurtling through the air and crashing right and left into other buildings. It is really impossible for me to describe the frightful havoc, as anything I say is inadequate.

At about this time a man suddenly appeared, apparently from nowhere, crawling up to the house on his hands and knees as best he could, his head streaming with blood. I dragged him in the door and tried to find out where he had come from, but he did not seem to know himself. He said that he had been in two different houses that had gone down, and had been struck on the head by something. He had quite a bad cut just over his ear which I bound up as well as I could with my handkerchief. After this he just sat on the floor moaning and praying. His nerve was completely gone, but I could not make out if he was just scared or if he had been really hurt. He certainly did not improve the morale of the women, who by this time were screaming and carrying on in the most frightful way.

The next people to come in for shelter were a young fellow about my age with his wife and a little baby who had been in the big stone house that I had seen demolished. They had had an awful

time. As the building was collapsing the man had thrown his wife, with the baby in her arms, out clear of the wreckage, then jumped after them himself. They seemed to think that the other people had been killed instantly. Since then they had been buffeted about by the storm, desperately fighting to get in under some kind of shelter. How that fellow managed to drag his wife and child over the piles of wreckage, and protect them from the fury of the hurricane will always be a mystery to me. They were cut and bruised and completely exhausted. Their nerves were also completely gone and they immediately joined the others in weeping and praying.

During all this time the hurricane had been raging unabated—getting worse if this were possible. I had been watching the building which we were in very closely, and had just about decided that it was time to leave, as it would most certainly not hold together much longer. The sides were bulging out and the roof seemed about to lift off at any minute. The fastenings had started in all the joints and the ends of the rafters had come away from the plates about six inches. I broke up the prayer meeting and suggested that we all go out and fight our way to the nearest house that was standing, and which could be reached by crawling over the ruins of two other houses. As I was talking there came one terrific squall of wind accompanied by a ripping and tearing noise, and then the whole building simply took off from its foundation like an airplane. All hands were sent sprawling on the floor and the things on the shelves came piling down on top of us. It was an awful moment. The whole building, with us in it, was flying through the air, and it seemed to me then as though it would never come to earth. It finally landed with a splintering crash that broke in the floor in several places.

This was enough for me. I decided to leave without any further loss of time and try to find shelter in some other house that would have more regard for the laws of gravitation. I sang out to the others that I was going, and tried to persuade Mrs. Roberts and her daughter to come with me. However, by this time they were in such a state of combined hysterics and devotion that they had not even got up off the floor. I started out the door, which was on the lee side of the building, and immediately was picked up off my feet by a puff of wind, blown bodily in the air across the street, and crashed through a picket fence on the other side, which for some reason was still there. I was then blown and bumped over a pile of wreckage that had once been a house, until I finally got a firm grip with both hands on an old piece of floor joist. I hung on to this for dear life, trying to collect my thoughts, while the deluge poured down on my back, and the wind roared by with such force that it sometimes took all my strength to keep from being torn away. It was hard for me to see anything in the driving rain; in fact, it was altogether impossible even to open my eyes if I was facing it. The howling of the hurricane and the general noise and confusion of the destruction going on around me, combined with the constant danger of having my brains knocked out by something flying in mid-air, made it very difficult even to think. From the position I was in I could see only two houses left standing. The rest of the town was simply a tangled mass of wreckage and ruins.

As there was certainly no point in remaining where I was, lying flat on my stomach, completely exposed to the weather and everything else, I began to make my way towards the nearest house, which, I should say, was about two hundred yards off. Getting there was an awful job. I did it on

my hands and knees, sometimes crawling and sometimes literally dragging myself along against the wind. In the particularly heavy squalls I had to stop all progress and stretch flat on the ground, hanging on to whatever was near with all my strength to keep from being blown away. I had one very close call. The whole gable end of a house suddenly appeared from nowhere, driving through the air and coming right at me. I did not have time to do anything but throw myself flat on my stomach, and when I looked up again it had passed clear over me and was disappearing to leeward, gaining altitude all the time.

I finally managed to work my way round to the leeward side of the house that I was heading for, and went in through an open door. Everything inside was crazy. There were five or six men and women and two little children, all in a state of hysterics. The house was shaking and vibrating so that you could hardly stand up, and the water was pouring down through the ceiling in a perfect deluge. As soon as I got inside one of the men told me that he was afraid the house would collapse at any moment, and that they were all about to leave it. Before he had finished talking there was a noise like an explosion, and the roof and part of the second story were torn off. Next the windward wall blew in and the ceiling above started to come down on top of us. All hands piled pell mell through the door, out into the hurricane.

As I went I grabbed one of the children, a little girl of about six or seven, who had apparently got separated from her family. The confusion and chaos outside had by this time reached a point impossible to describe. I had no idea what the others intended doing, but I immediately started struggling along, with the child under my arm, toward a house that was still standing near by. The rest of the people, or

rather those of them that I could see, struck out in the opposite direction. They looked like ants as they crawled along on the ground, desperately clutching at pieces of wreckage and cowering behind the ruins of buildings. It was a fearful moment, and I will confess that I was having difficulty in thinking clearly myself. The child simply clung to me, with her two arms around my waist, whimpering and crying. I looked back once and saw the remains of the house we had just left being smashed to matchwood by the fury of the wind. The next moment a whole dinghy boat came flying out of space through the air and landed with a terrific crash a few feet from us. My face was cut and bleeding badly in several places from the sand and gravel driven horizontally before the wind, and I was having great difficulty in protecting the child from it. The rain alone was really as much as a person could stand. After going a little way I noticed a flight of stone steps built up from the ground and leading apparently to nowhere, but just rising up into space. There was a section of a roof wedged in behind them, and several other pieces of wreckage lying strewn about which gave evidence that a house had once stood there. I got round to leeward of the steps and crouched behind them to rest for a few moments before continuing on my way. The first thing I noticed was a pair of legs protruding from under the roof. I pulled on them and dragged out the body of a rather old man, cold and quite dead.

III

After I had finally reached the house for which I was aiming I had quite a job to get in, as all the windows and doors were boarded up and nailed shut. The door on the lee side was fastened from within, and it was only after I had started to batter it down with a

piece of rafter that the people realized there was somebody trying to get in. This house was a large two-story stone building that had formerly been used as a store. It had been unoccupied for some time, but when the hurricane struck, several families took refuge there, as it was a most substantial building. When I arrived there were about fifty people all told inside, men, women, and children. Never before have I seen a more frightened, helpless, and thoroughly miserable gathering of human beings. It was really pathetic. The windows being all boarded up, it was as black as night inside. The water was pouring down in streams from the floor above, and everybody was soaked to the hide. The women and children lay huddled together on the floor, their teeth chattering with the cold, praying hysterically to the Lord for mercy. The roaring and howling of the hurricane outside made it almost impossible to think, and to talk it was necessary to shout at the top of your lungs. These poor wretches had been cooped up in this black hell-hole since the storm first broke and had no idea what was going on outside. They naturally plied me with questions for news of their families and relations, but I did not have the heart to tell them how bad things really were. Surely they were suffering enough without my adding to it by a tale of death. With a heavy heart I thought of the next day and of the train of woes and misery that it would bring: of these poor, simple, God-fearing people standing alone beneath the soft blue sky and warm sunshine, among the ruins of what had once been their homes, and of their children being laid to rest forever in the soil.

Although the storm was now at its very height, the house showed no signs of giving way. But as it was a stone house, I was afraid that if anything struck it it would come down very

quickly and, therefore, started at once to plan a course of action in case we should have to leave it. I stood at the door on the lee side and from there could see only one house standing—and that had half the roof gone. This house, I was told, belonged to Dr. Kendricks, the local doctor, and was obviously the place to go next if we had to move. If the house we were in collapsed on top of all these people it would be a frightful thing. I was determined not to get caught under it, and kept the little girl close to me all the time, ready to run out at a moment's notice. I had lost all track of time but I suddenly realized that it was beginning to get dark. This made matters worse than ever, as it would most certainly be impossible to move around outside in the night without being killed.

The darkness came quickly and with it, to my great relief, came a decided change for the better in the weather. The wind in the space of a few moments went right down to nothing but a strong breeze, and the rain stopped altogether. The general opinion of the rest of the men seemed to be that this was the end of the hurricane, but I did not think so. I was afraid that it was just a temporary calm while the center passed over us. If you are in the path of the center of a cyclone storm of this type, it will be calm for a short while as it passes over, then the wind will come with hurricane force again from the opposite direction.

As soon as it moderated, all hands went to work at something. The most important need was something to eat for the women and children, as the majority of them had had nothing the entire day. Three men went to the remains of Mrs. Roberts' store to search around for some food and for some lanterns and oil. Two other men went to work on the building, battening up windows on the top floor which had

blown open, reenforcing doors, and a hundred other much needed repairs. I tried to get them to nail up the doors and windows on the south side, which so far had been to leeward, in case the wind came from that direction, but they did not think this was necessary. I would have done it myself but we had only one piece of iron for a hammer, practically no nails, and only what lumber we could rip off partitions inside. Their failure to do it nearly cost the lives of everybody in the building an hour or so later. In the meantime, I went to Dr. Kendricks' house to see how many were there, and also to try to find out what the barometer was doing.

I found Dr. Kendricks' house in much the same condition as the one I had just left. There were about one hundred people crowded into it, many of them quite badly hurt. The women and children lay huddled together in the darkness crying and praying. I tried to raise their spirits and comfort them but there was practically nothing that I could do. I think that I shall always remember this feeling of helplessness as the worst part of the hurricane. Never before in my life have I been so totally unable to cope with a situation. Nobody had any idea of how many people had been killed, and in the darkness and confusion of the night it was certainly impossible to find out. Dr. Kendricks appeared to be the only man who was really keeping his head. He went about his work of giving first aid to the injured in a calm, businesslike manner, although he had himself suffered as much loss of property as anybody. I found Mrs. Roberts here, unconscious, with a fractured skull. Dr. Kendricks had brought her in himself. Kendricks' barometer stood at 27.60 and showed no signs of rising. This convinced me that the hurricane was really only half over, and that the calm which now pre-

vailed would soon be broken by the wind coming howling from out of the south.

IV

I had no sooner got back inside the stone house than the wind came again, this time from the southward, in violent squalls, accompanied by the usual downpour of driving rain. There were several more people in the building now, who had taken advantage of the lull to crawl from under the ruins of their homes to this shelter. By this time the known deaths amounted to seven, with about two hundred still entirely unaccounted for. All the colored people lived at one end of the town, and nobody had seen or heard a thing from them. There was not a sign of a house left standing in this section. I now began to feel a pain in my right side which was caused, I found out a week later, by one of my ribs being broken. This had probably happened when I was blown through the picket fence but I had not noticed it till now.

The hurricane was now raging outside with the same violence and destruction but from the opposite direction. Right away we found ourselves in a very bad position, because the windows and doors on the south side of the building had not been boarded up. On account of the shift of the wind this was now the windward side. The very first squalls had smashed the sash right out of the window frames and torn the doors off their hinges. The water was pouring in and there was a steady barrage of sand, rocks, and small pieces of wreckage. All hands had to move to the leeward side, which meant almost sure death if the building collapsed. It would not have been possible to get out as all these doors and windows were fastened on the outside. I was afraid that the wind, by getting inside the building, would lift the roof off or

blow the walls right out. Already the wooden partitions inside were beginning to buckle badly. Something had to be done and done quickly. I went outside with two men to help me, and after an awful battle, lasting nearly an hour, we managed to get the openings boarded up to a great extent. It was a most surprising thing to me how a lot of these men appeared to lose their nerve. Many of them just simply gave up and joined the women in prayer, rather than make any effort to help themselves. The moaning of the injured, together with the weeping and screaming of the women, made a most frightful din that could be heard even above the storm. One old man started singing hymns at the top of his lungs and was immediately joined by everybody else. This would have been very nice except that he chose for his opening number "We Will Meet in the Sweet By and By." It was the last straw for me, and I could not help suggesting that he sing something a little more cheerful.

Things went on like this for what seemed like hour after hour. Nobody had a watch, but I should say that it was about midnight when I noticed that the wind had started to moderate slightly. The rain continued just as hard but the squalls were considerably lighter than they had been. Somebody came up from Dr. Kendricks' house with the welcome news that the barometer had started rising rapidly. This was very reassuring and convinced me that the worst of the hurricane was now over. For the remainder of the night the weather continued to improve steadily until by daylight the wind had moderated to a strong gale, and the rain, though still pouring down, was nothing like what it had been. As soon as the danger was obviously past the people all began to brighten up. Somebody during the lull had managed to get a kerosene stove out of Mrs.

Roberts' store, so I turned to and made strong tea for all hands. We had also a couple of boxes of soda biscuits. After this the women and children lay down on the floor and through sheer exhaustion were soon fast asleep. I had dried out my pipe and tobacco over the stove. After drinking six cups of boiled black tea, munching a couple of handfuls of biscuits, and smoking three pipes of strong tobacco, I was once again ready for anything.

There was nothing to do now but wait for the daylight. Many times before in my life have I spent long hours on end searching the eastern sky for the first streaks of dawn; but all these hours of waiting put together were as nothing compared to the short time between the moderating of the hurricane and daylight the next morning. I really thought that the dawn would never come. Sleep for me was out of the question with the moaning and suffering that was going on on all sides. People kept coming in with reports from different parts of the town, and the list of dead and injured was mounting steadily. The most serious thing for the immediate present was the condition of the people who were still living but trapped under the ruins of their houses unable to get out. This was the first job to be tackled. Every man who was physically able turned to, but, nevertheless, it was a slow, hard job to get these poor wretches out, as the gale of wind and pouring rain made it very difficult to work.

V

With the first signs of daylight I started for Basil Lowe's house to see how he and his family had come through. Nothing appeared to be left standing, and the streets were piled so high with wreckage that it was impossible to follow them. Where Basil Lowe's house had stood the day before

was a litter of smashed timbers. In the middle of the mess I came across the body of his eldest son, a fine boy of sixteen, lying face downward on the ground, cold and stone dead. I rolled it over and found that his neck had been broken. With a death grip, he still held in his arms the body of his baby brother, also cold and dead. I carried them both out to an open space and laid them on the ground side by side, then covered them with loose boards, weighted down with stones, so that they would not blow away. As I was doing this Basil himself appeared. It was the most harrowing moment of my life and there was little that I could say to him at the time. He had had a frightful experience during the hurricane and was in a dazed condition. When his house collapsed he, his wife, six children, and his mother-in-law all had to run for their lives. His wife had fallen through the floor and was perfectly unconscious, which meant that he had to carry her in his arms after dragging her out. He had seen his two children killed, by the gable end of the building, as they ran through the door. In some way or other he had managed to get the rest of them into a near-by house, but had only been there a short while before this also collapsed. Once again they found themselves out in the hurricane, and once again he carried and dragged them all to safety under the floor of a ruined house, where they remained until daylight. He had not yet told his wife about the two children being killed.

I returned to the stone house, in which there were now about one hundred additional people who had come in from different parts of the town, all in the same state of exhaustion and hysterics. It was now so full that it was almost impossible to get in through the door. By this time everybody in the settlement had been accounted for,

and the death toll amounted to eighteen, with twenty-five badly injured.

We held a kind of council of war to talk over our position and see what was to be done next. Obviously the dead had to be buried, but this was practically impossible until the weather moderated. It was still blowing too hard to walk round without holding on to something, and the rain was pouring down in a steady torrent. Luckily there had been quite a quantity of food salvaged from the ruins of the various stores. Some people had managed—how, the Lord only knows—to unearth some clothing, blankets, and quilts that were still fairly dry, and these were immediately distributed amongst the women and children. The women got busy brewing gallons of strong tea and baking johnny cakes. Somebody collected several dead fowls from among the ruins, and we soon had steaming hot soup, which, I thought at the time, was the best thing I had ever tasted. Very discouraging reports came back of how the colored people had fared in the storm. Their houses were all built in one district at the eastern end of the town, and had all been destroyed with the very first blasts of the hurricane. The people had run out and, not knowing where to turn, had very sensibly taken to the open country. At the very height of the storm, men, women, and children, about eighty of them altogether, had desperately crawled, dragged, and fought their way up the side of a high hill, and had taken refuge in a stone quarry at the top. The quarry was a huge round pit about three hundred feet in diameter and sixty feet deep, which afforded shelter from the wind but not from the cold and wet. They had all huddled together at the bottom on the windward side, while the hurricane went thundering by overhead.

It was now getting on toward the middle of the day. I decided to go up

into the quarry and spend the night in the open rather than stick it out in the stone house amid such misery and suffering. Anyway all the space available was needed for the injured and the women and children. The poor colored people in the quarry, nearly blue with the cold, had been in this god-forsaken hole, completely exposed to the weather and with nothing to eat, for over twenty-four hours. I do not yet know how they stood it. I had brought a few tins of beef along with me, which I quickly divided up among the women, and then dispatched somebody back to the town for more. They were all so terrified and exhausted that I had difficulty in persuading anybody to venture up out of the pit. I must say that I can hardly blame them for this.

I noticed a dead horse lying at the bottom of the quarry and was wondering how in the world it had got there. They told me that they had no idea where it had come from, but at the height of the storm it had suddenly appeared flying through the air, and had dropped about sixty feet to where

it now lay. One old negro preacher said that he had thought it was the dove coming down upon the Apostles, but I could not exactly see the simile. He apparently considered it as some kind of an omen and immediately launched out into a long sermon, much to the edification of his audience, about the Ark full of animals landing on "Mount Arral" after forty days of flood. He managed to work into it something about the waters of the Red Sea being opened, then rambled on about Saint Simon fishing in the Lake of Galilee; in fact he used every part of Scripture that had anything to do with water. I thought it most appropriate as both he and his congregation looked more than half drowned.

I spent the afternoon in the quarry, trying to keep out of the rain by crouching under a shelf of rock, getting colder, wetter, and more miserable every minute. Toward evening the wind seemed to moderate considerably, and I returned to the town in search of a more comfortable place. There was not much comfort to be found. But at least the hurricane was over.





CRIME AND THE CORTEX

BY AUGUSTA W. HINSHAW

CRIME casts a bigger, uglier shadow over the lives and property of the law-abiding every day. Undiminished by the forces combating it, crime recruits yearly more and more weaklings under its sinister leadership until, at last, fear-stricken society has wakened to the need of a diagnosis. Neurology has been called in to consult with sociology. Heretofore when the alienist's advice has been sought in crime it has been as coroner, so to speak. He was asked to perform an autopsy. Too often the public has thought of him as an apologist for the rich criminal. Now he is being asked to recommend a cure, to advance a preventive before the event, rather than an explanation afterward.

When the Neurological Institute, as a unit of the Medical Center in New York City, was opened it found itself provided with a great physical plant. This hospital with its laboratories, towering above the Hudson River just below the foot of the George Washington bridge, brings to its physicians and surgeons every type of human ailment attributable to the nervous system. The neurologists saw in these new facilities their opportunity, long awaited, for wide research into the causes of crime. During the past three years they have gathered data in neuro-pathology which will give aid and enlightenment in the task of setting crooked youth straight.

These facts in their present state do not justify a pathology of crime, but

they already add materially to the competent examination of the social misfit. They project a possible correlation of some anti-social behavior with an injury, a disease, or an atrophy of the cerebral cortex—bearing always in mind that this surface gray matter of the brain is the most recent specialization of the nervous system in its evolution up from the stop-and-go signalling equipment of the jellyfish.

In the outermost layer of the human cortex, a thin gray coating of highly specialized nerve cells and fibers, lies the whole of civilization—a little film that holds the vast empire of human knowledge. When the embryonic brain begins, each hemisphere is a hollow surrounded by a single thick layer of cells. This layer acts as a nursery whose cells are rapidly undergoing division and building up first, a middle layer and eventually, an outer coating of the brain containing six distinct layers.

In the structure in man called the cortex three platforms of activity are recognized: first, the projection of various sense reports on to the cortex (minus their interpretive value)—reception; second, objective association, which permits memory and training—perception; and third, symbolic association (the association between ideas and written characters or uttered sounds)—conception, which is predominantly human and which permits intellectual life.

These theories of the structures of the brain and their functions have been developing together with the perfecting of the microscope and the tremendous advances in surgical and medical opportunities. Yet disease, injury, knife, microscope, and x-ray have not yielded knowledge of the exact place in the brain where the mental life of human beings—what we call self-control, will, character, and so on—takes place. And the seeker for truth, knowing that truth has a way of walking in at an unlocked door of the mind, is loathe to be too categorical in the interpretation of the facts of his investigations. The situation which caused the neurologists to formulate a program was the need of modern society, the acute need of its corrective institutions for adolescents—from which fifty per cent of our adult criminals have been graduated.

In the Ramapo hills at Warwick, New York, an ideal cottage plant for the retraining of delinquent boys is being completed. The mistakes of the past are to be avoided. It is not to become a school for bigger and better criminals if the best available intelligence of man can prevent it. And it is hoped it may become a model for all such institutions. Boys who have foundered in their first encounter with life are to be measured, first sociologically and physiologically, and then neurologically. It was to do the neurological measuring and classifying here that the Neurological Institute of New York was called in.

When Dr. Frederick Tilney, chairman of the Neurological Institute's Warwick committee, opened our discussion of the Institute's program he insisted upon beginning at the beginning. We took down the dictionary and found crime defined as the violation of enacted statute. For the purposes of the present study Doctor Tilney understands crime as "the in-

ability or unwillingness to abide by statutes enacted to prevent lines of conduct injurious to the public welfare." In such a study he thinks it essential to remind ourselves that the artificial social limitations of human behavior, from the very fact of their being artificial and social, are likely to be anti-biological, as many actually are. The stealing of food by a starving thief is an obvious example. Probably any law under certain circumstances might be directly counter to an individual's biological need. Any restriction of free animal spirits in children could easily be called anti-biological. Teachers, policemen, and parents recognize this in the familiar "boys will be boys." Normal animal tendencies are motives of all kinds of crime. And as for enacted statutes, much of human conduct in historical and contemporaneous times is represented by acts in violation of enacted statutes. In crime, therefore, we are dealing with conduct which may be wholly in keeping with the biological expression of human nature but entirely contrary to what is accepted to be of the highest interest to human society.

"Thou shalt not" is the basis of all the protective statutes ever written. As soon as social groups began to be formed, a majority recognized that unrestricted killing meant the destruction of the group and simultaneously loss of the benefits of group living. Other acts which threatened group life were progressively proscribed by the voice of the majority. In many instances which society has not yet been able to alter it still remains as biologically sound—as healthily animal—to kill, to rape, and to steal as to breathe and to eat.

II

The first level of the cortex, where the creature desires of living arrive

with elemental force, is thousands, perhaps millions of years older and more firmly established than the new associational fabric which permits judgment and reason and, through them, morals. This latest addition of cortical cells, which now makes its appearance in the normal human brain with such regularity and exquisite precision, is the newest machinery of living. It enables us to wear civilization over our vitals and their demands as we wear clothes over our bodies. When the older biological tendencies—the “original sin” of the theologians—try to adjust themselves to the red and green lights of civilization they run into many complications. Out of these complications arise laws and statutes to protect the greatest number.

Granted that all laws are right and tenable on the basis of man's necessities in social living, the question arises: Has man as a whole, considered in groups or as individuals, reached the level of intellectual development at which he can live up to all the laws he himself makes? It is to offer the most enlightened answer to this question that the Neurological Institute has undertaken its intensive study of five hundred boys who have failed to accept the restrictions necessary to social living at the very outset of life.

Does man fail in living up to his own laws because, in some cases, he lacks the cortical power to adjust himself to these prohibitions of his own creation? And is that lack on account of inherent cortical inferiority—genetic defects—or because disease has produced blights on the brain structures during their development? This is for neurology to answer.

That man often wishes to make an exception of himself in a given situation, despite his acceptance of group restriction for his fellows, is the basis of our code of punishment. How many delinquencies are due to circum-

stantial invitations to exceptions? In other words, who breaks the law who, by the grace of God, need never have broken it? This is for sociology to find out.

The group of law breakers, however, which will call for the most careful examination and study is the group which has failed in society because of a combination of cortical deficiency and circumstantial influences against which inhibition could not quite raise its bars. Only when the sources of defective brain substance have been traced will a basis have been furnished upon which a social program may be wisely planned.

What kinds of destructive agents may do irreparable—but concealed—damage to the control mechanism of human behavior? Evidence now points to mild attacks of encephalitis (inflammation of the brain); the less pronounced invasions of the brain by syphilis; the more malignant of the children's diseases; and to prolonged disease of any of the body systems. All these may harm the cortex permanently, leave it less sound and healthy, perhaps definitely shrunken in a given area. Take the mental picture of a human cerebrum—hold an intense heat close to one of the most finely filamented structures in a world full of biological marvels; it becomes reddened, swollen, and inflamed. That is what inflammation must do to the nerve cells and fibers.

Epidemic encephalitis, or sleeping sickness, may produce throughout its course alterations of normal sleep, all sorts of focal paralyses and their opposites—tremors, spasms, convulsions, and the like; all sorts of excessive or deficient sensibility, and many disturbances of the ductless glands. Each of these presents its psychic accompaniment. The average acute attack lasts from six to eight weeks. The residual effects of this acute illness, estimated in an average of 63 per cent

of recorded cases, may be any one of the above. They may appear permanently or intermittently. But even of the 12 per cent recorded recoveries every test shows there has been some alteration, some atrophy of the cortical structure, for which compensation may or may not have been made by other parts of the brain.

Now it is not with these recorded cases that we are primarily concerned in looking for the pathology underlying crime. As numerous as these have been, there is ground for assuming that they are a mere index of cases of this disease, undiagnosed and unrecorded, occurring in a comparatively mild form. There could be no possible gauge of the prevalence of encephalitis unless encephalograms were taken with the census.

An encephalogram is an x-ray picture or series of x-ray pictures made of the head after the injection of air into the cranial cavity and ventricles of the brain. The presence of the air serves to outline the shape of the brain, the pattern of its convolutions, and the size and position of its ventricles. The making of encephalograms is naturally an extremely delicate process and may be undertaken only by skilled specialists who have adequate laboratory facilities. The enlargement of such facilities in their new quarters greatly broadened the Neurological Institute's opportunities for the study of living human brains.

From the number of patients coming to the Neurological Institute whose encephalograms show alterations of the cortex, and in which case-history shows an unclassified illness or lethargy bearing many marks of epidemic encephalitis, it is safe to make a guess at the number of undiagnosed cases. Such a guess, restrained by experience and training, suggests that a quarter of a million unrecorded cases probably existed in the United States during

and following the epidemic of 1918. Here is soil in whose deficiencies we may expect the older laws of untamed nature to crush out the carefully nurtured inhibitions—the moral laws of social living—soil in which tares will crowd out wheat.

Besides sleeping sickness, there are many other diseases which under certain circumstances may be accompanied by inflammation of the brain. Outstanding among these in prevalence, importance, and the possibility of brain inflammation is syphilis. The syphilitic virus, the spirochete—that deadly one-cell anarchist in the body organization—may produce a pathological state less easy to recognize than the well-known paresis. A slackness of brain tissue and laxities of the brain, far less marked, often follow the spirochete. The numbers of the population affected congenitally or directly by this ancient enemy of the race cannot be estimated. Here at once, therefore, we discover two incalculable sources of blight on the cortex. We have more than doubled the acreage where we may look for an over-production of tares.

In addition to these two great sources of undermined cortical stamina, inflammation of the brain may occasionally be produced by or may accompany certain other diseases. Among these are scarlet fever, whooping cough, smallpox, and even mumps. There are two opinions regarding the cortical inflammation sometimes accompanying these diseases: the first, that encephalitis can be produced by only one virus and that the disease in question simply lowers the threshold of the patient's resistance to it. The other, that each such inflammation is a type properly belonging to the disease which introduced it. This source of brain affection, though small, may not be ignored in a searching diagnosis of the stuff of character.

Again, virtually every system of the body on becoming seriously diseased and so remaining, may register its mark on the cortex. The vascular system is ultra important to the brain. Its multitude of fine vessels bring health and elasticity to the cortical tissue and when it is slowed down by hardening of its inner walls it cannot possibly nourish the organ of judgment and decision as it formerly did. Fortunately this disease does not often afflict the young; and older people are pretty well established in their pattern of conduct before the edge of perception is dulled by it.

The secretory system, however, manifests irregularities early in life, as do the genito-urinary and gastro-intestinal with their profound disturbances of the balance of personality. These systems, when they are diseased, release their poisons slowly but persistently until the accumulation, unless removed, must affect the central nervous system most unfavorably. The extraordinary results such as diabetic coma, uremic or eclamptic convulsions, produced in extreme instances, serve as magnifiers of lesser involvements of the same systems.

The effects upon personality of abnormalities of the endocrine, or ductless, glands are still the subject of controversy. They may remain so until records over long periods of years have been kept and the conclusion-jumps, so easy to take on existing evidence, can be checked with a multitude of cases carefully observed over long periods. In the meantime evidence is conclusive that glandular deficiency produces a marked sense of inadequacy, or as it is commonly called, an inferiority complex. Doctor Tilney, whose studies of the brain form a notable share of his contributions to neurology, states that any lowering of the endocrine functions means a lowered brain quality, retarded develop-

ment or—in case of disease after development—affection of the higher intellectual centers.

The higher intellectual centers carry sole responsibility for social adjustment. Impairment of these centers when it exists must be charged with a share of accompanying social maladjustment. To recognize this fact it is not necessary to assume that John Smith's disordered endocrine glands made him a forger and that restoration of his endocrine balance will make him a saint. But that endocrine inferiorities subtract substantially from the sense of well-being and the capacity to carry the load of life is incontestable.

We no longer say a man is as courageous as his liver. And it is only a fraction of the whole truth to say that a man is as trustworthy as his pituitary body or as just, fair, or honest as his thyroid gland. Nevertheless, it is apparent that morale—upon which morals so heavily depend—is simply an aspect of metabolism.

III

So far we have considered those effects of disease which may destroy or deaden the cortex. But there are other variations from the normal in brain functions which are not the result of pathological conditions yet which may disarm the higher faculties in their struggle for control. These deviations from the usual are known as language disabilities. They occur regardless of brain capacity, do not correlate with intelligence. The four activities which constitute the language function: understanding the spoken word, understanding the printed word (reading), speech, and writing, seem to be controlled exclusively from one hemisphere of the brain. Both hemispheres, however, have received equal visual and auditory records. But one of these sets of records is inactive in the

language function, and normally a physiological habit is established of using only one set in reading, writing, and speech—a concentration similar to the preference of one hand over the other in the interest of skill.

The two halves of the brain, however, while alike in size and design, are reversed in pattern. The left hemisphere bears the same relation to the right hemisphere that the left hand does to the right hand. It seems logical to conclude, therefore, that the records (or engrams, as they are called) of one hemisphere would be mirrored copies, or antitropes, of its mate's. If, then, there should be failure in establishment of the normal physiological habit of using exclusively those of one hemisphere, there might easily result a confusion in orientation which would exhibit itself as a tendency toward left-to-right and right-to-left direction in reading, and in a lack of prompt recognition of words which can be spelled backward or forward such as "was" and "saw," "not" and "ton" "on" and "no," and the like. These alternations and confusions are exactly what do characterize the efforts of retarded readers. And the frequency of their occurrence bears a clear relation to the severity of the condition.

Now the connection between all this and incipient crime is, that a child with a language disability—since the obstacle which has blocked him in learning to read is not understood—is exposed to criticism, punishment, and pressure from the parent and the teacher. Added to these is the brutal frankness of other children. The combined effect on his emotional life is likely to be far reaching.

In 1925, Dr. Samuel Orton of the Neurological Institute made a special study and analysis of a group of children described by their teachers as "dull, subnormal, or failing or retarded in school work." His work revealed

the presence among them of a considerable number of children of average or above average intelligence, mistakenly included as "defectives." Their handicap in learning was proved definitely to have come from confusion in selecting from symbols stored in both halves of the brain for reproduction, one hemisphere not having been given dominance for this function. Their troubles yielded to careful individual retraining. In one instance eight children who were retarded in reading on an average of three years below their mental ages and who were put under individual instruction for a six weeks' period gained at least a year's facility in reading, and one of them gained two years.

Among the children so handicapped, those who carry the greater danger to society, observers believe, are not the ones who are below normal intelligence or defective. These too frequently are unconscious of their slower learning. The trouble-makers are those who know that they know, or who realize that they can learn, yet cannot convince their teachers and parents. They feel they are hindered in learning but cannot grapple with the hindrance. These are the ones who are likely to be overwhelmed with a sense of their inability to do as well as others. They are the gunpowder, awaiting only the spark of unsympathetic social surroundings. And they are the ones whose enterprise makes them determined to win an equal place with their fellows by fair means or foul.

The whole sum of this cortical chaos of one kind and another is the field the Neurological Institute is now beginning to map. Every one of these roads leads to the fatal feeling of inferiority. And an acutely developed, deeply ingrained feeling of inferiority or belittlement is a matrix of crime. A youth who is conscious of failure makes extreme bids for notice of some kind

when he is deprived of normal encouragement and approval. Acts of resentment may come occasionally from those who take defeat as a matter of course or who are only vaguely aware of their deficiencies. But those who feel themselves capable of the recognition their fellows receive, capable of the same degree of learning, the same acquisition of skills and adjustment to life, yet fail—these are the ones who are ready to fly off the social tangent.

Behavior records of children hindered in learning by language disabilities, since study of them as such has been so recent, have been taken largely from private practice. Parents of this group do not accept inferior learning from their children without investigation, and they exert themselves to the utmost to protect their children from inferiority reactions to such a handicap. Notwithstanding this care, boys taken to the doctor with a pronounced language disability not infrequently show a record of bad and occasionally criminal behavior. Yet this young Mr. Hyde when placed in an appropriate retraining school commonly comes out a permanent Dr. Jekyll.

The public schools of a certain Western city had asked the mother of an eleven-year-old boy to remove him on account of his cruel and intolerable treatment of smaller boys. The examining physician who admitted Tom to the Neurological Institute found the boy's intelligence above normal. But he was a stammerer and had reading and writing disabilities. He had been shifted from left-handedness; and while many individuals make this shift without apparent confusion, the transfer from the dominant half of the brain to its counterpart is a serious handicap to others. When Tom was shifted back to the use of his left hand for skilled acts and his retraining was begun in a school adapted to his needs

the change in his behavior was remarkable. He was so busy with his new-found interests that he had neither time nor desire to pay any attention to smaller boys, much less to bully them. Other boys and girls who have kept their disciplinarians awake at night, wondering what to do, have shown an equal disregard for former deviltry when confusion of this kind having been discovered they are retrained with an understanding of their difficulties.

These instances are not cited here as evidence that every boy in a reform school is an angel wrong side out, who needs only a little intelligent retraining to become a valued citizen. They are meant to illustrate the tendency of any human being to compensate a deficiency the best way he can—whether the way be good or bad. The Warwick committee of the Neurological Institute does not expect to find that all the delinquents they examine will prove to have been mistakenly trained or trained without understanding of their handicaps. Nor, if a boy lack this excuse for crime, does the committee count on his encephalogram's showing cortical blemishes or on discovering a deficiency in a ductless gland—in other words, that he stole money when he needed iodine.

In reply to the question, What specific connection can be posited between the performance of a given criminal act and the aftermaths of disease in the cortex? Doctor Tilney said: "When I find evidence of encephalitis or some other organic disease of the brain, I shall say that we've found a suitable matrix for the development of criminal tendencies, and that the given crime may be assumed to have grown out of them either wholly or in part."

Behavior changes following encephalitis have been so severe at the State institution at Kings Park, New York, that it has been necessary to establish

special pavilions, including a school, for such patients. They require psychiatric as well as medical nurses. One of the Neurological Institute's cases was that of eight-year-old Johnny. Following recovery from an acute attack of encephalitis, his behavior was a high magnification of juvenile impulsiveness without regard to consequences, but not maniacal. Among other more boyish items, he took a check to a bank and tried to cash it. What Herbert Spencer called the balance between egoism and altruism characterizing human behavior was entirely absent from Johnny—indeed, the “limb of Satan” figure became literal when applied to him. On his arrival at the Institute he slung food about his room and plastered the walls with the available butter whenever he had a chance. He was wholly unable to stop his perpetual restlessness, much less to relax, without artificial aid.

Appropriate treatment produced remarkable improvement in him. He was able to return to school, his misconduct having entirely disappeared. His intelligence quotient is high. He has good motor control—swims, skates, and plays football successfully. Yet it is not unreasonable to suppose that without understanding treatment and retraining Johnny might have become the boy wonder of the underworld, his diseased daring, or rather, lack of human restraint, leading him to acts no normally cautious “bad boy” would undertake.

Here it would be comforting to stop in the hope that research will detect the criminal in advance of the crime; and that once the criminal knows what is wrong he will become his own best parole officer. More careful medical examinations in our schools and more intelligent classifications of all varieties of learners cannot fail to help solve our

juvenile crime problem, and eventually to alleviate adult crime. But those precious ounces of tissue vital to competent control which constitute the cortex may have been born irremediably wrong. Or disease may have burned it beyond repair and beyond compensation in another area.

It appears inevitable, therefore, that there will remain an increasing percentage of the population which society, as now organized, cannot assimilate. It means a rapidly increasing expense both in policing and in feeding and housing the criminal when caught. What price then must we pay for law and order?

An earlier society's solution of hanging the thief, the forger, and the perjurer, and even the common nuisance with one and the same rope is now outlawed. To-day we can answer the question only when a substantial body of evidence such as the neurologists are gathering is before us. Then, when a competent court of neurologists can agree on the unfitness of any individual to adapt himself to the social order it will remain for society to decide what is to be done with him. When that evidence is in, society may determine whether to segregate the irreducible minimum of unregenerates and police them at the public expense or to provide a proper place of exile where they may carry on such lives as they may desire, unrestrained.

Doctor Tilney is more favorably inclined toward the latter solution. “For,” he says, “if we are to have a successful social organization we cannot be weighed down with those who will not play the game as we play it. We cannot have an organized society adequate to work toward the realization of man's highest possibilities without a preponderant recognition of the Mosaic law.”



THE CONSECRATED COAL SCUTTLE

A STORY

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

N OBODY having "come forward" during the invitation hymn, Old Brother Bates was disappointed and a little put out when the benediction did not follow the dumping of the hymn books into the racks. He had taken the benediction for granted and was standing with his eyes closed, fumbling behind him with one of his long trembling hands for his overcoat, when he felt the hand of his third wife tugging sharply at his elbow. He never thought of Mrs. Bates, never spoke of her except as his third wife, reminding her and him and anyone who was about that he had had other and better wives. But he had learned patience with his ninety years and, tired as he was, he did not protest but bent his long legs and sat down unsteadily beside her and looked kindly around on the people. He could not hear at all unless they shouted in his left ear but he could see remarkably well.

His feet had gone extremely cold, as they usually did when he stood or sat a long time in one place. He wiggled his toes in his boots but his feet were not the warmer for the effort.

He looked at the pastor, thinking hopefully that the benediction had been delayed only by a tardy announcement, or that possibly this business of sitting down for a moment after the closing hymn was the result of some new scheme the women were trying out, like the having of Sunday School after

church, a piece of foolishness that had been in effect a number of years when his second wife, Ida, had been with him.

Because of a pain and soreness in his back, he had been kept away from church for he had no idea how many Sundays. His staying at home was a notion of the doctor's.

He dimly remembered a small delegation of church men coming to his house to intercede for his presence this Sunday. He clutched after this recollection, trying to remember why it was they wanted him to come, but just then he noticed something peculiar. Bellows, a fat and heavy-jowled man, a newcomer who had been in the town and in the church less than twenty years (he distinctly remembered that he was not there at the time of Ida's funeral), had climbed up on the rostrum, not going up the steps like a man bent on holy business, but clambering up over the little curtained rod, "like a thief and a robber," throwing his fat leg up over and catching hold of the corner of the pulpit to steady himself, and then standing there, puffing out his fat front, his coat pushed back and his finger tips in his vest pockets, saying something to make the women and children snicker. It was not Bellows, however, who seemed peculiar, for it was not the first time he had seen him make a fool of himself to the intended glory of God and the amusement of the ladies. It was the coal scuttle. It was

sitting, not near the stove, but a good six feet away from it, set high in the sight of all the people, on the communion table, on that piece of furniture that his second wife, Ida, because she had been brought up an Episcopalian, could not get over calling "the altar."

Brother Bates was about to lay his great hand on the third wife's knee and incline his head and ask her in a whisper if it was actually the coal scuttle he saw there, when all doubt was removed. Brother Bellows had leaned forward, steadying his bulk against the pulpit, and caught up the coal scuttle and held it high above his head, then set it down again on the table. The minister, sitting behind the pulpit in the leftmost of the three carved chairs, seemed to sanction these antics, to condone them at least, by uncrossing his legs and recrossing them the other way, while he swung his glasses slowly by the earpieces.

It was a very strange thing to see a coal scuttle on the communion table.

The organist got up from where she sat with the choir, seemingly at the suggestion of Brother Bellows, and went to the organ. Old Brother Bates forgot the coal scuttle in watching her walk. She slunk across the rostrum, slid onto the organ stool, and slumped forward with her hands in her lap, her head turned toward Bellows, waiting for the word to play. Brother Bates forgot the coal scuttle and lost himself in a dream of his first wife, Daisy. He shut his eyes and saw her coming from the sod house with a jug of buttermilk on her shoulder. She walked in the furrow, erect and very slim, the wind whipping her skirts, the jug on her shoulder, like a girl out of the Old Testament. When she came to him she rested, leaning within the handles of the plow, her bonnet pushed back, her wide white forehead and her upper lip beaded with sweat.

If Old Brother Bates could have heard what Brother Bellows was saying he would have come back from his dream in a hurry, for Brother Bellows was through cajoling the women and children, he was through reminding them that he had told them the Sunday before to leave a slow fire under their kettles because they were to be kept in church a little over-time for a special purpose. He was through with his playful mock surprise at finding a coal scuttle on the communion table. He had begun to talk about Old Brother Bates, and the people of the congregation were turning in their pews to look round at the old man where he sat, head and shoulders above the men round him, his eyes closed and a look like Kingdom Come on his face.

Brother Bellows was saying, "I'm going to ask Sister Atkins to play for us some good old hymn; and while she plays the deacons and elders of this church are going to join hands with one another in prayer, and while they pray we are going to ask you to come and put your offering here in this coal bucket. For, Brothers and Sisters, coal is cash this winter, and we've got to pay for every ton of coal as we get it, and that's why we're here to raise this money. Yes, don't hold back or be afraid to come, Brothers, Sisters. There is someone in this church to-day that the sight of moves my heart to tears, and I think it ought to move yours too. When God sent me this idea for raising this money to buy this coal in this way, I said, 'It sounds like a fine idea, Lord, but I can't do it alone. And the elders of this church can't do it alone.' I thought about it and prayed and then the light came to me, and I said, 'Lord, there is a fine old man in our midst, a Saint, if ever there was one. He was here and helped break the sod when the first church was made, a little sod house down in what is now Mc-Tuffy's pasture. And he was here and

helped raise the building when the first frame church was put up on this ground, and saw loved ones laid to rest in the shadow of it, and he was here and helped with his own hands to lay the cornerstone when this edifice was builded, long ere I came here myself.' His limbs have grown feeble, his sight dim, and the grinders few, in his faithful service of his Master and this church; but he's here still, thank God, he's still among us. And I put it up to the Elders at a Board meeting of this church last Thursday. I said, 'Let's go together and ask Brother Bates to come out this Sunday and help us. Let's ask him to close our little season of prayer, to raise his trembling old voice in this cause.' And we went. Yes, we went together and we found this grand old man of God sitting by his fire (his good wife let us in and led us to him), sitting there communing, I have little doubt, with that heavenly home toward which he has drawn so near."

Brother Bellows stopped, got out a large handkerchief, and wiped his nose and both his eyes.

"And we told him why we had come. It seemed a little hard for him to understand at first, but when, with the help of his good helpmeet, we made our mission known to him, he nodded and said, 'Yes. Yes.' The old man has been ailing, and it is at considerable risk that he came out in the cold to-day, but he would not stay at home. No, at a time like this he felt that his place was in the House of the Lord. Now, Sister Atkins, will you play, please, very softly and while she plays, the deacons will raise brief prayers. May your hearts be opened and your pocket books likewise. Pray right where you are, Brothers, and lastly we are going to ask Brother Bates to come down here in front, where we can all see him and have the inspiration of his presence, and, Brothers, if you can look on un-

moved when that old man clasps his hands with the faith of a little child, and sends up his petition—God pity you! Will you lead us, Brother Rouse?"

Old Brother Bates had been wandering a long time in his sixty-five-year-old dream. He came out of it when he felt his third wife poking him again, suggesting that he resume an attitude of prayer. Instead, he opened his eyes. Ahead of him three pews and across the aisle, Phil Rouse was praying, his hands pushed into his coat pockets, his face tilted up, swaying gently backward and forward as he prayed. Though he could not see his face and could not have read his lips at such a distance had he faced him, Old Brother Bates felt that he knew Brother Rouse's prayer, knew it by heart, from the "Oh, Thou great Shepherd of the Sheep" to the final "and save us all in Heaven at last without the loss of a single lamb." Rouse's prayer had always irritated him a little—a sheep man's prayer in what had never been a sheep country. It was probably fifteen years since his ears had been good enough to hear all of that prayer but he remembered it. Rouse was a good man though, but not so good a man as he, Bates. Not as good, certainly, in the eyes of the woman who had mattered to the two of them, in the eyes of Ida, his second wife, dead now for over thirty years. Rouse had lived in New York State and knew Ida and her husband there before they came West. He had had the inside track. The day the two of them had gone on horseback to Ida's place, a good half-day's ride, to look at the place was the first day he had seen her. They found her standing near the doorstep feeding her chickens. She was a little woman and round. She had looked at him gravely from under her low, black brows, her hands cupping either elbow, and waited long

enough to think up what she had to say before she spoke.

A rare quiet woman and kind. He had had her buried a grave space away from Daisy so that he could rest between them when the time came. His third wife would not like that but there was little she could do about it. It was in his will where he was to lie. Rouse had been a good fifteen years younger and a richer man, but it had not got him anywhere with Ida. She had looked them over when the time came to decide, not coyly, but gravely, and chosen the widower.

He felt his third wife's elbow in his ribs. She wanted something of him again. She was trying to pry him up. He got to his feet. There in the aisle Ed Tookey and Bob Rollins were waiting for him. They wanted him to go down to the front and pray, it seemed. Small men, Ed and Bob. He looked down on their heads as he walked between them. Bald now, both of them, and deacons. He remembered well finding them in his melons and warming them good. Bob had bellowed like a calf. He leaned on them heavily, for his feet were numb, almost without any feeling. It would be warmer near the stove. They had been in the church a long time, past all reason.

They led him to the communion table and let go of him, left him standing there, wavering a little. He felt the vibration of the organ music. Communion time, was it? Strange to leave the communion to the last like that! Was he supposed to give thanks for the Wine or for the Loaf, and where was the other elder? Someone brushed past him and made him open his eyes. It was a woman, one of the Semler girls, the one they had called the pretty one. He had paid some attention to her himself the summer before he found Ida. Mrs. Beach she was now, a fat old woman and a grandmother likely. She seemed to be cry-

ing, and she was putting something into the coal scuttle, or taking something out. Yes, there stood the coal scuttle. Unquestionably, it was not for the communion service that they had brought him down here. He put his long fingers in his beard and pulled his underlip. Now, for the life of him, he could not remember what he was to pray for. Was it for victory in time of war? It might be. Certainly, there was a dearth of young men in the house. Was it for rain in time of drought? No, it was winter time, and powerfully cold in the place. Was it for baptism by fire? There was a familiarity about that thought but he rejected it. The church had got over believing in baptism by fire years and years ago. No use. He had to get started. His third wife would scold him when they got home for being so slow. He would pray for guidance. That would be safe enough: guidance.

He brought his shaking hands together so that the finger tips touched and began to pray. After a minute he forgot that he had nothing more definite than guidance to pray for. He prayed joyously and a long time. Phrases he had not used since he was in his prime came to his lips. Tears slid from under his lids. He tasted them in his beard, but he did not stop. He prayed for guidance in the thick of battle, in the wilderness, and in the paths of the trackless deep. While he prayed the people kept passing by him. He saw their shadows through his eyelids. Having them moving so near him was confusing at first, but after a little he forgot them. He quoted whole passages from the Psalms, from the Books of Ecclesiastes, and Job. At last he lost himself in a long figure of speech and could not remember what he had meant to say. He stopped, drew a deep breath, and opened his eyes. They were kneeling, most of the people, and many were crying. A

child, a little girl of ten or so, was putting something into the coal scuttle.

He was ashamed and not a little angry that he had forgotten in the height of his prayer. He was cold, that was why he had forgotten. In other years, even when they had had to gather buffalo chips from the prairie, they had kept a better fire in the church. Ida would never have let him out in such

weather with a pain in his back. She would have made him stay in bed with hot bricks around him. He would warm himself a little and then finish his prayer. With one of his long arms he reached out and flipped open the stove door. With the other he reached for the coal scuttle and dumped the contents in.

The fire blazed up. "Amen!" he sang out. "Amen!"

OUR ELDERS

BY JASON BOLLES

YOU and I have seen children make believe
That they were old and watched them at their play
And hid our laughter in a grown-up sleeve.
Now we, no whit more serious than they,
Say we are lovers. Who knows but it may
Be that when we two sit before the fire,
Cheek against cheek, and talk late hours away,
Our elders come a-tiptoe and admire—
Gray wraiths of faroff yesterdays' desire—
Dead lords and ladies dressed in ancient style—
Gaze upon you and me and turn their dire
Eyes to each other, lips to grim lips smile?
Whispering soft, unheard by you and me,
"Bless them! pretending our maturity!"



WHY CANADIAN BANKS DON'T FAIL

BY GUY GREER

CANADA has branch banking, and Canada has not had any bank failures during the depression. Is this a matter of cause and effect?

"It is," declare the advocates of branch banking in the United States.

"It is not," the opponents retort; "and besides, even if it were, branch banking is a vicious, un-American system."

Neither assertion is a wholly satisfactory answer; for this question, like so many of the puzzles arising out of the current economic chaos, cannot be disposed of with a simple yes or no. The truth is a good deal more complicated. Branch operation, on the scale practiced in Canada, is the feature of Canadian banking which presents the most striking contrast with our own banking setup, but it is neither the only point of difference nor is it fundamentally the most important. In fact, it is only an incidental accompaniment of a more vital difference, namely, the larger size of the Canadian banks.

According to Canadian law, a bank must have capital stock of at least five hundred thousand dollars; and since the smaller communities cannot support institutions of such a size, they can be provided with banking service only through the medium of branches. As a result of modern tendencies to concentration of business enterprises of all kinds into larger units, the actual size of the smallest Canadian bank is ten times as large as the legal minimum. Under such conditions branch

banking on a wide geographic scale is unavoidable, if the towns and villages not large enough to be important financial centers on their own account are to be provided with banking facilities.

Two other differences in the banking systems of Canada and the United States, which are less apparent to a casual observer but hardly less important, must be made clear at the outset of this discussion. In the first place, Canada's banks all operate under the same code of laws, whereas ours have transacted their business under the laws of forty-nine separate jurisdictions. In the second place, Canada has benefited from an unbroken tradition, extending over more than a hundred years, of strict adherence to the principles of commercial banking. We in the United States, on the other hand, have subjected the legal status of our banking system to several revolutionary changes and have departed widely from traditional standards of commercial banking practice.

Thus, in addition to branch banking, there are at least three basic features of the Canadian system which make it different from ours. And these, rather than branch banking as such, have combined to produce Canada's superior record of safety to the depositors of her banks. In order to make this clear, as well as to make possible an understanding of the part actually played by branch banking, a brief statement is required of the historical development of banking in Canada.

It started in the opening years of the Nineteenth Century, about the time we in this country were setting up the second Bank of the United States. The early Canadian banks were chartered by the various Provinces, which at that time were separate colonies of Great Britain, under laws which were similar in content and simple in application. The banks themselves were organized along the lines already being followed in England and Scotland, as well as in the United States. Alexander Hamilton and his colleagues, in their creation of the first Bank of the United States, are given credit by some Canadian bankers for having formulated the principles originally adopted for Canada's banking system.

From the beginning the banks were comparatively large institutions, and their operation of branches to serve the smaller communities was taken as a matter of course. They began as strictly commercial banks, and so in all essentials they have remained to this day. The exact nature of the tradition thus established may best be left for discussion later on; here it will suffice to observe that the fundamental concept of sound banking practice has been to make only short-term loans from funds assembled as deposits payable on demand or short notice, and to maintain reserves, in addition to cash items, consisting only of assets quickly convertible into cash.

Up to 1867 the political organization of Canada was that of a group of separate British colonies. Then came the British North America Act, and the former colonies became Provinces in a federated self-governing Dominion. Under the new dispensation all power to regulate banks and banking was vested in the Dominion government.

Meanwhile the two Provinces of Quebec and Ontario (then united in one colony known as the Province of Canada) had experimented during the

fifties with a system of unit banking modeled after the practice in the United States. A few small institutions without branches were started and some of them continued in business for several years. Generally, however, they were not very successful; most of them eventually failed or were forced to close by the colonial authorities. Finally, in 1866, the laws under which they had been chartered were repealed. The whole experience of unit banking was no more than a minor incident in the development of the Canadian system. The older and larger institutions had all along dominated the banking business of the country.

Soon after the establishment of the Dominion government its new parliament set about the formulation of a banking code. This was completed in 1871, as the Bank Act, which contained a provision that it must be revised and reenacted every ten years. In a general way this legislation was merely a codification of the laws already in force in the various provinces. It extended for ten years the charters of the existing banks and provided for the renewal of charters at each decennial revision. With subsequent revisions and amendments, which have not materially altered the principles originally laid down, this code constitutes the legal basis for the present banking system.

A few of the most important provisions of the Bank Act may be summarized as follows: No institution may use the word bank, or any other word of similar import, in its corporate name, except it be chartered by a special act of the Dominion parliament. Then, in order to commence business, it must have \$500,000 of subscribed capital, \$250,000 of which must be paid up in cash and deposited (temporarily) with the Minister of Finance as evidence of good faith. Experience has shown that it is comparatively easy to obtain a

bank charter in Canada, notwithstanding the special parliamentary action required; the chief difficulty in starting a new institution is the raising of the initial capital.

At the end of every month each bank is required to submit to the Minister of Finance a statement in considerable detail of its assets and liabilities, and such statements are regularly published under the title, "Returns of the Chartered Banks." Severe penalties are prescribed for the making of false returns.

Canadian banks are permitted within clearly defined limits to issue and circulate as currency their own notes, which are a first charge against their assets and redeemable on demand in gold or notes of the Dominion government. Bank notes, in denominations of five dollars and multiples thereof, constitute the principal circulating media of the country, although they are augmented by subsidiary coins and notes of under five dollars issued by the Dominion treasury. The laws of Canada with respect to the issue of Dominion notes have nothing to do with the banking system, except indirectly in connection with certain loans which the treasury is authorized to extend to the banks, which in turn may use the Dominion notes thus obtained as security for their own note issues in excess of their paid up capital.

Canadian banks are not authorized to act in a fiduciary capacity and, therefore, do no trust business. Otherwise, apart from their note-issue privileges, their powers and functions are somewhat similar to those originally laid down for national banks in the United States. Subsequent changes in the National Bank Act, however, have resulted in some important differences. One of these is in connection with loans secured by real estate. Canadian banks are forbidden to make

such loans, whereas in the United States the bars to this class of business, which is inherently unsuitable for commercial banks, were let down for national banks in 1913, in order to enable them to compete with state-chartered institutions.

Canadian banks are prohibited from buying or holding not only their own stock but also the stock of any other bank, nor can they lend money upon the security of the stock of any bank. Otherwise they are somewhat less restricted by law in the matter of investments than our national banks have been. In fact, they can buy and hold any kind of securities they like except bank stocks. In practice, however, their holdings consist mainly of high-grade bonds or other securities quickly convertible into cash; and the law requires them to report, in their monthly returns to the Minister of Finance, the amount of all securities held at not higher than market value.

When the Bank Act was passed in 1871 several large banks were operating branches throughout the inhabited portions of Canada. The new law merely authorized the establishment of branches and agencies, without any limitation as to their location. Thus nation-wide branch banking was given official sanction, apparently because it was considered desirable to continue the system already in existence. No doubt it would have been possible even as late as 1871 to limit the operation of branches by each bank to definitely prescribed areas, thus avoiding the great concentration of banking resources into a small number of institutions which has since taken place. But such action was not deemed necessary, and the banks were left free to spread their operations all over the Dominion, and into foreign countries if they wished, without official interference.

As a result there are now only nine

banks in Canada (exclusive of a Canadian subsidiary of Barclays Bank, of London). In 1900 the number was thirty-six, and since then twelve new ones have been started. Thus since the beginning of the century thirty-nine Canadian banks have gone out of business. Seven have been eliminated through failure, two through liquidation with open doors by other banks (technically these two were failures also, but they did not suspend payment to depositors), and thirty through merger with other banks.

At present the three largest banks have combined total assets of about \$2,000,000,000, out of a total for all the banks in Canada of about \$3,000,000,000. This, it may be noted, compares with total assets of the 19,000 banks in the United States amounting to about \$57,000,000,000. The smallest Canadian bank has total assets of about \$50,000,000. The largest has about \$800,000,000 and operates about 900 branches, over 100 of which are in foreign countries, while the smallest has over 130 branches in Canada. Altogether, the nine banks operate more than 4,000 branches.

It will not be necessary to describe in detail the operation of these institutions. They are not essentially different from big metropolitan banks in the United States, except in the more elaborate arrangements required to co-ordinate their branches. The head office consists of the usual departments to be found in any large bank, and in addition there are one or more superintendents of branches and a department of inspections, which makes periodic examinations of all the branches. The chief executive officer is the general manager, whose functions correspond to those of the president of a bank in the United States. All business with the public is done through the branches; even the bank in the head office building is a branch.

Each branch is operated by a local manager, whose activities, in the medium-sized and the smaller offices throughout the country, consist almost entirely of receiving deposits and making loans, although he has charge of all the functions usually performed for customers by banks everywhere. Branch managers are permitted to make loans on their own responsibility in amounts ranging from about \$1,000 to \$25,000 or even \$50,000, depending upon the size of the branch and the experience and proven ability of the manager. For transactions beyond their lending limits, they must obtain approval from the head office. To facilitate contact between the branches and the head office, the larger banks have stationed in the principal cities and towns of the Dominion district supervisors, whose offices are in effect extensions of the head office.

Personnel is usually taken into the banks at ages varying between seventeen and twenty. Promotions are almost invariably made from the ranks, on the basis of merit alone. Thus all responsible officers, from the general manager to the manager of the smallest branch, are likely to have undergone a thorough training in the principles and practices of banking.

II

To measure and compare the actual safety record of the banks in two countries is not an easy task, especially when there is such a large difference in the average size of the banking institutions as in Canada and the United States. The number of failures in each country is meaningless unless related to the whole banking structure. Moreover, the period chosen for a comparison might make a considerable difference in the final result. During the past nine and a half years, for example, the number of failures in Canada is

zero, compared with over 10,000 in the United States. But during the past thirty-three years the respective figures are something over 12,000 for the United States and 7 for Canada, although these 7 had about 120 branches.

The difficulties of comparison can be partly overcome by the use of percentages, for periods long enough to cover wide variations in general economic and financial conditions. First, let us take the ratio of the total resources of suspended banks to the average total banking resources of each country for the two periods 1901 to 1920 inclusive and 1921 to 1931 inclusive. For the first period this ratio was 0.5 per cent for Canada and 3.6 per cent for the United States. In other words, the actual percentage of the banking resources of the country tied up and withheld from depositors, at least temporarily, was seven times as great in the United States as in Canada, during a period when we were not accustomed to think there was anything radically wrong with our banking arrangements (except, up to 1913, in our lack of a central banking system). For the period 1921-1931 the ratio of suspensions on the basis of average resources was again about 0.5 per cent for Canada and 10.7 per cent for the United States, or over twenty times as great for the United States.

A second comparison may be made for the same two periods by using the ratio of the total number of banking offices (banks and branches) closed as a result of failures, to the average total number in existence in each country. For the period 1901-1920 this ratio was 2.1 per cent for Canada and 6.0 per cent for the United States. During the period 1921-1931 the ratio was 1.7 per cent for Canada and 32.4 for the United States.

These percentages refer, of course, only to banks which have suspended payment to depositors as a result of

financial difficulties. They do not take account of potential failures which were averted by having the endangered institutions taken over by and merged with stronger banks. Several "shotgun marriages" of this kind have occurred in Canada, as well as in the United States, although figures to make a reliable comparison between the two countries are not obtainable.

III

Study of the actual operation of the Canadian banking system leads to the conclusion that the two most important reasons for its comparatively good record of safety are the large size of the banks and their adherence to the traditional principles of commercial banking. Large size alone is no guarantee of safety, as we have reason to know from certain spectacular failures in the United States. But it may be confidently asserted that without considerable size a bank cannot, save in times of uninterrupted prosperity, expect to operate with a high degree of safety.

Large banks are fairly certain to be able to afford competent management, and they can obtain a wide diversification for their assets. Moreover, they can accumulate reserves in good times to tide them over times of depression, and above all they can operate profitably as strictly commercial institutions. They *can* do these things, but whether they actually do them or not depends in the last resort upon the management they are fortunate or unfortunate enough to have. It is frequently asserted, in fact, that the safety of banking depends entirely upon the integrity and the ability of bank management. This is not always true, however, unless the meaning of the word management is extended to include everything connected with the organization as well as the day to day operation of a bank. For there

are many banks in the United States which are so small and have been so unwisely started in the first place that they cannot hope to survive periods of economic stress, no matter how excellent their routine management. Such institutions, to operate safely at all times, must have a quality of management amounting to genius—much better in many respects than is required for the safe operation of larger banks. And this, it may be remarked in passing, probably goes far to explain the number of successful bankers in our great metropolitan institutions who began their careers in small country banks.

It is not primarily the inability of small banks to pay for highly skilled management that leads them into difficulties. Often they do have unusually capable and conscientious management, without really paying for it; since many country bankers are content to serve their communities for a mere pittance compared with what they might command in larger centers. The trouble with small banks is inherent in their situation. Seldom do the economic activities of the communities in which they operate permit them to obtain adequate diversification of their assets. Often they are obliged to put an unduly large proportion of their eggs in one basket. Still more serious is the fact that frequently they cannot make a living without departing from the principles of sound commercial banking practice. In particular they are under constant pressure to make long-term loans against the security of real estate, in order to find profitable employment for their funds. This is especially true when they are forced by the competition of other banks to pay high interest rates on their deposits.

The Canadian banks, being large institutions, are able not only to pay for competent management, to obtain

adequate diversification of assets, and to accumulate reserves for hard times, but they are also able to prosper and still adhere to sound practices. And in general those which have not failed, or got into difficulties necessitating their rescue by forced merger, have so adhered, partly because of established traditions and partly because of the restrictive provisions of the Bank Act.

IV

Dissertations on the principles of commercial banking can be and usually are very technical and complicated. This is not necessary for an understanding of the fundamentals. Only practical bankers and their clerks need be familiar with the technical jargon employed.

A bank, as everybody knows, obtains the bulk of the funds with which it does business from deposits. To a very large extent, the deposits are themselves the result of loans. That is, a customer borrows \$1,000 and this amount (frequently with the interest deducted in advance) is credited to his account as a deposit. Then this new deposit is lent again, and the process continues, until finally halted by the necessity of not allowing the total amount of deposits to grow too large in relation to the cash available to pay out the sums likely to be called for. The point to be emphasized here is that the bank holds at the disposition of its depositors the whole sum of their deposits, although of course they are not all likely to demand payment at once. Nevertheless, a considerable number of them will be constantly drawing out cash, and in periods of unusual business activity or in times of panic the actual demands may vary widely.

Now in order to make sure of being able to meet the ordinary routine demands for cash, the bank must use the

bulk of its funds in such a way that they are constantly coming back. This means in practice that they can be safely used to make short-term loans, of three or four months' duration, but not for long-term loans, of a year or more; for the longer the term of the loans the smaller the amounts of money coming back into the bank from day to day.

To meet extraordinary demands, it is generally considered necessary for a bank to keep a part of its funds in cash and an additional amount in secondary reserve. This may be composed of call loans, which can be collected immediately; of the various kinds of commercial paper, which can be promptly sold for cash; and finally, of securities, which should consist of very high-grade bonds for which there is always a ready market. A bank in the United States or in Canada can obtain cash not only by realizing on its secondary reserve, but also in case of necessity it can borrow from a Federal Reserve Bank (if it be a member of the Federal Reserve System) or from the Canadian treasury, as the case may be, by "rediscounting" or pledging the notes it has received in the process of making sound commercial loans. Thus a bank properly operated as a commercial institution ought to be able in an emergency to convert practically every dollar of its assets, which are not tied up in building and fixtures, into cash at once. Such a bank, with the co-operation of the treasury in Canada or the Federal Reserve System in the United States, should be able to withstand any kind of run that could possibly occur, even to paying out the last cent demanded by the last depositor; although a run of this kind would put the bank out of business, since it would have left little or nothing to carry on with.

This sort of banking, of course, represents the ideal. In banking terminology, it is that of an institution main-

taining a very high degree of liquidity. It is never completely realized anywhere, since some bad loans are bound to be made and some errors will occur in the purchase of securities, in spite of every precaution; for after all banks must be operated by human beings. It is an undeniable fact, however, that the more closely a bank approaches the ideal the safer that bank will be.

The commonest form of deliberate violation of the principles of commercial banking in the United States, particularly by the smaller banks, has occurred as the result of a mistaken theory of time deposits. Long before the beginning of the present century, State-chartered banks all over the country began to solicit time or "savings" deposits, upon which they paid interest. Theoretically such deposits are not payable on demand, but only after notice, usually of thirty or even sixty days. If the theory were correct, it would follow that funds assembled in this manner could be safely lent for longer terms than could those strictly payable on demand. State banks have always acted on such an assumption, commonly making long-term loans against the security of real estate, and frequently getting themselves into what is euphemistically described as a frozen condition.

For fifty years after the advent of the national banking system, national banks were forbidden by law to make real estate loans. This prohibition was no doubt incorporated in the original National Bank Act partly as a result of the unfortunate experiences of many state banks with real estate loans. With the passage of time, however, national banks began the practice of accepting time deposits and paying interest on them, in order to compete for funds with state banks. And eventually they began to clamor for the right to make real estate loans. They were at a serious competitive

disadvantage with respect to State banks, which usually could make as many real estate loans as they wished. The national banks were frequently unable, for a part of each year at least, to employ considerable proportions of their funds in any other way, except to leave them on deposit with city correspondents or to invest them in securities which, if of high grade, would yield much less than local real estate loans. To preserve the national system, therefore, Congress finally in 1913 removed the safeguard originally established for the liquidity of national banks.

Once official sanction was given for national banks to make long-term loans from funds assembled as time deposits, the assumption that such loans were permissible became general. At the same time the theory of time deposits provided a sort of justification for another class of business which was particularly common among small banks—that of making loans which were short-term in form but long-term in reality. Loans were made for the usual period of from three to six months, it being understood by both banker and borrower that the transactions were to be renewed over and over again, indefinitely. Long-term loans of one sort or another thus came to be looked upon as a normal outlet for increasingly large proportions of a bank's funds.

But all along, practical bankers have known that the theory of time deposits is false. Such deposits, irrespective of the legal rights of the bank, are in fact payable on demand. Customers have always been allowed to withdraw them whenever they wished and have been encouraged to expect the privilege as a matter of course. The result is that a bank, save in the extraordinary circumstances of moratoria or business holidays and the like which have been resorted to in the United States during the present depression, would never

dare to require notice for the payment of time deposits. Such action would precipitate a run on the bank, and every banker knows it.

Canadian banks have long been accustomed to receive time deposits. And, like the banks in the United States, they always pay such deposits on demand. But, in striking contrast with many of the banks in the United States, the Canadian banks do not delude themselves with the pretense that they can, nevertheless, use funds of this sort to make long-term loans. On the contrary, they lend or invest time deposits exactly as if they were demand deposits.

The Canadian laws forbid the making of real estate loans by banks; and since there is only one banking code for the entire Dominion, Canada has not been cursed with the kind of competitive situation which has prevailed between our national and State banking systems. The Dominion parliament has not been called upon to set aside the principles originally embodied in the law to safeguard the liquidity of the banking structure.

Canadian banks also avoid the making of loans of long term through the device of indefinite renewals of short-term loans. Loans of three or four months' duration to farmers in Canada, as elsewhere, are frequently renewed once or twice in order to permit the growing and harvesting of crops. Moreover, such loans are sometimes carried for longer periods in the case of crop failures or other unforeseen disasters. Canadian banks, like the banks in the United States, have often lost considerable sums as the result of loans which have unexpectedly gone bad; frequently they have found themselves with substantial amounts of so called frozen paper; but with rare exceptions they have made such loans in the first instance as genuine short-term advances.

V

The two chief reasons for the superior safety of Canada's banks, namely, their large size and their adherence to commercial banking principles, have been dealt with at length, and branch banking has not once been mentioned. And yet branch banking has played an important incidental part. For it has been not only a necessary accompaniment of the operation of banks of large size, but it has facilitated sound banking practice, it has made easier the rescue of endangered banks through mergers, and it has served to simplify the supervision of banking by the Canadian government.

When a bank operates branches in a number of communities with differing economic activities, it obtains automatically a considerable diversification of its assets. Its loans are not only scattered geographically but they are also distributed among various kinds of borrowers. This is a factor which should not be overemphasized, since large banks almost anywhere are usually able to obtain sufficient diversification for safety; but in Canada, because of nation-wide operation of branches by each of several banks, it is nevertheless of considerable importance. If for any reason, such as crop failures or other unforeseen contingencies of a local nature, the bank's loans in a few of many regions should go bad or become frozen, the other loans and investments of the institution are likely to be of such a nature that the danger of insolvency can be avoided. Naturally this would not hold good in the case of a general depression, since no conceivable amount of diversification alone would suffice to offset its effects; but if a bank's funds are invested mainly in short-term loans and the remainder in securities of a genuine secondary reserve character, it is hardly likely that even the

worst of general depressions will cause insuperable difficulties. This, it is appropriate to recall, has been amply demonstrated during the past three years in Canada, where the depression has been of the same general nature as in the United States.

Another way in which wide-scale branch operation facilitates safe and efficient banking in Canada is through the mobility of resources it makes possible. Funds assembled as deposits in one community where there is for the time being no considerable demand for commercial loans can be readily shifted, by means of a simple bookkeeping operation, to other communities when and where there is a greater need for credit. This makes it easier for the bank to use at all times the maximum percentage of its available funds, consistent with sound practice, for the making of customers' commercial loans; it is seldom necessary to consider the making of long-term loans or the buying of high-yield but low-grade securities, in order to avoid keeping surplus funds idle in vaults, on deposit at low interest rates with correspondent banks, or invested in high-grade securities at low yields. In other words, wide-scale branch operation makes it easier for a bank to do business all the time as a commercial bank, rather than sometimes as a real estate company or an investment trust.

Undoubtedly, however, the most important part played by branch banking in the safety record of Canada's banks has been in the matter of salvaging weak and tottering institutions by merging them into stronger banks. This would rarely have been possible if Canadian banks had not been permitted to operate branches in places outside their head office cities. The last merger which was unmistakably of this kind occurred in 1924; it was of the Banque Nationale, with resources of about \$50,000,000, which

was absorbed by the Banque Canadienne Nationale. But another took place, involving a much larger bank, in 1922. This was the Merchants' Bank of Canada, with resources of over \$180,000,000, which was taken over by the Bank of Montreal. These two banks alone were of such importance in size that their failure would have made the record of Canadian banking during the past decade almost if not quite as bad as ours.

Up to 1923 Canadian banks were not subjected to any considerable degree of external supervision. If their management was incompetent or reckless or unscrupulous they were likely to fail, and sometimes they did fail. It occasionally happened that a bank got into such desperate straits, through the incompetence or even the downright dishonesty of its management, that the other banks would not of their own accord come to its rescue. Sometimes the Minister of Finance, who had certain very general powers of supervision, did not know of the critical situation until it was too late to use his influence to have the bank taken over by another institution. All seven of the failures which occurred in the period 1901-1923 were caused by bad management of some kind—bad management, that is, in the head office. Those which were saved at the eleventh hour by mergers had also suffered from the same ailment.

On account of the failures and near failures which had occurred during the five or six years preceding the decennial revision of the Bank Act in 1913, the first specific measure of external supervision to be applied to Canadian banks was incorporated in the law. It was for an audit in behalf of the shareholders; but in practice, because of the inadequacy of the legal provisions, it turned out to be ineffectual. At the next revision of the Bank Act in 1923, a much more thorough shareholders'

audit was provided for, in response to public opinion which had been disturbed by the forced merger of the Merchants' Bank in 1922. The new audit, which was to be a searching examination at least once a year by two duly qualified auditors of the conduct of the general management of each institution, was designed to reveal to the shareholders and to the Minister of Finance any such conditions as had been responsible for the difficulties of banks in the past, in ample time for the taking of protective measures.

Only a few months after this legislation was enacted, however, and before it could be put into practical application, the worst bank failure in Canada's history occurred. This was of the Home Bank, in August 1923, and the incident precipitated a demand for the inspection of banks by the government, in addition to the strengthened shareholders' audit. Accordingly, in 1924, the Bank Act was amended and the office of Inspector General of Banks was created. This official is required to examine or cause to be examined each bank at least once a year, and he is empowered to conduct examinations as often as he sees fit. Thus for the past nine years or so, Canadian banks have been subject to two separate annual inspections and examinations, by authorities external to their management.

It has not been deemed necessary in Canada to maintain such an elaborate system of governmental examinations of banks as the organization of our Comptroller of the Currency or those of the banking departments of the various states. The Canadian banks, as far as their numerous branches are concerned, do this work themselves, and in the nature of things they are able to do it better.

With branches scattered so widely among different communities, a bank is absolutely obliged to maintain for its

own protection an efficient system of internal examinations. Each branch in Canada is subjected to a thorough inspection at least once a year by examiners from the head office, and in addition, by daily, weekly, and monthly reports, the branches are required to keep the head office informed at all times of their activities. All this serves to simplify the work of the shareholders' auditors and the Inspector General, who are able to go to the head office and demand the reports of all internal inspections.

Both the Inspector General and the shareholders' auditors submit copies of their reports to the Minister of Finance. The Minister is thus likely to be forewarned of any condition of insecurity in a bank's affairs, in time to permit remedial measures. In the last resort he could bring pressure to bear upon the other banks which would be likely to induce them to take over an endangered institution. He is not officially vested with power to compel such procedure, but in practice his influence is generally believed in Canada to be sufficient. And this appears probable; for the existing banks are usually anxious to expand their field of operations by the acquisition of other institutions, if the latter are not in a hopeless condition—which is not likely to be the case, since the Minister is in more or less constant touch with the situation of all the banks.

VI

If we in the United States are to adopt for our own banking system the most important of the principles which have produced the superior safety record of Canada's banks, a necessary incidental result will be the sanctioning by law of a degree of intercommunity branch operation substantially greater than is now permitted for national banks and for most State-chartered in-

stitutions. And this brings up, unavoidably, questions of a highly controversial nature. The opponents of branch banking in the United States assert that the system is evil in and of itself; that it is absentee ownership of the worst kind; that it discourages local individual enterprise; that it leads to a money monopoly; and finally, that it is un-American. To substantiate all these charges the banking system of Canada is cited as the favorite example.

Branch banking in Canada does involve absentee ownership, in the commonly accepted sense of the term, although the ownership of bank stock may be as widely distributed as the branches. In a community served by a branch outside the limits of the head office city there is no local board of directors to make decisions with respect to loans and other banking transactions. Such decisions in ordinary routine affairs are made by a branch manager; and for the sort of business which in the United States would usually be submitted to a local board, the branch manager must obtain the approval of the head office.

This is, of course, absentee control of large transactions, if not absentee ownership of the bank itself. It results in the making of loans on business principles rather than on the basis of personal relationships or local patriotism. But is it not a matter of common knowledge that the most successful unit bankers in the United States are those who adhere strictly to business principles and do not allow themselves to be swayed by personal considerations or the ambitions of the local chamber of commerce?

Whether or not branch banking fails to encourage local individual enterprise depends very largely on one's conception of the proper function of a commercial bank. No doubt the personal element plays a smaller part in the making of loans by a branch manager

than it sometimes does in the case of a local independent banker. It frequently happens in the United States that a banker will use his depositors' money to take a chance in backing a local enterprise which might have difficulty in obtaining such backing from a well-conducted bank with its head office in another town. Often he supplies the borrower with permanent capital, either by taking a mortgage on property or by constant and pre-arranged renewal of loans which are short-term advances in form. Occasionally the local enterprise makes good, and then the local banker is a benefactor of his community. But all too frequently the outcome has been otherwise; the local enterprise fails, and so does the bank.

There is good reason to believe that branch banking by efficiently operated institutions can and does supply better credit facilities to small local communities, when the prospective borrowers are sound credit risks, than local independent banks. For it must be remembered that a bank is in business to make money. Its principal means of doing so with safety is the making of commercial loans. Local loans of good quality constitute the safest and most profitable business a bank can do.

The efficiency, and consequently the chances for promotion, of a branch manager are determined very largely by the profits of his branch, and the only way he can obtain substantial profits is by making local loans. Naturally, if he makes too many loans that result in losses he may be reprimanded or otherwise chastised, or even discharged. Moreover, if he is unable to use all of his deposits locally, the head office usually allows him something for the funds placed at the disposal of the bank as a whole for use in other branches or for investment. But the allowance for such excess of

deposits over local loans is of necessity considerably less than the branch manager would obtain from local loans. Therefore, his own interest dictates that he shall make all the loans he safely can, not only from the deposits in his branch but over and above this amount, from additional funds which he can usually obtain from the head office for about the same nominal charge that the head office allows him when he happens to have an excess of deposits over loans.

The charge that branch banking leads to monopoly cannot be disposed of so simply on the basis of Canada's experience as some of the other accusations against the system. Canada's nine banks, if they were prepared to run the risk of being severely punished or even taken over bodily by the government, through parliamentary action, could undoubtedly combine to wield overwhelming financial power. They do not appear ever to have so combined. Competition among these nine banks is so keen that it has often been criticized as excessive and wasteful. Interest rates on time deposits are fixed at three per cent by agreement, which is about the only practice determined by concerted action. And this is in no wise different from the common practice of clearing house banks in the United States. Generally the interest rates charged for loans are about the same among all the banks operating in one community, whether in the United States or in Canada and whether they do business through branches or as local independent institutions. The rates on customers' loans are more nearly uniform throughout Canada, with the result that farmers and small borrowers generally are charged considerably less than in the United States, while the large Canadian borrowers are not often able to obtain rates so low as the great corporations and other business combinations

of the United States can force the big city banks to grant them.

Whether a banking monopoly exists in Canada must remain a matter of opinion—opinion based upon one's political and economic philosophy. The pros and cons of the question might be argued at interminable length. It is a question, however, without practical bearing on the controversy over branch banking in the United States. For it is unlikely that we shall within any measurable time authorize nation-wide branch operation. The proposals which have received serious consideration would limit the operation of branches by any one bank to prescribed areas. The adoption of even the most extensive of these proposals would not only avoid a national monopoly but would tend to result in the development of several additional financial centers throughout the country to serve regions now subject to the financial power of New York and Chicago.

We are in a position to utilize branch banking to accomplish decentralization of banking power, rather than to make possible a further centralization. Moreover, by authorizing banks to build up branch organizations in prescribed areas, we can combat the tendencies which have been manifest in recent years for great banks in the principal financial centers to control large numbers of institutions all over the country through the device of hav-

ing them bought up by affiliated holding companies. This development, commonly referred to as group banking, bids fair to result in a highly centralized banking structure without responsibility in the public interest and almost wholly beyond the control of either the Federal or the State governments.

If branch banking is un-American, so, by the same token, is banking that is reasonably safe for its depositors un-American. For no country, not even the most backward nation in the world, has a record of bank failures even remotely comparable with ours. Branch banking in other countries is not the chief cause of the superior safety of their banks, but only a necessary part of banking which can be safe. It is important that we understand this; for if we should merely authorize branch banking on a State-wide scale or in other prescribed areas, and let it go at that, we should be doomed to bitter disappointment. We have got to eliminate the root causes of our banking difficulties: to bring all our banks under unified control, either through compulsory operation under national charter or through obligatory membership in the Federal Reserve System; to reestablish sound banking standards; and to increase substantially the minimum size of our banks. And we can do this without any danger of having the necessary amount of branch banking place us at the mercy of a money trust.



WILD PYGMIES AFLOAT

BY STELLA BENSON

ON THE deck of a ship traveling from England to China I thought at first that I should find no one to look at and listen to except "China Hands" (European residents in China)—who wear always the same set of faces and talk always about the same set of things. And yet suddenly one day it occurred to me to look and to listen on a new level, and I found myself in a new world—a world completely foreign to me—as foreign as a jungle full of wild pygmies. I mean the world of the children on board. I am unused to children, and, as a rule, find them more surprising than charming. They deserve, I think, the tribute of surprise, and they would repay study from the *surprised* angle, I suggest, rather than from the maternal or avuncular angle—the point of view of grown-ups who "understand" children so well that they never look at them or listen to them. Too often observers in that icy world of the very young wrap their perceptions in wrappings of patronizing tolerance—"dear little mites . . . funny little things . . . quaint little minds developing. . . ." Too rarely does a dispassionate and respectful explorer eavesdrop in the jungle thoroughfares of that far world. There is a crying need for a *Baedeker* to supply us with careful notes about landmarks, and industrious comments on manners and customs—and yet there are points that a *Baedeker* might miss.

It seems to me that there is no such

thing as youth, except in comparison with age. Children in the presence of children are not Little Things at all; they are more appallingly mature than we—the middle-aged—ever dare to be. Left to themselves, the children on board played deck games with an austerity seldom shown by their elders; they were pedantic abiders by the rules of games. They were intensely serious in all that they did when they were alone in their own world; really "childish" romps and screaming merriments were indulged in only when grown-ups joined in. The conversations I overheard between little girls were always either instructive or boastful. "There's a place called Siberia, yes—but there's no place called *Liberia*." . . . "My Granny's put her pearls in the bank." . . . "It's the steam that makes the ship go along; a man called Stephenson saw a teakettle" . . . "No, silly, the sea is billions of miles deep." . . . "No, of course you couldn't see Australia unless you had a telescope a mile big." . . . "I've got five pairs of shoes; how many have you got?" . . . "They have camels in Africa." . . . "Prussia is the capital of Germany."

The conversation of little boys, though equally unsmiling, was wilder, and made me, as a tourist in this strange region, feel very ignorant and far from home. Boys' conversation seemed to be always accompanied by uncomfortable physical impacts. Two *sane and* serious little boys, proceeding down the deck by means of a series of

painful collisions, were heard by me to converse as follows: "Hit you before you can say Jub." "Jub-jub." "I hit you first." "No, you didn't." "Yes, I did." "No, you didn't." "Yes, I did." "No, you didn't." "Jub." "Penny for a Jub." "Dirty liar." "Well, then, that's sevenpence." "Sevenpence halfpenny." "Halfpenny hawpenny huppenny." "Yaypenny yawpenny yuppenny." "Hit you for a shilling." "Can you talk like this, 'Smile Smit you for a smiling'?" (Appreciative laughter.) "Smiling." "Smiling." "Smelling." "You're a smeller." "Smeller yourself." "Hit you for a smeller. . . ." etc., etc.

It was with a kind of awe that I watched them lurch bumpily away. It did not seem to me that this kind of talk could be labelled as a rudimentary experiment in the language that we elders talk; it was surely a fundamentally different language. Not only were the phrases alarmingly foreign, but the mind from which such strange dark utterances sprang was wholly incalculable. It would be impossible even for the genius of Mr. Hugo or Mr. Berlitz to reduce the significance of such talk to a system. Yet significance there must be, for the speakers indubitably understood each other. They did not feel like budding intelligences—like Dear Little Fellows; they were, it seemed to me, mature inhabitants of a foreign land exchanging ideas.

The children's world was conspicuously homogeneous, although our ship was a cosmopolitan one. Passengers on board included English, French, Japanese, Danish, Armenian, Italian, and Eurasian families—to name only those represented in the pygmy world of my desultory exploration. To one another, the children of these various races seemed scarcely alien at all. We grown-ups were obviously the aliens—even English grown-ups to English

children—Japanese to Japanese. We were left isolated, living in our distant dull bleak world, practicing odd, dull, nagging manners and customs, with the vocabulary of which the children were kind enough to acquire a polite skeleton acquaintance: "Yes, mother." . . . "Non, papa." . . . "Yes, I washed my hands." . . . "No, I'm not cold." . . . "Oui, maman, tout de suite."—the children threw such sops to those large intrusive barbarians, their elders, and then turned with relief one to another, as a tourist relaxes when he may speak his own language.

English was the common language of the children—in so far as the language they spoke could be classified under any known heading at all. Even the French twins, after a week on board, talked English to each other, just as in the talkies Spanish villains, Russian nihilists, French seducers, hatching their nefarious plots (unaware that the American hero is listening from the cupboard), the comic French husband and wife, pursuing their laughably Latin domesticities in the scullery far removed from the dignified Nordics in the drawing-room—always address one another in broken American.

Almost all the older children were girls and were also English, so that the tone of the jungle world was pitched on a rather Amazonian and very British note. Girls—whether English, Japanese, Danish, or French—were the aristocrats and bullies of the world. Large and small, the girls all had readier wits and more stinging tongues than boys; the boys tyrannized only for a moment, usually by forcible means; the girls tyrannized persistently, in speech. There was a little Armenian boy—a courageous and aggressive personality—who was, unfortunately, dressed all wrong. He was too well dressed really; he wore little shooting stockings, little tan leather oxford shoes, embroidered braces, a

little striped shirt and tie; and his hair was brushed upwards into an oily crest of curls. All the other children—even the Japanese—wore bathing suits and sand-shoes or almost transparent cotton frocks and shirts. This in itself made an outlaw of the Armenian. To the orthodox inhabitant of that world the splendid unfortunate clothes were an excuse for unremitting persecution; and though the unlucky child spoke English much better than—for instance—the Japanese children, his clothes brought the deficiencies of his speech into the limelight.

"He wants his *deener*—he's hungry for his *deener*—there's the *deener* bell, darling—his *deener*—his *deener*—his *deener* . . ." the pack of the elect would cry, not once, not twice, not fifty times, but hundreds and hundreds of times, following the abashed outlaw about. The sneer never wore thin, nor did its continual application ever rub a callous spot upon the sensibility of the otherwise bold Armenian. As a tactic it succeeded as well on the five hundredth repetition as it did on the second. It would have been easy (a grown-up might imagine) for the victim to parody with equal venom the scarcely intelligible English of some of his persecutors. But he did not. I think his clothes betrayed him in this war of wits. Instead, he joined a band of brigands (as many brokenhearted outcasts have done before him). The band included only one other member—the French boy-twin. The French boy's accent was just as un-English as the Armenian's, but his clothes were perfect in their easy untidiness, so he escaped persecution. He had become a brigand, I suppose, through sheer brigandishness.

The activities of this evil pair interested me even more than did the manners and customs of the law-abiding pygmies. They were incurable destroyers. I remember such spoilers

of the innocent in my own seaside youth—ranging along the beach kicking down the sand-cities on the making of which we virtuous creators had spent the resources of our souls, running away with the balls of players of stump cricket or rounders, throwing sand at the studious, overthrowing buckets containing priceless accumulations of crabs and shrimps. So that although words could cause the two brigands to slink away with an expression of impotent and sullen loathing on their faces—although by words they might be undone—by action they could always reinstate their unrighteous self-respect. In the arts of upsetting pedal motor cars, hiding the accessories of deck games, scribbling on the chalked works of art left about by the righteous, tangling the wool of cross-stitch fanatics, bursting the balloons, treading on beloved hoards of shells, detaching carefully parked dolls' perambulators from their moorings, raiding unguarded chocolate boxes they showed a devilish skill. But if they were challengers and rivals to their contemporaries—compatriots in their jungle—they were ruthless tyrants to those negligible aliens, their elders.

There was a law in our ship that everyone—grown-ups and children—must sleep, or at least be silent, from half-past one till three in the afternoon. Deck games were swept away, gramophones were gagged, pianos were locked up, small babies were banished to the bowels of the ship. People said *Ssssh* if a neighbor so much as hiccupped. But no law, written or unwritten, could suppress the two young brigands. Every afternoon, as though fulfilling a sacred duty or redeeming a vow, they would make the round of the deck chairs of unconscious grown-ups—first in front, pulling the toes of male sleepers, and then behind, pulling the back hair of female sleepers. "Wegg up, wegg up," the French boy would

say in a most endearing flutelike voice; his Armenian colleague would accompany him on the mouth organ. When I first watched this fearful deed, my heart stood still; it seemed so inordinately daring and, considering the smallness of the tyrants and the largeness of the victims, so insanely dangerous. But no effective protest was ever made; the brigands were never forced to regret their criminal temerity or to discontinue their daily round of wickedness. This was partly because both were very agile and very innocent looking, and partly because the repartee of grown-ups is never at its most withering at the instant of awakening. Adult revenge soared no higher than "Hey—what's that? Get out—shut up—hrrgh, whazza matter . . ." heard by no ear but mine (since the brigands never waited to gloat over the agonies of their victims).

Yes, certainly I was more interested in the brigands than in the elect during my incursion into that wild world. I suppose this was because their success was the result of immoral ingenuity rather than moral superiority. The brigands were self-made human beings; the elect had inherited their superior rightness from a long line of boys and girls dating from Abel—the first Good Child. It was the maturity, the assurance, of the elect that frightened me; it made me feel that we grown-ups, all down the ages, had been making an appalling and undignified mistake in trying to interfere in the development of minds that moved on such a remote and lofty plane. We had been missionaries preaching our confused petty gospels to angels—snake-charmers piping our weak tootles to tactfully deaf dragons. I blushed all over to remember complacent grown-up records of and references to these proud cool aliens: jokes in *Punch* (cos Mummy sez so), stories for Our Toddlers by loving ladies, pictures by Arthur J. Ellersley

(I'se bigger'n you, doggie), some of the juvenile books of Mr. Kipling (dearly belovedest teeniest weeniest). But the brigands comforted me a good deal; the brigands brought my homesick adult self-respect home from the distant and sublime; what were the brigands after all, I thought, but two naughty little boys? No grown-up could possibly be committing an impertinence in smacking their two little heads. And for this reason my heart warmed every time I saw the brigands coming along the deck on some errand of torment, and I was delighted that—almost the last day of the voyage—the junior brigand had a great triumph. It was the French boy-twin who was thus favored by immoral fortune; he it was who took the responsibility for turning our great ship round upon her tracks—a real achievement for any outlaw of seven years old.

I cannot decide whether the story of this incident is an occult one, or simply the story of a naughty little boy. In any case, here it is.

We had on board our ship a youth who had been giving the ship's doctor cause for anxiety during the whole voyage. The lad had failed in his examinations for the career to which he had dedicated himself and was being returned to his parents—a failure. He lay brooding in his cabin constantly; he would not eat, he would not read. The doctor was his constant visitor, but suicide was the only theme that interested the despairing youth. On the day I am describing I was sitting on a lonely deck, for once neglecting my scientific eavesdroppings into the affairs of those Wild Pygmies Afloat who so interested me. The only person in sight was the suicidal youth, who was leaning on the rail looking ardently at the sea. The sea happened to be so beautiful that evening that even deck golfers could be heard in the distance saying, "Look, isn't the sea topping?

Come partner, your shot one up and two to play." The sea was calm and very highly glazed; those facets of the lazy waves that faced the sunset were wine red; the shadowed surfaces were a brilliant slate blue. Titanic scrawls were scratched upon the huge polished slate of the sea. It occurred to me that the melancholic lad must feel such a sea to be peculiarly tempting, and indeed he seemed to fix his eyes with extraordinary intensity upon the disturbed foamy pearl water immediately below him; he had no use for the splendid horizon.

All at once there was a general fuss all over the ship; stewards ran here and there, ran to our deck, looked wildly at us and hurried away; there was some shouting; the captain hurried from his golf to the bridge—the ship turned round, flinging the sunset from starboard to port and carving a perfect circle in the sea—and began to return along the groove she had already cut. The doctor appeared and looked oddly at his suicidal patient. The youth still leaned upon the rail, staring at the sea, ignoring all this pother. From the doctor I learned that the little French boy—the outlaw—had seen a man in the sea; he had screamed loudly, and his mother and a Japanese fellow-passenger, running up, believed that they had seen a hand sticking up out of the sea. The ship during one hour fared hither and thither, conscientiously pur-

suing this tragic will-o'-the-wisp of a story. Passengers and crew were all carefully accounted for; no one was missing. The little French boy, white with excitement, helped in all these activities; to be promoted to the rank of almighty—or at any rate the almightyest in sight—if only for an hour, is *something*—at seven years old.

Nobody will ever know if the little brigand deliberately hoaxed his eight hundred victims; if his demoniac enthusiasm imposed an illusion upon his mother and the other woman—or if he really did see a man in the sea. I tried to penetrate the innocent cold mask of his proud face; but nobody can know the secrets of his incredible far world. It is a moon world; no science can account for all its mysteries. The little brigand will never tell the truth about what he saw—*can*, indeed, never tell the truth, for the truth is not cosmopolitan enough to be common both to his world and mine. As for the young melancholic, he can never tell the truth either, perhaps; he can never explain what curious power of self-projection his silly young broken heart may have drawn from the sunset invitation of that deadly beautiful sea. Watching the youth's drawn, unreticent face of self-hatred, I thought, how much younger we grow as we emerge from that hard chrysalis of maturity we call childhood.



THE PALESTINE BOOM

AND THE PASSING OF THE ZIONIST DREAM

BY WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

SOMETHING very strange has been happening in Palestine during the past two years; something so remarkable and so contrary to all economic and political expectations that it is baffling economists and confounding social theorists. This new manifestation has, quite naturally, captured the heart and imagination of the whole of the world-Jewry, which is following its development with the profoundest interest. But it has attracted also the attention of the non-Jewish world. The League of Nations, the British Parliament, the press of Europe and of America, all are beginning to take notice of the unusual phenomenon going on in the Holy Land, and to follow it with undisguised interest and curiosity.

For Palestine, derelict for centuries and most backward, industrially, of all modern countries, has suddenly emerged before the eyes of an astonished world as the one bright spot in the present universal depression, as the only place, perhaps, in the Western world which has escaped the economic blizzard now raging everywhere. Like Soviet Russia, Palestine now boasts of not having any unemployment; of being, in fact, short of labor. But while Soviet Russia has gained this remarkable distinction by eliminating individual enterprise altogether and doing away with Capitalism, Palestine seems to have attained the same end by

keeping within the limits of the old economic system. Business, far from being abolished, is now booming in Palestine. Private enterprise is at its height, repeating in miniature all the antics of American prosperity of 1925-1929. The country is rapidly developing; cities are growing; buildings are springing up over night; industry is expanding; export is increasing; investment capital is pouring in from all over the world; high dividends are paid; real estate values are rising; speculation is rife. In a word, the Holy Land (at least, the Jewish part of it) seems to be passing through a good, old-fashioned capitalistic business boom, that much-desired revival of trade for which the world at large has been yearning for the last three years.

The most remarkable fact about this phenomenon is that it appeared at a time when not only was the entire world plunged into the greatest economic depression in generations, but when politically, too, Zionism was beset by the greatest difficulties of its career and was fighting for its very existence. It happened soon after the tragedy of 1929; the young Jewish settlement in Palestine lay literally bleeding from its wounds; the Arab world was up in arms against it; British official opinion was openly antagonistic; the reports of Sir Walter Shaw, of Sir Hope Simpson, and the White Paper of Lord Passfield dealt

one cruel blow after another to the fondest hopes of Zionism; the movement was plunged into the greatest despair, and it looked as if the dream of a Jewish National Home were all but shattered. Yet it was from this very depth of failure that the National Home arose within two brief years to a position of economic prestige and political stability which it has certainly never known before, and to a height of success of which it has never dreamed.

No wonder that the event is regarded almost as a miracle in the Jewish world, and that it serves as a powerful spiritual tonic to a weary people harassed by pogroms, driven by Hitlerism, and faced by economic ruin through the depression. In fact, if not for the accident that Palestine is too small physically and too insignificant industrially to serve as an example to the rest of the world, larger countries might now be seen turning to Palestine for guidance out of the economic depression; and as in former days the word of God came forth out of Zion, so to-day might be emanating from there the hope of economic revival for all mankind.

But, if mankind at large can as yet well afford to ignore the prosperity in Palestine; if even the West-European and American Jews can overlook it, East-European Jews cannot disregard the hopes and possibilities which that country is offering at present. For the economic position of practically the whole of East-European Jewry—with the sole exception of Soviet Russia—is so desperate that almost any kind of relief, no matter how trivial and ephemeral, comes as the greatest of boons. Whether the business revival in Palestine is real or only illusory, for the time being it certainly supplies the only ray of light to a sorely tried people groping in the darkness of utmost despair. Small

as Palestine is, it, nevertheless, served as a refuge for twelve thousand Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe last year, a number which no other country in the world, no matter how big, has duplicated. Unbelievable as it may sound, Palestine has now become the largest country of Jewish immigration, the haven of hope and opportunity which the United States was before the War.

Limited as the resources of the small country are, they, nevertheless, supplied employment, healthy work on the land, and constructive occupation in industry, to every one of the twelve thousand Jewish immigrants who arrived last year; and there is hope that this number will be doubled next year. In spite of its industrial insignificance, the Jewish settlement in Palestine witnessed the establishment of six hundred new industrial enterprises during the year. It saw the acreage of its orange plantations raised in the last few years from eleven thousand to a hundred thousand dunams, the export of its citrus fruit raised from two million to four million boxes per year. It saw the completion of a huge electric station on the Jordan which may one day revolutionize the desert; it saw a promising potash industry develop on the Dead Sea. It watched a big, enterprising building industry grow up, and erect new houses, schools, theaters, hotels, suburbs, and colonies with the rapidity known only in frontier countries. It saw millions of dollars of new capital flow into the country and convert the poor, waste stretch of land, forgotten for centuries both by men and God, into a flowering garden humming with life and bustling with activity.

All of this is, of course, trifling compared with the enterprises of America, Great Britain, or Germany, but it has given work, a decent living, and a still more decent hope to tens of thousands

of young men and women who would otherwise have been exposed to pogroms, cruelties, and indignities, the butt of bloodthirsty mobs of so-called "students" of Lemberg, Warsaw, Cracow, Bucharest, Jassi, and the many other backyards of European civilization. It has restored self-respect to thousands of middle-aged business men who were hounded by boycotts and driven by persecution on the supposition that they were superfluous human scrap. When a people is in the depths of misery such as that in which Polish and Rumanian Jewries now find themselves, any relief, no matter how small, transient, and uncertain, is a God-sent blessing.

II

But the changes in Palestine are not all for the good. Together with the positive and constructive innovations which the transformation has brought into the economic field, it has introduced also certain changes into the social structure of the Jewish settlement in Palestine and into the psychological outlook of world-Zionism which threaten to transform entirely the spiritual complexion of the Jewish National Home, and to rob the Zionist movement of its best and most attractive features.

To begin with, there are the usual shadows which naturally follow every bright revival, the evils which seem to be almost inevitable companions of every boom, big or small: an exaggerated confidence which leads to all kinds of wildcat schemes; over-expansion, inflation of values, and the sort of aggressive optimism, coupled with a sleek self-satisfaction, which works havoc with the character of a people.

The improvement in Palestine, coming as it did so miraculously soon after what seemed to be an abysmal fail-

ure, has evidently gone to the head of many Jews. The fertile imagination of a people naturally imaginative and given to day-dreaming has been aroused, with the result that thousands are all but walking with their heads in the clouds, teeming with big schemes and plans for the Holy Land. All sense of the impossible seems to have been lost. The diminutive size of Palestine, its physical limitations, its restricted industrial possibilities, its racial and political uncertainty, all are forgotten. Practically every Jewish business man in Poland is planning to transplant his particular enterprise into the National Home; and many in doing so are uprooting themselves with the optimistic assumption that what is good on the banks of the Vistula must be good also on the Jordan. What, by comparison with bigger countries, is but a small ripple of success, is exaggerated beyond all measure and excitedly trumpeted about as a huge wave of prosperity carrying on its back the whole of the Jewish people to a new Eldorado. In the general excitement it is altogether overlooked that Palestine at its best cannot support even a twentieth part of the Jewish population of the world; that at present Jews form only one-sixth of the population of the Holy Land and are a mere speck of sand in the Arab desert surrounding them; and that no lasting prosperity or even security is assured without the strong friendship and good-will of these near and distant Arab neighbors. The brisk air of bumptious self-assurance fostered by prosperity is not conducive to the growth of that Arab-Jewish understanding which is so essential to the real success of the country.

But far more serious than these external shadows fleeting over the surface, are the changes now introduced and working within the depths of Zionism itself, undermining the fundamental principles upon which

the movement is based. Of these latter, there are especially two which Zionism has followed continuously ever since its inception, and which have been its main sources of strength and inspiration throughout the trying period of its struggle for recognition and realization.

The first of these principles is that of social justice, based on collective effort. Zionism was from its very beginning a social as well as a national scheme. Like most nineteenth-century ideals, it concerned itself as much with the evils of the economic system from which the great masses of the Jewish people suffered as with the national discriminations against Jews. Zionism, especially in the beginning, was chiefly a poor man's movement, and as such it emphasized social reforms as much as national. The ideal of its originators was not a return to the old Jewish State of two thousand years ago, but a rebuilding of the old State upon the new and progressive principles of the modern age.

Dr. Theodor Herzl's *Judenstaat* (the pattern upon which Zionism is largely built) is a nineteenth-century Utopia of the early Socialist type. Although it does not follow modern Socialistic lines, it, nevertheless, recognizes and proclaims the idea of public ownership as the basis of the new Jewish State. Land, especially, was to be national, not private property in the new State. The chief means of production, too, were to belong to the people, not to private owners. In this way Doctor Herzl meant to safeguard the Jewish people from the unmitigated abuses of private greed.

Until recently, the Zionist movement followed faithfully the precepts of its originators in this respect. The movement, it is true, has never been socialistic in its chief aims; on the contrary, it has always been the ideal of the Jewish middle class. But it has largely accepted the collective prin-

ciple. A beautiful illustration of the Zionist adherence to this principle is the National Fund, which was founded thirty years ago for the purpose of buying land in Palestine, and which actually has acquired most of the Jewish land there. The ground thus bought is in the strict collective ownership of the people. None of it can be sold privately or exploited for private gain.

After the Balfour Declaration this principle was strengthened still more, first, by the spirit of the time immediately after the War, when State ownership became a matter of course in Europe, and second by the advent to the leadership of the Zionist movement of Dr. Chaim Weizmann. A sound Manchester Liberal and a great realist, Doctor Weizmann not only accepted the principle of collective ownership, but he went a step farther and adopted the principle that the development of the National Home can be best advanced if proceeded with as a collective national effort, not as a private enterprise.

This is, perhaps, Doctor Weizmann's historic contribution to Zionism, his advance upon Herzl, and to this his success is admittedly due. It is a matter of common knowledge that, apart from Soviet Russia, Jewish Palestine has until recently been the most interesting laboratory in collective social experiments. Most of the new Jewish land settlements in Palestine were operated successfully as Collectives years before Soviet Russia introduced the idea of land collectivization. Palestine has gone even a step farther than Soviet Russia by operating land communes. And while there still exists some doubt as to the success and stability of the Russian collective agrarian experiment, there is none whatsoever about the one in Palestine. It is generally admitted now that all the magnificent progress

which has been made in Palestine during the last decade is due to the labor of the young Jewish men and women who came to Palestine to live and work collectively without the feeling of private ownership of the land which they were working, and without the hope of private gain from the fruit of their labor. In no other manner but this could the gigantic task have been carried through. Palestine has supplied the most potent example in Western civilization of the success of the voluntary collective principle at work.

III

The second fundamental principle of Zionism has been of even greater value than the idea of Social Justice and of collective effort, because it has affected profoundly not Palestine alone, but also the Zionist movement and the Jewish people as a whole.

One of the worst disabilities of the Jewish people imposed upon them by centuries of discrimination is that resulting from their being prevented from engaging in productive occupations. From the Middle Ages onwards, Jews in Europe have been kept from the soil and practically limited to, first, financial transactions, and later, to trading as a means of livelihood. It was only in 1917 that revolutionary Russia abolished the infamous Tzaristic decree making it a criminal offense for Jews even to live in an agricultural village, let alone to engage in work on the land. Even now in Poland, while no such discriminatory law appears any longer on the statute book, in practice Jews are barred just as they used to be from agriculture and even from the factories. Now, as in the Middle Ages, the mass of Jews in Eastern Europe are practically still forced to engage mostly in petty trading or in small handwork.

The result of this agelong economic discrimination against Jews has been the creation of an unhealthy, distorted, and abnormal Jewish economy which is probably the source of most of the Jewish troubles in the world. The great preponderance of trading among Jews, the largely unproductive nature of this occupation, the ease with which it lends itself to exploitation, and what appears as a result to be a Jewish tendency to avoid physical labor and to seek only easy gain, have supplied the ammunition for most anti-Semitic propaganda and led to more than one pogrom. The very discrimination which has been forced upon Jews has been used as the strongest weapon against them. Jews have been made to suffer for the very crime which has been perpetrated by others against them.

The worst of this situation, however, is that what was first only a political and economic discrimination has in the course of centuries tended to become a social habit and even a psychological trait of the Jewish group. Trading has become almost second nature with many Jews; they have developed a special aptitude for it. Jews, much more than the English, have become the world's real nation of shopkeepers.

It is a nice point for discussion whether trading is as essential to society as production, and whether the work of the middleman is as productive as that of the farmer and laborer. But the fact remains that in the case of the Jews their propensity for business has been generally interpreted as a sign of economic parasitism, and it has caused much of the antipathy which is felt for them in many countries.

Modern progressive Jewry has been fully aware of this, and most movements of Jewish social reform since the middle of the Nineteenth Century

have occupied themselves with what is called the problem of Jewish "productivization," *i.e.* with directing Jews into productive, physical occupations instead of business and trading. Land colonization and the development of trades and industries among Jews have been the direct and indirect object of the greatest Jewish philanthropic organizations and individual Jewish philanthropists. But it was left to Zionism itself, especially to the Zionist Labor "Halutzim" (or Pioneer) movement in Palestine, to do most of the work in this field.

The Halutzim movement is a by-product of Zionism, but while Zionism is chiefly political in its nature and aims at the restoration of the Jewish State, the Halutzim movement is largely economic and spiritual and strives towards the reclamation of the Jewish people themselves, asserting that the upbuilding of a Jewish land is not possible without the upbuilding first of a healthy Jewish people. With this end in view, the Halutzim go out to Palestine to do with their own hands all the hard work of reclamation which the land requires. One of their fundamental principles is to live by manual labor only and not to benefit by the exploitation of other men's work. Before they have an opportunity of going to Palestine, they live on farms at home, or do all sorts of manual labor in workshops and in factories in preparation for their future work in the Holy Land. They also work collectively and sometimes live communally, very much like the great religious brotherhoods of the Medieval Age; but their ideals are more social than religious, and their chief aim is the restoration of a healthy Jewish psychology through the establishment of a normal Jewish economy, based upon productive labor as opposed to exploitation and parasitism.

As a manifestation of Jewish pro-

ductive activity, the work of the Halutzim in Palestine has no rival. It is to them that is due almost everything which has been accomplished in the Jewish National Home since the War. They did all the manual labor needed for laying the foundation of the present Jewish settlement in Palestine. They drained the swamps, thus banishing malaria; they broke the stones, built the roads, dug the ground, planted forests, erected the cities, irrigated the desert, established the colonies, and did all the other work which has made the young Jewish settlement in Palestine the marvel of the post-war period. The result of their effort is the greatest monument to Jewish productivization, the most effective reply to the anti-Semitic taunt of Jewish parasitism, and the greatest proof that whatever distortion there is to be found in Jewish life is due to abnormal conditions imposed from outside, not to defection from within. It is a strong sign of the spiritual potency of the Jewish people that a semi-religious and semi-social brotherhood of this type is not confined to several thousand members, but embraces a large portion of modern Jewish youth in Eastern Europe. Approximately thirty thousand Halutzim are now laboring on farms and in workshops of Europe preparing for their tasks in Palestine, while forty thousand others are working in the fields and industries of Palestine.

It will forever remain to the credit of Zionism that it has very early recognized the spiritual significance of the Halutzim movement and has helped to foster and develop it. After the Balfour Declaration, the Halutzim were made the rock upon which the new Jewish settlement in Palestine was built, the chief implement for the building of the National Home. Zionist immigration into Palestine has been largely confined to these young men

and women; upon them and their enterprises have been spent most of the Zionist public funds; their two underlying principles of collective effort and of productive work have been made part of the Zionist program and the main pillars of the Zionist edifice in Palestine.

IV

Both of these principles are now being thrown overboard. The principle of collective work and national ownership is being abandoned to make room for individual enterprise and private capital, which is at present flowing freely into Palestine; while the labor Halutzim are being gradually dropped in favor of the business men and traders of the Jewish middle class.

During the past few years Palestine has had the good or bad fortune to attract the attention of Jewish investors and speculators from all over the world. Beaten on every exchange of Europe and America, frustrated because of the depression in most business enterprises in the Old and in the New World, the Jewish investor has suddenly beheld a new outlet for some of his remaining capital lying idle in expectation of a trade revival. The citrus plants of Palestine have proved to be of good quality and they are rapidly gaining favor in the European markets. The growing and exporting of oranges and grapefruit have become a lucrative business known to pay from twelve to twenty per cent dividends. Buildings in Tel-Aviv and in other Jewish centers are reputed to yield even more. In times of depression, when Wall Street is languishing and the Bourses of Europe are pining in sympathy, when fortunes in real estate in New York and Florida are a thing of the past, orange groves in Galilee and real estate in Jerusalem may take their places. Of course, one does not take these investments too

seriously; at the first signs of betterment nearer home, Wall Street will again claim the old love. But for the time being, Jewish capital lying idle in New York, London, Paris, Berlin, Johannesburg, and wherever else Jews live, is flowing into Palestine at an unprecedented rate. Never before has the country known of such a rush of capital. The present boom in Palestine is due chiefly to this and to the resultant increase of private enterprise and business.

The invading investors still pay lip service to the ideal of the Jewish National Home, and even some real tribute which takes the form of employing higher paid Jewish labor. But it does not require much prescience to tell that when the appetite of the investors is awakened all talk of ideals, national and otherwise, will go overboard. Capital must yield dividends; if it will be found that dividends are impossible or too small because of the high-priced labor, it will employ cheap labor, even if it has to import it from the desert. Already there are signs in abundance of such a tendency. The standards of the Palestine Jewish Labor Federation are already being challenged by the new entrepreneurs, and the country is swept by a wave of organized strike-breaking in an attempt to depress wages and lengthen hours of work. A bitter class struggle, as sharp as in any industrial center of the West, is making its appearance in Palestine. The benefits resulting from the imported investments have been accompanied by all the evils of capital going out into colonial countries in search of dividends.

Graver still are the evils of speculation which follow closely in the steps of investing capital the world over. It is generally admitted that speculation is already rife in Palestine. The building boom in the country is grossly overdone. Houses in Tel-Aviv and in

Jerusalem spring up not so much because homes are needed, but because speculators expect to reap a big profit by selling or renting them. The situation is not unlike that in the United States before the big crash. Prices of real estate are mounting sky-high; building proceeds at a feverish rate. An ordinary plot of residential building land in Tel-Aviv, a city of forty thousand, sells at about \$1500, while a similar plot in London, with a population of eight million people, can be had for about \$700. In the business center of Tel-Aviv it is already impossible to buy land. The vultures of speculation have not overlooked even the colonies. A new kind of speculation—in orange groves—has arisen in Palestine and is rapidly spreading throughout the Jewish world. The boom in land fit for orange groves is even bigger than the boom in city real estate because it is not confined to Palestine alone. In every Jewish community in Europe and in America companies are floated and shares sold, and an orange-grove speculation matching in intensity any Wall Street boom is on foot.

The results of this are too obvious to need elaboration. Already land prices in Palestine have risen to such heights that not only the poor Arab, but even the poor working Jew, is no longer in a position to acquire for himself a small holding necessary for earning a living. Unimproved land fit for orange groves has risen from about \$12 to \$100 per dunam (a quarter of an acre); improved land is selling as high as \$1000 per dunam. The National Fund itself is no longer in a position to pay such exorbitant prices, and has practically ceased to acquire new land. In its annual memorandum to the League of Nations Mandates Commission, the Jewish Agency reports that of the 41,226 dunams of land acquired by Jews in Palestine last year, only 9,910

dunams were acquired by the National Fund, the smallest acquisition in years. The land is passing into the hands of absentee capitalists in London, New York, Paris, and Berlin. The collectively owned farms of the Halutzim and even of the individual small Jewish holder are decreasing in number.

So threatening has this speculation become that Zionist leaders, who only a short while ago were rubbing their hands gleefully at the sight of the rush of private capital into Palestine, have now been obliged to oppose the resulting speculative excesses. The American Economic Committee at Tel-Aviv, under Mr. Emanuel Newman of New York, has been specially entrusted with this task. Whether the Americans will succeed remains yet to be seen; what can be stated with certainty so far is that the very purpose of Zionism is at present in danger of being defeated. Palestine threatens to become a sort of foreign colony for Jewish capital, and the National Home for the Jewish people, to become a home for Jewish investment and speculation.

V

A still greater danger threatens Palestine from the proposed abandonment of the second fundamental principle of post-war Zionism, that of Halutzim colonization, and from the substitution of middle-class immigration in its place.

The middle class for whose benefit this change is now urged consists of the petty Jewish traders, shopkeepers, and business men who find themselves completely without any means of subsistence in practically the whole of Eastern Europe. The economic position of these people has been undermined, first, by the War and the establishment of the new States; second, by the discriminations of the various governments of these new

States; third, by the world depression; and finally, by the advance of State ownership and co-operatives in every East-European country after the War. The position of these people is certainly tragic beyond words. Economically, they are doomed by the advent of the new tendency of modern industry to do away with middlemen; politically, they are discriminated against both for racial reasons and because the State is usurping their function; spiritually, they are despised for their social non-productivity. At the same time they are, as a rule, an extraordinarily able class of people with great inherited business abilities, much shrewdness, and a superabundance of energy and enterprise, even if they have no capital. Given a prosperous country with a ready-made, old-fashioned, laissez-faire civilization, with a large population engaged in agriculture, mining, and industry, and with no government discrimination, this class could, doubtless, hold its own, and even retrieve its lost position.

Hitherto no such country has been in sight. Europe and America are in the throes of depression; every country of immigration has its doors tightly closed; besides, the growth of chain stores and other modern developments is making inroads into the ranks of the middle class even in the most industrial countries. The "prosperity" of Palestine has suddenly brought that country into their ken. Here is a place industrially and economically undeveloped, with practically no business and trading; why not make it a place of refuge for the Jewish pedler, petty trader, business entrepreneur, broker, and middleman? Why not make the Holy Land the sanctuary for the decrepit Ghetto economy which is crumbling everywhere else?

The very idea of such a scheme would seem to be too mad for serious consideration. To send middlemen

without capital, without occupation, without training, without qualifications except their sharp business wits to colonize a derelict country which needs the very fundamentals of civilization, is fantastic. Besides, to make the Jewish National Home a place for the preservation of Jewish petty trading cuts across every fundamental idea of Jewish productivization and nullifies all the efforts of Jewish social work for over half a century. Was it not in order to escape from the futility and the contempt which go with the non-productive Ghetto occupations that Zionism was devised? Of what use would it be to the people even to gain its livelihood—assuming that such a fantastic event were possible—if it loses by it the soul which it has begun to regain? But so desperate is the position of these people that they clutch even at this sodden reed to save themselves from drowning. The movement for what is called middle-class immigration into Palestine has found many adherents in the Jewish world, and the grotesque attempt to transplant the Warsaw Nalewki and the other East-European Ghetto markets into Palestine is now well under way.

The advocates of this policy come mostly from Poland, where Jewry is in its worst state of economic and general decay. There the movement has led to a fierce internal struggle and to a bitter sentiment against the Labor Halutzim and all they stand for. For are they not the culprits who deprive the middle class of its opportunity to get into Palestine? Were it not for these youngsters with their crazy socialistic notions, there would have been more place for the bankrupt traders. But for the insistence of the Palestine Jewish Labor Federation on trade union wages and conditions, private little business enterprises would have had a better chance in Palestine. The result is an amazing

crusade against Labor in the Jewish world now, which for bitter partisanship and hatred rivals that of the Nazis in Germany against the Jews.

The struggle is assuming grotesque forms. Unbelievable as it may sound, a Zionist Hitlerist movement, fully rigged out except for Hitler's anti-Semitism, is actually in existence now in Palestine, in Poland, and in most East-European countries. Its members parade in brown shirts; drill in preparation for some imaginary war; engage in strike-breaking; foster a bellicose attitude towards the Arab population and against the Mandatory Power; exacerbate class passions, and hound every Liberal Zionist leader from public life. They make strong inroads into the Zionist Press and capture important positions within the movement. They were a sufficiently strong force at the last Zionist Congress at Basle to force the resignation of Doctor Weizmann; the indications are that they will be a still stronger force at the coming Congress in 1933 and that their policy of political aggression, social reaction, and the economic restoration of the small trader will become dominant in the Zionist movement. For Zionism is essentially a middle-class movement, susceptible to all the tendencies emanating from and affecting the middle class. Hitherto it clung to Liberalism, the product of a nineteenth-century victorious middle class; now it is veering to Fascism, the twentieth-century manifestation of the same class in despair.

Thus Zionism is losing both the external luster of social idealism as well

as the internal spiritual worth emanating from the reclamation of the soul of a people. The canker of private greed from which the movement was hitherto singularly free, is now creeping into and corrupting it. Its previous public spirit is passing into a spirit of private gain and of narrow group interests. Everybody seems to be wanting to get something out of Zion instead of giving to it. Dividends are coming to play an important part in Zionist propaganda. The germ of greed has been injected into a great social movement, and the big ideal behind it is being changed into the small coin of petty selfishness and social reaction of a decaying, non-productive class.

What is worse, that class is gaining in power and in influence. Already on arriving at Tel-Aviv, one is surrounded by a swarm of brokers, real estate sharks, business entrepreneurs, high-pressure salesmen, money-lenders, usurers, and speculators of every kind, each offering a new business venture, each outbidding and denouncing his competitor, each greedily seeking to grab a commission and to snatch a share of the wealth which he did nothing to produce. A national tragedy, which for centuries has supplied, probably, the only possible justification for anti-Semitism, is being restored; the brightest hope of real regeneration which Jews have had in recent history is being dimmed.

In short, Israel has had a beautiful dream, which lasted for almost half a century. But, like all such dreams, this one is fading. The dreamer is awakening to reality and is settling down—to business, as usual.



MAN AT THE FIRESIDE

ANONYMOUS

WHEN the militant suffragettes demanded the franchise and got it they achieved far more than they had anticipated—certainly more than they had bargained for or than had been envisioned by the men who grudgingly admitted the justice of their claim. They fought for the vote; but eventually they won the right to become breadwinners in the incredibly mad new order which has enveloped us since the great collapse in 1929.

For it has become increasingly apparent that within the so-called professional class a startling reversal of the traditional family pattern is taking place: the man of the family is now often the dependent, and the woman is the provider and economic mainstay. She faces the task of filling the family purse; he, the adjustment to the role of hearth-tender. In case after case among my acquaintances, the husband is unemployed and the wife is at work, and both of them are facing a psychological problem of readjustment vastly more terrifying than the economic wolves howling at the apartment door.

Why this condition should be so widespread is not clear. The women I know who are affected by it are as surprised and vexed as the men. A few of them went to work because they felt their homes no longer provided an adequate outlet for their talents. They wanted careers. But most of them went to work because they had to—because the earnings of the man of the family were inadequate for the main-

tenance of a decent standard of living, or because they hoped, by working, to lay aside enough to provide for their children's education. There is no indication that more than a handful of women went outside the home for the sake solely of making money. I doubt whether there is one who hoped by working to assume the full economic burden of her family.

Most of those I know turned their backs on their homes courageously but with heavy hearts, believing that their entry into the economic world was only a temporary emergency measure to be abandoned when the family's purse bulged again—which they hoped and believed would be soon.

With realism characteristic of their sex, they understood that in order to get a toehold in the masculine business world at least two qualifications were required: they either had to excel their masculine competitors or they had to work for so much lower wages that it was economically advantageous to employ them. Their strategy was based on these facts and they moved forward, slowly but not very gloriously. They ate at second table through the early '20s. They took what they could get. They became accustomed to the economic crumbs. How many times they did the economic chores in commerce and industry, chores which were unpleasant and even menial and, therefore, "womanly"! How many businesses had masculine "fronts" but women executives! How few women

pulled down the plums in the economic world, despite their yeoman service in nurturing the orchards where the plums grew!

But the orchard is blighted now, and the story is different. Women, working for lower wages than men, became economically desirable after the Wall Street débâcle. The high-salaried men workers were the first to be let out. The low-salaried women workers were retained.

To-day, as a result, between one and two million women in this country are the support of their families—full-time breadwinners and part-time homemakers, through neither their own nor their husbands' choice but, one is forced to conclude, because of inexorable economic laws.

And what is the result? Far-reaching, certainly; sometimes disastrous. In the homes of the laboring classes where this condition has come about I am inclined to think it is not serious. At least, they seem more adjusted to it, more accustomed to it, and certainly less perturbed by it.

For example, my work recently required me to investigate the neediest charity cases in my city, a large center where suffering brought on by the present crisis is acute. Most of the neediest, I found, were families in which the sole breadwinner, if any, was a woman—either the mother of the family or the oldest daughter. But these women had been the sole support for years. It was expected by all concerned that they would scrub floors or do day work or stand behind a five-and-ten counter or work in a taxi-dance hall at night in order to support the father, brother, or husband. They faced an economic problem, to be sure, because these women workers never have and never will earn enough to support the family. They are and probably will always be in want. But since they themselves expect to be,

they do not represent a psychological problem.

It is among the white-collar workers that the breakdown of morale is occurring.

II

If I write with conviction it is because I know whereof I speak. I have been the sole breadwinner in my home for more than two years.

In 1929, when my husband and I were married, our joint income totalled something more than seven thousand dollars a year. Each of us had small savings accounts, but we had both invested the major part of our money in stocks.

I had graduated from college three years before, and my standing in the business world was by no means secure. Though my savings were not great, I scanned the future with confidence. I had gone into business to relieve my parents of the burden of my support, since they had sacrificed a good deal to see me through the State university. Taking care of myself and relieving them of that economic burden were my chief considerations at the time. Insurance, old-age savings—these, I said, I will take care of later.

My husband, eleven years my senior, had put little by, for a number of wholly understandable reasons. Trained to be a soldier, a captain of infantry at twenty-three—one of the youngest captains in the American Expeditionary Force—he adjusted himself to civilian life after the War with considerable financial success but great psychological difficulty. His first marriage, a wartime romance, ended ultimately in a Paris divorce, and when he returned to this country he had little money left and little desire to make more. He was just becoming established again when we were married.

Then came the disastrous years of 1929-1930!

The organization for which both my husband and I worked (he at a much larger salary than I) began a policy of drastic retrenchment. He was let out. To-day I am holding his old job, at a salary thirty per cent less than I formerly made and fifty per cent less than his was. That is the only income we have had; and we are grateful for it.

Shortly after my husband was dropped I had a long, serious, and expensive illness which completely wiped out our savings. When the last bill was in, we were a little more than five hundred dollars short of making ends meet. Luckily my job was still waiting for me. And with the lines of worry deepening daily in my husband's face as month after month went by with the hope of one job after another folding up before our unbelieving eyes, I hurried back to work, still a convalescent, harried by the twin specters of debt and want. It did not promote our tranquillity, I might say parenthetically, when on the day we found ourselves broke and in debt the papers announced that my husband's first wife had received a gift of three million dollars from her second husband.

But the financial problems of the past two years have been pale and insignificant as compared with the psychological problems. They have been almost insuperable.

At first we tried to keep up a semblance of the conventional pre-depression home: the husband was lord and master and the wife maintained her household as a vocation, her job as an avocation, and made no great fuss about either. I felt then that it was of paramount importance to maintain this attitude since my husband was fast becoming morose over his inability to find work. Further deepening of his consciousness of dependence on me would have fixed in him a conviction of futility which might have serious consequences.

But the time came at last, of course, when it was impossible to keep up that pretense. The double effort of shouldering the entire financial burden and the household cares became too much. I found myself growing irritable over very unimportant trifles; the thought of leaving the office at the end of the day and having to market and then prepare dinner made me almost hysterical.

My job, meantime growing steadily more difficult, entailed more and more responsibilities. The organization for which I worked, hard hit in the economic hurricane, cut its staff several times, piling one extra job after another on the remaining employees. We did not complain. We were thankful to have jobs, however exacting; for most of us had dependents at home. But our hours grew constantly longer. Each new retrenchment meant harder, more concentrated work.

It was manifestly impossible to discuss these changes with my husband, since discussion of my own job problems only made him the more acutely aware that he had none. Yet the fact that I had to spend more and more time at the office increased the tension at home. For as the months drew out, his dependence upon me increased, and his fear that I had begun to regard him as a failure became an obsession which only my physical presence and reassurance could banish. Working overtime at the office soon became a nightmare to both of us.

Presently another situation developed. The old office acquaintances, among whom my husband had been extremely popular and who had formed the habit of dropping in on us, began to be unwelcome. My husband imagined that they condemned him silently for being unable to assume the financial burden of our establishment, and he resented their presence. The realization that I was working with these

people during the hours I spent away from him did not make the situation happier.

And then the housework. Heavens! The idea that women no longer have much housework to do is a pernicious myth. Even in a home as small as ours domestic duties at times reached staggering proportions. Sundays were devoted entirely to cleaning, washing, mending, taking care of bills, getting the laundry ready or checking it and putting it away, working out budgets for our dwindling resources, planning meals for the coming week, keeping the cupboards clean and orderly, laying out my husband's clothes and my own for the dry cleaner, getting the dust out of closet corners where our day maid never swept, and darning, darning, darning. Some of these duties, of course, stretched through the week; but I tried to finish as many of them on Sunday as possible because I was sometimes able to earn extra money by special work at the office on my free week nights. It appeared to my distracted husband that I saved up duties all week for the one day which we should have been able to call our own. It seemed that we never had time to be quietly together.

Let me make it clear here that my husband is a very intelligent, talented person, normally self-assured, and as free of complexes as a pre-Freudian.

Until the depression he had always been in a commanding position, first in military life and then as a civilian. His income had always been more than ample to cover his expenses, heavy as they always were. He had, for example, been in the habit of ordering not only his suits made to order but his shoes and shirts as well. I have known him to spend more for an overcoat than our income now amounts to in a month. Curbing an inborn love of the best became not the least of his problems. He is, moreover, a thoughtful, exceed-

ingly sensitive person who suffers as keenly under the burdens of those he loves as under the weight of his own woes.

As time went on we could no longer keep up the pretense that what we were passing through was a "temporary and emergency situation." The very hope that the situation would one day magically dissolve was in itself exhausting and demoralizing. We faced the alternatives of readjusting our whole outlook and domestic organization or giving up our marriage. But we were devoted to each other and readjustment, therefore, became the only answer.

III

Before I go into that readjustment, let me digress a moment to discuss the experiences of some of my friends, just as my husband and I did at the time. There were many who were facing precisely the same situation we were facing. Some had children and they, of course, vastly complicated matters. Most, like ourselves, were childless, but had been putting aside varying sums before 1929 against the day when they could afford children. And most of them, like ourselves, have now concluded that they must abandon that hope altogether.

The realization of how widespread was the problem we faced came one day last summer during my vacation. It had been impossible for us to go anywhere because we could not afford it, but we did accept an invitation to one out-of-town week-end party, hoping to forget for three days at least our poignantly trying problems. There were to be five other couples there, only two of whom we knew. To the horror of our hostess, it developed after we arrived that every one of the wives at the party was employed and every one of the husbands jobless. It was one of the most painful week-ends I

have ever spent anywhere; for each of us had looked forward to it as a momentary escape and found in it only an intensification of an intolerable condition.

Among friends who are social workers I have observed that the situation is particularly pronounced, probably because social workers have kept their jobs while their husbands, employed in other fields, have lost theirs in the very crisis which has insured the jobs of their wives.

Some of our friends confronted with the situation have been completely defeated by it. One woman I know made a valiant effort to keep her home going after her husband had lost his position as an accountant. She was devoted to him, and her determination to keep their menage intact took on the fighting, protective aspects of primitive motherhood as months of unemployment stretched out behind and ahead of him. But while his dependence on her increased, his affection for her waned, and he began to turn for attention and comfort to women of less intrepidity who did not make him so keenly aware of his inadequacy and subordinate position in the home.

I know of two other homes that have broken up because of unbearable psychological problems which developed when the husband was robbed by social conditions of self-respect, of prestige, of everything but the empty, traditional constraint to be head of the house. To argue that those people were weaklings and that their homes would probably not have stood the vicissitudes of married life anyway, is gratuitous. They are the sons and daughters of our founding fathers, born to the proud traditions of our arrogant country, hurtled into a morass of social disorder, and utterly unequipped either psychologically or by inheritance or education to meet this situation. The women I know in these cases have been

chivalrous and gallant. The men have been thoughtful and resilient in making what was inevitably a bitter adjustment. But the problem has been too great.

I know, for instance, of one jobless man who took over all the household duties when it became obvious that his wife's earnings as a librarian would be their only income for an incalculable length of time. He learned to cook and took a humorous pride in his achievement. He prepared all the meals and did all the housework. Noticing that his wife was still constrained to wash and mend her clothes and underthings when she returned home from work, he presently took over those tasks too. A college graduate with an M. A. degree, he spent his spare time studying for his Ph. D., and was making fairly rapid progress. But his new role, the prolonged unemployment, and the realization that the strain on his wife was still too great weighed on his mind. In the end, he left home, assuring his wife that when he could meet her half way he would return.

It is not a deficiency but an overabundance of high character which makes this particular backwash of the economic tide disastrous to so many.

I think the couple I know who have suffered most from this topsy-turvy condition were so chivalrous that it took them two years to look an unchivalrous economic condition straight in the face, and then it was too late.

They were both earning good salaries when the crash came. He was employed in a Wall Street firm and had invested most of their money in what were considered high-grade securities. After Black October and November, 1929, not only his job but most of their money was gone. He set out at once to look for work, so confident of finding it that he did not even tell his wife either of his own fate or their lost money. Her faith in him was implicit.

As time went on and bond salesmen became as unnecessary as the iceman in January, he realized that he would have to make a clean breast of the whole matter. He used up what capital was left maintaining the sham that he still had a job in the vain hope that somewhere he would find an opening. And when the denouement inevitably came he was not only completely broke but his morale was bankrupt.

They moved to separate establishments finally when her efforts to re-establish his belief in himself failed. That relieved the pressure for a time and they were even contemplating a complete reconciliation when she lost her job. I think the reconciliation might still have been effected if she had remained unemployed. They would then have had a common ground for accord.

But she didn't. She went out to look for work—and found it, just as scores of other women have found work in these times when their menfolk cannot.

My friend found not one job but two, part-time jobs both, which paid her pitifully little and which kept her at work from early morning until late at night. But between them she was able to make ends meet. Sometimes, after that, her husband came to her apartment for dinner. But pride would not allow him to come often. His clothes became shabby and, since he would not let her buy others for him, and since he could not buy them himself, he preferred to remain away from her. For a year she lived in a state of emotion bordering on hysteria, trying to see the outcome of their problem.

I met her recently and she was calm and poised, her old self again. She had not heard from her husband in weeks. She had canvassed his friends trying to find him until her tense nerves snapped under the strain.

She is starting again now, alone.

There was, perhaps, less tragedy, but even more irony in the home of still another woman I know. She is a photographer of wild animal life. Her husband is an engineer. Their mutual love of faraway places drew them together and their marriage seemed ideal. But the supply of engineers was too great even before the slump. Since then they have become as superfluous as stock salesmen, and the husband has been unemployed for two years. Demand for the wife's work meantime has continued to grow. And bitten by necessity, she nurtured that demand, taking long and hazardous trips into the jungles alone to get the pictures which brought an income to them. Between expeditions she attended night schools, fitting herself for scientific research work so she could still further pad out the family income. The husband, demoralized by the long period of unemployment, ultimately convinced himself that his search for work was hopeless. He spent his days brooding and relapsed now and then into apparently violent illnesses which were diagnosed on three separate occasions as psychological escapes and nothing more.

The wife, a strong, intelligent woman, has again and again conquered the tropic jungles alone, but to-day she finds herself defeated by this phenomenon of civilization. She has wasted away shockingly in both body and spirit under the stress of the situation, and as this is being written she has finally accepted the inevitable and is suing for divorce.

If these were isolated instances one could dismiss them as tragic but socially insignificant. As a matter of fact, there is much to indicate that the situation is extensive and that its social ramifications are vast.

Two recent studies, one made on a large scale and one on a small scale, show that between 40 per cent and 50

per cent of the wage-earning married women in this country are the economic mainstays of their families.

One study, made at the instance of the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor, was in a New England factory, to determine whether it would be possible to employ more "deserving" workers by dismissing the married women. It was found that of the 28 married women employed, eleven, almost 40 per cent, were the only steady breadwinners in their families. Their husbands were either unemployed, on part time, or totally incapacitated by ill health.

Another study, by the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, showed that in 34,000 families in Philadelphia in each of which a married woman was employed full time, almost 9,700, or 28 per cent, normally depended entirely upon this woman for support. And in some 17,000, or almost 50 per cent of the families, the other employable members were either jobless or working part time.

If these percentages hold among all our 3,900,000 "homemakers" who are gainfully employed outside their homes, then one may calculate that between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 married women in this country not only hold the purse strings but fill the purse.

In this connection it is significant to note that in none of the instances I know, where the wife is the breadwinner, has she assumed the authority, the dictatorial, commanding attitude that was considered the prerogative of the wage earner in the pre-depression, pre-suffrage home. Perhaps some day that may happen, but I doubt it. For the posturing, the commanding, dictatorial attitudes of the pre-War masculine breadwinner were possible only because men had enshrouded their prowess as money makers with a mystic, esoteric quality. The little woman, tending the fireside, was expected to be eter-

nally awed and amazed at the talents of her man in battling the world and bringing home the booty every Saturday night. She was expected to be submissive, grateful, appreciative, and terrifically impressed.

But the long feminine fight for equality which began with suffrage and the War, and went over the top with the depression, has ripped the last vestige of mysticism from the rite of earning a living. Women thought they were fighting for a chance to make money if they cared to. What they won was the necessity to earn their own and their families' living or starve. They are taking what they won, I think, with a realism characteristic of their sex. They are seeking what jobs they can find at any salary they can command.

Surveys of the National Industrial Conference Board in 1929-30 show that the earnings of women in manufacturing industries at their highest were only from 71 per cent to 92 per cent as high as those of unskilled masculine laborers. In the white-collar class there was probably less of a discrepancy between the salaries paid to men and women, though there was and still is a vast amount of discrimination in that field between the man and woman worker. Since 1929, with wages and salaries sharply declining in all fields, surveys indicate that women's wages have been more drastically cut than have men's.

Women have at all times resented this discrimination, naturally, but accepted it, hoping that either a fairer adjustment would one day be made, or that the necessity for going outside their homes would one day be removed.

IV

It seems both impossible and undesirable for women to continue to be both homemakers and breadwinners

over any long period of time. Both their homes and their jobs suffer. Yet, under present conditions, it is becoming more and more difficult for men to fulfill their traditional roles. Women will work for less, and, therefore, are getting the jobs that are available. That this trend is cutting down purchasing power and intensifying our economic collapse, does not, apparently, make enough difference to employers to convince them that they should employ men at men's wages.

In very many homes, as I have observed, the problem is being met by a complete transposition of roles between husband and wife. While the wife earns the living, the man ponders the problems of budgets, meals, and outgoing laundry.

I heard of one woman recently who gave up her job when she married, expecting to be a homemaker for the rest of her life. When her husband lost his job last year she went to his office, applied for his job, and got it—at half the salary. She asked why her husband had not been kept on at the lower rate and was told that the organization would not offer a man such a salary. So she took the job, and her husband took over the household.

Their situation was much like the one in our own home. For we found ultimately that it was impossible to meet an industrial and economic world with a medieval code of ethics. It was impossible and morale-breaking to attempt to live up to the traditions in which we had been nurtured. We had an income, meager to be sure, but sufficient. There was no genuine financial problem. There was only the problem of adjusting ourselves to the psychological situation. So I agreed to take over the financial burden with the zest and interest of a full-time, pants-wearing breadwinner, and my husband agreed to take over the household duties with an equal measure of

pride. It has not been easy. It is galling to me to have friends ask after him as though he were incapacitated or "a case." It is galling to him, at times, to have to remind me that the milkman will be around with his bill and the allowance is all used up.

But those are minor irritations which, with a modicum of humor, we can see beyond. Knowing that so many others are faced with the same plight, conscious that in the economic world as it is to-day there will probably be more as time goes on, we meet the problem with something of the zest of social pioneers. We feel that the time may very possibly come when the situation will be so general that boys and girls will be trained together in homemaking classes exactly as they are now trained together in commercial and business classes; when men and women will enter marriage realizing that either may at any time be called upon to take up the duties which an outworn tradition has heretofore labeled as definitely masculine or feminine.

From to-day's perspective such a situation seems fantastic and paradoxical. But in the long run it may be not only pleasant but desirable. Many years ago Dr. Charles Steinmetz predicted that through the development of electricity no person would have to work more than 800 hours a year. The technocrats have now cut that figure down to 660 hours a year. Earning a living is certainly going to become less of a burden as our economic processes are perfected, and homemaking with its correlative problems of leisure is going to become much more important. It seems to me quite possible that as the problem of breadwinning diminishes, the prestige formerly attached to it will disappear, and correspondingly the stigma attached to the periodically jobless person will also be removed.

Men and women may then work at

the tasks which confront them, whether they are in the home or in business, interchanging their roles as the need arises, without suffering the acute anguish which besets them to-day. Children will complicate matters then as they do now, but perhaps by the time we have made slaves of our machines, the childbearing woman will not be a liability in business as she now is. Perhaps organizations in general or the State will provide maternity pensions or follow the example of Barnard College, Columbia University, which last year voted to allow maternity leave for a half year on full pay or a full year on half pay to any woman member of the college administrative or teaching staff who is expecting a child.

For our own part, my husband and I watch with keen interest this new

social development, and are making every effort to meet it sanely and without hysteria. While we have ceased to regard our own situation as temporary and are having a good deal of fun finding new values in our respective new jobs, we, nevertheless, discover ourselves hoping involuntarily that our positions may one day again be transposed.

I almost lapsed into my old pre-depression outlook and dreams recently when I came home one night and my husband announced that he had found work at last. But the dereliction was short-lived. He had gone to work on a part-time job paying twenty dollars a week—doing publicity work for a woman.

"Just egg money, darling," he murmured.

THE PLEIADES

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

*SWEET as violets to a weary heart,
Haunting as the lovely names in old tales,
Beloved as a man's own fields, are the Pleiades.*

*Why is one star loved and not another?
What magic is there in this little cluster
To hold the human spirit from generation to generation?*

*Yet there they shine, and a smile comes to men's faces,
A tenderness comes to their eyes, and voices grow quiet
Only to name the little stars, the pretty Pleiades.*

The Lion's Mouth



WHY MRS. LOVELACE DID IT

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

I SAW him first in the dining room of The Crown in Durham, where he sat at a table opposite mine. When I had asked the pretty waitress for dinner, she had said dinner was in the middle of the day, but shouldn't she get me a bit of beef-and-kidney pie now and a glass of ale and some cheese? And this, for some reason, made me feel that I was in the heart of England—that this hotel, The Crown, niched into the wall directly under the lofty and spectacular heights of the castle and overlooking the river, was the heart of England, the quintessence of England, and the gentleman eating alone was more English than England itself.

He wore baggy tweeds and, though his hair was grayish, he had a fresh high color. His face was long. He had that conformity of bone—long and horselike—so unmistakably English. A typical Englishman out of *Punch*; Du Maurier might have drawn him. He was as English as the steep cobbly street up which I had walked earlier, as self-consciously English as the high-perched castle and cathedral of Durham, which always look as if they were posing for a picture postcard. As English as the Saturday afternoon

crowd on the street—little girls with chilly bare legs, short blue-serge skirts, and long taffy-colored hair; old women in bonnets, black bombazine, and button shoes, carrying umbrellas. High-bosomed, red-faced, secure middle-aged women parading behind young daughters, the kind that make you realize why it is that Britannia rules the waves. At the top of that street a band had been playing and on the Square a row of high-hatted, frock-coated gentlemen had been maneuvering.

I asked a workman who these men were, to which he had responded in a tone lightly tinged with indignation at my ignorance:

"They're investing the mayor and corporation. There's a new mayor." Recalling this British scene, I considered how wrong was Karl Marx when he predicted revolution would come first in England. And as though attracted to me by this unspoken sentiment, the gentleman in the baggy tweeds rose and approached me. With extreme courtesy and becoming diffidence he said:

"Madame, will you make a fourth at a table of whist in the lounge?"

"Alas," I said. "I do not play."

"I am very, very sorry," he said. Did I enjoy Durham? he proceeded. I did, very much.

"Magnificent architecture," he contributed. "But I prefer York. There is an aristocracy about York which one misses in Durham." And then speaking like a history book, he briefly sketched the founding of Durham, and I went away wondering had I dreamed

him or had he stepped out from between the pages of a book? At dinner next day (there was Yorkshire pudding and damson tart) again he approached me.

"Did you attend service at the cathedral?" he inquired. No, I said, I had been walking by the river bank. "And so did I!" he cried joyously. "So would you permit me to accompany you to evensong?" It hadn't occurred to the kind soul that there were people in the world who were so godless as not to attend church at all of a Sunday. I don't think he had ever met such. As we walked up the cobbly street he prattled:

"I had a nice bow from the dean. The dean was at school with my uncle, and I had an opportunity of meeting him twice." He was much gratified that the dean had remembered him. As we progressed he expressed approvals of the government, and the campaign of Buy British, and spoke with disapprobation of the slackness of modern youth. From time to time he dropped pieces of historical information. No doubts had ever flawed the tranquil surface of his mind. He had, he confided, met an American lady. She came from Cincinnati, and did I know her? Her name was Seymour. . . . He liked Americans. In fact, his father had had some business once in America.

During evensong he found all the hymns for me. The choir boys walked out two by two through the cloister. The young men in uniform—officers' training corps—walked out in military formation. There was a ruffle of drums, and they marched smartly off to fife and drum. The British families—father, mother, and the girls—drifted in little groups and paused to chat. Ivy grew over the stone masonry. Trees had their autumn yellow. Flowers still bloomed. Britain went on her immemorial tranquil way of a Sunday

afternoon. And said my companion:

"Let us take the lower river path home to tea, as I walked home on the upper river path this morning. Which way did you walk home?"

"I walked home the lower road," said I. He was troubled by no unmanly doubts as to letting a lady have her choice. He hadn't walked the lower road, so he let me walk it twice. I looked at him with admiration.

It was at tea he confided to me that he was sixty, though no one ever took him for more than fifty; that his wife had surprisingly left him, and that he lived now with his sister. Her desertion had happened some time before, but it had never ceased to puzzle him.

It was now that he went to his room, got a fat wallet, and showed me the letters—I am telling the truth, I am not inventing—his letters to the *Times*. They were on the subject of bullfinches, on the proper naming of streets, on the wearing of hats by horses in summer, and other like educational and benevolent topics. He presented me with a printed sermon by the Bishop of Canterbury which, he said, he took great pleasure in distributing. And where was my next destination? I was going to Glasgow, I said. And, "Oh!" he cried joyfully, "how delightful!" For he was going to Edinburgh, and we could go at the same time.

After tea I realized that I had agreed with him on everything he had said. One could converse in no other idiom than his own. Any other tinge of thought than his he would have considered either insanity or moral turpitude.

Next morning we stood waiting for the omnibus—he wouldn't let me take a taxi. "Taxi?" he cried, "when busses go right to the station?"

As we stood waiting he asked, "How much did you tip the maid?" I told him. "It was far too much," he said. "You probably also tip porters sixpence. Far too much! Tuppence will do."

I bought newspapers of varying political complexions, in spite of the fact that he had admonished me, "Whatever news you need to know you will find in the *Times*."

"Would you mind riding backward?" he asked me politely. "I travel a great deal, but I have never accustomed myself to riding backward." The feminist worm turned sharply within me. I wanted to say:

"What if I had never accustomed myself to riding backward?" But I didn't. I took my seat. I read my paper.

He tapped me gently on the knee and said, "Here's a view you must not miss." I read my paper. He pulled at it gently.

"If you will look over to the left," he said, "you will see the famous manor house of Soandso."

Again I read my paper. Again he tapped my knee. He said:

"We are now approaching the outskirts of the town of Soandso. You must not miss it." He confided to me a brief historical sketch of the town.

It was at this point that I knew why his wife had left him.

I stealthily took up my paper again. As we finally pulled out of the town, he rapped upon it with the tips of his fingers.

"Look, the sea! You must not miss it," he admonished gently.

Craftily I slid my paper before my eyes again. Once more he tapped my knee.

"We are," he said, "about to pass over the border of Scotland."

I tried with desperation to read. He tapped my knee. We were, it seemed, now over the border of Scotland; and he called my attention to a famous castle.

I put down my paper. It didn't stop his tapping my knee every few minutes, while he recited passages from the history of Scotland, naïvely and radi-

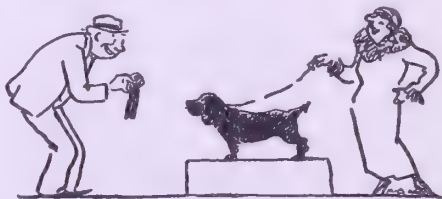
antly, as innocent as an unborn child to the fact that homicidal mania was growing within me.

He didn't miss a view or a rock or island or manor or golf links. At last, when he had recited the entire history of Scotland, we pulled into Edinburgh—I a shattered wreck, my companion pink of face, bright of eye, and oozing history. Then he cried:

"What a delightful ride this has been! Do, do stay over! There are so many historical places I could show you. There is a later train—"

It was then I wondered why his wife hadn't killed him before she left. My train luckily was waiting. With kindness and consideration, and tipping the porter tuppence, he got me on. Then with a sinking heart I saw him come flying back, his loose tweeds flapping.

"So stupid of me! So forgetful—I forgot to give you my card!" He handed it to me through the window. "*Mr. Cyril Lovelace*," it read.



HOUSE DOG

BY GEORGE BOAS

I have achieved the life of contemplation,
My paws are clean, I have not touched the
mire,

I do not bark and yelp in irritation
But wait for satisfactions I require.
Life may pass by, the months pile higher
and higher,

I am secure: two meals a day, a carriage
In which to take the air, a pleasant fire
To dream before, and periodic marriage.
I have anæsthetized all my ambition
And paradoxically serve another's;
Existence has become a noble mission—
Admiring me, competitors are brothers,
And when they pin a ribbon on my neck
Feel it to be themselves they thus bedeck.



DESTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

BY W. T. BISSELL

NOT only the last act of Amos Flake's career as a Leader of Thought was memorable: all his life he had courted danger. Yet when the end came, it was the result of one simple comment uttered by a friend, which nobody but Flake heard.

One day while he was having lunch with Blasted they had been discussing a recent book on American labor by a Polish scholar living in Holland, which neither of them had read.

"*There's dynamite in that book!*" said Blasted, and Flake never forgot his words.

Flake was then at the height of his fame and influence. By 1933 most thinking people and all free spirits in the United States hailed him as their mouthpiece. Identified in his youth with a group of young radicals in the eighth-grade of the school which he attended, who were dissatisfied with the whole educational system, he had with little delay but much publicity made his mark as a leader by means of the written word. Challenging books and vitriolic articles poured from his pen like blood from a wound. In politics he was soon a force to be reckoned with by every literary critic in the country. Who could have foreseen that such an edifice as he had reared for himself would topple and smash abruptly, in one fell instant?

It happened; and when he fell he fell like Lucifer, never to hope again. His last book shook the world a little too much.

In August, when the Amalgamated

Wreckers' strike began, he went to the thick of it directly. The workers—engaged in pulling down the Silo Building—were being paid four dollars a wrecked foot. The head of the Union had decided that this was not enough. He threatened to stop the pulling down of all buildings in the country if his demands were not met.

In company with the rest of the writing fraternity professionally interested in these developments, Flake journeyed to the scene. The strikers could not obtain food, because to steal it would have involved breaking into places, and so would have furthered the work of destruction they wished to prevent. The police failed to injure any of them, even by accident, and they were thus unable to obtain sympathy at the hands of public opinion.

The rights of the masses were at stake, and Flake took up the challenge.

He decided quickly to get out a seditious book on the subject. Times were bad. The party funds had sunk to \$19.48, half of which was owed for ink; and the public was not interested. Something had to be done to put over the strike—to make the nation realize that this was a movement and how. The book would have to produce an immediate and fatal effect.

Flake thought of Blasted's observation.

For two days he was missing from the strikers' frontier, from his home, from the party caucuses. When he returned, the Liberal held in his hand a book which his lieutenants saw as soon as he entered their headquarters. They wanted to read it; but "No!" said their leader; "this one is not for us to open. Let *them* have it!"

The book was different. In reality it was a little box: one cover of it was the top of the box, and at its edge a spring was held back by the side until the opening of the top should release it. In the box was a pound and a half

of Trinitrotoluol, and on the spring a small percussion-cap.

The first of Flake's mistakes lay in thinking that he could get people to read any book by him. This one was called *Shall We Wreck the Wreckers?* and he sent it directly to the president of the company concerned, expecting at any moment to see his offices blown to pieces. Nothing happened. After three weeks he sent a messenger to ask the executive how he had liked the book. The boy came back bearing thanks for the loan of the work and saying that the president would like to talk to Mr. Flake about it some time in the future. It was returned intact.

He next gave it to the head of a big power trust, who, he felt, was in some way connected with the attempted destruction of the Silo Building. That gentleman sent it back in three days with a long letter saying he had read every word of it and would like to make the following observations, whereupon followed a long multigraphed homily on the topic of "Business as a Builder of Practical Ethics."

Finally he lent it to the Governor of the State, who sent it back into his hands (by air mail) in three hours, with a note of acknowledgment and the hope expressed that it would have the wide distribution it merited as "a book of profound, not to say devastating influence"—signed by none other than the Governor's Secretary's Secretary himself.

Meanwhile the gravity of the situation at the Silo Building was increasing. Flake invited the members of the Company's Board of Directors to come to his office for a conference regarding arbitration possibilities. He left the book on the table, talked of its revolutionary contents, and asked them to excuse him for a minute. He waited an hour, but there was no explosion.

More bold, he let it stay in his living room, to find out what was the trouble

with it. Nobody would touch the volume. A publisher whom he consulted said he didn't think it had been sufficiently advertised, picked it up for examination, criticized its title, and put it down.

Finally he called up the two great bankers who were behind the holding company that controlled the parent organization of the wrecking corporation, and told them that if they would give him half an hour in his office he thought things could be arranged. The bankers were desperate. They had sunk their money, they had borrowed more, they had pledged millions for bonds to be issued against the construction of a mammoth "vertical metropolis" to be built where the Silo Building stood. They accepted Flake's invitation.

Flake stormed at the bankers, and told them revolution was at hand. He said the secret of all the trouble lay in the pages of his book. Then he left them with it. He waited across the street, whither he had retired for safety. "I'll get those two anyway!" he said.

But he didn't. They sat and smoked imported cigars. "Wonder what's in the damn book," said one of them.

"Oh, I know what they're after," the other answered. "It's always the same thing. They want our money. They're a bunch of socialists or something." The banker picked up the book and banged it on his knee. "Their theories are all right," he kept saying. "They're fine. But they won't work. Look at Russia! Where is she to-day?"

"Where indeed!" The volume was thrown to the floor. It did not open.

Did Amos Flake have an inkling even then of what was in store for him? He did not.

He went back to tell the bankers they were narrow-minded and the negotiations were off. He told one of his captains to show the bankers out.

"Say, I wonder could I have a look at this?" said the captain when he returned. "I like to read when I'm not on watch over there."

Flake was discouraged. His book was not very successful. He mopped his corrugated brows. "Sure, take the damn thing away," he said. "I never want to see it again!"

We know the rest. That evening at half-past five, the rock foundations of Manhattan's buildings all were shaken by the explosion. But one building was destroyed.

In the fading twilight Silo Towers became a flame, a heavenward detonation, a steel whirlwind. It came down slowly, all fine dust, settling gradually like a drift of sooty snow after a breeze.

Amos Flake saw the great cloud subsiding—from the window to which he had gone when he felt the shock, two blocks away. The cloud was metamorphosed into neat piles of debris on the ground, where the trucks of the wrecking company could pick it up next morning, without following through the trouble they had been put to in carefully taking apart the building.

He had no need to worry about the workers any more: they were gone. Gone too the whole American League of Liberal Laborers. This had been their biggest show. It was over now. The company would get them too—in little pieces.

"You can't ever tell the effect a book will have," said Flake wistfully.





Editor's Easy Chair

CHANGING PILOTS IN A SQUALL

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

OUR new President in his inaugural address opened strong, inspiring confidence even in the midst of the extraordinary fiscal disturbance that attended his taking of office. There are millions of people to whom it was reassuring to observe that our Chief Executive in these very troubled times turns for help not only to the wit of man but to deeper inspirations. What goes on in human affairs under our eyes, planned by human minds, and promoted by human efforts, is not all that there is of it. There is the invisible world and a ruler of all concerns celestial and mundane to whom in tight places mankind according to its lights always turns for help. When Mr. Roosevelt stopped on his way to the inauguration to ask help of the Giver of all Good, and when he wound up his admirable address with a few words to the same purport, that was really heartening, as showing the spirit of the man and the background of his courage and his purpose.

As for the extraordinary flurry in the banks, reopening at this writing after being closed for a week, that seems to have been due to nothing more incurable than fright. The bogey man got loose, and we had to go slow with what cash we had on hand and take a philosophical view of human affairs until he was caught and caged again.

After an interregnum of three months we have a President with power to act, with an ample mandate to do what he can, and a new Congress with an ample majority in both Houses that favors effectual support of the President. Surely whatever is expedient can now be done, and it is worthwhile again to think out plans because they can be executed.

The trouble with Congress has been that it has represented localities, blocs, factions, and groups altogether too much and not nearly enough the United States. Too many Congressmen have thought of their immediate constituents and the sources of the votes that kept them in Washington, to the exclusion of due concern about the nation. The new Congress has started out on a different course and under caucus rule and Executive stimulation has shown readiness to invest the President with all the power necessary to pull us out of the hole. Congress was not intended to govern the country, though it was intended to have a potent voice in that government and power to check what it did not approve. That is all right. We don't want to be governed by a monarch, but in times of crisis, as in war, we do want to have whatever power for action is necessary to the welfare of the nation entrusted to the one person who can use it, the President.

MATTERS move so fast just now in this world and are so important—such fits are thrown, such large-scale activities proceed in parts of the world so distant—that it is an adventure in itself to try to say about affairs, political, economic, international, or domestic, what may still be worth reading in April.

Here is this fight going on in Jehol between China and Japan, a great sowing of seed from which, however current activities result, a great crop will be harvested. There is Germany with Hitler on top, and for the moment living, at least in some cities, under martial law, all the usual rights of citizens being held up; and here we have the new administration superseding the old, a new Cabinet, a new Congress, all sorts of new laws expected, the most needful of which, let us hope, will be working before these words get to readers. What can one say except that the bubbles are rising in a boiling pot with extraordinary rapidity; that China and Japan are furiously creating new problems for a world abundantly outfitted already, and that this half year which is now going will doubtless be difficult? There will be so much news in the papers that mere common tattle may be chased to the back pages; and one may hope it will. We know what there is to be done in this country: to get a new banking law; to take advantage of Mr. Hoover's pocket-veto of a huge grab, and cut down the appropriations for the so-called Veterans so that the honest obligations of the country may be met and waste stopped; to work out the matter of the Foreign Debts and make provision for what payment of them may survive the process. For the moment the debtor countries cannot pay in gold and the creditor country has built a wall against commodities. Prohibition has to be repealed; a solution found for the enor-

mous problem of agriculture. Arson, murders, suicides, kidnapping, racketeering—all need to be checked; confidence in some way restored so that money will circulate again. Big jobs! very big indeed! and there are far more than above recorded; but still, six months may make a very definite impression on them. Perhaps recovery has already started in spite of all obstacles, but, if not, to start it may be the signal for very rapid improvement.

But what a world!

CONGRESS has been investigating the New York banks, and some interesting details of procedure have been brought to light and publication. They concerned particularly what was done in the great boom years before the shake-down in 1929. The information, such as it was, has been interesting, and doubtless useful, and has resulted in some resignations of important bank officials. As said, it had to do with matters two or three years old rather than more recent ones, all of which recalls that one thing which often embarrasses federal government in this country is that the political capital is four or five hours away from the financial center of the country. In other countries where popular government goes on that is not true. Parliament sits in London and the Bank of England is there and it is the headquarters of all the great British banks. The Bank of France is in Paris, where the French Chambers sit. The education of Congress is a very important matter. It does go on, of course, in Washington but it might go on in some particulars better and more conveniently if Congress met in New York. When our legislators want to know about banks they call on bankers from New York to come over and tell them. Of course they get something that way and the newspapers print it. Mr.

Whitney told them about the Stock Exchange and how to sell short. Mr. Mitchell told them the other day how large his personal profits were for the moment in boom days, and they were told about the Peruvian bonds and how the buyers did not know what they were getting, which was a dismal tale enough. But it may be that if Congress sat in New York part of the time at least it would pick up knowledge from day to day in a less formal and more effective fashion; would learn, for example, what Wall Street thinks of its various operators—which are respected and trusted, which are much less respected and not trusted, and why all that is so. A great deal is said in private conversation that is not told on the witness stand but, nevertheless, helps to understanding of situations and of needs.

Room could be made for Congress in New York. There are those new buildings in the great gamble of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. One learns that there are caverns so large in that collection of edifices that Congress could easily be lost in them. Well, maybe so, and maybe there will be a disposition to lose Congress presently if matters don't mend; but Congress located even part of the time in the great 49th Street center might learn enough about life as it is now lived to assist it very materially in deliberations and conclusions.

Washington is seriously removed from ordinary experience of life. It lives on government pay which as a rule comes in regularly and without excessive exercise. The pay has long been sure, and though this year it has been felt to be a little shaky, it is much steadier than pay in most other cities. The citizens of the District have no vote, and one should guess, lacking statistics, that they have no more than a limited unemployment problem. It ought not to be necessary to spend ten

hours on trains just to whisper a few words of counsel or explanation in the ear of Congress. It is not really fair to Congress.

As for the present plants in Washington, most of them could continue to be used even though Congress sat in New York. All the mortuary and memorial structures that adorn that city could keep right on with their job. A lot of bookkeeping could still be done there. The departments might operate there. If the Supreme Court preferred Washington, no doubt it would remain there. It has been suggested that the buildings vacated might be devoted to the instruction by lectures and such means of women ambitious of adventuring into political life.

All this sounds not a little fantastic, but Congress is one of the big problems ahead of us. Congress cannot govern the country. It has got to be directed and led, coerced, disciplined, and constrained or persuaded to do what is necessary. It is devoted to local interests. It is the victim of various designing lobbies. It knows all these things, it knows that it has got to do better, and it has done a lot better since the Fourth of March. It seems not to be opposed to measures that will confer enough authority on the President to put through whatever ought to be done.

And what ought to be done is not so obscure now. A good deal of light has been let in on that. What mistakes have been made in this world since Armistice Day in 1918 are becoming to be recognized as mistakes and their consequences are becoming to be recognized for what they are. They have got to be undone and will be undone, and the necessary persuasion if it is lacking will be furnished by events. If things go so far that the credit of the United States is affected and it cannot borrow any more money, that in itself may make people think

who are not much addicted to that exercise. No institution, no department of government will long be allowed to sit as an obstruction in the path of the United States to recovery and prosperity. All the parts of our machine, such as it is, have got to work together. If not, it will go to the repair shop; and how agreeable that may be can easily be estimated if we look abroad and see what has happened in various parts of Europe and even in Asia.

THE lady from Boston who spent a summer in a hired house a few miles from Tara in Ireland reports the extraordinary mystical quality of the atmosphere of that Island. She found her capacity for belief remarkably extended in her residence there. She could believe in fairies, in Irish fairies at least. There are remarkable mounds at Tara, and what may be buried in them is highly speculative matter. Tradition says that the prophet Jeremiah landed there about 700 B.C. bringing with him two daughters of the last King of Judah, who were incidentally his granddaughters, and Baruch, the scribe, whose proceedings are recorded, as well as those of Jeremiah, in the Old Testament. There is no Bible record of this migration, but the tradition is that Jeremiah, after taking refuge with those girls in Egypt, was dissatisfied with the prospects and safety in that country, took ship through the Mediterranean, landed on the coast of Spain or Portugal and, not content to remain there, went on presently to Tara and there settled and married one of the girls to an Irish King. Her descendants it seems married into the Royal House of Scotland and became one of the links of the Royal House of England with David, King of United Israel.

If that is history, it is of a speculative quality, but the Gaelic tradition of a high civilization in Ireland, of the very early acceptance of Christianity in that country and of Christian missions from Ireland that went out over Europe has a more substantial basis. That may give a notion of the kind of atmosphere that Tara is steeped in, and more or less all of Ireland. That the Boston lady felt it is worth remembering as something to take account of in consideration of Irish politics. The effort to revive the Gaelic, and all current spiritual as well as political resuscitation of Ireland, is concerned with this tradition of a past civilization and prosperity that collapsed. The very house which the Boston lady occupied was on the banks of the Boyne, a stream intimately associated with calamity to Ireland.

There have been excavations at Tara, but archaeologists say they were a bad job, made without due examination of what was dug up. Except for that, Tara still remains to be investigated. Under British government excavation was not allowed. Probably in due time it will come.

What most people know about Tara is limited to the lines in Tom Moore's poem:

The harp that once in Tara's halls
The soul of music shed.

But it seems to be a fact that Irish Kings were buried there. Whether there will be found traces of Jeremiah is, of course, uncertain, but the enthusiasts of the British-Israel activity are confident that there are such traces in those mounds and are even hopeful of some day producing even so extraordinary an antique as the ark of the Covenant.

Maybe so. Maybe so. But the betting odds would be against it.





